The American Negro

A Series of Worship Services to be used in the Junior Department of the Church

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

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Prepared by

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for the

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION AND
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
BOARD OF EDUCATION
740 Hush Street, Chicago, Ill,

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FOREWORD

From close contact with children we are conscious of the fact that they are facing many problems, and not least among them are those problems which have to do with relationships and adjustments between social and racial groups. One among the many of these situations is the relationship which exists between the Negro and the white.

Little children have no race consciousness. Negro children and white children play together freely and without prejudice until some adult brings to their attention the fact that there are differences, The result is that the attitude of the children toward each other is changed and their relationship becomes constrained and unnatural, So we find our boys and girls, Negroes as well as whites, wrestling with a problem which is of often caused by reason of the prejudices of their environment ; prejudices, many of which have developed because of biased thinking in which there has been little or no effort to appreciate and understand the point of view of the other.

As we realize this problem we wonder how friendly relationships may be established and maintained. Every experience which the child encounters has direct effect upon his life. The experience of the street, the playground, the schoolroom, etc., all go to the development of the child's attitude toward other persons. These attitudes are being formed continuously, and no one institution of organized society has the sole claim upon their direction, yet the church has a great responsibility in attempting to interpret these experiences in such a way that friendship and brotherhood may result.

If Negro boys and girls and white boys and girls are to be friendly with each other, there must be that knowledge and understanding which make for appreciation and those feelings and purposes which will control, conduct in terms of brotherhood. Negro boys and girls have been left a great heritage by those of their race who have gone before. We should help them to be proud of these accomplishments. White boys and girls have shared in this heritage because the development happened to take place in this country. We should help them to appreciate their privilege in sharing in these gifts.

But more than knowledge and appreciation is necessary. Knowledge and appreciation must be surrounded with certain definite -feelings and purposes if they are to become vital controls in the life of the child. Worship experiences help to develop such feelings and purposes. When the child becomes conscious of the presence of God and, recognizing him as the Father of all, purposes to live accordingly, such an experience becomes an important factor in influencing his attitude and conduct toward other persons.

The materials in this Manual have been selected with the thought that they will give the necessary background of knowledge for an appreciation of the American Negro and at the same time suggest experiences

of worship which will make for the development of those feelings and purposes underlying brotherhood between the Negro and the white. Do not consider this as "another course" but as a source to be of help to you in solving the problems of your group. It is hoped that no leader will go through the series from cover to cover, feeling that the problem of planning worship services for a few more Sundays has been solved, but, rather, it is expected that the leader will first study her boys and girls to discover their needs and then select only that material which will help in solving their problems. While perhaps problems of this exact nature may not be apparent in your group, it may he that your boys and girls need such enriching experiences opened up for them. All suggestions will not be found equally valuable in every situation. The aim or objective which you have set up for your group will determine the materials which you will use.

This Manual is intended as a source book and its aim is to bring together tinder one cover those materials and suggestions for worship which will be of help to boys and girls in solving their problems of racial adjustment.

The Negroes Come to America

NOTE:

A. N. S. refers to "The First Book of American Negro Spirituals," by James Weldon Johnson.
H. A. Y. refers to "Hymnal for American Youth," by H. Augustine Smith.
T. A. H. refers to "The Abingdon Hymnal."

Aim. To provide a worship experience in which Junior boys and girls may realize how the Negroes came to America.

BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THE TEACHER

Excerpts from "A Social History of the American Negro," by Benjamin Brawley, dealing with the conditions under which the first Negroes were brought to America, Page 45.

The prelude from, "John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benet, entitled "The Slaver." This selection gives an excellent picture of the slave traffic as engaged in by the Massachusetts Colony. Page 47.

Period of Preparation for Worship

Very briefly and simply the story of how the slaves were brought to this country may be told by 'the leader. The leader might conclude by telling how the slaves were often brought on the deck of the ship and made to sing by lashing them. She might then explain that out of this experience and many others which occurred after they reached America the sorrow songs of the Negroes were born. Following this the leader may teach the spiritual "Nobody Knows De Trouble I See" (First Book of American Negro Spirituals, page 140). Before the interpretation of this music it will be well for the teacher to read the background material regarding "The Negroes' Gift of Music," found on page 56.

Service of Worship

Instrumental Prelude

"Deep River," arranged by J. Rasamond Johnson. First Book of American Negro Spirituals, page 100.

Call to Worship

"He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief : and as one from whom men hide their faces he was despised. . . . He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth. . . . O thou afflicted, tossed with the tempest, and not comforted, ... all thy children shall be taught of Jehovah ; and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt thou be established : thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear ; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee. . . . This is the heritage of the servants of Jehovah." Selected from Isaiah, Chapters 53 and 54.

Spiritual

"Nobody Knows de Trouble I See" A. N. S. Page 140

Offertory Service

Leader : Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Group : "Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."
From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"-Lowell.

Offertory Music

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Offertory Response

"When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing" H. A. Y. No. 213

Story

The following facts regarding the capture of the grandfather of Robert R. Moton by slave traders provides excellent story material :[1]

"When Robert Moton's grandfather was young, there was a great battle fought, and many captives were taken. He, the son of the victorious chief, was sent to take the prisoners and sell them to the traders. He had no difficulty in doing this and was shown over the ship. When the young man was also invited to dinner, he did not hesitate to accept the invitation. This was a very crafty trick on the part of the traders, for the food which they served the young son of the chief was evidently drugged.

"When he awoke from a deep sleep, he found that he was chained in the hold of the vessel with the very slaves whom he had sold. He was taken to Richmond, Virginia, and there sold into slavery. From that time Robert Moton's ancestors were born in slavery, but he himself was born free. He grew up very happily on a Virginia plantation.

"When he was only a tiny boy his mother began to teach him to read, and his education was continued through the assistance of the people on whose plantation he was born. At eighteen he was almost persuaded to enter politics. In fact, he would have done so if his mother had been willing to swear that he was twenty-one years of age. She refused to do this, however, and so he entered Hampton Institute instead. After his graduation he was persuaded to teach there.

"Dr. Robert R. Moton is one of the most admirable leaders of his race. He has a great many worthy achievements to his credit. At the present time he is president of Tuskegee Institute."

Prayer

By leader

[1] From "The Upward Climb," page 93. Published by The Council of Women for Home Missions and the Missionary Education Movement. Permission granted by courtesy of Missionary Education Movement.

Prayer Response

By group

"O Hear Our Prayer." H. A. Y. Orders of Worship. Page 35

Hymn

"In Christ There Is No East Nor West" T. A. H. No. 188

Benediction

Repeated in Unison

Father, thou who lovest all people--of every race and nation---- help us to know and understand that all people everywhere are our brothers. Teach us every day the greater meaning of thy Fatherhood and help us to live courageously in thy great brotherhood upon this earth. Amen.

Postlude

"Deep River" A. N. S. Page 100

The Negroes Become Free Men

Aim: To provide a worship experience in which Junior boys and girls may realize why the Negroes should be free ; and more fully the meaning of freedom.

BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THE TEACHER

Emancipation Proclamation-See page 52.

Period of Preparation for Worship

Discuss with your group the meaning of freedom 'and why all persons should be free. Following this discussion the leader may tell briefly of the life of the slaves during the time they were in bondage ; how they lived and how they longed for freedom yet how their owners were loath to give them their freedom. Out of these experiences came the great longing to be free which the Negro expressed in song. In the story of the liberation of the Israelites under the leadership of Moses, these people found an experience which was very much like their own. So in terms of this experience they voiced their own longing to be free. This seems to be the appropriate time to teach the Spiritual "Go Down, Moses." Let the children read or tell the story of the Israelites gaining their freedom under the leadership of Moses and compare with the longing for freedom as expressed in this spiritual. Help the children to discover Lincoln as the Liberator of the Negro, even as Moses was the Liberator of the Israelites.

Service of Worship

Instrumental Prelude

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Call to Worship

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light : they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee."-Isaiah 9:2; 60:l.

Spiritual

"Go Down, Moses" A. N. S. Page 51

Scripture

"Oh give thanks unto Jehovah ; for he is good ;
For his lovingkindness *endureth* forever.
Let the redeemed of Jehovah say so,
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary,
And gathered out of the lands,
From the east and from the west,
From the north and from the south,

They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way;
They found no city of habitation.
Hungry and thirsty,
Their souls fainted in them.
Then they cried unto Jehovah in their trouble,
And he delivered them out of their distresses,
He led them also by a straight way,
That they might go to a city of habitation.

-Psalm 107 :1-5.

Oh that men would praise Jehovah for his lovingkindness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men !
For he satisfieth the longing soul,
And the hungry soul he filleth with good.

-Psalm 107:8,9.

Offertory Service

Leader : Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said,
"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Group : "Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."
From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"---Lowell.

Offertory Music

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Offertory Response

"When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing" H. A. Y. No. 213

Story A Slave Among Slaves[1]

By CAROLYN **SHERWIN** BAILEY

I was born a slave on a plantation in Franklin County, Virginia. As nearly as I have been able to learn, I was born near a crossroad's post office called Hale's Ford, and the year was 1858 or 1859.

My life had its beginning in the midst of most desolate and discouraging surroundings. This was not because my owners were especially cruel, for they were not, as compared with many others. I began life in a log cabin about fourteen by sixteen feet square. In this cabin I lived with my brother and sister till after the Civil War, when we were all declared free.

The cabin was not only our living place, but was also used as the kitchen for the plantation: My mother was the plantation cook. The cabin was without glass windows; it had only openings in the side which let in the light, and also the cold, chilly air of winter. There was a door to the cabin-that is, something that was called a door-but the uncertain hinges by which it was hung, and the large cracks in it, to say nothing of the fact that it was too small, made the room a very uncomfortable one. There was no wooden floor in our cabin, the naked earth being used as a floor. In the center of the earthen floor there was a large, deep opening

[1] From "Broad Stripes and Bright Stars," by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Permission granted by courtesy of Milton Bradley Co.

covered with boards, which was used as a place for storing sweet potatoes during the winter. There was no cooking stove on our, plantation, and all the cooking for the whites and the slaves my mother had to do over an open fireplace, and mostly in pots and skillets.

The early years of my life were not very different from those of thousands of other slaves. My mother snatched a few moments for our care in the early morning before her work began, and at night after the clay's work was done. We three children had a pallet on the dirt floor. I cannot remember having slept in a bed until after our family was declared free by the Emancipation Proclamation.

I have been asked to tell something about the sports I engaged in during my youth. Until that question was asked it had never occurred to me that there was never any time in my life for play ; almost every day was occupied with some kind of labor. During my period of slavery I was not large enough to be of much service, still I was kept busy most of the time in cleaning the yards, carrying water to the men in the fields, or going to the mill with corn once a week to be ground. This trip I always dreaded.

The heavy bag of corn would be thrown across the back of the horse, and the corn divided about evenly on each side. But in some way, almost without exception on these trips, the corn would so shift as to become unbalanced and would fall off the horse, and I would fall with it. As I was not strong enough to reload the corn upon the horse I would have to wait sometimes for hours, until a passer-by came along who would help me out of my trouble. I would be late in reaching the mill, and by the time I got my corn ground and reached home it would be far into the night. The road was a lonely one and led through dense forests. I was always frightened. Besides, when I was late in getting home I knew I would always get a severe scolding or a flogging.

I had no schooling whatever while I was a slave, though I remember going on several occasions as far as the schoolhouse door with one of my young mistresses to carry her books. The picture of several dozen boys and girls in a schoolroom engaged in study made a deep impression on me, and I had the feeling that to get into a schoolhouse and study in this way would be about the same as getting into paradise.

One may get the idea from what I have said that there was bitter feeling toward the white people on the part of my race because of the fact that most of the white population fought in a war which would result in keeping the Negro in slavery if the South was successful. In the case of the slaves on our place this was not true, and it was not true of any large portion of the slaves in the South that were treated with any kind of decency. During the Civil War one of my young masters was killed and two were brought home severely wounded. The sorrow in the slave quarter was only second to that in the "big house." Some of the slaves begged to sit up at night and nurse their wounded masters. The slave who was selected to sleep in the "big house" during the absence of the men was considered to have a place of honor. In order to defend and protect the women and children who were left on the plantation, the slaves would have laid down their lives.

But the slaves wanted freedom. I have never seen one who did not want to be free, or one who would return to slavery. I pity from the

bottom of my heart any nation or body of people that is so unfortunate as to get entangled in the net of slavery.

No one section of our country was wholly responsible for its introduction, and, besides, it was recognized and protected for years by the General Government. Then, when we rid ourselves of prejudice and race feeling, and look facts in the face, we see that the ten million Negroes of this country who themselves or whose ancestors went through slavery, in spite of it, are in a better and more hopeful condition than the black people in any other part of the globe.

Ever since I have been old enough to think for myself, I have thought, in spite of the cruel wrongs inflicted upon us, the black man got nearly as much out of slavery as the white man did. The slave system, on our place. took the self-reliance and self-hell) out of the white people. My old master had many boys and girls but not one, so far as I know, ever learned a single trade. The girls were not taught to cook, sew, or to take care of the house. All this was left to the slaves. The slaves, of course, had little interest in the life of the plantation, and they were too ignorant to do things in the most improved and thorough way. So the fences were out of repair and the gates hung half off their hinges, doors creaked, window panes were nut, plastering fell, and weeds grew in the yard. 'There was a waste of food and other material's too that was sad.

Finally the war closed, and the day of freedom approached. It would be a momentous day to all upon our plantation. We had been expecting it. Freedom was in the air, and had been for months. As the great day drew nearer, there was more singing in the slave quarters than usual. It was bolder, had more ring in it, and lasted far into the night. Most of the verses of the plantation songs had some reference to freedom. True, they had sung these same verses before, but they had felt that the freedom in these songs referred to the next world and not to the freedom of the body here. The night before the eventful day, word was sent to the slave quarters to the effect that something unusual was going to take place in the "big house" the next morning. There was little, if any, sleep that night. All was excitement and expectancy.

Early the next morning word was sent to all the slaves, young and old, to gather at the house. In company with my mother, brother, and sister, and a large company of other slaves, I went to our master's house. All of our master's family were either standing or seated on the veranda of the house, where they could see what was to take place and hear what was said. There was a feeling of deep interest, or perhaps sadness, on their faces but not bitterness. They did not seem to be sad because of the loss of property, but rather at parting with those whom they had reared and who were in many ways very close to them.

The most distinct thing that I now recall in connection with the scene was. the presence of a United States officer who made a short speech and then read a rather long paper-the Emancipation Proclamation, I think. After the reading we were told that we were free, and could go when and where we pleased. My mother, who was standing by my side, leaned over and kissed her children while tears of joy ran down her cheeks. She explained to us what it all meant, that this was the day for which she had been so long praying, but fearing that she would never live to see.

For some moments there was great rejoicing and thanksgiving, but there was no feeling of bitterness. The wild joy of the emancipated colored people lasted for only a brief period and I noticed that by the time they returned to their cabins there was a change of feeling. The great responsibility of being free, of having charge of themselves, of having to think and plan' for themselves and their children took possession of them. It was very much like turning a boy of ten or twelve years out into the world to provide for himself. In a few hours the great question with which the Anglo-Saxon race had been grappling for centuries had been thrown upon these people to solve--how to get a home, a living, how to rear their children, how to provide schools, establish citizenship and support churches.

To some it seemed that, now they were in actual possession of it, freedom was a more serious thing than they had expected to find it.

Some of the slaves 'were seventy or eighty years old ; their best days were gone. They had no strength with which to earn a living in a strange place and among a strange people, even if they had been sure where to find a new place of abode. Besides, deep down in their hearts there was a strange and peculiar attachment to "old Missus" and to their children which they found it hard to think of breaking off. With these they had spent in some cases nearly half a century, and it was no light thing to think of parting.

Gradually, one by one, stealthily at first, the older slaves began to wander from the slave quarters back to the "big house" to have a whispered conversation with their former owners about the future.

Prayer

Prayer Responses

By group

"O Hear Our Prayer" H. A. Y. Orders of Service. Page 35

Hymn

"In Christ There Is No East Nor West" T. A. H. No. 188

Benediction

Father, Thou who lovest all people--of every race and nation-help us to know and understand that all people everywhere are our brothers. Teach us every day the greater meaning of thy Fatherhood and help US to live courageously in thy great brotherhood upon this earth. Amen.

Postlude

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

The Negroes: Real Americans

Aim: To provide a worship experience in which Junior boys and girls may realize that the Negro is an American and that he should share in all the joys and privileges of being such,

BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THE TEACHER

The name " Negro." Editorial by W. E. R. DuBois. "The Crisis," page 96. March, 1928. See page 53.

Period of Preparation for Worship

Discuss-Who are real Americans? Who have the right to share in the gifts and privileges which America offers? What has the Negro contributed to American life that makes him worthy of being an American? List these accomplishments on the hoard. These may be discovered by reading the background notes.

Service of Worship

Instrumental Prelude

"Deep River" A. N. S. Page 100

Call to Worship

He made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.-Acts 17:26.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! -Psalm 133:1

Hymn

"The National Negro Anthem," James Weldon Johnson
(Inquire at your nearest music store **j**

Prayer

Offertory Service

Leader: Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Group: "Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."
From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"--Lowell.

Offertory Music

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Offertory Response

"When Thy Heart With joy O'erflowing" H. A. Y. No. 213

Story

Days[1]

By BRENDA RAY MORYCK

'There was the day that Mrs. Randolph went to see about the apartment.

. . . . . .

The Greek real estate agent shrewdly eyed his client and rubbed his hands appreciatively over the dingy radiator in his grubby little office, in happy anticipation of securing at last a desirable tenant for his tiny, third-rate flat.

Mrs. Randolph was' desirable. In the first place she had money. Diamonds on her fingers-not too many-just enough to announce wealth and good taste-furs around her neck-elegant fur-fine gloves which fitted hands that had never known work-dainty shoes-a soft, dark, silk dress occasionally disclosed between the flaps of the handsome heavy coat, and a small beautiful hat, very attractively tilted to the left side of the head. And serene eyes and quiet hands.

The rent would never be late. Money.

And culture. Mrs. Randolph was a lady. The low, mellow voice accompanied by the swift, direct look out of kindly, yet experienced, dark eyes-the rare, flashing smile--the well-chosen words of her language, the deliberate manner, at once charming and practical, so easy and yet so elegant-the whole general air about her bespoke the gentlewoman. Such a fine-looking woman too. Tall, handsome, statuesque, with curling raven%-wing hair most unexpectedly streaked with gray, framing a face mature with worldly wisdom but still young in sympathy and outlook. Such magnificent bearing and carriage. Of course she was dark-very dark-almost black enough to be a nigger. French perhaps-or Spanish. Yes, that was it-Spanish. That accounted for the slightly Oriental expression in the eyes, and the high-bridged nose and the protruding white teeth gleaming between the small, pretty mouth. . . .

A tenant like that would raise the value of property all around, lift the whole tone of the neighborhood. The agent sighed and rubbed his hands again, this time with appreciation and regret. What a pity he had placed the rent at such a low figure since she particularly wanted to locate in that vicinity !

"Your husband is a lawyer, Mrs. Randolph?" he inquired ingratiatingly.

"Yes, he is a lawyer. His offices aren't far from here-in the Lawyer's Building. That is why this is such a convenient location. . . . I'd like to be near enough to his business so that he can come home to lunch."

Oh, of course. Five minutes' walk-twenty-five cents taxi fare to the rapid transit line to New York. She would spend much time in New York, All fine ladies did. . . .

Yes, she could have the flat-have it at once.

"But I'd like to bring my husband first," Mrs. Randolph demurred as the agent prepared to bind the bargain immediately. "Perhaps you wish to talk with him."

[1]From "The Crisis,"' June, 1928. Permission granted by courtesy of W. E. B. DuBois,

"No need-no need." He waved his hands and laughed facetiously. "I know who is the boss in any family when I see the lady; I don't need to see the husband. If you're satisfied-well-the same here."

So Mrs. Randolph rented the apartment.

. . . . . .

There was the day that the neighbors went to demand satisfaction from the landlord who had rented to niggers. . . . Outrageous, insulting, unendurable. The very idea! Niggers living on the street. Right next door and across the street and around the corner! Niggers! They'd see about this thing. Those niggers would either move or they'd know the reason why. . . . "Rocci thought he was puttin' one over on us!" Mrs. Heery announced angrily to Mrs. O'Kelley. . . .

"Yea, this is much better. Do it dignified. All of us together--a delegation like-protestin' against insult."

Mrs. Heery snapped shut the clasp on her yellow fur neckpiece and jerked aside the tawdry lace curtains screening her wide second-story window. "That's neither here nor there," she tossed over her sharp little shoulder. "I ain't half so mad at the niggers as I am at Rocci fer puttin' 'em in. . . . Come on-Mrs, Keenan and Mrs. Stebbins and Mrs. Schmidt is all ready, an' the rest'11 be there. All except that dago. Said he wouldn't join in. Said he saw them all the time and their company an' they was nice people, kind and like fine ladies in his country. His country ! That's what comes o' lettin' scum o' the earth run all over the United States."

"He always did look simple to me. Always bowin' an' grinnin'. He did good work though, an' he's cheap."

"Yea, but nary a shoe O' mine will he ever remember fixin' fer me again. Look they're goin'. Wait 'til we git through with Rocci."

"What can you expect?" asked Mrs. O'Kelley. "Rocci's nothin but a dirty foreigner hisself. Maybe he did it a purpose."

Well, we'll see""

So the notice to move was angrily served. And Mr. Randolph went blackly forth to court to battle about his lease while Mrs. Randolph remained at home and cried.

Then there was the day that lovely Mrs. Leighton came to call--and the neighbors decided that those colored people needn't move. An exquisite woman altogether-patrician from the smart, little, black silk hat, covering the masses of glorious gold-brown hair with copper glints, to the dainty shod, high-arched feet-fair-skinned' wistful-eyed, sweet-mouthed-sweet.

Mrs. O'Kelley, sweeping off the front spied her first and rang Mrs. Heery's bell. And Mrs. Heery called up Mrs. Stebbins and left it to her to tip off the rest of the neighborhood as to the worth-whileness of suspending all regular afternoon operations in order to keep a sharp look-out front, before she accepted the box seat next to Mrs. O'Kelley in the latter's parlor bay window.

Those colored people couldn't be just ordinary niggers after all. Not when they had elegant white people like that coming to see them. Of course Mrs. Leighton was white. Certainly. She had a nigger chauffeur and niggers didn't work for other niggers.

Then too, there was that time before when she came in the taxi and that grand looking man and another fine lady had come with her. The dago across the way had told them Mrs. Randolph had gone away--he was always mixing himself up in other people's business, trying to please.

They had written a note and then walked leisurely away. Mrs. Keenan had followed them and they had gone to the Robert Treat and had dinner.

. . . . . .

A day passed and Mrs. Keenan reported to her friend, Mrs. O'Kelley:

"Say, Celia-listen," slowly from Mrs. O'Kelley. "I been thinkin' maybe Rocci wasn't such a dumb fool after all for puttin' 'em in. Maybe he was lyin' when he said he never seen the husband 'til afterwards, and thought the woman was Spanish."

"Yea," in a squelched tone from Mrs. Heery. "I bin thinkin' the same thing. So's Mick."

"Maybe we was kind o' hasty-like when we made Rocci serve 'em notice," timidly ventured again by Mrs. O'Kelley. "Jim sez her husband knows O'Hara an' O'Toole an' Teeling down at the City Hall an' they all say he's a good fellow. What d'ye say we tell Rocci-"

"Yea, lets."

So the Randolphs were told that they needn't go--a golden day. A golden day in a glorious month. They needn't move because the neighbors had decided that high-class colored people wouldn't ruin the block. Of course they hadn't known what they would be like. . . . The Randolphs were different. So clean and quiet and so refined. Yes-they might stay.

Then followed the days' that the Randolphs remained-more golden days. The days when Mr. Randolph came to have the time-o'day speaking acquaintance with his neighbors in the evening, and Mrs. Randolph came to give the children of the neighborhood piano lessons and receive their adoration and their little bunches of flowers in return. Days when the women learned to enjoy her music and admire her beautiful home and to marvel at her fine standards-days when they tried to fix up their own places and copy her taste-days when the men came to respect Mr. Randolph, the man, as well as his name and power--days when all was well,

All golden days-golden days in warm, golden months-and fulfilled promises everywhere-radiance and kindly feeling.

And then, finally, there' was the day that the Randolphs moved--a gray day. A gray day in a sultry. month-rain clouds, misty air, drab sidewalks and gray mood. Gray mood and sorrow everywhere-sorrow and regret.

Those nice colored people were moving away. What a shame! They wanted their own home, of course, but if Rocci hadn't been such a fool when he served the notice, they might have stayed-one year anyway. Why, the rotter actually swore at Mrs. Randolph when she told him that she couldn't possibly know that he wouldn't recognize her race. She had come from parts where one's face made no difference in one's status, so it was honest and clean. She had wanted him to talk with her husband in the first place. . . . Her husband couldn't forget that. You couldn't blame him.

Such lovely people-so clean and nice. And such high-class company. Just like white people. And that little, fat friend with the round, brown face and the big, black eyes, who was always there, actually had her own car! And so many changes of clothes-hats too, and never any men hanging about her, either. . . . They made Mrs. O'Hennesy feel cheap. It was a shame they were leaving.

With avid and pitying interest the neighbors watched-watched the men sling the pretty new furniture into the vans and struggle under the beautiful baby grand piano-watched until the rag man had scraped up the last choice debris-watched until the last load left-watched until Mrs. Randolph gave a final gingerly pat to the many, many dainty dresses laid for safe-carrying on the rear seat of Bunny's coupe-watched as she settled herself wearily against the little, fat brown friend as the latter shifted into gear.

Then :

Over came the Italian shoemaker-the handsome, gentle, diffident shoemaker, with the big, beseeching, tragic, child-eyes and the soft, alluring voice and manners. Out came the neighbors. .

"I sorry you go," ventured Tony, shyly. "I so sorry. You fine lady. Your husband-he fine man. I sorry." (It is impossible to describe the inflection of his tone.) "No more nice music."

His voice choked on the last phrase and water welled up in the gentle eyes. He shook his head dumbly and moved away.

"No more nice music. I sorry you go."

"Aw, cheer up, Tony," Mrs. Heery attempted jocosely. "Come over an' git them tan shoes o' Mick's to-night an' you'll feel better. Mrs. Randolph ain't goin' so far away she can't come back sometimes, huh?" But her own hard Irish eyes filled with moisture just the same, "It's a shame you're movin' away, Mrs. Randolph. We'll miss you."

"Yea, we will that," vouchsafed Mrs. O'Kelley honestly. "Seems like it's kind o' hard to part, we got so used to you."

"Maybe when you're clown this way sometimes-shoppin' or on your way to the Tubes or somethin' you'll stop in sometimes, huh?"

"Yea, an' play fer us a little, huh? I guess I could scare up a cup o' tea an' a little grub-some o' them sausages an' a little o' that pickle you liked so much, yea?"

"Well, good-by and good luck to you!"

Poem:

Tableau

By COUNTEE CULLEN

Locked arm in arm they cross the way,
The black boy and the white,
The golden splendor of the day,
The sable pride of night.

From lowered blinds the dark folk stare
And here the fair folk talk,
Indignant that these two should dare
In unison to walk.

Oblivious to look and word
They pass, and see no wonder
That lightning brilliant as a sword
Should blaze the path of thunder?

Prayer

Prayer Response

"O Hear Our Prayer" H. A. Y. Orders of Worship. Page 35

Hymn

"In Christ There Is No East Nor West" T. A. H. No. 188

Benediction

Father, thou who lovest all people-of every race and nation-help us to know and understand that all people everywhere are our brothers. Teach us every day the greater meaning of thy Fatherhood and help us to live courageously in thy great brotherhood upon this earth. Amen.

Postlude

"Co Down, Moses" A. N. S. Page 51

The Negroes' Gifts to Music

Aim: To provide a worship experience in which Junior boys and girls may realize and appreciate the great gift of music which the Negroes have given to us.

BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THE TEACHER

Poem, "O Black and Unknown Bards," Page 55.
(Excerpts from "The First Book of Negro Spirituals," by James Weldon Johnson)

Period of Preparation for Worship

The group will need to know something of the origin and development of the Spirituals in order to appreciate them. Such information as found in the background material for the teacher may be adapted to the interests and needs of your group. This may be followed by singing some of the Spirituals.

Service of Worship

Instrumental Prelude

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Call to Worship

"Oh sing unto Jehovah a new song :
Sing unto Jehovah, all the earth.
Sing unto Jehovah, bless his name ; . . .
Declare his glory among the nations,
His marvelous work among all the peoples. . . .
Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all the earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.
Sing praises unto Jehovah with the harp;
With the harp and the voice of melody."
-Psalm 96:1-3; 98:4, 5.

Spiritual

"Nobody Knows de Trouble I See" A. N. S. Page 140

Offertory Service

Leader: Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Group: "Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."
From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"-Lowell.

Offertory Music

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Offertory Response

"When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing" H. A. Y. No. 213

Story

A Strange Church Bell[1]

By Theodora Percival

Many years ago some people from a far-away land were brought to this country to work in the cotton and corn fields of the south. These people had to work very hard but that did not keep them from being happy. They seemed to like to sing better than anything else; they sang when they worked, they sang when they played, they sang when they were happy, and they sang when they were sad. There were men who had charge of these people to see that they did their work well; these men were called overseers. Some of them were unkind to the people in many ways but they never seemed to mind when the people sang at their work, for they noticed that the people worked much better when they sang.

In the far-away land from which these people had come they had not known about God, but as soon as they came to America and heard the story of Jesus, they thought it the most beautiful story they had ever heard and right away they began to love him. It was just natural for them to sing songs about him; they did not sing the songs out of the hymn books, for these people could not read. The songs they sang seemed to grow right out of their hearts.

One day while they were working in the fields a terrible storm came up. They had to run to the cabins that were near by until the storm was over. While they were waiting in the cabins one of the men thought of the storm as the voice of God and he started singing a song like this:

"My Lord calls me, he calls me by the thunder,
The trumpet sounds within my soul
I ain't got long to stay here."

One of the other men in this cabin said: "Wouldn't it be fine if all the people on the plantation could meet and sing these songs together, then we could sing each other's songs." "Yes," said someone else, "it would be fine, but how could we let everybody know when the meeting's going to be? Some of the people live so far down on the plantation we couldn't go around and tell everybody." Then Joe, who drove the horses for the overseer said: "One day when the overseer sent me to town I saw some bells in a store. Perhaps if we could get enough money together, we could

[1] Adapted from "Gifts of Music and Song." Better Americans: Number II, by Mary DeBardeleben. Missionary Education Movement. Permission granted by courtesy of author and publisher.

buy one of those bells to ring on the nights we are going to meet." They decided to save their money and when they had enough they would give it to Joe to buy a bell. They saved a penny here, they saved a penny there, and soon they had enough to buy the bell. How happy Joe was when he brought the bell from town! He rang it that very evening; all the people on the plantation heard it and they knew that it was calling them to the meeting.

The moon was high in the heavens and the friendly stars were twinkling in the skies as the people left their cabins and crossed the fields to the place where they were to meet. Some of the people were very tired for they had worked hard all day, but they soon forgot they were tired when they began to sing the songs that seemed to grow out of their hearts for the God they had learned to love. They had just finished singing the second song when they heard someone coming rapidly across the fields. Everything was quiet while they waited to see who it could be. The door was thrown open quickly and there stood the overseer. Now, the people knew that the overseer didn't like for them to have any meetings. They hadn't thought that he would notice the bell. The overseer told them to go back to their cabins and never to hold any more meetings of any kind. The people were very sad but they had to obey the overseer.

The next day when they stopped work for dinner they talked about how they would miss the meetings and Joe said, "If I only hadn't rung the bell the overseer would never have known about our meeting." Then Sarah, one of the women who was sitting nearby said, "I guess we'll just have to steal away to Jesus when everything is quiet and still." "But," said Joe, "how can we let everyone know? That was the trouble before we bought the bell, and now we can't use it." Then said Sarah, "Perhaps on the day before we are going to have a meeting we could sing a song while we are working in the fields, a song like this:

'Steal away; steal away, steal away to Jesus,
Steal away, steal away home.
I ain't got long to stay here.'

The song will be like a church bell telling the people that there will be a meeting that night."

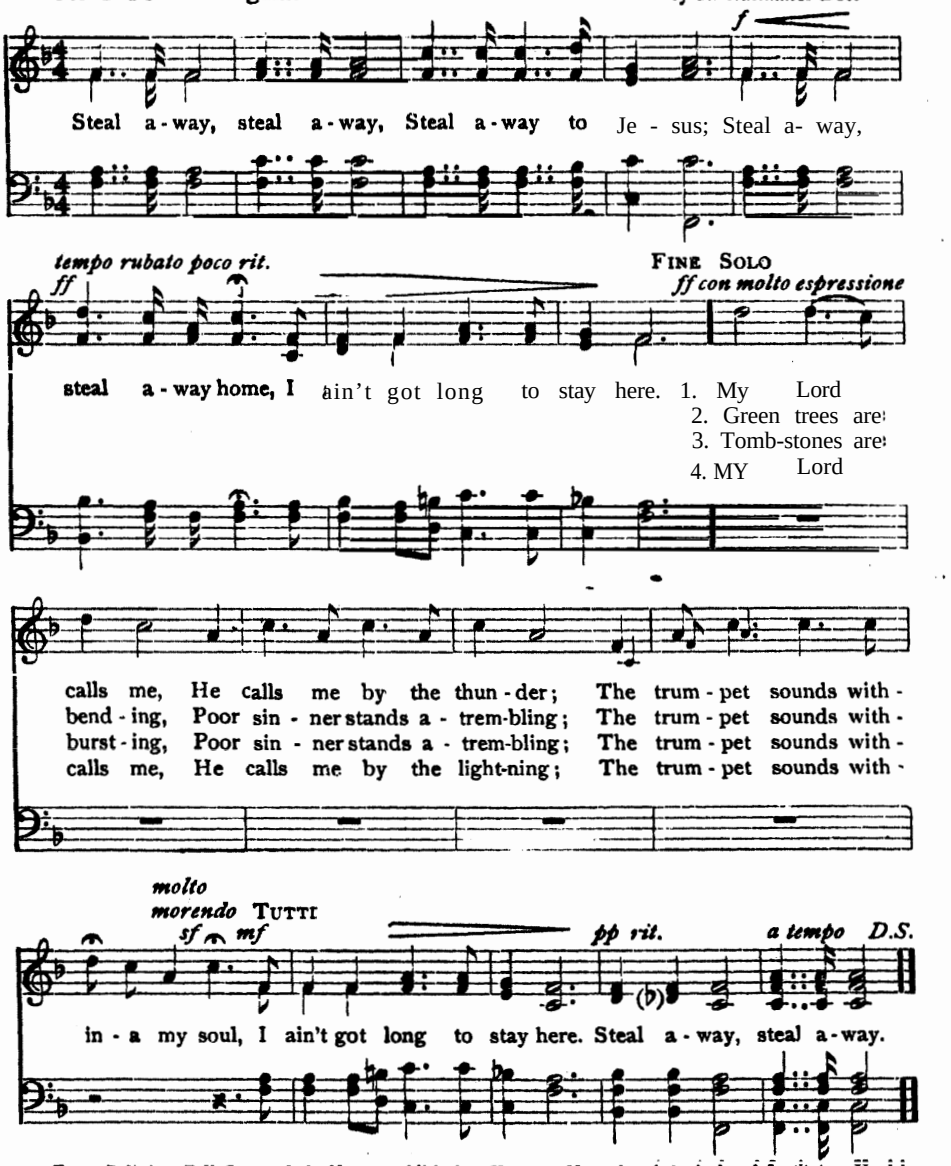
Everyone liked Sarah's plan. The word was passed among all the workers telling them of the new kind of church hell that would call them to meeting, a kind of bell that the overseer would not understand. Then one day while they were working someone 'way down in one corner of the field started singing "Steal away to Jesus." The workers in the upper part of the field listened and when they caught the strains of the song they started singing it; then the workers in another part of the field heard it and they sang it. Soon all the workers in the fields were singing "Steal Away." And everyone knew that there would be a prayer meeting that night. Then when the shadows had fallen and everything was quiet and still, they did steal away to pray and to sing the songs that just seemed to grow out of their hearts for the God they had learned to love.

Spiritual
Sung as a solo

Steal Away to Jesus

GAMMON Irregular

Folk Song
Tr. by R. Nathaniel Dett



From *Religious Folk-Songs of the Negro*, published at Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. Used by permission

Prayer

Prayer Response

"O Hear Our Prayer" H. A. Y. Orders of Worship. Page 35

Benediction

Father, Thou who lovest all people-of every race and nation--help us to know and understand that all people everywhere are our brothers. Teach us every day the greater meaning of thy Fatherhood and help us to live courageously in thy great brotherhood upon this earth, Amen.

Postlude

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

The Negroes' Gifts to Poetry

Aim; To provide a worship experience in which Junior boys and girls may realize and appreciate the great gift of poetry which the Negro has given to us.

BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THE TEACHER

Read "The Negro in American Literature," by William Stanley Braithwaite. From "The New Negro," pages 37-39. See page 61.

Service of Worship

Instrumental Prelude

"Listen to the Lambs" A. N. S. Page 78

Call to Worship

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good." -Isaiah 52:7.

"Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee."-Isaiah 60 : 1.

Hymn

A hymn of praise with which your group is familiar.

Offertory Service

Leader: Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Group : "Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare:
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."
From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"-Lowell.

Offertory Music

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Offertory Response

"When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing" H. A. Y. No. 213

Story "Going Up, Sir!" [1]

Not many of the people who went in and out of a certain elevator in a building in the business section of Dayton, Ohio, noticed that the boy who took them safely up and down was unlike other boys. Up and down. up and down, he went, day after clay, and nothing seemed to happen. Then one morning one of his former teachers entered his elevator, and his whole life began to change from that moment. His teacher had come

[1]From "The Upward Climb," by Sara Estelle Haskin. Permission granted by courtesy of the Missionary Education Movement,

to tell him that the Western Association of Writers was to meet in the city of Dayton and she wanted him to write a poem of welcome and read it at the opening meeting. He thanked her and promised to do his very best.

The printed program of the meeting did not carry the name of him who was to give the poem of welcome, but when the hour came, a Negro boy entered the hall and made his way to the platform. He began to recite. He had given but a few lines when the men and women in the audience straightened up to look at the young poet before them. Then they sat very quiet and listened, and as he finished, the audience broke into applause.

At the close of the meeting the writers began to look for the boy, to thank and congratulate him : but he was not to be found. Then they came upon his teacher, and she told them about how he loved poetry, and how he had been writing little poems ever since he was seven years old. The writers then asked where they could find him. The teacher answered: "In the elevator of the Callahan Building any time during the day. Very early in the morning or late at night you will find him bringing or carrying clothes for his mother, who is a washerwoman."

Three of the men went to find the boy. When they entered the elevator, he said, "Going up, sir!"

"Don't go up on our account," they said. "We came to tell you how much we liked the poem you read for us this morning."

Then the men asked the boy many questions. They learned that his name was Paul Laurence Dunbar; that his father had died when he was twelve years old: and that his mother was washing clothes in order to pay for their little home. He, as an elevator boy, was earning four dollars a week.

He could scarcely wait for night to come so that he could run home and tell his mother about his new friends ! He lay awake most of the night, making new plans for his poems. The next morning he was up early. He got together some papers he had been saving for a long time. "Ma," he said, "I am going to see about publishing my book to-day."

At his lunch hour he hurried away to a publishing house. There he asked for the manager, but instead, an assistant came out to talk with him. He looked at the manuscript and said they would publish it for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Dunbar shook his head and sadly turned to go. At that moment the business manager happened to come in. He saw the look of disappointment on the boy's face, called him into his private office, and asked what the trouble was. Dunbar handed the manuscript over to him and said, "I haven't the money necessary to pay for publishing my poems."

The manager talked with the young Negro a few minutes and then said, "Just leave the manuscript with me. I shall see that your poems are printed. Don't worry about them."

Paul's heart almost burst with joy. He tried to thank his new friend, but words would not come. He just smiled, stepped out of the office, and hurried back to his elevator. All the afternoon there was a joyful new song in his heart. That night he almost ran home to tell his mother the good news. She alone knew how much it all meant to him. Together they laughed and wept, and they talked far into the night.

Then days came and went. The mother's heart beat very fast every time there was a knock at the door. Perhaps it was someone with Paul's

books. Finally, one cold morning, when the snow was falling thick and fast, there was a loud knock on the door, Paul's mother snatched her apron, wiped the soap-suds from her hands, and hurried to open the door. There stood a delivery man with a package. She peeped into the package and saw Paul's books ! She fell to her knees, put her arms around the precious package and thanked God, Then she returned to her washtub. When her washing was done, she set about cooking the very best dinner she could afford, for her poet son. At last she heard familiar footsteps. How her heart thumped as she ran to open the door and greet her son. "Oh, Paul, Paul," she cried. "Your books ! See your books!"

Their fingers trembled as they opened the package. Then they sat on the floor and just held the little books, They looked at them arid read over and over again: *Oak and Ivy: A Book of Poems by Paul Laurence* ***Dunbar.***

Scripture

"The Parable of the Lost Sheep"-Luke 15 :3-6.

Poem

The Bible has not only been an inspiration to the writers of the Negro Spirituals, but also to the Negro poets, Paul Laurence Dunbar wrote a poem that bears directly on this parable which Jesus told.

Read

O Li'l Lamb[1]

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

O lil'l lamb out in de col'
De Mastah call you to de fol'
O li'l lamb !

He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill :
Come hyeah an' keep yo' mou'nin' still.
O li'l lamb!

De Mastah sen' de Shepud fo'f :
He wandah souf, he wandah no'f,
O li'l lamb !

He wandah eas', he wandah wes' ;
De win' a-wrenchin' at his breas',
O li'l lamb !

Oh, tell de Shepud whaih you hide;
He want you walkin' by his side,
O li'l lamb !

He know you weak, he know you so' :
But come, don' stay away no mo',
O li'l lamb !

[1]Reprinted by permission. Copyright by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

An' af'ah while de lamb he hyeah
De Shepud's voice a'callin' cleah-
Sweet li'l lamb !

He answah f'om de brambles thick,
"O Shepud, I's a'comin' quick"-
O li'l lamb !

Spirituals

This same Parable inspired the composer of one of the Spirituals
"Listen to the Lambs" A. N. S. Page 78
(Sung as solo)

Prayer

By leader

Prayer Response

BY group
"O Hear Our Prayer" H. A. Y. Orders of Worship. Page 35

Benediction

Father, thou who lovest all people-of every race and nation-help us to know and understand that all People everywhere are our brothers. Teach us every day the greater meaning of thy Fatherhood and help us to live courageously in thy great brotherhood upon this earth. Amen.

Postlude

"Go Down, Moses" A. N. S. Page 51

The Negroes' Gifts to Science

Aim: To provide a worship experience in which Junior boys and girls may realize and appreciate some of the great scientific discoveries made by Negroes.

BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THE TEACHER

Read about George Washington Carver and Negro Inventors, page 64.

Period of Preparation for Worship

A discussion regarding the contributions of the Negro to American life will be a splendid preparation for the period of worship. Such questions as the following would stimulate discussion : "How many of you use the telephone?" Tell how the use of the telephone has been perfected by the invention of Granville T. Woods. Find out how many have player-pianos in their homes. Tell of Joseph Dickinson. "Did you know that safety in crossing the street was due to the inventions of a Negro?" Tell of Doctor Carver and his discovery of the riches in the soil of Alabama, also his discovery of the various things which could be made from the peanut and the sweet potato.

Service of Worship

Instrumental Prelude

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Call to Worship

"And he gave some to be apostles ; and some, prophets ; and some, evangelists ; and some, pastors and teachers." --Ephesians 4 :11.

"Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth."-3 Timothy 2 :15.

Invocation

"O God, we thank thee that thou hast for each of us a task which we can do especially well. Help us, each one, to do our work thoughtfully and carefully. We thank thee for those people who have done their work so faithfully and so well that they have made great contributions to the joy and happiness of the world." Amen.

Hymn

"In Christ There Is No East Nor West" T. A. H. No. 188

Offering Service

Leader: Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Group : "Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."
From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"-Lowell.

Story

Another Daniel Who Dared[1]

By REBECCA CAUDILL

Late one afternoon in July, in the year 1893, Dr. Daniel Hale Williams, a young Negro surgeon in Provident Hospital in Chicago, was attending to some of his patients. Suddenly he was sent for to come at once to the operating room. Here he found a Negro who had been in a fight and was wounded very severely. Doctor Williams attended to the wound as best he could at the time, but he could not tell then just how deep the knife had gone into the body of the young man. The next morning when he returned to examine the patient, he discovered that instead of resting well, the wounded man had grown very much worse during the night. Doctor Williams decided to examine the wound at once. He removed the bandages, and found it necessary to lengthen the original wound in order to discover just what actually had taken place when the knife was driven into the body. What he found was a small puncture in the heart, about one tenth of an inch long, but so dangerous that he realized something must be done at once if the man's life was to be saved.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. And a very pressing and disturbing question it was too, for in all medical history not another case like this had ever been reported. He could not even go about binding up the wound; it just kept on bleeding and bleeding, until it seemed that the patient could not possibly live much longer. Then Doctor Williams decided to try to perform what seemed like a miracle: Nothing like what he intended to do had ever been done before. With long, smooth forceps, other **physicians** held back the walls of the vessel that incloses the heart, and with fine catgut, Doctor Williams sewed up the puncture in the man's heart. Less than two months later the patient was sent home from the hospital, and soon he was hard at work again.

Prayer

Prayer Response

Hymn

Negro National Anthem, James Weldon Johnson

Benediction

Father, thou who lovest all people-of every race and nation-help us to know and understand that all people everywhere are our brothers. Teach us every day the greater meaning of thy Fatherhood and help us to live courageously in thy great brotherhood upon this earth. Amen.

Postlude

"Roll, Jordan, Roll" A. N. S. Page 105

From "The Upward Climb," Sara Estelle Haskin. **Permission granted by courtesy** of **the** Missionary Education Movement.

The Negroes' Gifts to Education

Aim: To provide a worship experience in which our Junior boys and girls realize the progress which the Negro has made as an educator,

BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THE TEACHER

It is suggested that the Leader secure a copy of "Up From Slavery," by Booker T. Washington, and inform himself regarding the life of this great educator,

Period of Preparation for Worship

Discuss with your boys and girls the educational privileges and advantages which they have. Help them to discover those who make these advantages possible for them. Find out if they think all Americans should have equal educational advantages. Point out then the necessity of Negro educators who will plan and seek educational advantages for Negro boys and girls.

Service of Worship

Instrumental Prelude

"Go Down, Moses" A. N. S. Page 51

Call to Worship

"O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart."
-Frances R. Havergal.

Hymn

"In Christ There Is No East Nor West" T. A. H. No. 188

Offertory Service

Leader: Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Group : "Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is. bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."
From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"-Lowell.

Offertory Music

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Offertory Response

"When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing" H. A. Y. No, 213

Story

The Boy Who Named Himself'

By REBECCA CAUDILL

Booker was his name: not Booker Jones, or Booker Smith, or Booker Brown, but just Booker, because he had only one name. He was a little slave boy, born in a tiny cabin on a big plantation in Virginia. The cabin might not have been such a. bad place in which to live, despite its dirt floor, and windows with no glass in them, and a door that looked every minute as if it would fall off its hinges, and a cat hole that let in the bitter winter wind along with the cat, except for the fact that Booker's mother was the plantation cook; and since there was not such a thing as a cook-stove in any of these cabins, the cooking had to be done over an open fireplace. Consequently, in winter the smoke in the little cabin was almost unbearable, and in summer the heat was equally unbearable, so the family had a hard time the year around.

Booker didn't spend much of his time in the cabin, however. As soon as he was big enough to toddle around, he was given odd jobs to do, and long before he could boast of very big muscles in his arms, he was given one job that would look like a mountain to most boys. This job was to take the corn to the mill. The corn was poured into a sack and someone who was strong enough, would throw it across the back of the mule. Then when Booker had the corn divided about evenly, so that there would be as much on one side of the mule as on the other, he would climb aboard and be off. But he rarely ever arrived in such fine style. When the mule started trotting, the corn would jump from one end of the sack across the mule's back into the other end, and when too much of it got on one side, off went the sack, and off went Booker. Then he would tug and pull and lift with all his might, but his muscles weren't big enough yet, so there was nothing he could do but sit down beside the road and wait until someone would come along to help him get his corn aboard the mule once more. Sometimes he would have to wait so long that it would be dark before he arrived at the plantation with his meal.

Not all of his tasks were so unpleasant, however. Some days he had to go to the big house where his master lived and shoo flies off the table while the family ate. Of course he never said a word while doing that, but he heard a great deal, and most of the talk he heard was about a great war that was being fought between the men of the South and the men of the North. If the men of the North won the war, so the master and mistress said, their slaves would be freed and could do as they pleased and go where they pleased.

At last the men of the North did win the war, and one morning all the slaves were sent for. They moved slowly, in a long procession, up to the big house. There were bent old men and withered old women, strong young men who did most of the work in the fields, and strong young women who helped them, and little black boys and girls who hardly knew what it was all about. The master came out and talked to them, telling them that they were no longer his slaves but were free to do as they pleased.

Most of the Negroes left the plantation immediately, and Booker's family was among these. His father went first to West Virginia, where

[1]From "The Upward Climb, by Sara E. Haskin. Permission granted **by courtesy of** the Missionary Education Movement.

he got work in a salt mine. Soon he sent for his family-Booker's mother, his brother John, his sister Amanda, and Booker himself.

It was a great occasion, their leaving the little cabin on the old plantation. For days and nights the children dreamed of their new home, and as they helped their mother pack up their few possessions, they could talk of nothing else. At last they started out on the long journey of several hundred miles. Their furniture and what few things they took with them were carried on a squeaky old cart that was drawn by a little donkey; but the children walked the whole distance. Since it was such a long distance, they were several weeks on the road.

Booker went to work as soon as they arrived at their new home. His father had already secured a job for him at a salt furnace, and though he didn't get much money for his work, he nevertheless helped feed and clothe the family, for his father could not support all the children alone. It was hard to climb out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, only half awake, and go to the furnace to work all day. But there were wonderful things to see and learn about in that furnace to make up for much that Booker missed.

One great attraction was two figures that were branded on all the barrels of salt that Booker's father filled, One was just a straight line, like this-l, This was easy to make, and often when Booker found anything on which he dared to write, he would make a 1. But the other was different. It curled around into something very pretty, like this-8 and it looked so mysterious that Booker spent a great deal of time thinking about it. Although he did not know what to call it, he knew that these two signs stood for something. He told his mother about them, but she couldn't help him, for no one had ever taught her that they stood for the number 18.

When Booker's mother found that her boy wanted to learn to read and write, she got a spelling book for him, and in that spelling book he found the key that unlocked the door to the treasures of the world. Late at night when he came home from his work at the furnace, he would pore over his book, and when his mother had the time to spare, she bent over the book with him, trying so hard to help him make out the meaning of the mysterious letters. But neither of them succeeded very well.

Then one day something exciting happened. The fathers and mothers of the little Negro boys and girls living in the community thought they and their children ought to know how to read and write, so they sent for a teacher. When he came, he found a very queer class of pupils. Some were so small that they could scarcely walk; and some were so old and bent that they could scarcely walk. But since none of them knew how to read, they all started to learn from the same book-a blue-backed spelling book. Many of the pupils could not attend school in the daytime, so they came at night : and since they could not learn enough to satisfy themselves in six days, they took their spelling book to Sunday school on Sunday and studied it there.

With this chance to learn, Booker was beside, himself with joy. On his first morning in school he sat very prim and very still outwardly, but he was very excited underneath. The teacher began his work by asking each pupil is turn his name, and writing it for a roll. John J. Jones, Leonidas R. Halt, Frederick M. Calhoun, Peter T. Poindexter-on went the list of names. Suddenly Booker's heart began, to thump wildly against

his flaxen shirt. Those boys each had two names: he had only one. Obviously he must have two. Nearer and nearer down the row of seats came his turn, and just at the very moment when the teacher called for his name he had an inspiration : "Booker Washington," he answered. Why the second name came to his mind he never knew, but from that time on he was Booker Washington. Later someone told him that his mother had called him Booker Taliaferro when he was very small, so he put that between his first and second names and gained a very excellent name-Booker Taliaferro Washington, or, for short, Booker T. Washington.

After a time something happened that turned Booker's little world upside down. "You cannot go to school any longer," his father said to him. "We need all the money you can earn at the furnace." The boy's heart was almost broken. When the teacher saw how very much he wanted to learn, he offered to teach him at night. So Booker got out of his bed at four o'clock in the morning and worked till night at the salt furnace: then, with his book under his arm, he started off to school.

One day Booker heard some men talking about a wonderful school for Negro boys and girls. It was very dark in the mine, and. he slipped as near as he could to hear all they were saying. When they went away, he said to himself. "I shall go to that school some day," though just how he intended to get there he hadn't the slightest idea. He set out at 'once, however, to find a job that would pay more so that he could begin saving some of his money.

Not long after this he began to work at the house of a Mrs. Ruffner, and his work there was as different from his work at the salt furnace as daylight is from darkness. He became a Jack-of-all-trades, doing anything and everything, from drying the dishes to mending the garden fence. And he did everything "just so" too, for Mrs. Ruffner would not allow him to do things half way. Every dish must be in its place; every floor must be spotlessly clean ; every broken paling in the fence must be mended. Maybe that sounds like a very hard job, but Booker soon learned that Mrs. Ruffner was one of his very best friends, and that if a boy would amount to anything at all, he would do well to learn that cleanliness and thrift are manly habits,

By hoarding a penny here and a penny there from the money Mrs. Ruffner paid him, Booker soon had enough to start for Hampton Institute, the Negro school about which he had heard the men talking in the mine. The day he left was a great occasion among the people of his race, because no boy had ever gone from their community to Hampton. Old men gave him a nickel or a pocket handkerchief, to show how proud they were of him ; and some wished him so well that they gave him a quarter.

It was about five hundred miles from Booker's home in West Virginia to Hampton Institute. The boy had not gone far on his way before he realized that the amount of money he had saved would not see him through to his journey's end. When he arrived in Richmond, Virginia, he had not a penny left. He walked the streets for several hours, and then, because he was miserably cold and because he did not know where to go, he crawled under a board sidewalk and went to sleep. All night long he heard the occasional tramp, tramp, tramp of people walking over his queer roof. When he awoke, next morning, he saw that he was near a wharf, where a ship was unloading pig iron. He applied to the captain

for work, hoping to get enough money to buy his breakfast. The captain gave him a small job, and when he saw how well the boy did his work, he asked Booker to continue, All day long the young boy unloaded the heavy pig iron, and at night, putting his little satchel under his head for a pillow, he again went to sleep under the sidewalk,

Booker worked on the wharf until he had saved enough money to continue his journey. Then he thanked the captain of the vessel and was off again on his long journey. When at last he caught sight of the large, three-story brick school building that was Hampton Institute, his heart all but stood still, and he forgot that he had ever been tired or sleepy or hungry.

As soon as possible he presented himself to the head teacher and asked for permission to enroll as a student at Hampton. The head teacher looked him over. Was this a tramp? She wasn't quite sure ; he looked like one, his clothes were so ragged. She did everything but encourage him; but he would not be put off, He lingered around and did all he could to impress her with his earnestness. After a time, hoping to be rid of him the teacher said, "The adjoining recitation room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

Booker knew that this was really an examination. It was certainly a queer one. He felt sure that this would be to the teacher a test of his earnestness and his character. He went to work : and it is safe to say that never has a room been cleaned quite so well. He swept it once, he swept it twice; he looked in all the corners and under all the furniture-and swept the third time. Then he got a cloth and dusted. He remembered Mrs. Ruffner-and dusted again. He tried making letters on the chair with his finger-&d dusted again. And then, to be quite, quite sure, he dusted again-four times in all.

Then the teacher appeared. She was the sort who knew just where to look for dirt. Into the closet she went, and rubbed her finger along the shelf. It was spotless. She sniffed in the comers. She rubbed her fingers over the chairs. Then she looked at Booker. "I guess you will do to enter this institution," she said.

He was assigned the task of janitor, and though this meant getting up long before daylight in order to clean all the rooms and stud a bit before class periods, the boy homehow managed it. Three years Booker stayed at Hampton, and during those three years he worked and studied and learned a great deal. Some of the things he learned were not to be found in books. He learned that it is honest and noble and good to work with one's hands. He learned that the people who get the most out of life are those who try to help others. He learned also that his own people can do wonderful things when they have been educated to do them.

One day in June, 1875, Booker Washington graduated from Hampton Institute at the head of his class.

Six years later a white-man and a Negro living in Tuskegee, Alabama, wrote a very important letter to General Armstrong, president of Hampton Institute, They told him they wanted to open a school for Negro boys and girls living in Alabama, and they asked him if he knew anyone who could take charge of the school. General Armstrong did know the very person for the place, and immediately he sent for Booker T. Washington.

Mr. Washington went to Tuskegee. He was expecting to find a schoolhouse already built and pupils waiting for him. What he did find was an old church which was to be used as a schoolhouse, and a run-down shanty that, in an emergency, might also be used, Some young men might have been discouraged, but not Booker Washington. He hired an old mule and a little wagon and set out to visit the Negro people living in the little cabins near Tuskegee. He stayed in the homes of these people, he learned what they had and what they needed to make them better and happier. He told them about the school he was going to open.

At last, on the morning of July 4, 1881, the door of the old church was opened wide and through it passed thirty pupils, some of them as much as forty years old, and not one under fifteen,

After a short time Mr. Washington bought a tract of land and made plans for new buildings, though he didn't have one cent of money with which to pay for anything. But one of his teachers, Miss Davisson, got up all sorts of programs and entertainments, The white people in the town of Tuskegee gave some money toward the project, and the Negroes, wanting to help all they could, brought whatever they happened to have. Some brought five cents ; some brought sugar cane ; others brought quilts; an old woman seventy years old hobbled in on her cane, bringing her offering of six eggs. At last they had collected five hundred dollars, the amount they needed to buy the lot.

But putting up buildings was another and a harder problem. Mr. Washington decided from the first that the students themselves should put up the buildings. Some of the young men who had come to learn Greek and Latin didn't like to stand for hours knee-deep in mud pits making bricks, and a few of them left. But more stayed, and when the first building was finished, they were as proud of it as they could be;

Mr. Washington and his assistants did their work so faithfully and so well that a great many people who were interested in giving Negro boys and girls of the South an education, gave large sums of money to the school. In 1915, when the Institute was thirty-four years old, it owned twenty-four hundred acres of land, and the United States Government gave it twenty thousand acres for an endowment. There are now at Tuskegee Institute two thousand students, and along with the education they receive from books, they are taught many useful trades, Both girls and boys have their own dormitories, There is a beautiful big dining-room to which is attached a well-equipped kitchen and bakery. The Institute has its own electric light plant, its hospital, its library, its chapel.

Mr. Washington traveled all over the North, the South, the East, and the West. Everywhere he went he made friends for Tuskegee Institute, friends who gave him money to carry on the work of the school. And everywhere he went he made friends for the Negro race, for people began to see that the Negro boy or girl, if given the chance, can really do something significant in the world. Mr. Washington was accorded every honor any man could wish.

In the fall of 1915 Mr. Washington became very ill. He was in New York at the time, and noted physicians held a consultation. Finally they had to tell him that he had but a few hours to live. "I must start for Tuskegee at once, then," he said. He lived to reach the school he loved so well, and as the train drew near the town, a smile came over his face.

It was good, he felt, to be coming home again. Early on the morning of November 14, 1915, he died, and for the next few days the spacious grounds of Tuskegee lnstitute were packed with people, colored and white, old and young, rich and poor. They had come because they regarded Booker T. Washington as one of the greatest men who had ever lived,

Prayer

By leader

Prayer Response

BY group

"O Hear Our Prayer" H. A. Y. Orders of Worship. Page 35

Spiritual

"Nobody Knows de Trouble I See" A.. N. S. Page 140

Benediction

Father, thou who lovest all people-of every race and nation-help us to know and understand that all people everywhere are our brothers. Teach us every day the greater meaning of thy Fatherhood and help us to live courageously in thy great brotherhood upon this earth. Amen.

Postlude

Negro National Anthem, James Weldon Johnson.

The Negroes' Gifts to Exploration

Aim: To provide a worship experience in which Junior boys and girls realize that the Negroes are of an adventurous spirit and that they have contributed much to scientific exploration.

Period of Preparation for Worship

Head the poem "On ! Sail On," Joaquin Miller, Hymnal for American Youth. Orders for Service, Page 31.

About whom is this poem written?

Have children tell the story.

How many ships did Columbus have ?

Each ship had a commander.

Did you know that one of the brave men who commanded one of the other ships under the direction of Columbus was a 'Negro? His name was Pedro Alonso Nino.

What kind of a person do you think he must have been-equally as brave and courageous as Columbus himself?

Service of Worship

Instrumental Prelude

"Go Down, Moses" A. N. S. Page 51

Call to Worship

"Press on, press on, through toil and woe
Calmly resolved to triumph go;
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still." l
-William Gaskell.

Hymn

"Marching with the Heroes" T. A. H. No. 83

Offering Service

Leader : Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Group : "Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.'"
From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"--Lowell.

Hymnal for American Youth. Orders of Worship. Page 30. Permission granted by courtesy of The Century Company.

Offertory Music'

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" A. N. S. Page 62

Offertory Response

"When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing" H. A. Y. No. 213

Story

Flying Spray[2]

By REBECCA CAUDILL

Men who know say that a boy whose cheek has been touched by the flying spray of the salty sea will never be content to remain at home. This may or may not be true, but at least it has happened once.

When Matthew Alexander Henson first saw the Potomac River winding away through the green valleys of Maryland he wondered whence it came and whither it was going. He watched the boats as they went sailing past his home, on and on till he could see them no more. Perhaps he thought that some day he would follow that winding river and find out for himself what became of the boats.

One day when he was still a young boy, he ran away from the uncle with whom he had been living since his mother's death, and went to Baltimore. Down to the wharves he found his way, where great vessels were docked. From the holds of these ships men were unloading mysterious cargoes gathered from all parts of the earth-from South America, from Europe, from China and Japan. Little Matt watched them, round-eyed. He watched as other ships, having taken on their cargoes, turned their noses to the open sea, bound for quaint towns and queer cities of which he had never even dreamed.

He edged his way through the crowd to the nearest ship. Stevedores were rolling great packages of freight onto the ship in wheelbarrows. Matt looked on a minute. "Say," he heard himself ask one of the stevedores, "reckon I could get a job on that boat?"

"Have to see the cap'n," answered the stevedore as he trundled his load onto the boat.

Almost without knowing how it happened, Matt found himself on deck in search of the captain. He thought the first uniformed man he saw was the captain, and although he wasn't, it did not matter. The boy' swallowed hard and began, "Cap'n, have you some work on this boat I could do?"

"Think you'd like a trip?" asked the man in uniform, with a twinkle in his eye-he had hard before of boys who wanted to run away from home and go to sea. "Where's your mother?"

Matt told him that his mother was dead and that there was no reason why he should not go to sea if he wished to. The man listened very closely. Then he took the boy to another man in uniform, who listened to the same story. Soon Matt found himself signing his name to a paper, and a few hours later, when the boat weighed anchor and put out to sea, Matthew Alexander Henson, cabin boy, was on his way to China.

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[1] "Steal Away to Jesus." From The Abing don Hymnal. See page 24 of this manual.
[2] From "The Upward Climb," b Sara E. Haskin. Permission granted by courtesy of the Missionary Education Movement.

While he was on this voyage Matt learned everything that he could about ships, and soon he became an able-bodied seaman. For four years he followed the sea, sailing to China, Japan, Manila, North Africa, Spain, France, and through the Black Sea to southern Russia.

One day when he was on shore in America, Henson went to the city of Washington, and there he had the good fortune to meet a man whose name will always be remembered when men tell tales of bravery and adventure. This man was Robert E. Peary, a civil engineer in the United States Navy, and he needed someone to go with him to Nicaragua. He looked the young Negro over, asked about his record as a seaman, and then asked Henson to go with him.

For three years Henson worked with Peary, assisting him in whatever way he could. Then one day Peary announced to Henson that he had a very different task to perform and he needed his help. He was going to explore the frozen country of Greenland, with the hope that some day he might reach the North Pole. Would Henson go with him.? And because Henson was always eager to visit unknown countries, and because he was very courageous and not afraid of hardships, and because he knew he could perform a great service for his country if he went, Henson said yes to Peary at once.

Seven times Peary and Henson made their preparations and set out for the prize at the top of the world, Peary commanding, Henson carrying out his orders obediently and well. Seven times they failed.

On July 6, 1908, the little group of explorers set sail on the "Roosevelt" for the eighth trip. This time Peary intended to keep going until he should stand on the top of the world.

As the boat lay at anchor off Long Island, President Roosevelt came aboard to bid the explorers good-by and to wish them success. Then up came the anchor and the ship and its courageous men were off for the frozen North. On the way they stopped at various ports to buy dogs of the Eskimos, and to take on food supplies for the winter. During the last days of the. voyage the "Roosevelt" had to fight against almost impassable ice for every foot of the way. The handful of explorers feared they might never reach Cape Sheridan, but they did not talk about it much. Instead, they worked away at all hours of the day and night. Henson worked continually on the sledges which were to be used when they left the ship and set out on the ice for the last stretch of the journey.

At last they reached Cape Sheridan, which was as far north as the ship could 'go, and everyone in the party was anxious to be off for the Pole. Before they could start, however, there was much work to be done. There were sledges still to be finished, the language of the Eskimos who were accompanying the explorers to the Pole had to be interpreted, everybody had to have warm suits made of skins, and the dogs that were to draw the heavy sledges over the ice had to be trained for their tasks.

Finally the day arrived when the explorers, in parties of five or six, left Cape Sheridan and went in the direction of Cape Columbia. Henson had with him three Eskimo boys, four sledges and twenty-four dogs. They had to have food and supplies for the trip, so the sledges were loaded with pemmican (little cakes prepared of dried meat), fat, dried fruit, biscuits, tea, and alcohol. Snow was drifting, and the north wind was

howling about them, Sometimes they could steal a short ride across the ice on their sledges, but most of the way they had to pick their path through the ice.

They were several days in getting to Cape Columbia, and more than once Henson's Eskimos wanted to turn back or to dump part of their heavy load from the sledges, for often they had to push them over the ice. But Henson would not listen to such a plan. "we will make Cape Columbia to-morrow and will have to do no back-tracking" he told them one day. "We are moving forward. I have started for a place and do not intend to run back to get a better start."' And because of his courage, the little group at last reached Cape Columbia, and there they rested until the entire party had arrived. From Cape Columbia the expedition was now to leave the land and sledge over the ice-covered ocean four hundred and thirteen miles north to the Pole.

At daybreak on March 1, 1909, the explorers were all excitement and attention. A furious wind was blowing, and the. temperature was fifty-seven degrees below zero, but at six o'clock Henson and his group were beside their sledges, awaiting the signal to start. For a short distance the going was fairly easy, but soon the trail plunged into ice so rough that they had to use pickaxes to make a pathway. After about a mile of such going, Henson's sledge split in two. "Trouble number one," said Henson to himself, and called a halt to repair the sledge.

The wind was howling furiously. Henson unleashed his dogs, unloaded his sledge, got out his brace and bit and bored new holes. But he had to take plenty of time for this, for in such cold there was great danger of the steel bit breaking. Then with ungloved hands he threaded the sealskin thongs through the hole, but in doing so, his fingers froze. He stopped work, pulled his hands through his sleeve, put them under his armpits until he felt his fingers burning: then he knew they had thawed out. Then he started to work again and continued the sewing, freezing, and thawing process till the sledge was repaired. On they went in a hurry, for they were to lead the way. But soon Ootah's sledge broke : and only a little distance further on Kudlooktoo's sledge went to pieces, so badly broken that it could not be repaired.

At the end of the day the men were almost dead with weariness and cold. Not only was their breath frozen to their hoods of fur, but their cheeks and noses were frozen as well. They spread their furs upon the snow and dropped down and tried to sleep? but sound sleep was impossible. All through the night they kept waking because of the cold, and they had to beat their arms and feet to keep their blood circulating.

But the next day they went on. Sometimes they came to open channels of water and had to wait until ice had formed over them so that they could get the sledges across in safety. This was extremely dangerous, because often the ice broke under the heavy weight, and more than one sledge fell into the icy water. One of the sledges that broke through was carrying extra clothing and equipment, and the load was thoroughly soaked. Ootah fished it out, and the dogs were urged on. The dogs reached safety before Henson and the Eskimos, and they watched their masters cross the dangerous ice, almost seeming to rejoice at their safety.

It was at this time that supporting parties were beginning to be sent back to camp. These supporting parties were made up of the men whose

feet were frozen or who could stand the cold no longer. They were to return to Cape Columbia with dogs and sledges, and blaze the trail so that the others, on their return, could find it without trouble. The Commander himself decided who should turn back, and from that moment each of his helpers dreaded lest he should be told that he must give up the hope of reaching the Pole with Peary. First one supporting party was turned back ; then, after a distance of several miles, a second party; then a third; and still Henson was allowed to go on. The men talked about it a great deal and wondered who was going to he the lucky one to remain with the Commander. They knew that the choice did not depend on luck at all, but on courage and power to endure the cold. It was going to be a great honor to be allowed to go on. The fourth party was turned back, and Henson was still allowed to go on.

On April first Captain Bartlett, the only remaining explorer besides Henson, was turned back to knit the final thread in the trail, and it was Henson who was selected to go on to the Pole with Peary! The little party now consisted of Commander Peary, Henson, and four Eskimos, They set out bravely. On and on they marched, falling down in their tracks when it was impossible to proceed. They were forced to camp in spite of the impatience of the Commander. On the third of April they found themselves on a lane of moving ice. Commander Peary was in the lead, and half an hour later the four Eskimos and Henson followed in single file.

At one point the Eskimos were ahead, and Henson, standing and pushing at the upstanders of his sledge, suddenly felt the block of ice he was using as a support slip from underneath his feet. Before he knew it, the sledge was out of his grasp, and he was floundering in the water. He tore his hood from his head and struggled frantically. His hands were gloved and he could not take hold of the ice. But faithful Ootah, the Eskimo, saw him and grabbed him by the nape of the neck as he would have grabbed a dog. With one hand he pulled Henson out of the water, and with the other hurried the team across. Ootah stripped off Henson's sealskin boots, helped beat the frozen water out of his bearskin trousers, and they hurried on to overtake the others. They found that Commander Peary had also had a bath in the icy water.

When they halted on April sixth and started to build the igloos in which they were to sleep, Commander Peary began to unload his sledge and unpack several bundles of equipment. From under his fur outer-garment he pulled out a small folded package and unfolded it. Henson recognized an old silk flag, and realized that this was to be a camp of importance, since the flag was brought out on significant occasions only.

"Is this camp to be named Camp Peary?" asked Henson..

"This is to be Camp Morris K. Jesup, the last and most northerly camp on the earth," replied Peary. He fastened the flag to a staff and planted it firmly on the top of his igloo. For a few minutes it hung limp and lifeless in the dead calm of the haze, and then a slight breeze, increasing in strength, caused the folds to straighten out, and soon it was rippling out in sparkling color.

The next morning the Commander ordered a snowshield built to protect him from the flying drift of the surface snow. Then he lay flat on the snow, and while he took the elevation, and made notes on a piece of

paper, Henson **and the four** Eskimos stood around, very quiet and very much excited. Suddenly Commander Peary raised himself and announced, "We will plant the Stars and Stripes at the North 'Pole!" And it was done.

On his return to Washington, Commander Peary had this to say of Matthew Henson:

"I congratulate the Negro race upon Matthew Henson. He has driven home to the world your adaptability and the fiber of which you are made. He has added to the moral stature of every intelligent man among you. His is the hard-earned reward of tried loyalty, persistence, and endurance. He should be an everlasting example to your young men that these qualities will win whatever object they are directed at."

Prayer

By Leader

Prayer Response

BY group

"O Hear Our Prayer" H. A. Y. Orders of Worship. Page 35

Benediction

Father, thou who lovest all people--of every race and nation-help us to know and understand that all people everywhere are our brothers. Teach us every day the greater meaning of thy Fatherhood and help us to live courageously in thy great brotherhood upon this' earth. Amen.

Postlude

"Marching with the Heroes" T. A. H. No. 83

Necessary Source Materials for the Leader
Using These Services

THE. NEGROES COME TO AMERICA'

"In 1441 Prince Henry (of Portugal) sent out one Gonzales, who captured three Moors on the African coast. These men offered as ransom the Negroes whom they had taken, The Negroes were taken to Lisbon in 1442, and in 1444 Prince Henry regularly began the European trade from the Guinea Coast, . . . By 1474 Negroes were numerous in Spain. . . . after 1500 there are frequent references to Negroes, especially in the Spanish West Indies. . . .

"In 1504 Negroes were introduced from New Guinea to Spain. . . . It was about 1526 that Negroes were first introduced within the present limits of the United States, being brought to a colony near what later became Jamestown, Virginia. Here the Negroes were harshly treated and in course of time they rose against their oppressors. . . . The settlement was broken up, and the Negroes and their Spanish companions returned to Hispaniola, whence they had come. . . .

"Portugal and Spain having decided that the slave trade was profitable, England also determined to engage in the traffic; and as early as 1530 William Hawkins, a merchant of Plymouth, visited the Guinea Coast and took away a few slaves. England really entered the field, however, with the voyage in 1562 of Captain John Hawkins, son of William, who in October of this year also went to the coast of Guinea. He had a fleet of three ships and one hundred men, and partly by the sword and partly by 'other means he took three hundred or more Negroes, whom he took to Santo Domingo and sold profitably. France joined in the traffic in 1624, and then Holland and Denmark, and the rivalry soon became intense. In 1698 the trade was opened generally. . . . New England engaged in the traffic, and vessels from Boston and Newport went forth to the Gold Coast laden with hogsheads of rum. In course of time there developed a three-cornered trade by which molasses was brought from the West Indies to New England, made into rum to be taken to Africa and exchanged for slaves, the slaves in turn being brought to the West Indies or the Southern colonies. . . .

"It is only for Virginia that we can state with definiteness the year in which Negro slaves were first brought to an English colony on the mainland. . . . 'About the last of August, 1619,' says John Rolfe in John Smith's Generall Historie, 'came in a Dutch man of warre, that sold us twenty negars.' These Negroes were sold into servitude, and Virginia did not give statutory recognition to slavery as a system until 1661, the importations being too small to make the matter one of importance.

[1]From "A Social History of the American Negro," by Benjamin Brawley. Permission granted by courtesy of the Macmillan Company,

"Negroes were first imported into Massachusetts from Barbadoes a year or two before 1638. . . . The first (Massachusetts) definitely to legalize slavery, in course of time she became also the foremost representative of sentiment against the system. . . .

"In New York slavery began under the Dutch rule and continued under the English. . . .

"As early as 1639 there are incidental references to Negroes in Pennsylvania. . . . In this colony there were strong objections to the importing of Negroes in spite of the demand for them. . . . In 1688 there originated in Germantown a protest against Negro slavery that was 'the first formal action ever taken against the barter in human flesh within the boundaries of the United States,' . . . . New Hampshire deemed it best from the beginning to discourage slavery.

"In North Carolina, even more than in most of the colonies, the system of Negro slavery was long controlled by custom rather than by legal enactment. . . . In South Carolina the natural resources of the colony offered a ready home for the system, and the laws here formulated were as explicit as any ever enacted.

"In Georgia slavery was forbidden on the ground that Georgia was to defend the other English colonies from the Spaniards on the south, and that it would not be able to do this if, like South Carolina, it dissipated its energies in guarding Negro slaves. . . . For years the development of Georgia was slow, and the prosperous condition of South Carolina constantly suggested to the planters that 'the one thing needful' for their highest welfare was slavery. Finally slavery gained a foothold in what was destined to become one of the most important of the Southern States. . .

"Thus it was that the Negroes came to America. Thus it was also, we might say, that the Negro Problem came, though it was not for decades, not until the budding of American nationality, that the ultimate reaches of the problem were realized. Those who came were by no means all of exactly the same race? stock, and language. Plantations frequently exhibited a variety of customs, and sometimes traditional enemies became brothers in servitude. . . . The actual procuring of the slaves was by no means as easy a process as is sometimes supposed. In general the slave mart brought out the most vicious passions of all who were in any way connected with the traffic. The captain of the vessel had to resort to various expedients to get his cargo. His commonest method was to bring with him a variety of gay cloth, cheap ornaments, and whisky, which he would give in exchange for slaves brought to him. His. task was most simple when a chieftain of one tribe brought to him several hundred prisoners of war. Ordinarily, however, the work was more toilsome, and kidnaping a favorite method, though individuals were sometimes enticed on vessels. . . . Once on board the slaves were put in chains two by two. When the ship was ready to start, the hold of the vessel was crowded with moody and unhappy wretches. . . .

"There was generally only one entrance to the hold ; and provision for only the smallest amount of air through the gratings on the sides, . . . The food was half-rotten rice, yams, beans, or soup, and sometimes bread and meat ; the cooking was not good, nor was there any care taken to see that all were fed.

"Water was always limited, a pint a day being a generous allowance. . . . . The rule was to bring the slaves on deck from the hold twice a day for an airing . . . . but this plan was not always followed. On deck they were made to dance by the lash, and they were also forced to sing. Thus were born the sorrow-songs, the last cry of those who saw their home-land vanish behind them-forever."

PRELUDE-THE SLAVER[1]

He closed the Bible carefully, putting it down
As if his fingers loved it,
Then he turned.
"Mr. Mate."
"Yes, sir,"
The captain's eyes held a shadow.
"I think, while this weather lasts," he said, after a pause,
"We'd better get them on deck as much as we can.
They keep better that way. Besides," he added, unsmiling,
"She's begun to stink already. You've noticed it?"

The mate nodded, a boyish nod of half-apology,
"And only a week out, too, sir,"

"Yes," said the skipper.
His eyes looked into themselves. "Well. The trade," he said,
"The trade's no damn perfume-shop." He drummed with his fingers.
"Seem to be quiet to-night," he murmured at last.
"Oh, yes sir, quiet enough.", The mate flushed. "Not
What you'd call quiet at home hut--quiet enough."

"Um," said the skipper. "What about the big fellow?'

"Tarbarrel, sir? The man who says he's a king?
He was praying to something-it made the others restless.
Mr. Olsen stopped it."
"I don't like that," said the skipper.
"It was only an idol, sir."
"Oh !"
"A stone or something."
"Oh !"
"But he's a bad one, sir-a regular sullen one-
He--eyes in the dark-like a cat's-enough to give you-"
The mate was young. He shivered. "The creeps," he said.

"We've had that kind," said the skipper, His mouth was hard
Then it relaxed. "Damn cheating Arabe!" he said,
"I told them I'd take no more of their pennyweight kings,
Worth pounds to look at, and then when you get them aboard
Go crazy so they have to be knocked on the head
Or else just eat up their hearts and die in a week
Taking up room for nothing."

[1]From "John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benet. Permission granted by courtesy of Doubleday-Doran Company, publishers.

The mate hardly heard him, thinking of something else,
"I'm afraid we'll lose some more of the women," he said.
"Well, they're a scratch lot," said the skipper. "Any sickness?"

"Just the usual, sir."
"But nothing like plague or"'
"No sir."
"The Lord is merciful," said the skipper,
His voice was wholly sincere-an old ship's bell
Hung in the steeple of a meetinghouse
With all New England and the sea's noise in it.
"Well, you'd better take another look-see, Mr. Mate."
The mate felt his lips go dry. "Aye aye, sir," he said,
Wetting his lips with his tongue. As he left the cabin
He heard the Bible being opened again.

Lantern in hand, he went down to the hold.
Each time he went he had a trick of trying
To shut the pores of his body against the stench
By force of will, by thinking of salt and flowers,
But it was always useless.
He kept thinking :
When I get home, when I get a bath and clean food,
When I've gone swimming out beyond the Point
In that cold green, so cold it must be pure
Beyond the purity of a dissolved star,
When I get my shore-clothes on, and one of those shirts
Out of the linen-closet that smells of lavender,
Will my skin smell black even then, will my skin smell black?

The lantern shook in his hand.
This was black, here,
This was black to see and feel and smell and taste,
The blackness of black, with one weak lamp to light 'it
As ineffectually as a firefly in Hell,
And, being so, should be silent.
But the hold
Was never silent.
There was always that breathing,
Always that thick breathing, always those shivering cries.

A few of the slaves
Knew English-at least the English for water and Jesus.
"I'm dying." "Sick." "My name Caesar,"
Those who knew
These things, said these things now when they saw the lantern
Mechanically, as tamed beasts answer the whipcrack.
Their voices beat at the light like heavy moths.
But most made merely liquid or gutteral sounds
Meaningless to the mate, but horribly like
The sounds of palateless men or animals trying
To talk through a human throat.

The mate was used
To the confusion of limbs and bodies by now.
At first it had made him think of the perturbed
Blind coil of blacksnakes thawing on a rock
In the bleak sun of spring, or Judgment Day
Just after the first sounding of the trump
When all earth seethes and crumbles with the slow
Vast, moldy resurrection of the dead.
But he had passed such fancies.
He must see
As much as he could. He couldn't see very much.
They were too tightly packed but-no plague yet,
And all the chains were fast. Then he saw something.
The woman was asleep but her baby was dead.
He wondered whether to take it from her now.
No, it would only rouse the others. To-morrow.
He turned away with a shiver.
His glance fell
On the man who said he had been a king, the man
Called Tarbarrel, the image of black stone
Whose eyes were savage gods.
The huge suave muscles
Rippled like stretching cats as he changed posture,
Magnificence in chains that yet was ease.
The smolder in those eyes. The steady hate.

The mate made himself stare till the eyes dropped.
Then he turned back to the companionway.
His forehead was hot and sweaty. He wiped it off,
But then the rough cloth of his sleeve smelt black.

The captain shut the Bible as he came in.
"Well, Mister Mate?"
"All quiet, sir."
The captain
Looked at him sharply. "Sit down," he said in a bark.
The mate's knees gave as he sat. "It's-hot down there,"
He said, a little weakly, wanting to wipe
His face again, but knowing he'd smell that blackness
Again, if he did.
"Takes you that way, sometimes,"
Said the captain, not unkindly, "I remember
Back in the twenties."
Something hot and strong
Bit the mate's 'throat. He coughed.
"There," said the captain,
Putting the cup down, "You'll feel better now.
You're young for this trade, Mister, and that's a fact."

The mate coughed and didn't answer, much too glad
To see the captain change back to himself
From something made of steam, to want to talk.
But, after a while, he heard the captain talking,
Half to himself,
"It's a fact, that," he was saying,
"They've even made a song of me-ever heard it?"
The mate shook his head, quickly. "Oh, yes, you have.
You know how it goes." He cleared his throat and hummed :
'"Captain Ball was a Yankee slaver,
Blow, blow, blow the man down!
He traded in niggers and loved his Saviour,
Give me some time to blow the man down."
The droning chanty filled the narrow cabin
An instant with gray Massachusetts sea,
Wave of the North, wave of the melted ice,
The hard salt-sparkles on the harder rock.
The stony island.
Then it died away.
"Well," said the captain, "if that's how it strikes them-
They mean it bad but I don't take it bad.
I get my sailing-orders from the Lord."
He touched the Bible. "And it's down there, 'Mister,
Down there in black and white-he sons of Ham-
Bondservants-sweat of their brows." His voice trailed off
Into texts. "I tell you, Mister," he said, fiercely,
"The pay's good pay, but it's the Lord's work, too.
We're spreading the Lord's seed-spreading his seed-"

His hand made the outflung motion of a sower
And the mate, staring, seemed to hear the slight
Patter of fallen seeds on fertile ground,
Black, shining seeds, robbed from a black king's storehouse,
Falling and falling on American earth
With light, inexorable patter and fall,
To strike, lie silent, quicken.
Till the spring
Came with its weeping rains, and the ground bore
A blade, a shadow-sapling, a tree of shadow,
A black-leaved tree whose trunk and roots were shadow,
A tree shaped like a yoke, growing and growing
Until it blotted all the seamen's stars.
Horses of anger trampling, horses of anger,
Trampling behind the sky in ominous cadence,
Beat of the heavy hooves like metal on metal
Trampling something down . . . .
Was it they, was it they?
Or was it cold wind in the leaves of the shadow-tree
That made such grievous -music?

"O Lordy je-sue
Won't you come and find me?
They put me in jail, Lord,
Way down in the jail.
Won't you send me a pro-phet
Just one of your prophets
Like Moses and Aaron
To get me some bail?

"I'm feeling poorly
Yes, mighty poorly,
I ain't got no strength, Lord,
I'm all trampled down.
So send me an angel
Just any old angel
To give me a robe, Lord,
And give me a crown.

"O Lordy Je-sus
It's a long time comin'
It's a long time co-o-min'
That Jubilee time.
We'll wait and we'll pray, Lord,
We'll wait and we'll ray, Lord,
But it's a long time, Lord,
Yes, it's a long time."

The dark sobbing ebbed away.
The captain was still talking. "Yes," he said,
"And yet we treat 'em well enough. There's no one
From Salem to the Guinea Coast can say
They lose as few as I do." He stopped.
"Well, Mister?"
The mate arose. "Good night sir and-"
"Good night."

The mate went up on deck. The breeze was fresh.
There were the stars, steady. We shook himself
Like a dog coming out of water and felt better.
Six weeks, with luck, and they'd be back in port
And he could draw his pay and see his girl.
Meanwhile, it wasn't his watch, so he could sleep.
The captain still below, reading that Bible. . . .
Forget it-and the noises, still half-heard-
He'd have to go below to sleep, this time,
But after, if the weather held like this,
He'd have them sling a hammock up on deck.
You couldn't smell the black so much on deck
And so you didn't dream it when you slept.

THE NEGROES BECOME FREE MEN

The Emancipation Proclamation

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States containing among other things the following, to-wit :

> That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free: and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.
>
> That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the states and parts of states, if any, in which the people thereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any state, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States; by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such state shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such state, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Now,. therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the date first above mentioned, order and designate as the states and parts of states wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following to-wit :

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemine, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, Ste. Marie, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designed as West Virginia, and also the. counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated states and parts of states are and henceforward shall be free, and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense : and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In testimony whereof,. I have hereunto set my name, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of out Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By the President,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

William H. Seward,
Secretary of State.

THE NEGROES: REAL AMERICANS

The Name "Negro"[1]

South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sir:

I am only a high-school student in my Sophomore year, and have not the understanding of you college-educated men, It seems to me that since The Crisis is the Official Organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People which stand for equality for all Americans, why would it designate, and segregate us as "Negroes," and not as "Americans" ?

The most piercing thing that hurts me in this February *Crisis,* which forced me to write, was the notice that called the natives of Africa, "Negroes," instead of calling them "Africans," or "natives."

The word, "Negro," or "nigger," is a white man's word to make us feel inferior. I hope to be a worker for my race, that is why I wrote this letter. I hope that by the time I become a man, that this word, "Negro," will be abolished.

ROLAND A. BARTON.

1 From "The Crisis," March, 1928, page 96. Editor W. E. Burkhardt DuBois. Permission granted by courtesy of editor.

My dear Roland:

Do not at the outset of your career make the all too common error of mistaking names for things. Names are only conventional signs for identifying things. Things are the reality that counts. If a thing is despised, either because of ignorance or because it is despicable, you will not alter matters by changing its name. If men despise Negroes, they will not despise them less if Negroes are called "colored" or "Afro Americans?

Moreover, you cannot change the name of a thing at will. Names are not merely matters of thought and reason : they are growths and habits. As long as the majority of men mean black or brown folk when they say "Negro," so long will Negro be the name of folks brown and black. And neither anger nor wailing nor tears can or will change the name until the name-habit changes.

But why seek to change the name? "Negro" is a, fine word. Etymologically and phonetically it is much better and more logical than "African" or "colored" or any of the various hyphenated circumlocutions. Of course, it is not "historically" accurate, No name ever was historically accurate : neither "English," "French," "German," "White," "Jew," "Nordic," nor "Anglo-Saxon." They were all at first nicknames, misnomers, accidents, grown eventually to conventional habits and achieving accuracy because, and simply because, wide and continued usage rendered them accurate. In this sense "Negro" is quite as accurate, quite as old, and quite as definite as any name of any great group of people.

Suppose, now, we could change the name. Suppose we arose to-morrow morning and lo! instead of being "Negroes," all the world called us "Cheiropolidi"-do you really think this would make a vast and momentous difference to you and to me? Would the Negro problem be suddenly and eternally settled? Would you be any less ashamed of being descended from a black man, or would your schoolmates feel any less superior to you? The feeling of inferiority is in you, not in any name. The name merely evokes what is already there. Exercise the hateful complex and no name can ever make you hang your head.

Or, on the other hand, suppose that we slip out of the whole thing by calling ourselves "Americans." But in that case, what word shall we use when we want to talk about those descendants of dark slaves who are largely excluded still from full American citizenship and from complete social privilege with white folk? Here is Something that we want to talk about ; that we do talk about ; that we Negroes could not live without talking about. In that case, we need a name for it, do we not? In order to talk logic and easily and be understood. If you do not believe in the necessity of such a name, watch the antics of a colored newspaper which has determined in a fit of New Year's' resolutions not to use the word "Negro"!

And then too, without the word that means Us, where are all those spiritual ideals, those inner bonds, those group ideals and forward striving of this mighty army of 12 millions? Shall we abolish these with the abolition of-a name? Do we want to abolish them? Of course we do not. They are our most precious heritage.

Historically, of course, your dislike of the word "Negro" is easily explained : "Negroes" among your grandfathers meant black folk;

"Colored" people were mulattoes. The mulattoes hated and despised the blacks and were insulted if called "Negroes." But we are not insulted-not you and I. We ate quite as proud of our black ancestors as of our white. And perhaps a little prouder. What hurts us is the mere memory that any of Negro descent was ever so cowardly as to despise any part of his own blood,

Your real work, my dear young man, does not lie with names. It is not a matter of changing them, losing them, or forgetting them. Names are nothing but little guideposts along the Way. The Way would be there and just as hard and just as long if there were no guideposts-but not quite as easily followed ! Your real work as a Negro lies in two directions : First, to let the world know what there is fine and genuine about the Negro race. And secondly, to see that there is nothing about that race which is worth contempt; your contempt, my contempt; or the contempt of the wide, wide world.

W. E. B. Du Bois.

THE NEGROES' GIFT OF MUSIC

O Black and Unknown Bards[1]

O black and unknown bards of long ago,
How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
How, in your darkness, did you come to know
The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?
Who first from midst his bonds lifted his eyes?
Who first from out the still watch, lone and long,
Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise
Within his dark-kept soul, burst into song?

Heart of what slave poured out such melody
As "Steal away to Jesus"? On its strains
His spirit must have nightly floated free,
Thou& still about his hands he felt his chains.
Who heard great "Jordan roll"? Whose starward eye
Saw chariot "swing low"? And who was he
That breathed that comforting, melodic sigh,
"Nobody knows de trouble I see"?

What merely living clod, what captive thing,
Could up toward God through all its darkness grope,
And find within its deadened heart to sing
These songs of sorrow, love and faith, and hope?
How did it catch that subtle undertone,
That note in music heard not with the ears?
How sound the elusive reed so seldom blown,
Which stirs the soul or melts the heart to tears?

[1]From "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," by James Weldon Johnson. Copyright, 1925, by The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

Not that great German master in his dream
Of harmonies that thundered amongst the stars
At the creation, ever heard a theme
Nobler than "Go down, Moses." Mark its bars,
How like a mighty trumpet call they stir
The blood. Such are the notes that men have sung
Going to valorous deeds; such tones there were
That helped make history when time was young.

There is a wide, wide wonder in it all,
That from degraded rest and servile toil.
The fiery spirit' of the seer should *call
These simple children of the sun and soil.
O black slave singers, gone forgot, unfamed,
You-you alone, of all the long, long line
Of those who've sung untaught, unknown, unnamed,
Have stretched out upward, seeking the divine.

You sang not deeds of heroes or of kings ;
No chant of bloody war, no exulting paean
Of arms-won triumphs; but your humble strings
You touched in chord with music empyrean.
You sang far better than you knew ; the songs
That for your listeners' hungry hearts sufficed
Still live-but more than this to you belongs:
You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ,

THE NEGRO SPIRITUALS[1]

As the years go by and I understand more about this music and its origin the miracle of its production strikes me with increasing wonder. It would have been a notable achievement if the white people who settled this country, having a common language and heritage, seeking liberty in **a** new land, faced with the task of conquering untamed nature, and stirred with the hope of building an empire, had created a body of folk music comparable to the Negro Spirituals. But from whom did these songs spring-these songs unsurpassed among the folk songs of the world and, in the poignancy of their beauty, unequaled?

In 1619 a Dutch vessel landed twenty African natives at Jamestown, Virginia. They were quickly bought up by the colonial settlers. This was the beginning of the African slave trade in the American colonies. To supply this trade Africa was raped of millions of men, women, and children. As many as survived the passage were immediately thrown into slavery. These people came from various localities in Africa. They did not all speak the same language. Here they were, suddenly cut off from the moorings of their native culture, scattered without regard to their old tribal relations, having to adjust themselves to a completely alien civilization, having to learn a strange language,. and, moreover, held under an

[1]From "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," by James Weldon Johnson. Copyright, 1925, by The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

increasingly harsh system of slavery ; yet it was from these people this mass of noble music sprang ; this music which is America's only folk music and, up to this time, the finest distinctive artistic contribution she has to offer the world, It is strange!

The music of these songs is always noble and their sentiment is al- . ways exalted. Never does their philosophy fall below the highest and purest motives of the heart. And this might seem stranger still,

The Spirituals are purely and solely the creation of the American Negro; that is, as much so as any music can be the pure and sole creation of any particular group. And their production, although seemingly miraculous, can be accounted for naturally. The Negro brought with him from Africa his native musical instinct and talent, and that was no small endowment to begin with.

Many things are now being learned about Africa. It is being learned and recognized that the great majority of Africans are in no sense "savages" ; that they possess a civilization and a culture, primitive it is true but in many respects quite adequate ; that they possess a folk literature that is varied and rich ; that they possess an art that is quick and sound. Among those who know about art it is generally recognized that the modern school of painting and sculpture in Europe and America is almost entirely the result of the direct influence of African art, following the discovery that it was art. Not much is yet known about African music, and, perhaps, for the reason that the conception of music by the Africans is not of the same sort as the conception of music by the people of Western Europe and the United States. Generally speaking, the European concept of music is melody and the African concept is rhythm. Melody has, relatively, small place in African music, and harmony still less ; but in rhythms African music is beyond comparison with any other music in the world.

Now, the Negro in America had his native musical endowment to begin with ; and the Spirituals possess the fundamental characteristics of African music. They hate a striking rhythmic quality, and show a marked similarity to African songs in form and intervallic structure. But the Spirituals, upon the base of the primitive rhythms, go a step i advance of African music through a higher melodic and an added harmonic development. For the Spirituals are not merely melodies. The melodies of many of them, so sweet or strong or even weird, are wonderful, but hardly more wonderful than the harmonies. One has never experienced the full effect of these songs until he has heard their harmonies in the part singing of a large number of Negro voices. I shall say more about this question of harmony later. But what led to this advance by the American Negro beyond his primitive music? Why did he nut revive and continue the beating out of complex rhythms on tom toms and drums while he uttered barbaric and martial cries to their accompaniment? It was because at the precise and psychic moment there was blown through or fused into the vestiges of his African music the spirit of Christianity as he knew Christianity.

At the psychic moment there was at hand the precise religion for the condition in which he found himself thrust. Far from his native land and customs, despised by those among whom he lived, experiencing the pang of the separation of loved ones on the auction block, knowing the hard taskmaster, feeling the lash, the Negro seized Christianity, the religion

of compensations in the life to come for the ills suffered in the present existence, the religion which implied the hope that in the next world there would be a reversal of conditions, of rich man and poor man, of proud and meek, of master and slave. The result was a body of songs voicing all the cardinal virtues of Christianity-patience-forbearance-love-faith -and hope-through a necessarily modified form of primitive African music. The Negro took complete refuge in Christianity, and the Spirituals were literally forged of sorrow in the heat of religious fervor. They exhibited, moreover, a reversion to the simple principles of primitive, communal Christianity.

The thought that the Negro might have refused or 'failed to adopt Christianity-and there were several good reasons for such an outcome, one being the vast gulf between the Christianity that was preached to him and the Christianity practiced by those who preached it-leads to some curious speculations. One thing is certain, there would have been no Negro Spirituals. His musical instinct would doubtless have manifested itself ; but is it conceivable that he could have created a body of songs in any other form so unique in the musical literature of the world and with such a powerful and universal appeal as the Spirituals? Indeed, the question arises, would he have been able to survive slavery in the way in which he did? It is not possible to estimate the sustaining influence that the story of the trials and tribulations of the Jews as related in the Old Testament exerted upon the Negro. This story at once caught and fired the imaginations of the Negro bards, and they sang, sang their hungry listeners into a firm faith that as God saved Daniel in the lion's den, so would he save them : as God preserved the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, so would he preserve them ; as God delivered Israel out of bondage in Egypt so would he deliver them. How much this firm faith had to do with the Negro's physical and spiritual survival of two and a half centuries of slavery cannot be known.

Thus it was by sheer spiritual forces that African chants were metamorphosed into the Spirituals; that upon the fundamental throb of African rhythms were reared those reaches of melody that rise above earth and soar into the pure, ethereal blue. And this is the miracle of the creation of the Spirituals.

The Spirituals are true folksongs and originally intended only for group singing. Some of them may be the spontaneous creation of the group, but my opinion is that the far greater part of them is the work of talented individuals influenced by the pressure and reaction of the group. The responses, however, may be more largely the work of the group in action; it is likely that they simply burst forth. It is also true that many of these songs have been modified and varied as they have been sung by different groups in different localities. This process is still going on. Sometimes we find two or more distinct variations of the melody of a song. There are also the interchange and substitution of lines. Yet, it is remarkable that these variations and changes are as few as they are, considering the fact that these songs have been for generations handed down from ear to ear and by word of mouth. Variations in melody are less common than interchange of lines, The committing to memory of all the leading lines constituted quite a feat, for they run high into the hundreds ; so sometimes the leader's memory failed him and he 'would have to

improvise or substitute. This substituting accounts for a good deal of the duplication of leading lines.

In the old days there was a definitely recognized order of bards, and to some degree it still persists, These bards gained their recognition by achievement. They were makers of songs and leaders of singing. They had to possess certain qualifications: a gift of melody, a talent for poetry, a strong voice, and a good memory. Here we have a demand for a great many gifts in one individual; yet, they were all necessary. The recognized bard required the ability to make up the appealing tune, to fashion the graphic phrase, to pitch the tune true and lead it clearly, and to remember all the lines. There was, at least, one leader of singing in every congregation but makers of songs were less common. My memory of childhood goes back to a great leader of singing, "Ma" White, and a maker of songs, "Singing" Johnson. "Ma" White was an excellent laundress and a busy woman, but each church meeting found her in her place ready to lead the singing, whenever the formal choir and organ did not usurp her ancient rights. She was the recognized leader of spiritual singing in the: congregation to which she belonged and she took her duties seriously, One of her duties was to "sing-down" a long-winded or uninteresting speaker at love feasts or experience meetings, and even to cut short a prayer of undue length by raising a song. (And what a gentle method of gaining relief from a tiresome speaker ! Why shouldn't it be generally adopted to-day?) "Ma" White had a great reputation as a leader of singing, a reputation of which she was proud and jealous. She knew scores of Spirituals but I do not think she ever "composed" any songs.

On the other hand, singing was "Singing" Johnson's only business. He was not a fixture in any one congregation or community, but went from one church to another, singing his way. I can recall that his periodical visits caused a flutter of excitement akin to that caused by the visit of a famed preacher. These visits always meant the hearing and learning of something new. I recollect how the congregation would hang on his **voice** for, a new song-new, at least to them. They listened through, some of them joining in waveringly. The quicker ears soon caught the melody and words. The whole' congregation easily learned the response, which is generally unvarying. They sang at first hesitantly, but seizing the song quickly, made up for hesitation by added gusto in the response. Always the strong voice of the leader corrected errors until the song was perfectly learned. "Singing" Johnson must have derived his support in somewhat the same way as the preachers-part of a collection, food, and lodging. He doubtless spent his leisure time in originating new words and melodies and new lines for old songs. "Singing" Johnson is one of the indelible pictures on my mind. A small but stocky, dark-brown man was he, with one eye, and possessing a clear, strong, high-pitched voice. Not as striking a figure as some of the great Negro preachers I used to see and hear, but at amp-meetings, revivals, and on special occasions only slightly less important than any of them. A maker of songs and a wonderful leader of singing. A man who could improvise lines on the moment. A great judge of the appropriate song to sing; and with a delicate sense of when to come to, the preacher's support after a climax in the sermon had been reached by breaking in with a line or two of a song that expressed a certain sentiment, often just a single line. "Singing" Johnson always sang with his eyes, or eye, closed, and indicated the tempo by swinging

his head and body. When he warmed to his work it was easy to see that he was transported and utterly oblivious to his surroundings.

"Singing" Johnson was of the line of the mightier bards of an earlier day, and he exemplified how they worked and how the Spirituals were "composed," These bards, I believe, made the original inventions of story, and song, which in turn were influenced or modified by the group in action,

These songs, primarily created and constructed, as they were, for group singing, will always remain a high test for the individual artist. They are not concert material for the mediocre soloist. Through the genius and supreme artistry of Roland Hayes these songs undergo, we may say, a transfiguration. He takes them high above the earth and sheds over them shimmering silver and moonlight and flashes of the sun's gold ; and we are transported as he sings, By a seemingly opposite method, through sheer simplicity, without any conscious attempt at artistic effort and by devoted adherence to the primitive traditions, Paul Robeson achieves substantially the same effect, These two singers, apparently so different, have the chief essential in common; they both feel the Spirituals deeply. Mr. Hayes. notwithstanding all his artistry, sings these songs with tears on his cheeks. Both these singers pull at the heart strings and moisten the eyes of their listeners.

What can be said about the poetry of the texts of the Spirituals? Naturally, not so much as can be said about the music. In the use of the English language both the bards and the group worked under limitations that might appear to be hopeless. Many of the lines are less than trite, and irrelevant repetition of ten becomes tiresome. They are often saved alone by their naivete. And yet there is poetry, and a surprising deal of it in the Spirituals. There is more than ought to be reasonably expected from a forcedly ignorant people working in an absolutely alien language. Hebraic paraphrases are frequent. These are accounted for by the fact that the Bible was the chief source of material for the lines of these songs

Many of the stories and scenes in the Bible gave the Negro bards great play for their powers of graphic description.. The stories are always dramatic and the. pictures vivid and gorgeously colored. The style, in contradiction of the general idea of Negro diffuseness, is concise and condensed. It might be said of them that every line is a picture.

Something should be said to give a general idea about the "language" in which these songs were written. Negro dialect in America is the result of the effort of the slave to establish a medium of communication between himself and his master. This he did by dropping his original language,, and formulating a phonologically and grammatically simplified English; that is, an English in which the harsh and difficult sounds were elided, and the secondary moods and tenses were eliminated. This dialect served *not* only as a means of communication between slave and master but also between slave and slave ; so the original African languages became absolutely lost. The dialect spoken in the sea islands off the coast of Georgia and South Carolina remains closer to African form than the dialect of any other section, and still contains some African words. It is, at any rate, further from English than the speech of American Negroes anywhere else. But it is remarkable how few words of known African origin there are in the Negro dialect generally spoken throughout the United States.

Negro dialect, in substantially its present form, has been used in the United States for the past two centuries. In the South all white people-

men, women, and children-understand the dialect without any shadow of difficulty. Indeed, the English spoken by the whites does not differ, in some respects, from the dialect, so great has been the influence of this soft, indolent speech of the Negro, Nevertheless, Negro dialect presents some difficulties to white people who have never lived in the South, when they attempt to reproduce it in speech or in song, Of course, it is not necessary to be an expert in Negro dialect to sing the Spirituals, but most of them lose in charm when they are sung in straight English,

The credit for the first introduction of the Spirituals to the American, public and the world belongs to Fisk University. It was the famous Fisk Singers that first made this country and Europe conscious of the beauty of these songs. The story of the struggles and successes of the Jubilee Singers, as told in the Fisk Collection of the Spirituals, reads like a romance. The first impetus upward was given them in New York under the powerful patronage of Henry Ward Beecher. With far-reaching wisdom Fisk University devoted itself to the careful collection and recording of the Spirituals, and so the work of the earlier collectors was broadened and improved upon. The work of Fisk University was quickly followed up by Hampton; Calhoun School, in Alabama ; Atlanta University; Tuskegee Institute, and other schools in the South. These schools have for two generations been nurseries and homes for these songs.

There is also a change of attitude going on with regard to the Negro. The country may not yet be conscious of it, for it is only in the beginning. It is, nevertheless, momentous. America is beginning to see the Negro in a new light, or, rather; to see something new in the Negro. It is beginning to see in him the divine spark which may glow merely for the fanning. And so a colored man is soloist for the' Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic ; a colored woman is soloist for the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic ; colored singers draw concert goers of the highest class; Negro poets and writers find entree to all the most important magazines ; Negro authors have their books accepted and put out by the leading publishers: And this change of' attitude with regard to the Negro which 'is taking place is directly related to the Negro's change of attitude with regard to himself. It is new, and it is tremendously significant.

THE NEGROES' GIFTS TO POETRY[1]

"Let us survey briefly the advance of the Negro in poetry. Behind Dunbar there is nothing that can stand the critical test. We shall always have a sentimental and historical interest in those forlorn and pathetic figures who cried in the wilderness of their ignorance and oppression. With Dunbar we have our first authentic lyric utterance, an utterance more authentic, I should say, for its faithful rendition of Negro life and character than for any rare or subtle artistry of expression. When Mr. Howells, in his famous introduction to the *Lyrics* of *Lowly Life,* remarked that Dunbar was the first black man to express the life of his people lyrically, he summed up Dunbar's achievement and transported him to a

[1]From "The New Negro," compiled by Alain Locke. Chapter entitled "The Negro in American Literature," by William Stanley Braithwaite, Permission granted by courtesy of Alain Locke.

place beside the peasant poet of Scotland, not for his art, but precisely because he made a people articulate in verse.

"The two chief qualities in Dunbar's work are, however, pathos and humor, and in these he expresses that dilemma of soul that characterized the race between the Civil War and the end of the nineteenth century, The poetry of Dunbar is true, to the fife of the Negro and expresses characteristically what he felt and knew to be the temper and condition of his people. But its moods reflect chiefly those of the era of Reconstruction and just a little beyond, the limited experience of a transitional period, the rather helpless and subservient era of testing freedom and reaching out through the difficulties of life to the emotional compensations of laughter and tears. It is the poetry of the happy peasant and the plaintive minstrel. Occasionally, as in the sonnet to Robert *Gould Shaw* and the Ode to *Ethiopia* there broke through Dunbar, as through the crevices of his spirit, a burning and brooding aspiration, an awakening and virile consciousness of race. But for the most part, his dreams were anchored to the minor whimsies ; his deepest poetic inspiration was sentiment. He expressed a folk temperament, but not a race soul. Dunbar was the end of a regime, and not the beginning of a tradition, as so many careless critics, both white and colored, seem to think.

"After Dunbar many versifiers appeared-all largely dominated by his successful dialect work. I cannot parade them here for tag or comment, except to say that few have equaled Dunbar in this vein of expression, and none have deepened it as an expression of Negro life, Dunbar himself had clear notions of its limitations-to a friend in a letter from' London, March 15, 1897, he says : 'I see now very clearly that Mr. Howells has done me irrevocable harm in the dictum he laid down regarding my dialect verse.' Not until James W. Johnson published his Fiftieth Anniversary Ode on the emancipation in 1913, did a poet of the race disengage himself from the background of mediocrity into which the imitation of Dunbar snared Negro poetry. Mr. Johnson's work is based upon a broader contemplation of life, life that is not wholly confined within any racial experience, but through the racial he made articulate that universality of the emotions felt by all mankind. His verse possesses a vigor which definitely breaks away from the brooding minor undercurrents of feeling which have previously characterized. the verse of Negro poets. Mr. Johnson brought, indeed, the first intellectual substance to the content of our poetry, and a craftsmanship which, less" spontaneous than that of Dunbar's, was more balanced and precise.

"Here a new literary generation begins ; poetry that is racial in substance, but with the universal note, with the conscious background of. the full. heritage of English poetry. With each new figure somehow the gamut broadens and the technical control improves. The brilliant succession and maturing powers of Fenton Johnson, Leslie Pinckney Mill, Everett Hawkins, Lucien Watkins, Charles Bertram Johnson, Joseph Cotter, Georgia Douglas- Johnson, Roscoe Jameson and Anne Spencer bring us at last to Claude McKay and the poets of the younger generation and a poetry of the masterful accent and high distinction. Too significantly for mere coincidence, it was the stirring year of 1917 that heard the first real masterful

accent in Negro poetry. In the September *Crisis* of that year, Roscoe Jameson's Negro *Soldiers* appeared :

These truly are the Brave,
These men who cast aside
Old memories to walk the blood-stained pave
Of Sacrifice, joining the solemn tide
That moves away, to suffer and to die
For Freedom-when their own is yet denied !
O Pride! A Prejudice! When they pass by
Hail them, the Brave, for you now crucified.

"With Georgia Johnson, Anne Spencer, and Angelina Grimke, the Negro woman poet significantly appears. Mrs. Johnson especially has voiced in true poetic spirit the lyric cry of Negro womanhood. In spite of lapses into the sentimental and the platitudinous, she has an authentic gift. Anne Spencer, more sophisticated, more cryptic but. also more universal, reveals quite another aspect of poetic genius. Indeed, it is interesting to notice how to-day Negro poets waver between the racial and the universal notes.

"Claude McKay, the poet who leads his generation, is a genius meshed in this dilemma. His work is caught between the currents of the poetry of protest and the poetry of expression; he is in turn the violent and strident propagandist, using his poetic gifts to clothe arrogant and defiant thoughts, and then the pure lyric dreamer, contemplating life and nature with a wistful sympathetic passion. Negro poetic expression hovers for the moment, pardonably perhaps, over the race problem, but its highest allegiance is to Poetry-it must soar."

THE NEGROES' GIFTS TO SCIENCE[1]

"It was just at this time that Booker T. Washington was looking for a **man** to take charge of the science department he was opening up at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. He heard of George Carver and sent for him. Down to Alabama Mr. Carver went to teach science to the Negro boys and girls who came to Tuskegee. He expected to find a well-equipped laboratory, but when Mr. Washington took him into the room where he was to conduct his classes, he saw not one single piece of equipment for teaching science. But he was not discouraged. He gathered his students and sent them into the alleys of Tuskegee to collect all the bits of broken dishes and pieces of rubber and bits of wire that they could' find. With these he equipped his laboratory.

"Very soon things began to happen in that laboratory, for this scientist was making wonderful discoveries. He needed more time for such work, so the college authorities told him to stop teaching and devote all his time to experimentation.

"Would you like to know something about these discoveries? First, Mr. Carver went to a near-by hill and scooped up a bucket of common

[1] **From "The Upward Climb," by Sara Estelle Haskin. Permission granted by courtesy of the Missionary Educations Movement.**

clay. At least it was common to everyone but Mr. Carver. To him it was something mysterious and wonderful. He took it back to the laboratory, got his chemicals and his microscope and went to work. He found that by separating the clays of Alabama into their different colors, he could make all shades of paints, calcimines, and stains. He says that in clay there are millions of tons of undiscovered things that we may use. A Montgomery newspaper wrote: 'Professor Carver has shown that there is enough coloring matter in Alabama to dye beautifully all the garments of the nation.' Out of these clays and sands Professor Carver has also made face powder and cold-creams.

"Then one morning Professor Carver dug a small basket of peanuts, took them to his laboratory, and closed the door. He had seen peanuts growing all around Tuskegee. What could he make of them, he asked himself. Long days and nights he worked, separating them into different parts. At first people laughed at him. Nothing can be made of a peanut, they said. But Mr. Carver did not listen to them. He stuck right to his job, and one morning the world awoke and called him famous.

"Carver showed them sweet milk, buttermilk, cheeses, cooking oils, salad oils, peanut brittle, peanut wafers, butterscotch, candy kisses, a substitute for flour, breakfast foods, soaps, nineteen dyes, cow feed, chocolate bars, butter, lard, axle grease, quinine, linoleum, and rubber that he had made from peanuts. One hundred and ninety-five things Mr. Carver has made of peanuts-and every day that he gets a chance to work he adds something else to the list.

"Mr. Carver has also made wonderful things from sweet potatoes. He has made flour, dyes for silks and cottons, instantaneous coffee, fourteen kinds of candy, meal, starch, several kinds of paste, mock cocoanut, tapioca, cattle food, pickles, breakfast foods, imitation green ginger, rubber, molasses, and ink."

"Granville T. Woods, of New York, has more than sixty inventions to his credit. They are principally in the field of electricity. -The most valuable is the telephone transmitter, which he assigned to the American Bell Telephone Company and which is now used in connection with all Bell telephones."

"Joseph Dickenson began to invent devices for automatically playing the piano several years ago. He has more than a dozen patents to his credit. His various inventions have been used in the making of some of the finest player-pianos on the market."

"The 'Stop and Go' street signal, which is now in use in all large cities, was invented by a Negro in 1911."

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