My dear Girl:

Don't be troubled about the creed. Remember creeds are not of God; they are only man's patchwork. They bear the same relation to ~~religion~~ Christianity, that geologists' theories do to God's knowledge of earth-building. They are founded on speculation, as is geology. The one is ~~a formulation~~ interpretation of words, the other of works. That is all the difference. Of these, the works are much less likely to be misconstrued for they have known no change. They are as the Master left them. Yet no scientist would ask any body of geologists to fix irrevocably the theory of that ~~science~~ and demand as a condition of recognition as a geologist acceptance of those formulas. Yet this is just what the narrow-minded of creed-lovers do to their believers who say "I must believe what my own brain and conscience dictate!"

and the only way to keep Christian thought and force divided and weak is to establish creeds, multiply sects and not allow any body to heal the sick or cast out devils unless he does it after our special formulary!"

Of course, every man of sense condemns intolerance. We have reached the point where men are permitted to doubt and differ without molestation but not with approval, in religious matters. In science and of law and politics it was almost as hard until within recent years. Even now philosophy and religion are so intermixed that a man is apt to stumble into heresy if he studies mental phenomena carefully and honestly.

You would not have accepted the decision of the Westminster Assembly as conclusive on any other subject in the world except what a Christian might or might not believe. And yet there is not a scholar of any pretensions at all today, who does not know more about the Greek language, the history of Christianity, the life and times of Christ

Judaism and its history — in fact every-thing that enables us to judge what Christ's words mean, or how far his apostles interpreted his remembered words correctly, than the whole body of them. To give them mandatory power is to presume inspiration for them, as well as the Scriptures.

I have a hearty contempt for creeds and creed-makers. Christianity began to be the source and instrument of evil when at Nicaea men began to proscribe their fellows for difference of opinion. From that to burning them to prevent the spread of error was but a step. How the devil must have laughed at the bloody record of the ages that followed while the harvest of the creed-makers was being gathered! Can you think of it without shame and agony?

Now, are we starting back along the path over which the Devil travelled

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the Christian Church with a brook in its course. It is a long journey but the most rigorous of protestant sectaries begin to see that the trip must be made — slowly and with difficulty no doubt — yet it is unavoidable. Creeds must be redefined; standards corrected; faith less restricted! They cannot be at once torn down; they cannot be thrown away. They are the sheet anchorage of many souls. But the proportion is growing less and less. What was yesterday deemed inviolable today is regarded with careless contempt or repulsive aversion by those who profess belief in them.

It is not Christian miracles but the Christian philosophy of life that today commands the universal concurrence and approval of the christian world.

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But I am not hunting creeds in the Story of the Golden Lilies. I do not wish to hurt anybody's feelings or impair anybody's faith. I do not even care to attack absurdity. What I wish to do is to hunt a way by which Christian thought and christian endeavor may be turned on human conditions the world over without awakening strife or discord in regard to beliefs. The Church is not superceded by the League but rather stands as its ally. The League has nothing whatever to do with salvation but confines itself entirely to earthly betterment.

If you mean by saying that my characters were "Bellamy people," that they wish to see better conditions and believe better conditions possible, you are right. I think that is the general sentiment. That is what I find in the men and women I study. This is not

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confined to the church in the church utilizing directing tendency. I do not expect the world made wholly good. Human attributes has been evolution. There will come a time when [illegible] will be as much in advance of us as we are of the stone age, and when that period is reached there will be more [illegible] done and for humanity than has yet been accomplished. In what direction? By what means? I do not know, but I cannot look on what man has become and what he is without the fullest conviction of such growth. But whether I am right or not all I wish to do is to unite all the forces tending to human betterment for the gradual, practical, actual improvement of general conditions, the modifications of some and the removal of other evils. It is a good thing to give him agony an opiate: it is better still to search out the cause of suffering and remove it.

Christianity has troubled humanity ~~[illegible]~~ too much with hypodermic apostasy; it is time it began to consider education ~~forces~~ remedies the less prevalent the belief for salvation; let it more encourage righteous living and possible improvement — and in order to secure such results, let it ~~at~~ work with saint and sinner who will labor for man's ~~betterment~~ without interjecting the endless controversy of faith. If a man does not believe enough to be saved let him still be allowed to work for the ~~spiritual~~ practical application of Christ's philosophy of life to ~~human~~ ~~man-~~ ~~kind~~ society and let the church approve him thus far and aid him in his endeavor, instead of setting its clergy on ~~them~~ ~~because~~ he does not believe more.

"In union is strength" is a universal law of life. I want to unite the forces for good ~~accomplishing~~ good and [illegible] upon fellows who choose to guarantee their beliefs the freight it must [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~. The League

will not weaken but go greatly strengthen the church, if the church will approve and direct it and not seek to make it an arena in which God'stoyutid Phari-sees who desire above all things that men should be saved, shall tilt with Meligigers who desire with equal sincerity that men should bettered in condition. There is no reason for conflict. A starving saint is no surer of heaven that a well-fed one and a well-fed man is far less likely to defy God's laws as well as man's than one who has neither food for today nor hope for tomorrow. Keep the creed out of the League but fight the battle of faith in the church as hotly as you please — or rather as hotly as you can afford. Remember, I am seeking beneficent results by inducing men

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men to ~~be~~ work together for the general a[illegible] endeavoring to reform or [illegible] Church. I have no ~~quarrel~~ [illegible] with its beliefs. I simply declare that every Christian is and must be a believer in christian ethics and pursuant thereto to join hands, for ethical purposes only, with others having the same belief. I neither defend nor assail belief, but hold up to deserved ridicule the man who will do nothing but believe. —

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You will find Pac a new creation — and by the way a most unique one. I commend to your personal consideration the chapters entitled "A True ~~Story~~ Record" and "The Law of Progress". They will bear thinking over. ~~Together~~

For two months I have been tied to my chair — almost entirely walking scarcely at all. I went to Washington over the Educational and Election bills; but

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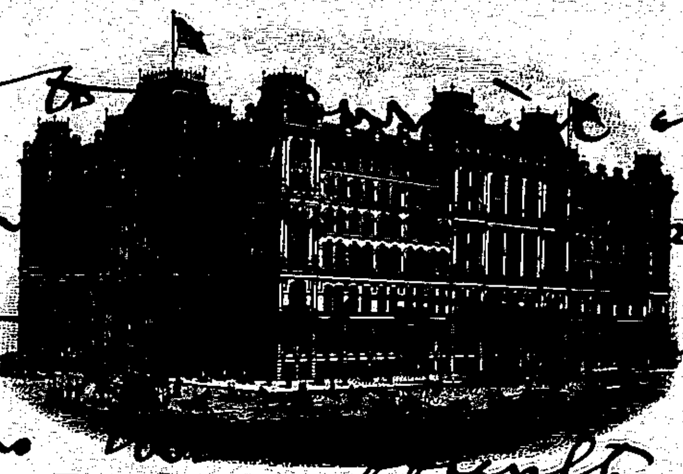

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hard almost literally to [illegible] about. I felt as if I [illegible] e many were [illegible] another [illegible] and the for= il as well as [illegible] faculty is my grant. Of course few thought of these things, as much as I cared whether any good came or not I was bound to do my part. There is little of relieving me from some months as physicians declare that I must stop thinking. At present I would prefer to stop living.

You see I am so foolish that with this [illegible] I formulate this word to you -

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any friends and can give his whole time to ~~punishing~~ ferreting out rascality and punishing his enemies."

Well, by great exertion this disgraced old servant, the Democratic Party, succeeded in displacing the incumbent and now after four years trial asks for another term of authority. Naturally enough, the people, the masters ~~to~~ to whom ~~the~~ he is accountable want to know what he has done. "Have you "turned the rascals out"? Oh, yes, just as fast as I could pick up some of my old cronies to take their places." "What, you haven't been putting those fellows that broke down the fences and spoiled the crops and killed my children — you haven't been putting them in charge of affairs have you?"

"Well, yes, a good many of them. Had to get men I could trust you know — men of experience and ~~der~~ honesty." "Honesty! Do you call ~~those rebels~~ treason honesty? —!" "Hush! hush! No man shall call Jefferson Davis a traitor in my hearing without instant rebuke! That's what Lamar said and Grover made him a chief judge for it and I stand by Grover. You've got to stop talking in that way, my masters. The war is ~~over~~ over and "the men" who "wore" the gray are just as good as "the boys" who wore the blue and should always

nobody dreamed that any one could do. A good many of these I tried my best to prevent but I see now they were all right. The new ways are a good deal better than the old ways. But you must remember he has been in charge a long time — twenty-four years — He has a great crowd of ~~[illegible]~~ followers and kindred whom he has placed in important positions. Of course, everything looks well on the outside but my word for it there's a deal of rottenness under it. Remember we've been there and we know how it is ourselves. There's been stealing — millions of on millions have been stolen!

Of course, we cant prove it. He's got the books; but if you will just ~~put us in his place~~ give us a chance we'll put our man Grover in charge — we wont change a thing — dont want to ~~modify~~ blot out one of the rules he has adopted — but just to examine the books, count the cash and demonstrate the truth of our charges. In short, we want to be taken on trial and if we don't prove all we claim to be true we wont ask anything more". Just give our man Grover a chance; Nobody knows him: he hasn't

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when we needed it a heap worse. I got along mighty well with my partners. There never was a company of white men, I think who didn't think like to have at least one nigger along to do the cooking and washing. It was a good crowd, I fell in with though--every man willin' to do his part an' of I cooked and washed, it was only because I could do thfs better'n any of the whites. They made it up to me in watching and huntin'. No matter how tired they were, not one of them ever asked me to stand guard. They were northern men, you see and when I did my share of the work, did not expect me to do any more. We started from a town in Iowa, and after we reached the Platt joined a big train that was regularly organized under command of a captain, who took a spite at me at the first, but the boys stood by me and before we got through, I had no better friend than he. We had pretty hard times, but I have sometimes thought these were the happiest days I ever saw or ever shall see.

"How can that be? Well, you see for four months there was hardly anythin' to remind me that I was black.

"Did you have good luck out there?

"The best in the world. Before I had been there a month, I took two thousand dollars of "dust" to the commandant of a neighboring military post and sent him back to ole Alabster. I knew he'd need hit about the time it got there to pay the intrust on the mortgage. After that I mined some, but finally opened a restaurant. Ye see, I knew how to do good southern cookin' and could serve a plain dinner so that a hungry man wouldn't lose his appetite. That's what they wanted. Every now and then, too, I took a share in with somebody and got a name for bein' lucky so I hadn't any difficulty in gettin partners. I didn't make as much as some but when I came round the

Isthmus an' had paid my way up by New Orleans, and got home, I had a little better than twenty thousand dollars left.

"And you gave all this to your master?"

Wal, not exeatly. Of co'se I was so glad to get home and see Elsie an' the chil'len an' think that I was free an' they too, that I a cted foolish. The truth is I ought ter hev gone on to New York, put the money in good hands an' sent for Mahster ter bring on my wife an' chil'len an' settle with me there. He'd a done it in a minute. He wasn't mean, ole Mahster wan't, only weak and shakely like. When I got into town I foun' old Mahster here in dis berry room. He had been 'rested on a jedi fa, an' he was tryin' ter git security ter prevent his bein' takin' to jail. It was hard work, fer he'd run through nigh 'bout everythin'.

"Hit warn't so easy totin' money 'round then as it is now an' I've often wondered how I did manage ter git through wid dat ole pa'r o' saw hide saddle-bags with a deerskin cover dat I brought all the way from 'Frisco, but I did. When I begun to git near home an' the old life begun to creep over me, I couldn't help bein' afrai ole "nigger" feelin
ole Mahster might'n't tote fa'r, with me, so I lef' the stage--I had been ridin' with the driver--befo' we got to town an' went up the creek to a deep hole I knew an ole Mahster's fer' ah' tuk half uv the money out yo' sank it where the water was about waist deep. I knew the creek never went dry an' there wasn't any danger o' my forgettin' where hit was.

"You may guess ole Mahster was mighty glad ter see me. The money I brought paid off his mos' pressin' debts, but hit wasn't long before I learned there was another mortgage. Miss Susan hed jined in that, an' all her niggers as well as ole Mahster's was boun' by hi

hit-- that included me an' Elsie an' the chil'lens too. The only way outen it was ter pay off that mortgage, too. But I wasn't sure I'd git my freedom even then, an' I made up my min' I wouldn't be swindled out o' the ress' o' my money. Old Mahster waz good enough ter me, but Miss Susan seemed to take a spite at me an' Mars Torm 'llowed he'd beat me ter death of I didn't tell whar the money was, an hed me tied up ter do hit too, one day an' were about ter begin when his father came out an' I giv' him, as well as I could fer my arms were bein' tied, the hailin' sign uv a Mahster Mason. He turned ez pale ez a sheet an' rushed in 'twixt me an' the overseer an' bid 'em t' turn me loose. Nobody ever argued with old Mahster when he spoke like that. The overseer was a Mason too, an' so was Mars Torm, but they didn't notice hit. They wasn't lookin' fer hit yer see. Atter that Old Mahster turned off the overseer an' put me an' Elsie in his house an' 'llowed ef anybody meddled wid us they'd hev to 'count ter him fer hit.

"You wonder I didn't run away? Hit do seem strange but ef you look at hit once, 'twasn't an easy thing ter do. Ye see all the road were patrolled an' a nigger hed ter hev his pass with him ter go 'long the highway er git 'board a train. The chances were agin my gettin' through, ef I tried. I knew that, but I hed a pull on old Mahster I hoped ter be able ter work. He was mortually 'fraid I'd let hit be known he'd made me a Mason. Years atterward the Grah'Mahster made a respectable white man a Mason in the same way, an' hit made a great rew. Old Mahster sed hit hed been a hundred years or seeh a matter, sence hit hed been done afo'. If I hed been free an' white I reckon he would hev been willin' to face hit out, but bein a slave he knew he would be forever disgraced ef hit ever got out. So

~~ed~~ atter the will was writ an' afore it came ter be ~~published~~ read out, so that hit wasn't lawful enny more ter leave slaves "ter be used fer the Glory of God"--so the lawyers sed; and they sed the only way te ter keep us from fallin' inter Mars Torm's hands, was ter put us up an' sell us bony fidy fer the benefit of the Church. And that's jes what they done. Old Mr Hamlin who wasn't enny sort of a church man ~~he didn't pretend to be any sort of a~~ christian but he said it were a damm shame ter put up a nigger that hed paid fer hisself twice over, an' sell him fer the benefit of the Church; so he ~~did~~ bid $1,200 fer the lot an' tole me that I might hire myself out ~~an' ez soon ez I handed him back the money, without intrust, ef~~ it wasn't for twenty years, he'd giv' me a pass ter go where ther wassen't enny sech Christians ez I'd been a dealin with. He sed he warn't quite ez high-toned ez old Mahster an' hedn't ever been Gran' Mahster, but he could keep his word even with a nigger. The matter made a ~~great~~ good deal of excitement and people said hard things 'bout ole Mahster and ole Mistis too. Ob co'ose I felt bad enuff then. I had'nt only toted fa'ar with old Mahster, an' helped him outen his trouble but he wouldn't never hev left the estate he did ef I hadn't purswaded him ter give the Railroad that piece er lan' whar the "Shops" is. They hadn't more'n got the track down 'fore all the rest ~~the~~ of his lan' nigh bout doubled in value, an' 'fore Miss Susan died the fambly was richer'n it ever had been. ~~It didn't last long though.~~ I hain't a doubt she meant to do right by us. She didn' beleive in freein' niggers an' sendin' en away. She ~~was powerful religious an'~~ thought God hed brought the niggers into this country, so't they might be saved. I hain't nothin' ter say agin Miss Susan. Ther ain't no better woman ever lived hereabouts but I think that bein' put up an' sold "For the Glory of God an' the spread of His Word", is what kill

he kep' beggin' me not to tell on him, an' Reverrin' assurin' me that ez soon ez he got outen under his load o' debt he'd set us all free. Atlas' he giv' me a paper writin', signed, sealed an' witnessed--an' I've got it yet, that ef I'd raise the $10,000 an' better ter lift the second mor gage, he'd set us all free an' hev the mortgage signed over ter me for security for my debt."

Atter a heap o'persuadin', I consented an' shore nuff, Old Mahster giv' us all free papers an' had 'em registered at the Cou't House all in proper shape. I reckon he'd done fergot 'bout our bein' sold ter Marse Hamlin speshily as hit were all a kinder secret an' Miss Susan herself didn't know nothin bout it til afterwards. hit were done,"

"I 'llowed her go right away atter that but old Mahster importuned me ter stay an' manage fer him a few years enny how, an' so I did. Hit were mighty foolish, but what could you expect? Ef a nigger ain't ez good ez a white man you can't expect him ter enny better. I liked ter overseer it--ther ain't no doubt uv that. I had my own way an' liked ter show that I could make money when a white man had failed. Things went on this way way 'till old Mahster died. He left every thing ter Miss Susan with a "power uv appintment", as the lawyers called hit, on condition that she should keep me ez long ez I would stay an' do the right thing by us when she died.

"Two years atter that my old Mistis died, an' then I found out I wasn't free at all an' never had been. All the rest uv the property was left ter ~~the Church trustees for Mars Tom's benefit~~, but we wuz left ter the trustees of the Church ter be used ez the trustees see fit, for the glory uv God an' the spread of His Holy Word". That's what the willwill said, which Miss Susan made accordin' to her power uv appointment". Folks sed she meant us ter be free, but the law hed changed

ed my Elsie. She wasn't ever very strong an' she was ~~in~~ that fraid she'd fall inter bad han's that she wasn't able ter stan' up at the sale an' atter that she jus' run down twel ther wasn't nothin left. The world hasn't ever been the same sence, she left it--not ter me that is--an' I hain't never took no stock in religion since."

The old man was silent. The wind moaned without, and the frozen branches cheaked above us.

"You married again?"

"Atter the war ah!--yes. An' I hain't arry word to say agin' axylone. She certain are a good wife--but atter all, a second wife ain't no ways like the wife, one has in his young days when they live in hope as well ez what they hev in hand. You see I hoped allers ter make her free--that was what I'd set my mind on an' I didn't do it! I were all my fault. Ef I hadn't been a fool Elsie would hev been alive to-day or at least would hev died free."

Where did you get the name "Missionary Joe?"

"Dat's jes' a nickname. Yer see atter Mr Hamlin paid ~~$1,000~~ mosin a thousand dollars fer me an' my famoly, the Church didn't know what to do with the money. Some of 'em wanted ter hand it over ter me ter pay ter Mt Hamlin, but they was all afraid 'twould invalidate the sale, an' Mars Torm would get hold of us spite of everythin'. They hadn't no use fer it though an' so atter a while it was voted to ~~use~~ take it ~~ter~~ an send a missionary ter foreign lands. An' so they did; an' when hit were reported about at the nex' term of the Court, Mars Jeems Alexander, he tuk ter callin me "Missionary Joe", an' the name's stuck ter me ever sence. I reckon", the old man added shyly, that I'm ~~the only irreligious man, that ever sent~~ I'm but the only man that hasn't got enjoy too much religion himself that ever owned a whole missionary all to himself. I hope he's done somebody some good", he added with a quiet chuckle.

the sale of dry goods, groceries or supplies should be opened on the said lands. Our claim was that these conditions ran with the lands and a violation of either by the donors or those holding under them invalidated the defendant's title. The defendants alleged estoppel in pais, the statute of limitation, and that the conditions themselves were in contravention of public policy. The professional man will have no difficulty in gathering from this syllabus, the interesting nature of the action entrusted to my care, the extreme probability that a wealthy corporation might be able to make good some of its defenses and the important consequences that resulted from my accidental acquaintance with "Missionary Joe".

The life of Moccason Gap, so far as I could see was dependent chiefly on the terms of court that were held four times a year in the little squat brick edifice that stood upon the public square with its opposite doors looking up and down the big road, the respective ends of which led to the neighboring hamlets, known in common parlance by the euphonious names of Shake Rag and Slick Tail. A little beyond them flowed the streams humorously christened Pole Cat and Stinking Quarter, with a postoffice appropriately named Harts-horn situated midway between them. During court week the little town was populous and prosperous and the Inn was of course the center of population if not the chief recipient of this recurrent prosperity; but the lawyers, officers of the court and even the merchants as well as the landlord looked forward to the coming of the Judge as an epoch when prosperity should wipe out the memory of the dull and profitless interval, since his last departure. On such occasions "Missionary Joe" was certain to be among the first arrivals, having long been regarded as a "stated supply", by the successive proprie-

who had made the Moccasin Gap Hotel, a temporary stopping-place on the road from official affluence to disappointed poverty. The place had often changed owners, but the sign, the fare and "Missionary Joe" remained permanent attractions, as if they had been recognized for their appearance from term to term under a statutory penalty.

"Missionary Joe", was a negro, or as it is called in that region a "nigger", but of so "likely" a character that jurors, witnesses, lawyers and even the Judge, himself greeted him not only with apparent satisfaction, but with evident respect. He was indeed, as I soon learned, the reliable guarantor of the Inn's character. No matter whose name was on the sign, every one looked to "Missionary Joe", for the supply of their creature comforts. Morning and evening, day and night, the calls for "Joe" echoed almost constantly along the corridors of the old Inn, but they were universally good-natured and if ~~sometimes~~ coupled sometimes with profanity, it was sure to be of that kindly sort which is intended as a compliment rather than a rebuke. How he managed to attend to all these calls, I could not imagine, but after two weeks experience of his administrations during a term of the Circuit Court, I could well appreciate his modest boast that "de gen'lemen wouldn't know how ter git along widout ole Joe."

From scraps of conversation I learned that boy and man, he had attended every term of the court for nearly half a century, except during an absence to which everybody referred as a matter of almost as much public notoriety as the fact that a part of the Inn dated back to pre-Revolutionary times, when Cornwallis slept a night in the "Judge's room", while the muskets of his men were stacked about the oak which yet dropped its acorns on the moss-grown roof as if to call the startled sleeper's attention to the reverence due to is