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"None will barter the immediate jewel of his soul."

THE IMMEDIATE JEWEL OF HIS SOUL

A ROMANCE

By HERMAN DREER

author of "OUT OF THE NIGHT"

St. Louis, Mo.

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To
My Wife
To the Pioneer New Testament Club
To All
Of Those
Who Have Passed and Will Pass
Thru
Virginia Theological Seminary
and College
That Monument
Of
Negro Achievement
I Dedicate This Work

PREFACE

In the wide sense there are three points of view from which novelists may write: the blarney, the real and the ideal. He may portray life in caricature to produce laughter; he may depict it as it is or is likely to occur; and he may exhibit it as it should be.

This romance abandons caricature; it adheres strictly to the problems that actually face us now. As its philosophy is realistic idealism, it sets forth some of our immediate aspirations and ideals. It is a story of the earnest Negro, trying to rise unto great place.

To those of the inner circle, I hope these pages will be edifying; to those without, I fondly pray that they will be food for thought and a stimulus to usefulness and fair play.

HERMAN DREER

Saint Louis, Missouri

November 17, 1912

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CHAPTER I

Be gone, my son, and greet thy way,
I cannot lead another day,
I've led thee to the heights I know;
Take now thy life and make it grow.

"Smith, you'll be leaving soon, won't you?" asked Henry Lee, a lad of eighteen and a classmate of William Smith, whom he addressed with an air of non-chalancee.

"Yes," was the reluctant reply, "and I feel lonely now. Think of the teachers I have learned to love, think of my classmates and friends. It is not easy to give them up. After taking many precious years to form these ties, at length they must all be broken. I go out into the night. And for what?"

"For the greatness that is yours, for the striving. You are young and fit, as Reverend McCall says, our last days are often our best days, much that is good is merely waiting for you to claim it. Cheer up; the best is yet to come!" said Henry, trying to radiate some of his own sunshine.

"That sounds fine, yet I deeply grieve that this time at last has come."

"Now, Smith, old boy, be serious-but not too serious. Get some ginger into you. You know the pagan philosophy: Eat, drink, and be merry today, for tomorrow we die!"

"Yes- I know it well. Our Sunday School teacher has mentioned it often."

"Well live it—to some extent any way. This much at least we may accept from the ancients. There must be joy as well as sorrow.

"You are doing no more than many a man has done, who was eager to rise. To advance in any way, we must give up something we love. It may be home, treasures, friends, or even life itself." So history has taught us. If we risk nothing, we gain nothing." Remembering the event planned for Smith for that evening, Henry did not give William a chance to reply; but took the whole situation in hand, saying, "Well, old boy, I must be going. You know why. But understand my young man, tho' this occasion is planned for you, if you do not watch sharply, I'll have more real fun than you. You're putting on; trying to be serious. Just wait till the girls get you tonight. You'll be serious all right. I know you." Henry hurried off, excusing himself with perfect tact and decorum.

William Smith, who has just formed our acquaintance, even in this tilt with Henry Lee, behaved in no unaccustomed way. A proud son of Africa, whose blood had not been adulterated by the vicious stock of any land, he possessed six feet, with a massive physique—a genuine black prince, a king of kings. His broad shoulders were capable of any brazen task, and his hands, tho' calloused by much grueling toil, were equally ready to answer the call of circumstance. A glance at his flowing, crimped hair, his sparkling honest eyes, and his pearly teeth at once commanded grave respect and lingering admiration.

As he moved along Randall Street of a cosmopolitan eastern town during the latter part of August, after his high school graduation, he had of the deep mystery of human existence.

In the midst of this particular meditation, he met Henry Lee. What he said we already know.

Smith, like a happy connoisseur, surveyed the situation grandly. How well he knew that preparations would be elaborate! Did Pilgrim Tabernacle ever indulge in anything halfhearted? He could not recall an instance of such. At last those willing members were making ready for him. Was he worthy of this care?

Call to mind what he had seen. All were eagerly bent on a merry occasion. Members, old and gray, had long finished appetizing cakes embellished with scrupulous care with many comely designs. Women of middle age so well prepared the choice meats that even the most fastidious could utter no complaint. Nor were the younger set without their special tasks. They prepared the salads, decorated the dining hall, and scattered prophetic greetings of great joy. Smith knew that the besting of these cherried souls was a wish; he wondered if he deserved it.

Then came another question posed by the friendly intercourse with Henry Lee, "How can I repay them?" These questions and others concerning Wildess, at some time face us all.

Upon the sea of life we all must sail, and whether we would have it so or not, our own pilots we must be. Friends and relatives will cheer us, near and from afar; but glory is before us, happiness within us, and victory continually at our side. And tho' we founder, we will not fail; worthy of the strife, the gift and hope, we cruise along successful ever more.

CHAPTER II

*The guests are met, the feast is set,
May't hear the merry din.—Coleridge*

The dining hall of Pilgrim Tabernacle was sufficiently spacious to accommodate at its tables three hundred persons. On occasions of great significance, however, these did not suffice. Whether this particular evening could be so construed, few would categorically declare. Still as it was to be an affair of great moment with the young—who always patronized their social functions in great numbers, the committee on arrangements wondered whether the hall was large enough.

William, who was to be feted by his church, was well beloved by all the members. Who did not know his interest in the old and young, especially his honored devotion to the little folk? What important event occurred there in which he had not taken part? Brought to Sunday School as soon as he could talk, under its spiritual guidance he had flourished and worked in a way that was highly gratifying. For four years he had been president of the Young People's Circle; from the age of twelve he had aided the choir, first as tenor and after his voice changed as leading baritone; and when the older members desired an impressive home missionary, he aided their predicament by offering his services—in short all the activities of Pilgrim Tabernacle had been touched and bettered by his personality.

Now that this excellent young man had graduated from Madison High School and was about to make preparation for his life-work, the Church was honoring him with a reception,

as an expression of their appreciation of his manly conduct and their hope for his constant achievement. The Church also had said it would come. Confronted thus, the Committee was considerably embarrassed as to how to meet the situation.

Here was a throng of honest, sturdy young folk equally ready to give and to receive. Remember it is more blessed to give than to receive. Is that true? At least the ministers have preached it. Yet when we think of the barriers of life, we say, "Let the rich give and the poor receive." If this were logically followed, where would the churches be? Among our people, commonly the well-to-do withhold, but the poor give their all. Shall we condemn their depths of zeal? "Judge not that ye be not judged."

How excellently did they dignify this occasion with a simplicity such in contrast with the elaborately decorated hall! The ceiling was wrought with an intricate yet delicate bas-relief, from the center of which was hung a chandelier with a brazen circle of sixty lights. The walls were frescoed with pea green as a border above and below for many carefully depicted Biblical scenes. For this occasion, however, there were added bunting, and runners of crepe paper in twists and undulations. This unostentatious adorning gave prominence to the six tables extending almost the center length of the room. Yet no less attractive was the virgin, white cloths and the vases of roses and carnations equi-distantly placed which rested beautifully upon them. At slight intervals from the flowers there were fancy dishes of after-dinner mints, salted peanuts, olives, and dill pickles. Along the edge of these tables were dainty, blue plates on the top of which were paper napkins containing views of scenes presented in the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Finally on each napkin rested an embellished cardboard, a star of triumph. In the center of the star was a tiny photo-

graph of William Smith. Here was being enacted no unimportant drama, but one of much consequence and great joy.

If you want to see our humble people, where they express themselves most freely, where they are determined to try and achieve, see them in their religious endeavors giving out unselfish love. See them testify in public to the abundance of God's grace. See them minister to the sick and dying. See them cling to the faith of their fathers, the others in like circumstances "would take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them." See them after they had been cheated and robbed, deprived of justice, lynched-scourged, or violated—at such a time as this, seeing them bearing no man a grudge, asking God's benediction upon all people, black and white, saint and culprit, rich and poor. [Each race has some distinctive virtue. Ours is to rejoice at the pleasure of our fellowman, to enjoy ourselves and not envy someone else's enjoyment.]

Just before the ceremonies began, the chairlady of the Committee on Arrangements and mistress of ceremonies Mrs. Lela Castle, accosted Mr. Grant Stevens, the chairman of the deacon board, "Mr. Stevens have we not reason to rejoice? Our church lays just claim to having fostered the most unusual youth Williamsburg has ever seen. Just think how he has climbed with the growth of the church, year after year taking the leading parts in our Sunday School programs, and when he became too old for that, producing concerts of the highest order!"

After a few moments of reflection, Mr. Stevens asked, "But isn't that the very reason why we should feel sad? Don't you see that thru him we have gained such a reputation, so we may lose with his departure? Who is going to take his place?"

"No one, of course," was the prompt reply. He alone can take his place. None can fill it for him. You can't fill

even your brother's place nor can your brother fill yours. The many don't know it, we are all personalities; and we can contribute our greatest blessings by wearing our own shoes, not those of others. If each member will be true to himself as William has and not play the hypocrite Pilgrim's reputation for attainment will not suffer in the least."

"I'm sure you're right, Mrs. Castle, as you always are," he said, jokingly. "My feelings, however, are mixed. You understand me, don't you?"

"Yes—look," she agreed, pointing towards the entrance. A sort of urbane hilarity and bustle were plainly apparent in that quarter.

At this moment, the boys and girls of the Young People's Circle formed a double line extending from the main door to the seat of the distinguished individual. The rows, in which each member seemed supremely happy, faced each other and formed as the our young man was to run a gauntlet. As William entered, escorting Susan Lee, who of the young ladies of this thrifty town had impressed him most, the occupants of these lines clapped hands and cheered as homage to this uncrowned king. When he had reached his seat, he casually glanced at the wall before him. Seeing a certain gradually being lowered, he gave more than scant attention. Displayed on this choice fabric was the following character appraisal: A MAN IN WHOM THERE IS NO GUILE; WILLIAM SMITH—A KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

At a sign from the mistress of ceremonies, all sat down to a sumptuous repast, made more gracious and appetizing by superb orchestral music. As the courses were being relished, sparkling humor gave the spice to life. During these glad moments, it was difficult to discern whether Smith was the special

company of Susan, for all of those within speaking distance had their distinctive claims to make. This evidently was not her day.

When the dessert was eventually laid Mrs. Castle called first upon the visiting ministers to speak. We have often heard that our ministers can always speak effectively after an excellent meal. Whether this is true or false, let others prove. Every speech on this occasion, however, was eloquent. The feast certainly might have been a stimulus, yet not so potent as the grand theme—THE DEPARTURE OF A BLACK YOUTH OF GREAT ABILITY FOR A FAR COUNTRY. Each commended William's untiring church work, his enthusiasm to advertise and give strength to the Business League. Then, because of his many community interests, they hailed him the long expected Moses, a universal man.

Finally, the pastor was presented, Reverend Andrew Ross. His speech was a survey of William's entire life. When he at length announced that this young giant of energy had decided to prepare for the ministry, the satisfaction of the church was shown by long and loud applause. During this outburst, whisperings among the older members seemed to say, "I told you so. God's cause needs our best."

In closing, the venerable divine said, "Friends, we all have our 'ups' and 'downs,' but God who reigns on high is ever with us. This Negro race has suffered for weary centuries. But shall this always be? I think not. The night must end, then comes day.

"When I saw our brothers lynched in the South, circum-scribed, rebuffed and scorned in the East, North and West—indeed I did despair. I believed that progress was only degeneracy, that civilization was barbarism, that love was hate. And just when I was about to vow eternal vengeance toward the

white man, as Hannibal, the great Carthaginian, did to the Romans, I saw the light, I saw a man. Booker T. Washington sprang up almost in the night and entered securely the affections of black and white. He emphasized economic freedom. Some wanted him to bring all things, but he was a specialist. He did one thing well. Yet since the economic by its very nature ramifies into the social, he raised his voice in immortal tones at the Atlantic Exposition and said that black and white could be together in all matters purely economic and separate in affairs purely social as the fingers on his hand. For me the problem was solved— for hope had returned. Then Du Bois kept hammering away with constantly increasing force for us to seek the paramount force in a nation, political freedom. Thank heaven, we are at last paying attention. Following in the train of these comes our promising youth. None but God can say that he will be as great as Washington or Du Bois. Yet the world can say that he will be our leader, our prophet, a man in whom there is no guile, a knight without fear and without reproach— William Smith."

Cheers at once filled the hall. How well Reverend Ross expressed their sentiments! Had not William penetrated their souls, as deeply as human beings could? His sacrifice had been unusual.

Resuming his remarks, the pastor declared, "Friends, we can not do too much for this lad. I have never seen his like. Besides the church in some impressive way should encourage each of its members that completes a school course. It should do something tangible for that person on each such occasion. We remember those who are kind to us. If the Church always receives and never gives, it is not doing God's bidding. These young people, we must remember, will be in our places tomorrow. In the case of Smith, you may be helping to prepare

your future pastor, for you see I am withered and gray with the frost of many winters. If this lad's face were not black I should say without the least hesitation, "Some day he will be president of these United States. He is equal to it, he has in him all the possibilities: but, friends, his face is black."

Turning so that he could face the young man squarely, he said with full affection, "Smith, my gallant friend, the hope of our church, as an expression of our appreciation, different members will make special presentations in behalf of Pilgrim Tabernacle. In the name of the Lord, these gifts we tender you together with the continued support of the church for your schooling. Keep close to the cross and bear in mind his solace, 'Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world.'

Since you have unstintedly given your life to these your friends and to this your community, God speed you on! May endless years never cease to sing your joyous march to hard-earned victory! Go with our prayers of triumph, go with our tears of love, go with our hope of blessing."

When this was done, William made his response. "Dear Christian friends, you graciously send me on, and I go. I have put my hand to the plow and will not turn back, for God is with me." There were many "Amen's".

"Darkness is indeed before me. But is there no such a thing as endless night? No, 'The morning light is breaking. I know this, I know I have been bowed, I know I have at least touched the skies, if not in big accomplishments certainly in my dreams of race distinction. Yet I am not most happy. I wonder how I shall do without you, your hand shakes, your prayers, and your devotion. I am trying to imagine how my unknown friends will be. Will they grapple me or will they leave me?"

"I must take the chance. For humanity I will hazard all.

Man am I grown, a man's work must I do,
Follow the deer? follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King,—
Hie, wherefore born?"

"With reverent thanks I accept your proffers of love, your gifts, and your devotion. They overwhelmingly humble me. You have given me a great responsibility, to prove to you during the coming years that my life will be what you expect. As I strive to learn the old and new of God, appropriately to enter His great service, happy recollections of this occasion will be a lamp to my pathway. I leave I trust, God calls me there; but I will return to you, my loving friends, and with you die, bringing in the sheaves."

CHAPTER III

America, I love thy name,
Thou land of liberty,
Does he too love who brings thee shame
By hell's hot savagery?

Those men who hang or burn are thine,
And they have served thee best;
Geyrtd our President benign,
When doubtful were the rest.

America, when we have died,
To keep our country free,
Will hate for Blacks forever abide?
What will their portion be?

The day following the reception at Pilgrim Tabernacle, found William speeding South. This trip brought him many novel experiences, the first of which he had on the train. Of course he had heard of some behavior which was peculiar to the South, but he did not begin to comprehend its full significance until this day. When he entered a coach at Washington D. C., he found himself facing this sign displayed in yellow and black: COLORED. At once he knew he was in a Jim Crow car in the very capital of the Nation. Why was there this distinction? Did it mean that he was criminal, vulgar, or immoral? It was simply because he was black. What a difference a color makes in America!

At once William began to ponder. He thought of Negro scholars who would be teaching in the best universities of the Country; their hair was sufficiently straight, but their skin was not white. Thereupon William questioned himself as to

whether the white people of the South were essentially different from those of the North. An expression of Tennyson quickly flashed itself before him—"Man is man." He concluded then that the difference was only superficial, due probably to custom and education or to lack of education. He knew that great men had come out of the South; Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Were no more to come? He could not believe it.

These reflections called to mind an important circumstance he had noticed in many cities of the east, particular at the national capital when the marine band gave its concerts. The national anthem which is "The Star Spangled Banner" never brought forth as vigorous applause as did the sectional song, "I Wish I Was in Dixie". "Surely" surmised Smith, "that must be a delightful place." Now he was going to DIXIE.

With such musings, chiefly on the status of the colored people in America, he arrived at Cassida, a typical Southern town, teeming with the life of earnest people and wilful people alike. Steady Negroes were the laboring folk and they were masters of their toil, speedily carrying their merry burdens with many a merry tune. Here and there a straggler with jaunty pride casually looked on. But the good work never ceased. Porters, truckmen with ease, courtesy and grace and smiles that only colored men can give, busily made charming history, strenuously made a happy land.

While William stood outside the station observing this jolly atmosphere, he noticed two modes of address. While he was thus occupied, his uncle, Abbot Heywood, came up and said, "William, I was just about to go home under the impression that you had missed your train. Give me your suit case. Come, we must hurry home."

"I'm ready- Uncle Abbot," said the youth, turning from

his observation of the throng and giving the old gentleman a very warm handshake. "I'm happy to see you Uncle Abbot. I hope you're all well. How is Aunt Carrie? Are all well?"

"We're all in excellent health, I assure you."

"You must pardon me for a few days if I seem to be a little distant. You know this is my first time South. When I seem to have drawn myself almost into a shell. I'm thinking hard, how I may adapt myself to what appear to be extreme artificial conditions."

"I noticed that you were considerably absorbed with something, when I touched you."

"Uncle Abbott, I deem this an excellent opportunity to study our people, my people at close range. I'm eager to see if the Negro in the South behaves as Darbar and Chestnut depict him. I have resolved not to let slip the occasion to know them, for these are the people who gave me my existence, among whom I must live, whom I must help to get their heritage."

"Boy, I tell you, you've got an old head on your shoulders."

"This should not be considered unnatural. Reverend Ross, my pastor, regularly preaches concerning racial relations in the United States. As he talked one Sunday morning, I recalled my study of history and I could not bring to mind a single colored face that it contained. Upon going home I searched my histories from cover to cover. Not a Negro warrior or statesman there! I saw at once that we must write some books."

"Probably you're too reflective," the uncle interrupted.

"No uncle, some times I wonder whether I think enough. You call me a boy. Grant that I am not a man in age, my sufferings and sacrifices have made me a man in experience. A Negro child one year of age is older by far than a white

child born at the same hour; and by the time the white child is twenty-five, the colored child is forty."

"There's much truth in what you say."

Here his uncle took his suit case and started off. As they drove along, William asked, "Uncle Abbot, please explain to me this circumstance. The colored people call the white Mister and Missis, the whites call the colored Uncle and Aunt. Is this a mark of ignorance on the part of our people or of the white? Is it fear on the part of our people and arrogance of the white? If the relationship is so close as to admit of 'uncle' and 'aunt' under any circumstance, certainly the relationship is not one-sided. Our people ought to return the compliment."

"William, it's this way. You up North don't quite understand. Slavery has never been gotten out of the South. Before the war, there were the Mistress and Master; now the Mistress has become Missis and the Master Mister; but the colored man has remained where he was. If we started calling the white folks Uncle and Aunt, the Rebellion would have to be fought over again."

"Uncle," was Smith's interruption, "we shouldn't like for that to be; but this distinction must end. We must be addressed as we are."

"In the South," continued Mr. Haywood, "there are a few colored people called Mister and Missis by black and white alike. This few however are wealthy."

"Don't bother yourself about these matters at this time. Prepare for the happy moments you are to have with us." Then turning the conversation as much as possible, he asked, "Has your journey been pleasant?"

"Yes, uncle, just as pleasant as it could be under existing circumstances," recalling those character forming events which had veritably engulphed him at Pilgrim Tabernacle.

"But why do you say 'under the existing circumstances?'" inquired the devoted uncle. "Has some recent occurrence saddened you?"

Thereupon William related the details of the church reception. He was very fervid and enthusiastic.

"We all are glad when there is even the slightest indication of approval," put in the uncle.

"That was the greatest experience of my life," remarked William, who as he related the story, lived again through the entire festivities. "The devotion of those generous souls irresistibly wove my career with the hopes of Williamsburg. They are my friends. They believe in me; and I in them. This tie I know can not be severed by time. I was happy there.

"Such throbs as these kept rising, as I journeyed here. I'm well aware when, absent from a friend. That's why I say 'as happy as circumstances permit.'"

"Well, here we are at last!" exclaimed the southerner, as he stopt his brown roadster in front of his resplendent cottage, suggestive of the colonial style. Stepping from the buggy, he called, "Andy, Andy."

A stalwart farm helper scorched by many suns hurried around the house. Approaching the vehicle, he said, "Yes, sar; yes, sa-a-r; right heah."

"Give Prince some water, and then hitch up the carryall. I want you to get William's trunk. You haven't met my nephew, have you?" the planter said.

"No, sa-a-r."

"William, this is Mr. Jones, my most reliable worker. Mr. Jones, this is my nephew, William Smith."

"Boy, I'm sure am proud to see yo'. Mr. Heywood talks so much about yo'. We'd been terribly disappointed if yo' hadn't come," said Andy bubbling over with joy.

"Mr. Jones, I'm really glad to meet you," said the youth shaking the gentleman's hand vigorously.

Turning toward the planter, Andy declared, "Mr. Heywood, dat ain't no boy a-tall, dat's a man. I tell yo' he sho did hurt my hand. Put him on my plantation and he'll work the socks off all my folks." He paused a moment and then said, "Well, I must be gone, be good to yo'self, and nothing can't harm yo'." With these remarks Mr. Jones hurried away.

That afternoon as William sat on the porch indulging in many delightful reveries, he noticed a green bungalow trimmed in white, in front of which extended an incomparable lawn bordered with a stocky growth of hedges. The summer chairs and benches scattered here and there and the tall oak tree standing guardian over all made a scene both unassuming and picturesque.

From the oak was suspended a swing, which was affording great joy to a girl of six. On the porch sat the mother and two of her boys, one eight, the other ten. Happy was this industrious family, whose members by sacrifice and toil had become the foremost Negroes of that town. Such as these America desires—energetic folk; and these were surely energetic.

The father, Christopher Loving, was president of the Union Banking Institution, which did a prosperous business with both black and white. He had risen to this distinction thru his plantation and his construction company. The farm was handled by tenant farmers, the construction company by his eldest son.

Having met all his relatives and gone over the farm to get an idea of the manner in which our people work, William turned to the house and sat on the porch. He came there to read the life of Alexander Hamilton of African descent, a great

American stevedore. The scene across the street had been somewhat distracting. This did not last long, however, for he was soon absorbed with that grand career.

When he had been thus occupied for a half hour, his attention was once more diverted. He scrutinized Mr. Loving's house again. Then he began to meditate, comparing what was before him with other residences he had seen, or imaged from his reading. Since this abode far surpassed the rest, he asked himself if he were not beholding the eighth wonder of the world. It was superb; indeed a masterpiece of architecture and landscape gardening. What loveliness! The mother and children made the scene complete. How happy they were!

As the young man now mused on and on, a rising noise caused him to look down the street. There he saw a crowd of turbulent individuals; men, women, boys and girls. Many of the children had just sprung from infancy. The men, however were in the majority. With cursing and profanation they advanced in his direction, down States Street, one of the main thoroughfares of the town. He beheld that a few were masked. These alone had pistols. Approximately a score who followed them had rifles. Others had pieces of pipe or bars of iron; the remainder carried staves, sticks, or ropes. William divined at once that this was a mob.

As these blood thirsty people approached, their defamations continued. They were not intelligible to William, however, at his distance. He learned later their nature, which was like this. Colored people who lived along the way were his busy informers.

"Damn these niggers," said one of the reprobates! "When they gets a little property, theys better'n white folks."

"Think of a nigger refusing to lend a white man money," thundered another.

"Keep the nigger down, he never was nothin', he ain't nothin', and he never will be nothin'." How paradoxical their behavior was!

"We, po' devils, have seen a nigger get rich while we stay po', even after we saw to it dat dey didn't hab no schools," remarked the first speaker.

"If we let dese niggers go on dis way, dey'll soon be running de gov'mint," came from another.

"Whiles we're at it, let's do a turnkey job. Clean up the neighborhood, run all these niggers out of town dat's got property. Dey's not de ones dat work fo' yo' no way." Many a remark of this kind was uttered by many an ignoble throat.

When William informed the household of the disturbance, there was general consternation. They wondered what to do, where to go. They hustled about a few moments in great anxiety but returned to the place where they were before. "Have mercy, Lord, have mercy," said one. Then followed groans, mutterings, and sighs.

Seeing nothing done to alleviate the matter, the visitor asked, "Is there no way to stop this, but who are they after? They must be very close now; and they are headed this way."

This utterance only increased the alarm. "Can't we stop this?" he repeated.

"Not at all," said his aunt resignedly. "There's nothing to do but take it. Oh, it's so dreadful to have to live thus!"

"It's a disgrace to us and to the Nation, particularly to us to tolerate such outrages," he spoke in great anger.

"You're from the North, William, you don't understand the South," affirmed the aunt, apparently trying to palliate the matter.

"If to suffer thus is necessary to understand it, God give me ignorance! No, I don't understand, I never will. Let me have a pistol or a rifle, and let me take several men and

break up that mob. You told me scoundrels don't live on this street. They see after some one who deserves to live. Even if it is a Negro criminal, they have no right to break the law. They're just a bunch of cowards. A few brave men can end this. Give me a gun or a rifle," he demanded.

"William, we haven't any. Andy was saying we ought to have them in self-defense," she remarked.

"Well, Aunt Julia, I didn't think you'd try to live down here, where the lives and property of our people are not protected by the law, without a good supply of fire arms and ample ammunition. The honor of our women are not even safe here. The constitution of the United States allows a man to defend himself in his home. A man's home is his castle," he protested.

"Sam Holloway had arms, but the policemen went into his house and took them," she said.

"Auntie, if anybody respects the law, it is the colored man. And this talk of the proportions of Negro crime is all bunk, as long as white men make these criminals. Read some of the studies in the race question made by even white men and if you read between the lines as well as the lines, you'll see that many planters want Negro criminals. Many of them get their wealth from Negro convict labor. Such a system is profitable for them.

"The colored man respects the law, but the law does not respect him. He must now demand respect of the law. How can he do this? By being a man, by stopping this business of turning the other cheek. If the law will not protect him, he must protect himself.

"He must grasp the situation. No policeman is allowed even by the law to cross your threshold and search for anything without a warrant. Besides that warrant should state

exactly what he is searching for. If you have been living respectably, he has no business with a warrant to search for the means by which you defend your home. You shouldn't take them out into the streets but you should use them anywhere on your premises in self-defense. And I shouldn't let any policeman have them.

"I've been interested in reading what has been done when authorities surmised that the colored people were going to defend themselves. The policemen rush at once to disarm the blacks, and let the whites keep their weapons. As I know this they'll not get a weapon in my house unless I'm dead or dying."

"William, calm yourself," the aunt interrupted.

"Auntie, I mean it. If I have lived as a man should live and a policeman came to my house, I'd greet him courteously and ask his business there. If he said he came to search for arms, I'd ask for his warrant and read it carefully. Then I'd return him the paper and tell him I forbade the search, for I must defend my home. If he would rush in anyhow, he would go out a dead man. This is how I would act as a respectable citizen. Respectable Negroes do not keep arsenals. If I were a culprit, I'd act differently, I'm merely saying how the honest, law abiding citizen of any race should act. When the law fails to protect, a man must protect himself."

"I hope somebody will do something," said the aunt pitifully.

"Well, I see this is work for all our people, to stop this humiliation," he remarked now, becoming calmer. He that of following the course of the mob and started for the front.

"William, my boy," pleaded the aunt, "don't go out there. Aren't you afraid?"

"Satan himself couldn't frighten me now," he said and

left without more ado. The others remained within thru accustomed cowardice and scare.

William angrily stood on the porch, and watched the mob at work. The outlaws had stoped in front of his uncle's house. Large numbers of them were on Mr. Loving's premise. As the mob comprised about a thousand, the street and sidewalks were crowded for quite a distance. Smith had to resist the temptation of throwing a stone, but he conquered himself upon deeming it only foolhardiness. He wanted the persons leaning against his uncle's trees to move, but he held his peace.

He saw a colored man of very stately mien, already beaten unconscious, dragged to the lawn he greatly admired. The children had fled into the house. Mrs. Loving wanted to run too, but thinking that someone dear to her was involved, she stood upon the porch and faced the mob stolidly. When she beheld the haggard face, however, her spirit was broken. She shrieked and screamed: "My husband, my poor husband! Spare my husband, he has done no wrong! We'll give you all we have, but spare him. My poor husband, my poor husband."

The ling man with wandering eyes sputtered out, "No, dear, I worked hard for mine. The—cassah—shan't—have—one—penny."

Hereupon one outlaw slapped him in the face and shouted, "Damn it. Shut up. Why should I worry? He'll be quiet very soon."

"Chris, Chris," called the wife forcing her way to her husband.

Several ruffians pushed her back. Yet she tried to reach him, crying in the meanwhile, "Don't kill him, spare him, I'll give you whatever you wish."

"We'd rather put him quietly to sleep," someone answered.

"Oh, God," prayed the devoted wife, "save my husband, save him. We have served Thee always. If ever I need Thee, my Savior 'tis now."

"If you don't stop that damned hollering, we'll get you first," said one of the miscreants.

"Take me," she cried. "Do, but spare him."

"Here, John, gag her and leave her until we finish this job," commanded the mob leader.

That day the children saw their father lynched in their own yard, from their cherist oak tree. They saw his body suspended and riddled with bullets, all because he would not make a loan to a white man of ill repute. They saw women and children enjoying this debauchery, as if it had been a theatrical show.

The family was not even allowed the body. Dimpled boys and lithesome girls took parts of clothing as souvenirs and danced with ghoulish glee. Then excelsior was placed about the body, and many staves were lit. The flames quickly did their work and the spectacle was soon at an end.

Where were the officers when one of their foremost citizens was suffering this disgrace? They were calmly looking on, not attempting or daring not to oppose. They even beheld photographers taking views of the scene, views to be sold the next day as additional souvenirs. There was abundant evidence for prosecutions, but none were made. The next day, matters went on as if nothing disgraceful had occurred.

What happens to people who lose their sense of shame? They hasten to degeneracy. America beware!

William stood upon the porch thru the entire catastrophe. Several members of the mob lookt at him, but that was all. When they had finisht, they straggled back, whence they had

come. The stranger watched them until they faded out of view.

Looking across the street he saw the wife gagged and tied, stretched upon the porch. The little girl and boy were trying to relieve her. William went at once to her assistance and freed her from her bonds. She thanked him, while she wept. Then suddenly she became stolid and wiped her eyes.

"This isn't the end of the sport. True, I'm a woman, but a woman can die bravely as well as a man. The devil must pay for this." Then recalling that she had never met her sympathiser, she said, "Pardon any untowardness on my part, you'll make due allowance for all unaccountableness. I'm the wife—I was the wife—I'm the widow of the man you saw lynched—Christopher Loving."

"William Smith is my name. I'm the nephew of Mr. Heywood."

"He told me you were coming. I'm more than glad to meet you. Edward, my oldest son, will be delighted to see you. I'll see that he meets you. I thank you again for aiding me."

"Madame, I haven't done anything. The kind of assistance I wanted to render I could not. Just think there wasn't a rifle or pistol on the place! I wonder if they don't even have a shot gun. Well I hope our folks will get busy and break this up. But where is your son?"

"He's directing a job about five or six miles from here, but he'll be in soon."

"Madame, you seem rather calm in view of this disturbance."

"My determination for vengeance makes me so. The law of this state punishes murder by death. I'm going to permit the state ample time to do its duty. Now that my husband is gone, life means nothing to me. If the state fails, I will per-

form the execution. I'd recognize the scoundrels even at night."

"But what of your children?"

"Benjamin, Lily," she called, for they had been standing in the hall. "This gentleman is our friend, he is Mr. Heywood's nephew." They hastily came forward and greeted him. Then the mother said, "Have no fear, they shall be provided for. The main thing now is this. I must not bear the insult alone. Those people who went from here do not feel that they have done wrong. They're rejoicing as if they had won a great battle. Some of them must feel as I have felt. They're going to be sorry for this."

Several hours after this, William sat down to supper. The signs of anxiety had not completely worn off; yet they were doing rather well at readjustment. During the course of the evening, William asked, "Uncle Abbot are our people doing nothing at all to end this or to prevent its recurrence? It used to be that our men were lynched for rape, but now they are lynched because they steal a hog or because they have acquired a little wealth. I'm not satisfied with auntie's answer."

"William," began Mr. Heywood, "we think that if we lived right, respected ourselves and the white people, that lynching would pass away. But we seem to have been wrong. Loving has been called by black and white alike the town's 'most honest man.' Yet you see how honesty has been rewarded. God in his own good time will make the matter right."

"But, Uncle Abbot, what are we going to do in our own time?"

"Just wait on the Lord."

"Heaven helps those who help themselves. Furthermore, does the white man wait? Isn't the machinery even too slow for him?" inquired the nephew.

"Well, they do at times seem impatient. Things must

happen for them rather quickly. For instance, just the other day, Uncle Parker, as faithful a man as ever lived, went to Jenkins' store to get some odds and ends. While he was there young Jenkins appeared—now a lad of twenty-three.

"'Hello! Jack,' said Uncle Parker, 'Is she am proud to see yo'.

"The father took a block of wood and struck our poor brother such a hard blow on the head that he became unconscious. 'I'll teach you,' he said, 'to address a white man properly. That's not Jack; that's Mr. Jack, Mr. Jenkins.'

"The next day with head bound, Uncle Parker came back to the same store and said, 'Mr. Jenkins, you know I nursed yo' boy, till he went off to skule. An' Ise always called him Jack. I didn't realize that time done made a difference. I

"'Well,' said Jenkins, 'that's all right. Just see that it doesn't happen agin'."

"Do these crimes continually occur without being punished?" asked William.

"Yes, they do. And up in the country, sometimes called 'the back woods,' many of the atrocities never reach the press. I don't know what's to become of us" said Mr. Heywood very deeply moved.

"Uncle Abbot," affirmed William with unusual bitterness. "This day I consecrate my life to my people. I have decided to enter the ministry, but I shall not merely preach, I shall work among all sorts of people, only to bring protection and freedom to my race. What I saw today will last me a life time. For your sake I kept quiet today. Hereafter I respect nobody's feelings unless it is for the good of the race and humanity.

"One such Loving is worth more than all the members of any mob. Yet the worthless live and the worthy die. AND 'yologie. I'm sorry it happened. It won't happen no more.'

THIS IS DIXIE.

CHAPTER IV.

Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt thou the sun doth burn,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.—Shakespeare

Now Smith was gone! Williamsburg knew it. The Sunday School mist him, the Church mist him, and so did the community at large. Of those who had become fondly attached to this interesting personality, none treasured him more than Susan Lee. Her father was one of the most accomplished men of the town, whose efficiency was well known by virtue of his being president of the Eureka Shirt Factory.

His daughter's advancement was his great concern. In order that she might impressively begin the battle of the sexes, he spared no pain that her debut into elite society might be unexcelled. Nor did he in this prove a failure.

Susan, now eighteen, accomplished and attractive, resembled an Hawaiian beauty. She was somewhat more than five and a half feet tall, of excellent proportions, firm and robust. As she moved with stately grace, one would particularly notice her wealth of black, straight hair, and her delicately brown complexion. Nature had endowed her well, for even women who beheld her were entranced.

Many were her suitors, but many she did not desire. For her there was only one—the valorous William Smith. Often she plaintively asked herself: "How is he to know this?"

"Wait until he speaks," came the answer.

Will men thus always be favored in such artificial societies as our own—have numerous, excellent and superior

chances of marrying, while the women have but a few? The woman wonders how long it will be before someone asks. Why should she wonder or wait for that which often never comes?

Within the brief few months that had passed since Susan became a debutante, many undesirables had long since asked; but the hope of her anxious nights, the pride of her noblest that had not touched the exalted throne of love. This was not a pleasant recollection.

To prevent that mood, lest she should be sad at any moment, nature was doing its utmost to keep her well pleased. Rains not desired were kept in steady abeyance; sultry, stifling days somehow had dropped out of sight. The leaves seemingly nourished with an extraordinary refreshment, preserved their former hue, untinged with crimson or autumnal brown. Hitherto at this season of the year, many had already danced their dance of death and vanished with a sigh. But now they all made merry with the magic breeze, whistling melodious symphonies.

Towards twilight, the day following William's departure for the South, as easily as a nymph, Susan stepped upon the porch of her gothic home, expecting company. Her cheeks were promptly kissed by a welcome breeze which seemed to say, "Be composed, my goddess, somewhere a lover's true."

She started to arrange the chairs, then suddenly stopped to reflect. "Here I am," she mused, "with great social opportunities, excellent home conditions, luxury and coveted prerogatives; yet what I desire most, I fail to have. My soul craves William. Will the longing of my aching heart be satisfied?"

"He and I have been casual friends at a distance for several years, but our intimacy is just about two months old. His occupation and my hesitancy have prevented a declaration. He did say that he admired me. He promised also to write. But as we haven't pledged troth, I'm a prey to much uncert-

ality. If I love him why may I not tell him so within a week instead of waiting for months of intimacy or even a year or years? Society considers such improper. Sometimes I wish I could give society a lecturing and then a good thrashing. I may win him and yet I may not.

"So many couples are mismatched that I blame society. If women keep getting the wrong men, something is wrong with the social order. Probably a revolution is needed. Some sacrifices the group may justly require, but to deprive a woman of her love is often to court death. Well, I hope to win and *h-i-v-e*." She sighed clasped her hands upon her breast, and bowed her head. Then she let her hands drop and thrust her head back in despair. A rustling of dresses caused her to turn and look. Her reverie had been interrupted. "Come up, girls," she said, welcoming Thelma Haskell, Catherine Staples, and Letitia Straus—all debutantes.

Quickly they greeted Susan and seated themselves comfortably on the imposing porch, happy to chat of the event at Pilgrim Tabernacle.

Before such a line of talk could begin, however, Thelma interfered. "Girls, watch me," she said. "Is this the way?" All became uproariously absorbed in the perfect pantomime she was executing to portray Susan's recent emotion. They laughed and clapped their hands. After assuming the attitude of despair, Thelma said, "Susan, you reminded me of Lady Macbeth and the merchant of Venice. What was troubling you? 'In sooth I know not why' you are so sad. It wearies me!"

"Thelma, you're a regular old tease," Susan remarked, enjoying the joke, even tho she was the butt of it. "I have my serious moments, sometimes impulsive ones. Just now I was obsessed with both."

"But, Susan," exclaimed Catherine, the daughter of the

high school principal, "you were so dramatic!"

"Hereafter I must be sure, that I am alone within my room, when I give full vent to my feelings," protested Susan, now somewhat flushed.

"Don't you do it, don't you do it," urged Letitia naughtily, shaking her finger at her schoolmate, "don't you dare do it for the world. It would be a shame to deprive us of the show."

"Do be serious, girls," pleaded Susan, "let's think of other things." Yet she knew she would return to thoughts of him. "Tell me how you enjoyed the banquet."

"I know you enjoyed it," was the prompt thrust of Thelma. "You were afraid we'd take him from you, but we had to talk to him a little. We couldn't help it, could we girls?"

"No," was the quick response. It was somewhat annoying to Susan.

"You know he is so tantalizing, isn't he?" ventured Thelma playfully. Her friend was now completely disarmed. "Don't blame us," Thelma continued. "We all have our ambitions for the noblest. There is no sensible girl in this town who does not acknowledge him our best. It's a game to win. Be sure you play it well. If he wants you, why, you're his; if he wants me, then I am his. At present, however, we're giving you the right of way. The honor is all yours."

Aroused by this unusual demeanor of her friend, Susan said, "Thelma I appreciate your frankness. Many girls never would have said that; yet under cover they would have been doing their utmost to outdo me. Still I didn't think Kate was more than passingly interested in William. Girls, I am going to give you a little bit of information. Some time ago, brother and I used to go together to socials. That's impossible now

because of a perpetual, previous engagement with Kate, Kate, Kate."

"Now, Susan," smiled Catherine, "Henry knows where he stands in my affections. Yet I may be interested in others and others interested in me. Do you think Henry's admiration for me would go far, if I couldn't arouse the commendation of his associates? Furthermore, if no other girl desired him, I shouldn't either. I—I couldn't be jealous. And what's the use of loving, if you can't be jealous?"

"A-a-ah, Kate, aren't you ashamed of yourself. I'm going to find Henry and tell him what you said!" ejaculated Letitia, rushing from the porch.

She hadn't gone far before she was overtaken. "No, you won't," gasped Catherine, holding her friend firmly. "You're going right back on the porch, like a good, little girl." There were many outbursts of laughter.

"You know I shouldn't be so bold," said Letitia, taking her seat.

"But I had to make sure," remarked Catherine, now at ease. "Should you have told, how could I meet him after that?"

"It would be difficult, I know," declared Susan, glad that the joke had fallen on someone else. Then turning the conversation, she said, "Now, girls, let's be serious. We're all interested in particular young men, whom we hope to marry. I'm interested in William."

"Interested?" they said with surprise, "You're wild about him!"

"I was going to say crazy about him," Letitia declared.

As if nothing had occurred other than a common interruption, Susan smiled and went on. "Kate dotes on Henry, Letitia claims Sinclair Young; and Thelma—Thelma worships

Beckett King."

Thelma stared at Susan, as if in amazement, laughed heartily and then said, "Girls, doesn't she put the case well?" She began to mimic her chum. "Kate dates on Henry, Letitia claims Sinclair, I worship Beckett, and she is interested in William."

The bantering now ran high. All were quite happy. After surviving the storm she had raised by her careful denunciation of the *les affaires d'amour*, Susan resumed what she had planned to say. "Often girls are so very much afraid that one will take their hearts, that they manage their own heart's troubles even without the advice of their parents. And when the dear old people become aware of the situation, the girl is either engaged or ready to announce her marriage. On the other hand, frequently for lack of advice, they lose or choose improperly. Because of this, since ours is an age of co-operation—so says Reverend Ross—I was thinking that we of the twentieth century should not be above advice, even the advice of one another."

"I believe you're right, Susan," said Letitia. "Consequently I'm willing to teach or learn."

"What do you think of the idea, Thelma?" inquired Susan.

"You know I'm strictly modern," was her terse reply.

"And you, Kate, are you with us?" inquired Letitia.

"Yes," she said, and paused, "for better and for worse."

Then Susan spoke again, "Of course we always have the counsel of our parents, but it'll be excellent for us occasionally to have our own experience meetings. What I'd like to know is this. What should a girl do to keep first place in the affections of a young man while he is away at school?"

Merriment arose afresh. "Isn't she interested?" said Letitia.

At this point, a young woman and her escort passed by. The lady's dress at once attracted their attention. It was a pink georgette, elaborately trimmed and draped. "What do you think of that?" asked Catherine.

"For once let us not discuss dress," Thelma entreated.

The girls agreed. Then Catherine, very eager to get her friends' ideas on the question proposed by Susan, urged them to return to business. "I have a shot you might consider. In many cases I do believe it helps. If the young man in question is fondly attached to his mother, tactfully court her as well as the son. To win her is to gain half the battle. And whether the relationship between mother and son is unusual or not, to enter the mother's affection certainly makes the task easier.

"At last I understand you," came from Susan. "You sly fox, Kate, you're not satisfied to win the mother. You're courting the whole family. I see now why you call frequently." Catherine blushed.

"You mustn't embarrass her, Susan," Letitia interrupted.

"I just have to be saughty sometimes. If I had to be good all the time I suppose I'd soon die from congested emotion," Susan responded.

"Well, my suggestion," spoke Letitia with a somewhat staccato effect, "may be astounding, but you're under no compulsion to follow it. I'm perfectly willing to use Kate's sterling counsel; but I couldn't make a supreme sacrifice and lose. I think it would kill me.

"Knowing myself to have this temperament, I have determined during Sinclair's absence to enjoy myself with all the boys equally—that is, the desirable ones. This is my way

of getting out of the dilemma. Having thus a great affection for Sinclair and a slight interest in many boys, I could lose Sinclair and yet live."

"I see nothing shocking in that," said Thelma with great firmness. "I have known many girls who have staked all on one and lost. Then they became overwhelmed with a grief that caused poor health or death. Isn't my sister Julia just such an example? All absorbing and disappointing love! This love all for one and one only may be romantic, but it's dangerous."

"Besides," said Catherine, "your choice must be between many, a few, and none. Who of us would say, 'Refrain from the company of all young men during the absence of the lover?' If we're to marry them, we should first know them; not just one, but many. To do this, contact is necessary. Now is the time to learn thoroughly."

"Kate, I think I'm forced to agree with you; for if you have an exclusive few, one will very likely be preferred," said Susan, "and probably develop the strong possibilities of a rival. Whether this is true or not, the public will soon single out a specially favored one and conclude that the absent friend has been superseded. Before long, some officious person will be writing your beau that he hasn't a 'ghost' of a chance."

"Yes," remarked Letitia, "some people are very meddling. I, too, think it better to be about equally interested in all here, with a supreme affection for the one absent."

"One circumstance, however, we should not forget, for it is the staff of parted lovers—it's correspondence," Thelma declared. "Of course, all lovers write to each other; yet, judging by what I've read, I can not believe that they're aware of its significance. We can not make too much of this.

A few years can make a mountain of difference between us. During that time we should not let the boys get ahead of us. As they grow, we should grow. They go away boys, but come back men.

"Do you remember Wright's 'The Shepherd of the Hills'?"

"Of course we do!" they replied, and began at once to discuss different parts of it that they liked best.

As soon as she got the chance, Thelma continued where she left off. "You recall then that Chile Stewart, who had been early betrothed to Sammy Lane, changed so much in the few years he was absent, that she could not marry him. The qualities that led her to love him were no longer there. This is human nature.

"What we must do is to discover thru frequent correspondence our lover's new outlook on life as it comes. Then we must go to the library, get some books and read along that line. We must do more. We must think along that line with thinking people. At length, when our young man comes from school with his new ideas, to us at least they will be old, familiar friends."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Susan. "Has Socrates come back again?"

"I hope you understand what I mean," she continued, not at all flattered. "So long as the natures of the young man and young woman blend in ideals, the marriage is likely to be a possibility. If it does occur it will very likely be a happy one. It is because girls have neglected this fact that very few early sweethearts marry; that men as a rule marry not the home girls, but girls where they pursue their life work—at least where they begin it."

"But if we write frequently," inquired Susan, "may we not be too forward? Mamma says we should write occasion-

ally, and be patient and wait." Here she recalled the idea that ran thru her mind, just before her friends appeared.

"My answer is this," was Thelma's impatient utterance: "If the mother is to marry the man, let her do what she wishes. When the time comes for me to marry, however, and I see the man I want, I do not promise to wait. Wait? Wait for him to choose someone else? I'll make the fight of my life to get him; there'll be no escape. If I lose, I shall certainly have the satisfaction of having made a good fight."

"How will you fight?" Susan inquired.

"Don't you know?" said Thelma. "I'll use all the arts of woman, and my own distinct accomplishments. I'll make a study of winning men's hearts and proceed accordingly."

Thus the girls went on until it was quite late.

When Susan retired to her boudoir that evening, she brood before her all that had been said. How could she win? She had seen the man and certainly she loved him. Should she follow her mother's advice or Thelma's? Unquestionably she would write; but should she risk all by making a disclosure and then launching the "fight of her life?" or should she wait, striving in the meanwhile by tact to force a declaration from him?

"Susan, Susan," her mother called.

Then the tender maiden asked herself, "What did Milton say? 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

CHAPTER V.

We are in a world of changes; and to be perfect is to change. And that person is most perfect who changes most often.—Newman.

As very few of the members of my race have had a chance to attend a first class college or university, they can not understand how those who come from such institutions do not take the same attitude towards the Church and religion, as they did before they went away. These brave boys and girls have fought strenuously day after day in sadness, trying to keep the old beliefs. The trouble is this: Almost every professor in these schools put such ideas aside long ago. Even the ministers who come to them do not hold such.

These facts our people should know, for our present religious views may be making our economic freedom impossible. For once we come to know the difference between our religion and that of our white brother and the significance of each, we shall become more united in our struggle in this country to get all that becomes a man.

Sometimes an historian presents facts that we dislike. It is not his business to tickle his fancy nor our own. He should tell the truth. In this spirit I relate the events which worked signal changes in the religious views of William Smith. This chapter is not mere fiction. Every incident related herein actually did occur. Do not think William's experience exceptional. It is typical. I am relating the experience of the college man and the college woman. Reader, perhaps you will find it shocking; but these experiences have been none the less shocking to those who had them.

Three years at Henderson College, the pride of the North, had produced the College Soccer—as he was called—the lad who in glory had left Williamsburg to find a broader glory in the exalted affections of the best sons America had produced. This school which could claim as its graduates some of our best poets and novelists, at least one of the presidents of our great land, could not help rejoicing at the career of William Smith, who excelled in all his endeavors. Fearless on the gridiron, in class, and in debate, who was this powerful son of Africa? Was he the promised emancipator of his race or should we look for another?

One thing was certain. He was black. About this there could be no mistake. Was his complexion a handicap? Color is almost invariably the curse of the colored man. His unpardonable sin is being black. If colored and white show equal fitness for a task, who is taken, who is left? Even at times when the Negro has arrived at eligibility for the captaincy of an athletic team, even tho he was the honor man, who has been given the distinction? Ask some of our all American men.

There are, however, many noble white people and there will be some as long as the world endures. These are intelligent people—staunch and generous, lovers of humanity. With them a man is a man. They have no time for prejudice, for prejudice is characteristic of ignorant folk. Their lives reveal this lofty ambition: FAIR PLAY, AND MAY THE BEST MAN WIN! This motto, fundamentally democratic, the favored utterance of General Joshua Chamberlain, had become the spirit of this institution. Here was a place where merit, and not color, courage and not color, perseverance and not color, decided the fates of men.

The Negro who wanted as his summer house, a jug

of molasses, forty acres, and a mule, was not the one who came to that great institution of learning. Besides, that Negro with such ambition is not typical of this stalwart race, which has suffered most to make America. Regardless of insurmountable closed doors, despite forbidden opportunity, notwithstanding penance and gross humiliation, the typical Negro today is not a prodigal pampered by the indulgence of a doting father, not a profligate dedicated to Saturnalia, but a man, an exploited man, a lily in a pool of slime. He asks no favors; he seeks only an open field and a fair fight.

With this spirit, William entered Henderson College. In this enlightened environment, while his Alma Mater shaped him to her will, he brot her proud distinction. As he came to his senior year, he realized that he had a new attitude towards life. How different things must be from what he had supposed! Who was right: the theologian, the poet, the scientist, or the philosopher? Or did each have but a glimpse of the truth? For quite a while William perused several passages from Tennyson and a sonnet from Rossetti. The passages follow:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.—Tennyson.

We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see.—*Ibid.*

Think then and act; tomorrow thou shalt die.
Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
Thou say'st: "Man's measured path is all gone o'er;
Up all his years, steeply with strain and sigh,
Man climb until he touched the truth; and I,
Even I, am he whom it was destined for."
How should this be? Act thou then so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap there

Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed
 mound
 Take the farthest, food-brim look with me;
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be drawn'd,
 Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
 And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues be-
 yond,—
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more
 sea.—*Rossetti*

These passages and many like them William studied carefully, trying to arrive at the truth.

William reasoned somewhat thus. Are these passages false or true? Is the preacher right and everyone else wrong? Does each profession but get its portion of the truth? The preacher says the world is six thousand years old, the scientist gives the age of the world as being millions of years. The preacher says the world was made in six days, the scientist says it was millions of years in the making, and that creation has never ceased. The preacher says Adam was the first man, but science says that even Egypt had men before Adam; that Adam is a creation of Babylonian mythology.

To get these ideas in his sociology was very disconcerting, for William had been reared in an orthodox church. Accordingly his religious views were strictly conservative and dogmatic. He had been taught for years that the Bible was a perfect book, a flawless revelation of God. The Bible was the whole truth—telling all that had been and was to be. Persons disbelieving the infallibility of the Bible or rejecting Christ as the son of God, he was convinced could not be saved.

Now that he found himself instructed by individuals who did not hold these dogmas, but believed in God and the Bible in a different way, what was to become of them? Where was he to find an anchorage? These people were not soundbels;

but some of the noblest people he had ever met. Not satisfied with contact in class to thresh out these soul problems at close range, he called upon his professors in physics, biology, sociology and philosophy for conferences. They encouraged his inquiry, and suggested to him many books for further reading. As these were assuredly, admirable men, ready to instruct or advise, stressuous workers to uplift humanity, he could not persuade himself that these men would be forever lost.

One day while he was in the class in ethics, a question arose concerning punishment. Soon the discussion turned on an appraisalment of everlasting punishment. Almost as soon as it began, one student askt if punishment by hell fire was just.

"Let's work it out," the professor said. "Is it lawful for a mother, for any offense her child might commit, to throw it into fire even for a moment?"

"It's certainly wrong," the student replied.

"Is it just then, for God to burn his children not for a day, a week, or a year, but forever?" the professor askt.

"The two acts are identical. Yet I thot God could do as He pleased," said the student.

"So he can," the professor admitted, "but is it just? Which is the Superior Being? Which would you expect to be the nobler, God or man? If man burns his child, he is a criminal? Is God different, if He burns His? If man will refrain from such punishment and try to reform his child, will not God do the same?"

"If there's such a thing as hell fire any way," another pupil inquired.

"I don't see how it can be possible," the professor calmly responded. "If there is such it can not burn souls, for these are spiritual."

"Professor Young," remarked the student who began the discussion, "I think the trouble is this: our ministers, by trying to carry us back to the middle ages when the church burned and tortured, because God, so some said, would torture. In mediæval history I learned that the Bible was written centuries ago with no thought of us in mind at all, and now we have outgrown much of its morality. We must write our own Bibles and construct our own morality, and so must every age. No previous age can do it for us."

"Then what are we going to do with this Bible?" asked Smith.

"Reinterpret it in light of present day thought, as it is expressed in all branches of knowledge," the professor replied. "There is enough good in the Bible to inspire the noblest in any man. Accept the good, reject the bad."

"But we have been taught that all is good," William declared, "that nothing is to be added and nothing to be taken away; that God is the same today, yesterday, and forever."

"To reinterpret is not to take away, nor to add. You merely re-evaluate what is there. Besides, the Bible does contain such statements as you mentioned," remarked the venerable instructor. "As to whether God changes or not, that is a point we might reconsider. If you conceive of God as being the universe, you are immediately aware of many changes. Various species come and go. Creation really has never ceased. Even if you conceive of God as personality, you must admit changes; for sometimes God is calm, sometimes angry, and sometimes jealous. These are changes of mood. If you think of God as a Spirit, He changes with the spirit of the people who worship Him. With the warlike Jews, He was terrible in His acts, One who never lost a battle, a mighty God of war. With civilized people, He is not a God of war, but Love—the Prince of Peace."

"But professor," inquired William, "I'm planning to prepare for the ministry. Can I preach what we have discuss to the people? Would I not be called an infidel and my career as a minister finish with its beginning?"

"Smith, I'm glad you ask that question," the professor replied. "I hope my answer will help you."

"It is the duty of every minister to preach the truth, not only the truth in the Bible, but the truth in nature, in man—in brief, anywhere it is to be found. Only the truth makes a man free. Ministers have too long condemned such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Paine, and Ingersoll. These intellectuals have not contended that they were right and everyone else wrong; they have merely called the attention of the ministers and of the world in general to the fact that there was some truth that some persons had neglected. And they have rendered a valuable service to our age and all subsequent ones by reminding us that this other side of the truth should get a hearing.

"No one has a monopoly of truth. Let the ministers in their Sunday schools consider the Bible and also what these men have to say about it. The Church will always be behind the schools if it will not permit both sides of the truth to be aired at its meetings, especially in the Sabbath Schools. Under no circumstances should it shirk this responsibility.

"The minister necessarily must proceed with tact; but the minister must tell the truth, even if it costs him his pulpit. You can minister to the needs of man even out of the pulpit. A man of your resourcefulness need have no fear of making a living. The world doesn't need men absorbed with the idea of making a living; it wants men absorbed with a determination to tell the truth. No matter what the outcome, do your duty."

Professor Young, of reverent memory, certainly won many disciples that day. The boys reluctantly left him at the toll of the bell, to attend their next recitation. As William reflected upon what had occurred, he knew that he was changing rapidly—he saw life anew.

Was it good for him to change? He could not answer. Knowledge was sweeping him on and he could not stop it.

He went about his studies now with even greater zeal. He read many more texts on sociology, anthropology, religion, and the Negro, among which were the writings of Wallis, Spencer, Boas, Von Luschan, Chamberlain, Ripley, Sergi, H. H. Johnston, Finot, Ripley, William Wells Brown, and George Williams. Since he was going to work chiefly among black people, why shouldn't he try to know them well? Very little was said concerning them in the American histories he read, which could be regarded as an inspiration to the colored youth. Accordingly he plunged into source material, documents and periodicals contemporaneous with slavery.

In his study of sociology, he became particularly interested in this discovery, namely: that there are no pure races. Greeks, Romans, Jews, Germans, Frenchmen, Hottentots, Kaffirs, in brief, all races, have been formed by intermarriage and miscegenation. Yet in the South many politicians ride into congress on Negrophobia. They say, "Keep the white race pure." They have laws forbidding the intermarriage of the races. Yet they are permitting amalgamation to take place faster in the South than in any section of the Country. What valuable information this was for him! Why should it be presumed that America today has the finest men that time can produce? Has progress ceased?

We should not be doing justice to William's intellectual and spiritual growth, should we omit a talk he heard one Sun-

day afternoon in chapel and an address he heard under the auspices of the college Y. M. C. A. It was the custom to have at Henderson College the foremost ministers of the Nation to stimulate the religious life of the youth. To hear these men would force one to conclude, "The old order changeth, giving place to new, and God fulfils Himself in many ways."

On a bright Sunday afternoon, a distinguished minister from Milwaukee, in addressing the students in College Chapel, made the following statement: "I don't care whether you have ever gone to church or not; I don't care whether you will ever go to church or not. That is a matter of slight importance. I do care, however, as to what you resolve to do with all your being. If you have been a liar, a murderer or a thief, if you have been the meanest man that ever lived, but have formed unshakable determination henceforth to help uplift your fellowman, to give him a drink of water when he is thirsty, a crust of bread when he is hungry, to give him shelter when he is homeless, you are bound to become good in the process. If you neglect doing this, but go to church, you can not see the kingdom of God.

"On the other hand, if you pursue this course with all your soul, though you never go to church, you will live daily with God.

"Yet I would have you to go to church and become active members. The Church represents organized religion. And you know that organization accomplishes more than spasmodic efforts. I want you to join the Church not because of fear of God, but because you love Him, because you love your fellowman. You can do good out of the Church, but the largest amount of spiritual renewal can be accomplished thru the Church, which is a specialist in this activity. And this is an age of specialization."

William reflected long on the entire discourse. Did every

minister talk like that? What of being justified by faith? Was it a noble life like Christ's that would save men from themselves?

Another minister of liberal disposition, a preacher and scholar of great repute, was requested by the President of Henderson to address the students in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium on "The Ministry as a Life Work." This was one of a series of talks. Business, law, medicine, and music had already been discussed as vocations. Now came the Christian ministry. That evening an enthusiastic group of budding leaders was thrilled by the eloquence of this eminent divine. During the course of his remarks, he made a significant utterance which caused Smith to be rapt with wonder. The speaker said, "Young men, ministers frequently mystify and terrify men with declamations of heaven and hell. We get caught up in the spirit and say these things. When we come to reflect, we feel that probably we do wrong to make such an appeal. For after all, we do not know whether there is a hell of torture and a heaven of golden streets. In our saner moods we regard them as being figures of speech to describe the extremes of joy and bitterness that we experience here. Within you is the kingdom of heaven or of hell.

"I avoid making appeals from hell fire, as also do my colleagues. Inspired by Christ's personality, I anchor upon this statement of his, 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there you may be also.' I do not know its nature, hence I dare not try to describe it. This is a matter about which the minister needs to be very particular. I'll tell you why. When the members speak of hell, they mean one thing; when the minister speaks of hell, he means something else—wasted opportunity, unsatisfied desire, lack of comfort, extreme poverty, or the like.

"Another difficulty you will experience in the ministry

will be with reference to your conception of God. If you speak of God as actually having eyes, hands, and feet, you deprive Him of one of His chief attributes—omnipresence. The conception of God as spirit is the more logical. We bow and kneel to this Existence, as if he were far away, yet the attribute of omnipresence has Him always with all men. Our problem is to make the people conscious of His uninterrupted presence."

After hearing this talk, William askt himself what he should do. Should he enter the theological school or choose some other calling? He had promised Pilgrim Tabernacle that he would enter the ministry. At least he had said he would. And his word was a promise. The church of his youth, those devoted friends, whose means were constantly coming to Henderson to help him continue to be a man—these people had kept their promise. Should he not keep his? It was difficult not to do so.

His friends expected him to return home as the same William Smith that had gone away. How impossible! How could he be unaltered? Could a man see a fellow being who was innocent lynched in his own yard before wife and children, and be unchanged? Could he hear that wife pray and see her petition unanswered without questioning his faith? Could a man be impervious to the teachings of such men as Professor Young and the great divines that visited Henderson College? Could he be unimposed by these individuals of international repute? Impossible. William was born again and he knew it; at this cosmopolitan institution, he had had many rebirths.

"Will the people understand?" he askt himself. "Will they regard me as an impostor? I have been sincere in all that I did there and I am just as sincere now. Moreover, I shall be sincere in all I do when I return. But I can't pro-

ceed exactly as I did formerly. Of what service would my college training be, if I did?

"Is it for this that parents send their sons to college? Do they want us to get such ideas as I possess, many of which are diametrically opposed to those by which they have lived? Certainly they send us here to change, to be different, to reject the false and grasp the true; to abandon ignorance and superstition, and become amenable to all that the College or University thinks will make a liberal and noble man.

"Professor Young says, 'You can be a minister even out of the pulpit. No matter what the outcome, do your duty.' This may be the kind I'll have to become. Anyhow, I know now what to do. I said I'd prepare for the ministry; so to the theological school I will go."

CHAPTER VI.

The night with lingering shadows is all the day I've known,
The greatest treasures others wait, and scorned as I alone
America, my mother, I've not failed thee in the least,
And yet what other son of thine's umbles in thy feast?

No other native land thou wast'at to flourish on this spot,
Yet in the South, East, West and North some maketh
His thy lot.

Thy dusky prince unto himself must hold a separate race,
United with his fern folk, to rise unto his place?

America, in making worlds safe for democracy,
Thou'lt not forget thine own fair house where color fathers thee.

Our wrestling with the scolding, to do each fond behoast
Will win at least not frowns, but joy and loving at thy breast?

With great distinction and impressionableness, as one of the most scholarly and forceful characters that ever' flincht at Excelsior Theological Seminary, the Reverend William Smith was called to pastor Sinai Shrine at Seaton, a little town eighty-five miles from Williamsburg. Thus he was not entirely disassociated from his Pilgrim friends. He would meet them in conventions; he could preach for them occasionally; and often make a flying trip to attend social events or make more secure expectant ties of love.

The beginning was fascinating. Should it not rather be so? Should hurricanes with ruin rampant, give us battle at the start? Sometimes it is thus. Sometimes the turmoil arises with our birth to be our constant companion in life and in death. We prefer, however, the calm and serene. If this we may have, we are willing to accept all else; if such a gift

is too costly a boon, we will get it some day anyhow.

How William rejoiced that he was again useful! He was shaping for the better many who had never seen the light. In commencing his great effort, he knew that he had to hold himself in leash, for his congregation, tho' ambitious, to be called progressive, was not quite ready to accept all the "progress" at their young pastor's disposal. There remained with him, however, this decision: "Since, no matter where I go, I shall find the hosts of my people conservative in religion, no larger peril awaits me here than elsewhere. Therefore I am resolved, I will not sacrifice my personality. Tho' the whole universe condemn me, I will not temporize, I will not truckle, I will be myself and speak my thots. The world has nothing to give me commensurate with my manhood. I will suffer or grieve, I will laugh or rejoice, and I will be a man.

Altho' the Reverend Mr. Smith entered upon his pastorate just after leaving Execlisier Theological Seminary, he had been granted as a special token of esteem six weeks for a vacation. What better use could he make of this boon than to supplement his agricultural knowledge with a course at Cornell University? He had had years of practical farming. If, during the summers, by attending school and by study thro' correspondence at leisure moments, he could equal his rich experience with the best theory the world could afford, he would make of Sesto—a rather unpromising rural community—a great commercial center. Accustomed to see all things thru, he did not relax until he had become master of the art.

The former pastor of Sinai Shrine to a great extent had lived away from his flock. The *esprit de corps* had been that the minister was to be free appearing, to call on the members occasionally for a social chat, to marry the lovelorn, pray for the sick and dead, and preach rousing sermons. Such had

been Reverend McCasley's ministry. His successor, however, did not follow the predestined course; he strove to promote a kindlier fellowship and touch all lives for greater usefulness.

Accordingly, on Monday—always—and often during the week, he was clad in overalls, busy among the farmers, showing them improved methods, whereby they might obtain larger and better yields. Seaton was peculiarly blessed by his presence.

One year past happily. William had won a permanent place in the hearts of many of the fellow townsmen. He attended to his own business, he was always launching something new, which strengthened the community life.

Because of these endeavors and of the great commendation which spread abroad, the State looked toward Seaton and then set its pace. The adjoining states were also followers. On account of this recognition, who but Reverend William Smith should make the address on "Church Extension" at Pilgrim Tabernacle, his home church, in behalf of the Tri-State Convention? He was chosen without a dissenting vote.

When the fall came on with its glory, emphasizing the approach and departure of all things, the convention assembled on the appointed day three hundred strong and set a record by its rapid, yet thrice dispatch of its business. The delegates were highly satisfied with what had been done, when they came to the last day of the session.

That morning the Reverend Mr. Smith arose to speak. Glad were the faces, anxious the hearts. On this great occasion, a product of Pilgrim, the Pride of Pilgrim, was to have on the program the place of honor. Most of the members, old and young, who had half willingly and half reluctantly permitted their fond associates to leave them, were again

cheering and welcoming him to other victories. The opportunity had come!

"Dear Christian Friends and Fellow Citizens," he began easily but firmly, "I am fully aware of the distinction you bestow upon me. This is a great occasion demanding great utterances. Whether I am equal to your expectations, I leave you to judge. But I thank you for your favor, accept the task, and render an account of my stewardship.

"The European nations are engaged in a great struggle, striving thru blood and brains to make it impossible for any group of people to be governed without their consent and participation in the government. This is a basic law of all democracy! Consequently I wonder why Almighty God permits America, a land dedicated to the principle that all men are created equal, to look silently on. Can she permit the great issue to be solved without taking part? If I correctly read the signs of the times, America will decide the day." There was great applause.

"These people are fighting for liberty. Can this priceless boon be gained in other ways? Probably. But how has it been gained? How did the English gain it? Tho they were not so passionate as other powers, someone had to shed costly blood. I am thinking particularly of the rise of the protectorate under Oliver Cromwell. What caused the passing of the Old Regime and the establishment of the French Republic? Was it not the shedding of blood? How awful is this truth! Someone had sinned and atonement was long due. At last the purging came. Countless lives were laid upon the altar of Freedom. Woful day! Yet this has been the history of all nations. Without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin." There followed a grave silence.

"God has spoken. Who will combat His word? Is the

shedding of blood for the remission of sins an eternal law? Is this the only way? Will man never cease to oppress his fellow man, till he has poured out his precious blood? Must there always be civil wars, rebellions, riots, strikes, and barbarous conquests? Why have throbbing intellects, if we will not think; why have hearts, if we will not love? Why should right be established only by the arbitrament of arms, O Father, when Thou hast advised us to attain all grandeur not by Might, nor by Power, but by Thy Spirit?

"I am thinking of my people, the climbing black folk of America, oppressed for centuries and throttled even now. In the South we may accumulate but not enjoy, in the North we may enjoy but not accumulate. Who are responsible for this calamity? Friends, both black and white. Since the white people, however, are in the majority and have had more centuries of favorable environment, theirs is the greater sin. They have sinned in not requiring the education of the South. We know the South has some excellent universities, but the masses of the people remain unlearned.

"The summer I went South to visit my uncle and stopt at other points, I met hundreds of young white men unable to read and write. Moreover, there seems to be a desire on the part of some to encourage this condition; for tho there are illiteracy tests for voters, the whites are not required to pass them. Since the South, furthermore, is agricultural and the masses of the people live on the farms where schools operate only for a few months, what else can exist other than bitter prejudices expressing itself to the disgrace of our glorious Nation in Jim Crowism and Lawlessness? If, as we believe, prejudice is a gift of little minds, wherever you meet an educated man, you meet a man without prejudice.

"Our sin has been, not to demand our rights; even if to demand were to die. Can the exalted utterance of Patrick

Henry, 'Give me liberty or give me death,' if lived by us as it was by our forefathers, being other than one of these two: liberty or death? Even for us there probably may be no remission of sin without the shedding of blood.

"The utterance of eloquent Miss Nannie Burroughs, the sage of Washington, D. C.—'We've fought every race's battles but our own' must cease to be true. Greeks, Romans, Jews, Germans, Spaniards, English, and others, have fought their own battles. Shall we of all peoples, forgetting the spirit of our ancestors, wait for others to fight ours? God permit no such shame to come upon us! Let us struggle ever, and cry out with might, tho we may be the dying voice of an immortal cause, a voice crying in a wilderness.

"There is too much to do to remain silent and inactive. Why have we delayed? Is it not because we have been waiting on God and God has been waiting on us? We have been admonished since the dawn of slavery on these shores, 'First seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Here is the that preached thru the centuries which, with other conditions, has made us a contented people. It has caused the masses of us to say with religious fervor, 'You may have all this world, but give me Jesus.' True, we have Jesus and the white people have the world. Who is the happier?

"Friends, I want you only to face facts. Have we not first sought the kingdom of God and His righteousness? I believe we have. A few observations, which you can parallel in almost any city, will suffice to prove this. Many districts in Washington, D. C., have five and six churches within a radius of ten blocks. Within an area of half a square mile in Saint Louis, I counted eighteen churches. This congestion is characteristic of our people. We have more churches than

the white people, tho they are more numerous than we. Are our schools and business institutions thus multitudinous? If our people had been directed to put about one-third of their energy into business, our Nation would be quite different. This is our departure for church extension, not to expand by numbers of edifices, but by influencing many activities. Far better would it be to have a few first class churches than swarms of second class ones.

"The attitude of some pastors prevent this. I heard one in a neighboring state say that the members of a colored church must always have something to do. Who would contradict him? All Christians, white and black, must have something to do. Why should the Church ever stop, while the world moves on? What was this pastor to have his members do anyway? He said, 'Our church is paid for. If I don't put these folks to work, they'll soon be fighting me. So I'm going to have them build a new church.' In this instance the members did not fill the existing substantial edifice; yet they must have a larger and newer church. This man assumed that the only thing Christians could do was to build churches. With mortgages out of the way, with an inspiring group following him, tho a large opportunity had come to remould the lives of his people thru careful and regular pastoral endeavors, to lead them into new enterprises of moment, he did not see the kingdom of heaven was at hand and that he was to lead his people in.

"Let us not err in this direction. We can have too many church edifices; but we can not have too many ministers. Not every minister need pastor a church; let him pastor the people. A minister does not exert his greatest force in the pulpit. He is most influential in making his word flesh, to dwell among the people.

"Our numerous and excessive churches, and our un-

paralleled devotion to them certainly show that we have first sought the kingdom of God and its righteousness. Does not the world call us a distinctly religious people? What other race offers the other side of his face when slept? The meek shall inherit the earth? Do the meek inherit it? Have they ever inherited it? Will they now? God knows we are meek. We have first sought the kingdom of God, now have these other things been added unto us? What things? JOY! PROTECTION! EQUAL OPPORTUNITY! LIFE! There have been added DISCRIMINATION, SEGREGATION, JIM CROWISM and LYNCHING!

"Is the God of those who oppress us our God? Pray to remove these abominations. Do you get an answer. They tell us God will answer in His own good time. Why not in ours, that we may enjoy the good fortune?"

"The attitude of two great men may help us take a proper stand. The lamented Gregory Willis Hayes, President Emeritus of Virginia Theological Seminary and College, used to say, 'First go into your secret closet and pray. Pray as if it all depended on God. Then come out and work. Work as tho it all depended on you.' The other celebrity, Sir Rabin-dranath Tagore, says, 'When gods fail to help their sons, men must come to their assistance.'

"Has the time come when we should consider the suggestions of these men or must we wait longer? Must the Negro not look more and more to himself for the activities and comforts he deserves and desires? What else did Cicero mean, when he said, 'Every period of life is burdensome to those who have not within themselves the resources for a virtuous and happy life. On the other hand, nothing that the necessity of nature brings to pass can be a hardship to those who seek all good things from their own ability?' If the kingdom of

heaven is within you, if God is everywhere—and hence within you—then within ourselves should we look for all we may do or become. I believe that the idea couched in the words of these philosophers is true not only for individuals, but also for sexes, races, and nations. We do not know the will of God and probably can never know it. It is hardly worth while trying to find it out. We can guess it and work out what we think it is by studying the Bible. But some of His will is yet to be expressed by those who live now and others that shall live. We do know, however, the desires of our own hearts, to have the rights of man. Let God continue to inspire us, but let us not err in thinking that service to God does not mean service to man.

"Recently I heard an orator say, 'God shall fight our battles for us.' Patrick Henry said the same, but he took good pains to urge the patriots to take arms in their defense. I still have in mind the utterances of the celebrities. God is not going to fight our battles; He has His own to wage. 'Our shots are not His shots, our ways are not His ways,' hence our battles commonly are not His battles. Why did Christ say, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' If God would forsake His only begotten son in the crucial hour, is He not likely to forsake us who are less worthy? Friends, the fight is on; the conflict is ours, to win or lose. God will inspire us, but after all, man will be saved or ruined by man.

"In view of this realization what is the mission of the Church? It is to see that the other things shall be added unto us. Does this mean that the Church is to become a participant in politics to the detriment of religion? Must the Church become the field of worldly disputes and subtle malice? It must not. Yet it should not remain within four walls. It ought to expand. It should preach that Christ came not that we

might have death, political or otherwise, but that we might have life and have it more abundantly. It must promulgate that religion is not a one day affair, but a matter of every day of the week; that religion is not separable from business, politics, law, medicine or any pursuit; that religion is life. Hence I contend that no person is a Christian who fails to live the life of Christ. It is not so much a believing as a living.

"We are to live the life of mutual helpfulness, of being our brother's keeper. We must not sin nor must we permit our white brothers to sin. A glance at our condition arouses amazement. If our white brothers are religious, then we are not. If we are religious, they are not. We must become like them or they like us. The difference must pass away.

"The problem of Church extension, therefore, is upon us. Since the world says that we live the exemplary life, we have much to teach our white neighbor. How can we do this while we meet him so seldom? We must meet him more, that he may learn of us and we of him. What shall we say? Declare that God is no respecter of persons, that Christianity is not segregation of races in any way, but the universal brotherhood of man.

"This idea of interdependence of all races and all nations must pervade the world, the United States included. Since we are by choice or otherwise an asylum for weary peoples, tendering them the torch of liberty, no one group has made this Nation what it is. All have had a share. Is this a matter to be spurned? Now when the world is in a death grapple, agonizing to bring men together, shall we by apathy, quiescence, and cowardly submission retard the victory by clamor, by living unto ourselves, by developing within the land a distinct civilization? Not unless the white people make us do so. We shall be only so mean as they force us to be. Desperadoes here and there, unscrupulous profiteers, myopic

and biased schoolmen would lay this weight upon us. They have established ghettos for Little Chinas, Little Italies, Little Africas and the like. And we, unprotesting, silent and docile, accept the slander. God forbid!

"The Honorable Mr. Roosevelt, seeing that this attitude is developing a national disunity, has, with his accustomed far-sightedness, begun to call for a manifestation of pure Americanism. He believes that the German-American Alliance is establishing a Little Germany, creating a propaganda which will make the burden of the United States extraordinarily heavy, should we be drawn into the war. Accordingly he is the apostle of one hundred per cent Americanism—no hyphen, no this or that, no qualification whatever, but simply *Americana*."

"If any group of people deserve to be called one hundred per cent Americans, it is our colored men." The applause was vigorous. The delegates carefully followed every utterance. "Some have called us Negroes, but we are not," he continued. "So much white blood was mixed with ours during the two hundred fifty years of slavery and continues to be illegally mingling in the South, that the Negro among us is to be found only after years of patient search. So few there are. Some have called us Afro-Americans, reminding us of our African descent. This, however, is not the only source of our existence. Many of my brethren have in their veins some of the proudest blood of Anglo-Saxons, French, and Germans. This is a matter of triviality. I grant that some other land was the abode of our fathers; but we were born in America. Thus we are Americans, nothing else.

"Since the Federal Constitution vouchsafes to those born upon these shores the full rights of citizenship, our due is all that this land affords during our sojourn. And here we shall abide forever.

"Some say, however, that we must have patience, that we must be long-suffering. Great heavens, what do men expect? All tolerance from the colored, but none whatever from the white! Who have been more patient than we, who upon this continent have suffered longer? Those advocating long suffering say, 'Wait, a crisis will come and we shall reap its joys.' In every crisis of American history, they urge, we have been benefited. Yes, we always get the crumbs which fall from the table. Why not like other folk, for instance, the suffragists, produce a crisis and receive the first fruits of them that slept?"

"Some are afraid, others are indifferent, and still others are ignorant. If our people were alert to their opportunities, why would they permit an organization like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to struggle for existence. Why is not every adult black man a contributor to its weal? This society, as it stands for upholding the Constitution of the United States without equivocation, contending for a democracy not on paper, but in the lives of men, is the most patriotic society in America. A friend tells another friend his faults and tries to help him amend them. Such is the business of this group of individuals. It is the one organization in which all Americans should enroll, black and white alike. It is not a theory, but the greatest example of this concretion of that ever witnessed by the eyes of man. As we might expect, it appeals for a democracy which begins at home and spreads abroad. The idea is tangibly demonstrated. Here black and white love and think together. Here there is no color line.

"When I recall the accomplishment of this society, when I think of the sacrifice of Christ, when I see that Europe is fighting for our ideals, I wonder why we say no more than we do about the British malice, the degenerate littleness which is doing its utmost to foster here a separate civilization, sepa-

rate ideals, separate ambitions, but mutual hates. Has Lincoln labored and died in vain? Must there be another War of the Rebellion? We hope not. We cry, 'Union and Liberty Now and Forever, One and Inseparable. One Language, One Country, One Flag.' At the same time the hosts of the Nation, by oppression or quiescence, are doing all they can to split the Country. Pray God that this shall never be!

"Our ancestors came to this Country accompanied by white men. We have gone with them shoulder to shoulder, from Bunker Hill to the North Pole. After all these years of comradeship, shall they leave us now? Shall we leave them? We shall ever march together; for our language is their language, our Country their Country, our flag their flag." At this moment William had his audience thoroly within his grasp. He had taken the convention by storm.

"Since our white brother has retarded the progress of the Nation," he continued, "by finding time to be prejudiced, God Almighty calls us by the good in our hearts and in those that scorn us, by the thunder and by the lightning, to demand universal brotherhood. The white favors white, we must favor only merit, truth, and right. We must preach the end of segregating movements. When wars are upon us, black and white die together. When peace comes, why can they not live together?"

"Think of separate schools for a group of people in a democracy! What a paradox! Democracy means mixed schools with mixed faculties. Why are we blind to the fruits of this: the stratification of society, schools for the rich, and schools for the poor, but not American schools? It has been the hope of our greatest men that the College and University would be purely democratic. Somehow, these institutions in unmistakable numbers, have either been unaware of these hopes or as a matter of course ignored them. What college

or university in addresses and leadership has made it positively clear to the students that such was expected? The matter is left entirely with the students. These promising young men and women are not interfered with in their racial antipathies. They bring them to the schools and carry them away as they came, or accentuated by biased professors. These are scholars who set out to prove a contention and prove it. Of course some men can prove anything. Thus the hope of democracy is crushed.

"Since this is so; let us never ask for separate schools. Let us enter these strongholds and by character and scholarship show our selves the equal of all people. If the deft school must come, let it be forced upon us, for it tends to increase racial separateness and thus undermine our government. How can there be a democracy based on color rather than upon the inequality of merit? The ideal is the mixt school. Why run from a goal we have reacht with hope of returning to it some day? Why not use the ideal while we have it. We can not deny that the masses of our educated people, if they had been dependent upon mixt schools, would still be illiterate. The fact still remains, however, that a democratic government should have democratic schools, if it is to continue as such. Aristocratic schools perpetuate aristocratic government, with a hope that democracy will never rise. So the Church should contend.

"A further activity needing church help is politics. The Scriptures say that the powers that be are ordained of God. The corruption which exists with many of them, however, almost persuades us that they were ordained of hell. As soon as they find the colored man about to get an important office they arrange a gerrymander or get a new charter and thereby shut him out. If proportional representation were in vogue—the form which is certainly democratic—we should have

in the United States Senate at least four members and thirty-six in the House of Representatives. This is just an inkling of the injustice we bear. What hosts we should have in the state and city assemblies!

"This condition is a concomitant of any policy of racial separateness. I shall mention but one example. In several states I have visited around election time, I have observed signs to this effect: THE REPUBLICAN CLUB, THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB, THE NEGRO REPUBLICAN CLUB, THE NEGRO DEMOCRATIC CLUB. Only white people attend THE REPUBLICAN CLUB and THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB. The colored people attend something else. May these Jim Crow organizations die forever! The failings of plutocracy! The corrupters of the public weal. If white and black worked together in politics in all their meetings, corruption would pass with the night. God open the eyes of the whites to this some day!

"Another work the Church may well perform is to spread good tidings, intelligence to all people. Consider how one-sided has been our life. I touch upon the press. Newspapers edited by colored men circulate freely only among colored people. Newspapers edited by white men circulate freely among both black and white. The consequence is easily discerned. We know the whites much better than they know us, with the additional advantage of knowing ourselves. We know how mean they are and how good they are! We are aware of their basest and their noblest traits. Most white people take the colored man for a joke. They believe us all minstrels, ready always for a jig, a slice of watermelon, or to bow and scrape. The black man who never laughs, the one who is always serious, this type they do not know. Equally ignorant are they of what we think of them, what we think of ourselves, and what we think of life. Our points of view

as express in newspapers, magazines and books of our men commonly do not reach them.

"Papers of all groups should have a wide reciprocity, especially those of a group that is circumscribed. A democracy can not afford to be ignorant of the ideals of any of its groups. For ignorance keeps people apart, intelligence brings them together.

"Preach the gospel to all people, 'but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' Begin with those about us, our white brothers. If they will not hear, if they will keep up the bars, if they reject the brotherhood of man—to live in a realm of equal opportunity for all—like other nations that rose on the enslavement of man, political and otherwise, America, too, will fall. Keep off this doom, preach that out of one blood God made all peoples that dwell upon the face of the earth, that we are not enemies, but brothers in sacrifice, love, and honor.

"Bring to their minds incidents like this which I am about to relate. An East Indian, who might have been regarded as the twin brother of a boy in the Sumner High School of Saint Louis, matriculated at a university located in this town. Yet the Sumner boy of the same build, with the same complexion and bewitching hair, whose fathers suffered and died that this Nation might be free, must keep without. He would not even be accepted as one of its janitors. Those who gave their lives that their Country might be free surely have died in vain, since they who have not suffered and bled for the Union, are more highly honored than those who did. Shall the undeserving continue receiving blessing, while the worthy are crushed under foot? No! These things shall pass away!

"To hasten the process, let us remember that God is no respecter of persons. We must be JUST like HIM. If a black man commit a crime, see that he is punished. If a white

man commits a crime see that he is punished. If a black man performs a noble deed praise him; if a white man performs a noble deed praise him. If a white man marries a colored woman or a white woman marries a colored man, let us remember that before God there is no difference. Both black and white are His. Persons so matched have braved much, have assumed greater responsibilities than others who marry. They dared unite with the one they loved.

"I know that I am walking on fragile ground, but let us keep stepping until we reach more solid soil. Commonly when these marriages occur, we look down upon them with scorn or dismay. The white person is ostracized and the colored nearly so. This condition, too, must change. Is it not the democratic ideal? If we are to have one country, must we not also have one morality. Can we have a united country with one morality for whites and another morality for blacks? Would human beings be little valued if white men who impregnate colored girls under age were prosecuted; if other white men who cohabit with colored women could marry them if they chose? Too long this practice has been characteristic of our land. When will man learn that justice is even-handed?

"If two persons of good health love and wish to marry, who should gainsay them, be they white or black, or white and black? I have met in my travels happy marriages of both sorts: the white woman and the colored man, and the white man and the colored woman. Seeing a mutual attachment being fondly expressed in the careful toil and sacrifice on the part of both for their children, whenever this democratic couple proves itself in a community, the neighbors should endeavor to break down all barriers and make these stalwart people their own.

"Let our reproach for the marriage between white and black vanish like a mist. Rather reproach the union of un-

equals, be they white, black, or black and white. On the other hand, when persons of relatively the same spheres and accomplishments choose to marry, our part is to make the union last. Some say these people quarrel. Not all do so. Yet how few marriages of any sort are without some differences? How many marriages of our peoples are absolutely without quarrels? Having seen many of these nuptials followed by unparalleled devotion, I can believe that before I taste of death that America will have one morality.

"Do not mistake that I am advocating intermarriage as a group ideal. Nothing is further from my purpose. I am merely saying that, if it happens, that is the affair of those two. I am simply indicating the evils which arise by forbidding by law intermarriage. The base miscegenation of slavery and another sort has not ruined us. Can a noble miscegenation do worse. At least it has not where it has been practised. What the Nation needs to become conscious of is that the government is an aristocracy, and no democracy at all. And as long as societies are aristocratic, morality is impossible.

"Our Heavenly Father, may we know that a man's a man; may we treat a man as a man; may we love a man as a man; and may we marry a man as a man!

"This is the test of our religion: our throats must be throats of love for all; our lives must be lives of love for all.

"A final consideration, a very important consideration, I now present. This, I hope, will set aright all particularities out of joint. Despite the pleasantness of romance, the basis of happiness seems to be economic. Poverty, we know, is the mother of vice, crime, and most uncleanness. Yet the adage says, 'Money is the root of all evil.' Not so. Rather the lack of money has been the root of most evil. I call this to mind because of what the Scripture tells of 'filthy lucre.' We must realize that not all lucre is filthy! We must lay up

treasure not only in an imagined realm, but even on earth, where moth doth corrupt and thieves break thru and steal. How otherwise can we prepare for our children's comfort in case we die prematurely, or prepare for old age?

"We must accumulate. To do this we must more and more enter those branches where money grows. Let us go extensively into the trades and business. If we want to get together, let us put our money together. This is what the Jews have done. If we have not the experience of financiers, let us get it as we get our churches and schools. Just tread the wine press. We shall not tread alone. Here and there our people are ready for a big enterprise. If these people having the desires of our hearts will not come close to us, let us come close to them. All need to march together.

"'No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself.' If this that we carry with us, our religion will extend itself into all phases of our community life.

"The white man has been deluding himself by thinking he does not need us. Similarly we have resolved to let him alone. But how can we do this? We need his business experience. He needs us at least to fight his battles. Besides, each will always have something to teach the other.

"Zangwill well portrays the spirit of America, to assimilate all people, in his play, 'The Melting Pot.' However, it lacks one element: America's most loyal folk, the colored people. The broth will not be right, unless these colored masses also simmer in that crucible.

"When then is the ultimate goal? The answer is simple. If we can live the life of Christ, the Church will extend its influence to every man. Our battle will be won over night. When we become like God, no respecter of persons, we have life, we give life, we save life. Thus our building can never fade away."

CHAPTER VII.

Society is in a conspiracy to keep persons from being individuals.—Emerson.

The Reverend Mr. William Smith had made a good speech. Good? So some said, but others that it heretical. What could have happened to the 'prophet of Sinai Striae?' Who expected anything like this? Despite the consternation he had caused, no one left the auditorium during the course of the address. No one even dared interpose; for just when ire was aroused by a statement seemingly irreligious, the Holy Spirit seized the speaker and his hearers, thrilling them with sacred emotion. No one called the speech ineffective; all felt that the racial issues in the main were sound. The greatest difference of opinion bore upon the apparent atheism of the clergyman.

"What could have possessed Rev. Smith? We lookt for one of the good old sermons to take us out of self and lift us upon the rock of eternal ages," said Reverend Caldwell, the president of the convention.

"Yes," agreed Reverend Williams, secretary of foreign missions, "I lookt for something different myself. I admit tho, that we have been edified, baffled, and mystified, and have considerably lost our bearings. Mr. President, for this reason, while I'm on my feet I want to offer a suggestion. Suppose we depart a little from our usual way of closing the convention. Let us dispose of some of our afternoon work, as the committees are ready to report and close the afternoon session with a discussion of Reverend Smith's address. You know

we must discuss it and then take action on his suggestions. We should have our dinner hour for reflection upon it. Mr. President, I move that we do this." The motion carried.

At the close of the morning session, the delegates did not go at once to dinner, but divided themselves almost automatically into three groups, the better to discuss the young minister's remarks; conservatives, progressives, and radicals. Such a spontaneous arrangement was a natural prognostic that theological belligerency was in the air. Each group aglow with enthusiasm and determination to carry the others was untiring in effecting a thoro organization. These groups were maintained at the tables and continued up to the time of afternoon meeting. With plans definitely arranged, the groups lost their identity in the general assembly. As the members assembled with unusual promptness, devotionals suffered no interruption. The president then declared the convention ready for business.

"Mr. President," began Rev. Monroe, leader of the conservatives, properly to discuss the address of our dear brother, we should be strictly parliamentary. We need a motion more definite than any that has as yet been proffered. I therefore offer the following. He read his motion and forwarded it to the recording secretary. It ran thus: "Resolved, that the Convention withdraw the hand of fellowship from Reverend Smith, pastor of Sinai Shrine, thus depriving him of all privileges and distinctions which accrue to a member of this organization. This shall mean that he can not represent here or can his church send delegates, that no minister enrolled with us shall preach in his church, nor shall he preach in any church as a pastor enrolled with us; that our members may not attend his church, and his members may not commune with us. This withdrawal is to be effective until he is removed from the pastorate of Sinai or until he renounces the main

tenets of his address which conflict with our articles of faith.' The motion was seconded and at the call for unreadiness the discussion began.

The radicals had hoped to get in a resolution first, but the conservatives had been the more alert. Now each group tried to get recognized. Eight or nine speakers arose simultaneously, appealing, "Mr. President." As recognition under these circumstances was utterly impossible, Rev. Caldwell said, "Gentlemen, you are about to be disorderly. Please be seated. Remember that order is heaven's first law. I know that we are assembled in extraordinary session. I am aware that all are eager to handle the order of the day; but let us proceed aright. Rise one at a time, proportion your speech so that every one may have a chance, and move on with dispatch. I'm ready to go on."

Again a conservative won the floor. It was Rev. Stone, pastor of Shiloh, who remarked, "Mr. President, in this matter we want to be fair. In requesting a withdrawal of the hand of fellowship, we need to state the charges, and have the accused brother make his defense. For that purpose, I rise." He stroked his grizzled beard, nodded his head several times, and then cleared his throat.

"We feel," he continued, "that the dear brother has forfeited his place among us, because he has not respected our traditions—doctrines which we have cherished and revered for many decades. Some of his utterances hark back to infidelity. The notorious Robert Ingersoll could not have said worse. For instance, the young man said, 'God is waiting on us and we are waiting on him.' Thus he tries to impute to the Holy Father idleness—He who started light to dazzle in the sun, to sparkle in the stars, to flash in capricious lightning. He who poured the waters forth from His radiant throne to make the fertile earth—my God began His work

in eternity and has never sto^pt." He spoke with great emphasis.

"Amen, amen," was an uproarious response coming from various parts of the assembly. "Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise His name!"

"Mr. President," Rev. Hillard, a radical, appealed.

"Rev. Hillard."

"Mr. President, I rise to ask the speaker a question."

"Rev. Stone," asked the president, "do you permit a question?"

"I do," was the reply.

"My dear Sir," sought Rev. Hillard, "have you not yourself by your utterance just now overstept the margin of these same traditions for which you seek to withdraw the hand of fellowship from Rev. Smith? You yourself just said that God has never sto^pt His work. Did not Brother Smith say the same. The Bible has us to understand that God rested on the seventh day. This, you even deny, tho Christ himself said, 'Tis finish.'"

"Furthermore, when we are trying to have sinners to decide to follow Christ, don't we say that God, that the Spirit is waiting for you to repent; that God, that Christ stands at the door patiently waiting?"

"Mr. President," remarked Rev. Stone, the learned gentleman knows that tho I may err in some of my remarks, our conception of God is as one prompt to act, industrious, good and just. Rev. Smith has implied that God neglects His children, that God is unjust. Did he not say in quoting Tagore, "When gods fail to help their children, men must come to their assistance?" What does this argue but the negligence of God, what but His injustice? Thus I lay before you the charge that Rev. Smith is wholly unorthodox. If I am wrong,

let my reverend chatechilar or 'the prophet of Sinai Shrine' himself prove it."

"Mr. President," began Rev. McVicar, another conservative of the most uncompromising type, "we must sustain our co-worker in his charges." He almost roared with his heavy bass.

"Amen, amen," came back many responses.

The distinguished pastor continued, "Rev. Smith today has been as heterodox as a Turk reeking with Christian blood, and as ingratiating as a hog in a lady's chamber. He challenges God's answering in His own good time. If a human being can not wait for the All-wise, for the overhating Father, the Prince of Peace, to answer his prayer, not only is he unfit to preach, for the salvation of men, unfit to be a doorkeeper in the house of my Lord, but is unfit to claim allegiance to the Christ."

"Verily, verily I say unto you, Rev. Smith, you must be born again."

"Hallelujah, praise the Lord," the delegates shouted in various parts of the assembly.

The enthusiasm flowed profusely with violent inundations, as is the custom, when true religious fervor is provoked. Nearly every representative wanted to speak at once. Many arose, but like a meteor flashing unawares to vanish and give way to orbs of more lasting grandeur, they spoke and were admired for their brilliancy, but the gaze of all was fast upon the men of great renown with hope as for a coveted light. The meeting surged with cheers for each respective group, but how could one doubt the hearing of men untouched, unseasoned by the lives of diversified thinkers, trampled by the radiation of one class, and, therefore, hostile to new truth?

Then came forth the Rev. Stamford, a man of somewhat progressive views, "Mr. President, the disension evoked this

morning may have some just basis I do believe. The clamor of metallic tongues, however, and hearts brazened with duplicity, and coated with envy for a man who has turned his back upon the night, needs scant consideration. Yet those who love the truth, who believe that even the Church must step ahead, value the many contributions of our distinguished young man. Who can deny that we must reshape our ideas to adjust ourselves to this complex life? Must we not rethink our attitude towards the great issues mentioned by Reverend Smith: social equality, intermarriage, mixed schools, newspapers, and business? Consider, for instance, the prevailing conception and denial of any desire for social equality, harking back to our ancestors of recent generations, suffering in indecent slavery. They desired not to live in the cabin, but in the big house, they desired not to have corn meal all the time but an occasional taste of magic flour. Life was not merely the fiddle and the dance, but labor and rest, leisure and travel, and schooling. All these our forefathers desired. What was this to them other than social equality?

"Since we, however, have had advantages of school, have lived in other years, and other climes, our conception of social equality can not be theirs. We include the right to vote and hold office. We go even further than that. If we shall have democracy here, we must not be many nations, but one with liberty and justice for all.

"To this extent I agree with Rev. Smith; and with him I contend that the laws of the South preventing intermarriage of individuals of different races, is autocratic and therefore subversive of democracy, that it prostitutes not only our women but the women of our white brothers, increases crime and moral degeneracy. So far am I with my noble and able friend.

"When he says, however, of my Redeemer, of Him who has cast countless worlds into space, that we do not know the will of our Father who is in heaven, and that it is not

worth while trying to find it out, we meet at the parting of the ways," he spoke with great fervor.

"Amen, amen," the responses arose and continued for quite a while. Rev. Smith sat still, almost stolidly through all these remarks. He did cast, nevertheless, a casual glance at the various speakers.

"Do we know the will of God?" Rev. Stamford seemingly asked his entire audience.

"Yes, we do. Praise His name. Yes, we do."

"Do we not know that out of Chaos God formed the universe, that by making plants and beasts and man He willed us life? Do we not know that before he created man, according to His Holy and everlasting will he determined that Christ should come, that the word should be made flesh and dwell among us? Was it not His will, that Christ should teach 'Love thy neighbor as thy self? Is it not God's desire that we should love one another, that we should love our enemies? Is it not worth while to try to learn more of this, that our light may shine?"

"Amen, amen."

"Rev. Smith," concluded Rev. Stamford, "I love you. I want you to succeed. And the some of your utterances seem untimely and apostatic, I know that you are sincere. I am fully aware that not a word was spoken to disrupt this convention, but to spur it to larger usefulness. I look upon you almost as a lone star on a gruesome night, almost as a beautiful flower in a trackless desert. We must admire you because you are rare. I will not vote against you. It takes a brave man to do what you have. You have said these things because you believed them. Now if the hand of fellowship should be withdrawn, do not be dismayed, God is ever with you. True we have a covenant, but if we were to question every minister here and each would be as frank as you, we

should find, I am afraid, as many different interpretations of that covenant as there are ministers present. Let anyone deny that we do not differ as to our fundamental doctrines!" The conservatives squirmed. They wanted to speak, but Rev. Stamford would not yield.

"The matter, however, which you need to rethink is your categorical, that we do not know the will of God and that it is not worth while trying to find it out. In your defense, I should like for you to touch upon this." Thereupon, the speaker sat down.

Now for the first time a radical gained the floor. He had been sitting nervously trying to get recognition. When the chance eventually came, he arose and said with the air of a braggadocio, "Mr. President."

"Rev. Gaston."

"Dear Christian Friends, members of the convention, you know what I am going to say. For several years you have called me an extremist and said that my folks have no religion at Mount Hareb. Well, if we don't have much religion, we do have something. We have the largest and most beautiful structure in the state as well as the biggest congregation. Besides, my people are doing the most missionary work at home and abroad. Friends, my folks have religion; I have a little religion myself. I certainly burn with love for Christ." The delegates smiled.

"I have no speech to make, I merely rise to commend Sinai Shrine. I will answer, however, the preceding speaker. Rev. Stamford, is not God unknowable? The history of the world has assuredly been a search for God. Each generation learns more of Him. And in that great day, or thru the ages, when it is our pleasure to see Him not thru a glass darkly, but as He is, shall we know Him?" He almost shouted. "Friends, we shall not, but we shall become better and better