THE WORLD, THE CHURCH, AND THE DEVIL

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The world, the church, and the devil by John Archibald Morison

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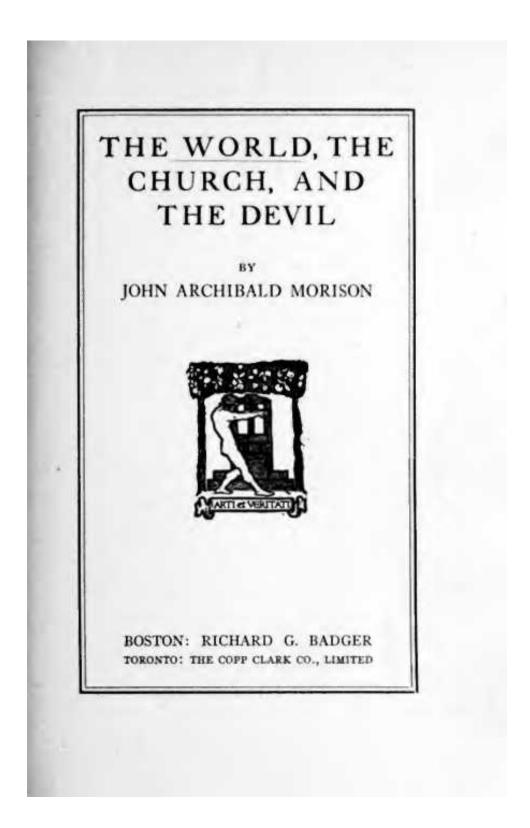
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JOHN ARCHIBALD MORISON

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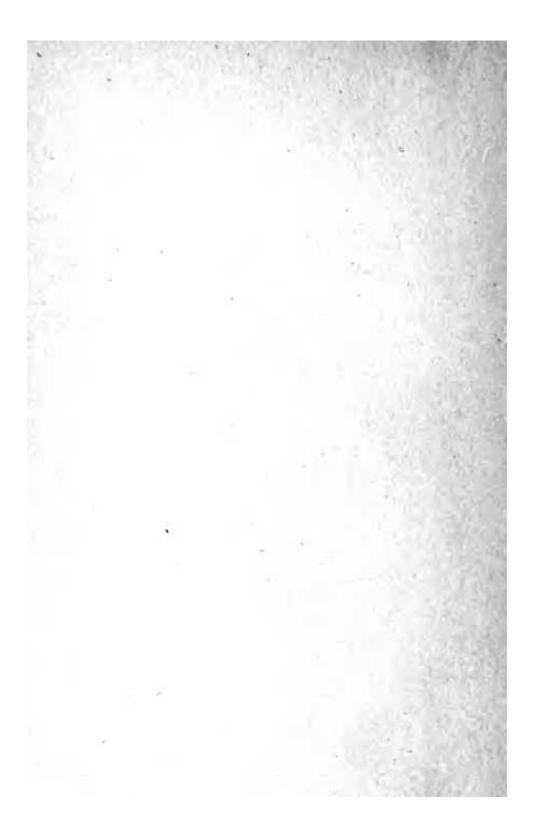
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CHAPTER I

TRAVELERS

CHANGE for Millerton, Barry, Morningside and Mapleton; this car goes to Port Huron and Chicago," sang out the brakesman on the fast express that came rushing into Safford Junction from the East. He had scarcely pronounced these words when a young man dressed in black, seated near the center of the car, leaned over and hurriedly thrusting a manuscript he had been reading into his grip with his large muscular fingers snapped it shut. It was a chill morning in the month of November and as he stepped off the car and quickly moved across the platform he was followed by a large squarely built man and two ladies who leisurely made their way in the same direction. As they