

**BELLE JONES: A
STORY OF
FULFILMENT**

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Belle Jones: A Story of Fulfilment by Allen Meacham

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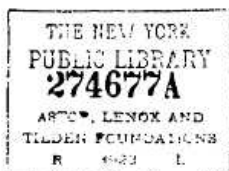


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*Be like the bird, who, halting in his flight
Awhile, on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath him, and yet sings:
Knowing that he hath wings.*

—VICTOR HUGO.

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BELLE JONES

A STORY OF FULFILMENT

I

JONES was the name her father gave her. It was not accompanied by food, clothing or respectability. Her mother presented her with Mehetabel, which, according to the dictionary, means "Benefited of God." But not even the little pickaninnies that swarmed about the pile of boards the white family called home could have pointed out any way in which the baby huddled in the corner of the tumble-down, two-room shack was, or was likely to be, bene-

fited. A public school teacher, who meant well, shortened Mehetabel to Belle, which is synonymous with beautiful. Belle Jones' physical make-up was as hit and miss a collection of parts necessary to a human body as the cups and plates and vegetable dishes composing the Jones' dinner service, given to Mrs. Jones by those for whom she washed and scrubbed.

So outraged by Fate, it seemed as if Belle Jones had nothing to live for. But optimistic youth is never without its ambitions. Before she was thirteen Belle decided that Life should bring her what it had denied her mother: Wealth and a husband who loved her. Then, unexpectedly, the possibilities of another conception

were flashed on the sensitized plate of childhood, possibilities which, to the young girl, furnished an ideal that obliterated all her other ambitions. Belle was going to be an Immortal Poem.

When Belle got the conception she got it with an almost inconceivable accuracy and intensity, although the poetic young minister who gave it to her, according to his own statement, was unable to comprehend the height or depth or length or breadth of it.

"For we are His poems," he read from the tenth verse of the second chapter of Ephesians as the text for the third of a series of sermons that marked the beginning of his pastorate of the First Church. And when he read it everybody sat up and listened.