

**HAMILTON, BISHOP FRANKLIN E. E.**



was let into his room alone where my friend and your friend lay like a recumbent statue, so strong and manly and as if asleep, and I said softly, "Friend, brother," but he was fast asleep and I did not waken him, but softly said, "I will see you another morning," and passed out into the sunshine blurred with my tears.

And our brother is out on that landscape without the city where the leaves never will have autumnal tints nor come to withering but where all the winds that blow are winds of spring and where the Shepherd of Souls leads His flock out in pastures infinite, where they are shepherded by the Voice of God.

A friend of mine, a minister, was at his soldier son's death bed, when the boy sleepily said, "Kiss me goodnight, Daddy, kiss me me goodnight," and his father leaned over and kissed his boy on the face and softly, tearfully, replied, "Goodnight son." But his Heavenly Father kissed the soldier boy awake in the morning. So was Franklin Hamilton kissed asleep by the wife of his heart, but kissed awak by the Lord of his Life and dwells with much smiling in the Everlasting Day.

## Bishop Franklin Hamilton

### STATEMENT BY THE BOARD OF BISHOPS

Bishop J. F. Berry

Bishop Franklin Hamilton anticipated the keen pleasure of acting as host to his brothers in the episcopal office on the occasion of their meeting in this city last week. He kept up the strenuous work of his program for the Pittsburgh Area and of preparation for the meeting of the Board of Bishops until Monday night, when he lectured in Asbury Church, after having spent Sunday in Wheeling, pushing the West Virginia Conference Claimants' campaign. On Tuesday that insidious menace to life, pneumonia, took hold upon him and, after five days of delirious battle, conquered.

On Sunday, May 28, 1916, Franklin Elmer Ellsworth Hamilton was consecrated to the office and work of a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, following his election by the General Conference on May 19. He was assigned for residential supervision to the Pittsburgh Area and for two years he had devoted his rare gifts, highly cultivated by the best schools and extensive travel, to the manifold, difficult and strenuous tasks of the episcopal office. After he had presided in the three Conferences of his area in the fall of 1916 the "Advocate" reported the auspicious beginning of his work in these words:

Bishop Franklin Hamilton is here with a defined area of three strong Conferences in the heart of the nation and of Methodism. He came to his kingdom, however, not as resident Bishop, but as president of the three Conferences which he has just held in as many consecutive weeks. It is simply to state the truth to say that he has won the hearts of the leaders of the people called Methodists in this region, the preachers and laymen who attended the Conference sessions this year. He has shown himself gracious, strong, discriminating, commanding and efficient. He was among the brethren as a brother. In his addresses he was very much more than pleasing though he was that in an eminent degree; he touched the depths of the best Methodist and human feeling; he stressed the vital truths of the Christian religion and interpreted them in the thought of the age. He faced very difficult situations in two of the Conferences but in a brotherly way showed himself master.

In the manner thus indicated he had gone forward through the two years, dealing in the most brotherly and chivalrous way with preachers and people, not shrinking from any of the hard tasks of leadership, putting himself under all the burdens of the church in a region which presents all the problems of evangelism and social service, giving every ounce of his strength to the enterprises which he inherited or inaugurated, facing bravely the critical situations which these strange days of conflict and confusion have created and looking forward to the mighty tasks of the days when the peace of righteousness shall have come to the world. The Church in this area and throughout the world has suffered a keen loss in the death of this gifted and princely leader who was at the zenith of his power and usefulness.

In his residence of two brief years he had impressed himself upon the life of this city, and the leading dailies paid unstinted tributes to him in their editorial departments.

Born in Ohio, the son of the Rev. W. C. P. Hamilton, of the Pittsburgh Conference, Bishop Hamilton was educated in the Boston Latin School, Harvard University, Boston School of Theology, and in Berlin and Paris.

He was married in 1895 to Mary Mackie Pierce, who with two sons and one daughter survives him. Edwin, the older son, is in the artillery service in France. Arthur is a student at Harvard, and Elizabeth, the young daughter, is with her mother. Mrs. Hamilton had endeared herself to many in this community, and with her family has the sympathy of all. The whole Church will share in the poignant grief of Bishop John W. Hamilton, who has been as a father to this gifted younger brother, over whose education and career he has watched with tenderest solicitude, great satisfaction and ardent expectation.

Four years ago when the Board of Bishops was assembled in semiannual conference at Washington we were startled by the announcement that one of our number had suddenly been called. We were plunged into inexpressible sadness because Bishop Charles W. Smith, knightly soul, had left us. Though our recent meeting had formally adjourned, nearly all its members were still in Pittsburgh, when we were startled and shocked by the news that the official host of our gathering, Bishop Franklin Hamilton, had been summoned from our midst. Each hour during the four days of our conference was one of painful anxiety, for we knew that our colleague was perilously ill. But the reports of skilled physicians and watchful friends made us hopeful of the outcome. We prayed together each day that if it could possibly be in harmony with the Divine will, our brother might be restored. We somehow expected he would be. Therefore, the startling news of Sunday afternoon came as a distinct and painful shock, and the statement is quite inadequate when it is affirmed that the sense of grief which the announcement brought to us was overwhelming and sincere.

Franklin Hamilton was one of the nine members of our board who were born in a Methodist parsonage. The traditions and spirit of Methodism were a part of the very fiber of his life. The doctrines and polity and activities of our Church had his uttermost approval and support. Bishop Hamilton had a nature that was singularly sensitive, sympathetic and poetic. His literary taste was exquisite. Many of his sermons and addresses were classics. It is no exaggeration to say that no Bishop of our Church ever came to his work with larger scholastic equipment. As a preacher he was eloquent and effective. As an administrator he was discriminating and careful. Gentle, sunny, winsome, he made multitudes of friends. He was as true to his friendships as the needle is to the pole, and as loyal to the Church of his love as any man who has ever been intrusted with leadership.

The sense of sorrow in Pittsburgh is spontaneous and wide-spread. Though he was only fairly beginning his work here he had secured a remarkable grip upon the Church and the community. Throughout the Pittsburgh area this translated leader had already made for himself a large and commanding place. Thousands of our people throughout this whole region are in tearful sadness at this hour.

To Bishop John W. Hamilton our hearts go out in tenderest love. He was both a father and a brother to Franklin. During all years since the lad was left fatherless this devoted elder brother guided, inspired and blessed his life. How proud he has been of Franklin's growing influence, and how happy he has been in every succeeding achievement!

To Mrs. Hamilton, the daughter and the two sons—one in college preparing for the work which his father has laid down, and the other in France to do service under the flag for brotherhood and righteousness, we offer our heartfelt sympathies, and we unite in the prayer that our Father may most graciously comfort and sustain them and the other members of these stricken families.

"This is a calamity," a strong man exclaimed, when he heard the news that Bishop Hamilton had gone. A calamity! Yes, so it seems from the earth side. He was yet in the noonday of life, so strong, so buoyant, so active, so hopeful, so useful! He seemed to be needed so much! Why should a splendid career have been suddenly cut short? Looking upon the earth side, we can not tell. It is all a dark mystery. But there is another side. That is the heaven side. Some day we shall understand. Then we shall clearly see that it was well. Then we shall approve. Then we shall rejoice that an administration which seemed so disappointing and inexplicable—almost cruel—was really an administration of tenderness and mercy and love.

## Gather Up the Fragments

Bishop J. F. Berry

"Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost."

This principle of economy can well be applied to time. It is our most valuable possession. Time is opportunity.

It is absolutely startling how many persons place no value on time. They invent devices to fritter it away. This pleasure and that, this meaningless conversation and that, a thousand things without gain or advantage, only so long as they help spend the time. For this purpose silly books are read or worthless companionships are formed.

The reason for all this is a failure to realize the real purpose of life. Such persons have failed to see that time is God's gift in which to work out our destiny. It is to be used for the enlargement of self and the good of others.

Jesus, our great type, felt this. With him the very moments were precious. "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; for behold, the night cometh when no man can work."

All men who have waked to see how serious a thing it is to live have felt the priceless value of time. John Wesley having to wait ten minutes for a coach, stamped his foot on the ground and said, in a tone of deep regret: "I have lost ten minutes forever." If we must give an account for every idle word, we must, also, for every wasted

and idle moment. On the dial of the clock at Oxford are the true and solemn words: "The hours perish and are laid to our charge."

It is remarkable what one can do by treasuring the fragments of time. Counting 313 working days to a year and eight hours to a day, he who loses twenty minutes daily loses thirteen days in a year. He who wastes thirty minutes daily loses nineteen days, four hours and a half. While the man who lets an hour a day slip through his fingers throws away thirty-nine days a year. That is one year in every eight. Let this one hour a day be devoted to study, to good reading, to prayer, or to helpful ministries—think what could be accomplished! What self-improvement could be gained! What benedictions for others! Any person who would spend an hour a day in thoughtful, earnest work can in a few years become well versed in any department of study to which he gives himself. He can commit the vital parts of the Bible to memory. He can achieve a spiritual elevation which will make his very presence a power. And if he employ this hour in Christian labor, he can bless thousands by his helpful ministries. To appreciate the worth of the minutes and hours is one of the vital achievements of life. Let us carefully gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

## The Cry of the City—The Answer

M. Wilma Stubbs

"I have heard their cry, and am coming down to deliver them."

"Thy brother's blood crieth to me from the ground," was God's answer to Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Ye are of one blood—ye are brothers," is the answer which the Father of all mercies in the twentieth century makes to the insistent cry going up to heaven from avenue and boulevard, from narrow by-street and the tenement which echoes strange tongues. "The captain of industry, the breaker-boy at the coal-mine, the bobbin-girl in the factory are essentially and fundamentally one. Once touch men's souls with this sentiment and the inequalities and wrongs of life will ultimately disappear." The glory of the Christian life lies in this, that we find ourselves co-workers with Christ in the establishment of that to which Jesus gave his life, the kingdom of God.

It was said of certain workmen of an earlier time that "they wrought faithfully," and at another time it was said: "They reckoned not with the men into whose hand they delivered the money to be bestowed on workmen; for they dealt faithfully." Jesus toiled at the carpenter's bench—in what spirit we know. When he was called to a larger mission, despite opposition, injustice and misunderstanding, he finished that which was given him to do, though even his disciples knew not then that it was so. St. Paul admonished the Gentile Christians to do all to the glory of God. Whatever the conditions under which the wage-earner is made to labor, we can not think that these are sufficient to excuse careless or faithless service. "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

But to the men of to-day even as to those of the first century Christ sounds his warning and offers his summons. "To whom much is given of him shall much be required." "And this commandment have we from God, That he who loveth God love his brother also." "The laborer is worthy of his hire." He who delighted in the beauty of flower-flecked field and in the strength of the hills over which he journeyed without apparent diminution of his great physical vigor, loved the men and women who toil, and of the common people it is written that "they heard him gladly." One thinks of all this and is convinced that the movement for increased spiritual and physical power through life in the open is of God, that he is interested in Garden Cities and the growth of attractive suburban residential districts and in the newer spirit of

responsibility toward citizen and employee which those who have in charge the planning of factory and municipality are manifesting. Is it not true, also, that in so far as the spirit of Christ has been applied to the industrial and labor problems of our time, the results have proved the authority of our Lord's words?

The call of God's great out-of-doors is quite as much attracting the man of means as the day-laborer. "The open fields about the city are inviting occupancy and there the homes of the future will be. The city proper will not remain the permanent home of the people. If concentration of population seems destined to continue, it will be a modified concentration which offers the advantages of both city and country life."

The City Beautiful is, and is to be, heaven's answer to the cry of the citizen for that beauty which no student of nature can doubt God loves, the God who in the depths of the forest gives to the flower which blooms unseen a delicate coloring and wonder of penciling no artist has ever achieved. It is becoming a recognized fact that, other things being equal, democracy being given working freedom—attractive architecture, broad streets, trees and shrubbery and a coöperative spirit in securing general attractiveness in business and residential districts are a civic investment, a safeguard against contagion and an incentive to good citizenship.

In the struggle against the drink curse a score of organizations and the self-sacrificing devotion of individuals have won decisive triumphs. The temper of the times gives pledge of a better era. Yet nothing really worth while is won without a willingness to give one's best for the good to be gained. America must stand the test. "If such an hour as ye think not your Lord cometh." "Blessed are those servants whom he shall find watching" ready to fight with their Leader in unexpected conflicts and to make unthought of sacrifices for the sake of the common good. These shall enter into the joy of their Lord.

In the city prevention of evil through legislation and enforcement of legislation is of first importance. Of equal importance is the task of encouraging whatever serves as a means of prevention and as a substitute for what is less worthy. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Among child-saving agencies, after the home, the church and the school, the playground, child-study circles, mothers' clubs and the like are doing much to lead

## THE "SOCIAL" CHURCH

MUCH is said—and rightly—in advocacy of a sociable church. It is argued that the churches largely fail today because they are not warmly sympathetic with the ordinary man, or ready to extend the hand of help. It is true that some wealthy churches are but fashionable clubs, and some poorer ones are only mutual benefit societies. The clam-shell type of Christian, inclined to be reserved and exclusive, is but too common. Yet many churches—or at least individual church members—are making earnest efforts to draw near to, and to attract and cheer, the people around them.

Where good results in this line are not accomplished the trouble may lie in the fact that enough Christians do not do this sort of thing at one time, by concerted effort, or that purely formal—and often bungling—efforts are employed to reach surrounding humanity. The mere holding of "church socials," for example, does not render a church sociable. Personality and soul must be put into all these efforts if men are to be won, on their social side, to the fellowship of the church. A perfunctory round of calls by the pastor, or a periodic serving of dishes, will not of itself alone build up a church, at least of the right material. Heart as well as head must go into the social service of the church. Men must be courted, cultivated, and benefited as individuals, one by one, if the best results are to be attained. The "unit system" of building up a congregation is the best, after all.

There is such a thing as feeling after, and so effectually reaching, hungry hearts and starved souls. The truly sociable church is one permeated through and through with the spirit of love and of human sympathy. "All we

church that has been, on the side of the Allies, the greatest single force in arousing these democracies to the issues at stake. And it is to the church that they must look to find the interpretation of the war in the language and in the terms and spirit that will bring to these democracies the morale which alone will bring us the kind of a victory that we must have if the world is to be safe for free peoples.

The subtle attacks upon the church, both in the house of its friends and outside, are damaging to the cause of democracy at this very point. It has been going on from the beginning of the war, and persists in circles that certainly ought to be better informed. Not later than a week ago, for instance, the widely read and influential *New Republic*, in discussing "The Problem of Morale," took occasion to discount religion as a force in this respect. It admitted that "religion calls forth profound and noble emotion," but added that "many do not respond and in itself it is not sufficiently explicit to formulate the special political ideals for which this war is being fought." A statement this that is both false as to the vision and capacity of the church as to the war, and false likewise in its characterization of the issues of the war. And it is because of this very misinterpretation of the relation of the church to the basic causes of the war, that so many fail to see the place which the church has already filled in this world struggle and the strategic position it occupies with regard to its continuance and its final outcome.

This war is not political in the ordinary acceptance of that term.

*It is fundamentally a moral war. There are per se no questions of territory at issue. Territory is involved simply as it rests upon the moral question of the right of self-determination on the part of all peoples small as well as great. We are at war for ideals pure and simple.*

To say that religion under these circumstances is not in itself "sufficiently explicit to formulate the special political

It is not necessary to refer at this point to the direct contribution of the church to the successful waging of the war. That in itself is a most magnificent chapter. Its gift of funds and men for all phases of work, its response through the ranks of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Red Cross, and other organizations, has itself made possible the great achievements that are attributed to these forms of organized Christian activity.

*To criticize the church for lack of hearty response to the world war is to brand oneself either as ignorant of the facts or as wilfully ignoring them.*

The important thing, however, that must be emphasized just now in connection with all this, is the crucial position of the church in maintaining the morale of the nation. The church occupies at this point a place of supreme importance among all the forces and organizations of the Allied world. Free peoples will not long contend in this day for the acquisition of territory. If this were the question at issue it would be an easy matter to bring the war to an end. Political subdivisions based on nothing else than political advantage for this group or that, the various political phrases, such as the "balance of power," that have been as shibboleths in the past, are not sufficient today to arouse an entire world to sacrifices such as we are seeing at the present time. It is simply and solely the fact that a basic principle of righteousness is at issue that has called democracy to arms, and on this there can be no compromise. The free peoples of earth, realizing this, have drawn the sword and are willing to place all upon the altar in defense of that which is right.

The problem before the church in arousing the morale of the people is this very problem of keeping clearly before the people the moral issues of the war. All talk of peace thus far as it has come from the central Powers has ignored this fundamental fact. It has been based upon the old political idea of war, which rested upon questions of territory, in-

this showing and urge that we contribute our share to this very important fund. These colored Conferences never received such fine services from the Bishops as they are now receiving, and we should be willing to do our share.

**BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON**

Methodism received a distinct shock when the news was flashed over the wires Sunday, May 5, that Bishop Franklin Hamilton, after five days of illness, had died. We were not at all prepared for this news. When he was elected to the Episcopacy two years ago, from every human standpoint it was prophesied that he would have a long and successful term in the Episcopacy. He was an athlete by training; a man of careful habits, educated in all of the fine arts of living. We had every rea-

impressed himself upon the life of this city, and the leading dailies paid unstinted tributes to him in their editorial departments."

Because of his large training and wide experience, the whole Church expected him to be one of the outstanding Bishops of the Church. Bishop Berry, in referring to him, said "That no Bishop of our Church ever came to his work with a larger scholastic equipment." He was a prince among men, a brother beloved and a true knight of Methodism.

There was great joy in the General Conference at Saratoga when his election to the Episcopacy was announced, but, perhaps the happiest man of all was Bishop John W. Hamilton, the brother, and in some sense the father, who cherished the fondest hopes that he would see his younger brother succeed him in the Episcopacy. Bishop John W. Hamilton was the senior of Bishop Franklin Hamilton by twenty-one years. He was largely responsible for the very fine training which the younger Bishop had enjoyed.

Bishop John W. Hamilton was born in Virginia, but Bishop Franklin Hamilton was born in Pleasant Valley, O. Their father was a Methodist preacher, an itinerant. Up to Bishop Franklin Hamilton's death we had nine Bishops who were born in Methodist parsonages.

The date of his birth was August 9, 1800. He graduated from Harvard with a degree of A. B. in 1887, and was class orator and Commencement speaker. He graduated from Boston University in 1892 with the degree of S. T. B. and won his doctorate in philosophy from the same institution in 1900.

He studied in the University of Berlin for nearly three years. In 1905-6 he made a trip round the world to study missions and religion. He has written extensively as the results of his trips, and has lectured widely before historic societies and conferences.

He was an author of considerable note. He prepared the Hand Book of Bibliography that was used in the celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of John Wesley. Later he published "Why the Pilgrim Fathers Came to America," "The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of Harvard College," "The City of Incarnation," "The City of the Future."

Bishop Hamilton was a professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Chicago from 1887-88. He was ordained in the Methodist Ministry in 1892 and was assigned to East Boston where he organized and built a Methodist Church, serving this congregation three years. For three years beginning in 1895 he was pastor at Newtonville, Mass., and for eight years beginning 1900 he was pastor of First Church in Boston, and from 1908 to 1914 he was a member of the American University.

Bishop Franklin Hamilton is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Alice Hamilton, of Boston, Mass., who was born in 1847.



**BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON, D. D., L. L. D.**  
BORN

Aug. 9, 1800  
Pleasant Valley, Ohio

DIED  
May 5, 1918  
Pittsburg, Penn.

son to expect that he would live so long, but such is not the case. He has been working to the full limit of his strength since his election to the Episcopacy, and the achievements in the Pittsburgh area testify to the wisdom of his leadership, the clearness of his thinking and the warmth of his heart. The Pittsburgh Advocate, referring to his death, said:

He had gone forward through the two years, leading in the most brotherly and loyal ways, ways in which preachers and people were being made more and more united and



**BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON, D. D., L. L. D.**  
**BORN** || **DIED**  
**Aug. 9, 1866** || **May 5, 1918**  
**Pleasant Valley, Ohio** || **Pittsburg, Penn.**

son to expect that he would be with us for a long time, but such is not the case. He has been working to the full limit of his strength since his election to the Episcopacy, and the achievements in the Pittsburgh area testify to the wisdom of his leadership, the clearness of his thinking and the warmth of his heart. The Pittsburg Advocate, referring to his work, said:

"He had gone forward through the two years, dealing in the most brotherly and chivalrous way in which preachers and people, not shrinking from any of the hard tasks of leadership, putting himself under all the burdens of the Church in a region which presents all the problems of evangelism and social service, giving every ounce of his strength to the enterprises which he undertakes or inaugurated. Facing bravely the critical situations which these strange days of combat and confusion have created, looking forward to the mighty tasks of the days when the peace of righteousness shall have come to the world. The Church in this area and throughout the world has suffered a keen loss in the death of this gifted and princely leader who was at the zenith of his power and usefulness.

In his residence of two brief years he had

traveled round the world to study missions and religion. He has written extensively as the results of his trips, and has lectured widely before historic societies and conferences.

He was an author of considerable note. He prepared the Hand Book of Bibliography that was used in the celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of John Wesley. Later he published "Why the Pilgrim Fathers Came to America," "The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of Harvard College," "The Cup of Fire" and "Lodestar and Compass."

Franklin Hamilton was a professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Chattanooga 1887-88. He was ordained in the Methodist Ministry in 1892 and was assigned to East Boston, where he organized and built a Methodist Church, serving this appointment three years. For three years beginning in 1895 he was pastor at Newtonville, Mass., and for eight years, beginning 1900, he was pastor of First Church in Boston; and from 1908 to 1916 he was a chancellor of the American University.

Bishop Franklin Hamilton is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Mackie Pierce, their marriage taking place April 25, 1895. Three children also survive, Edw., the older son, who is now in the artillery service in France, Arthur, who is a student at Harvard, and Dorothy, who is with her mother.

As the bereaved brethren and sisters of our hearts go to their graves, likewise do we sorrow with the bereaved. May the sympathy we show the death of Bishop Franklin Hamilton is especially a great grief.





# Southwest Christian Action

ROBERT E. JONES, Editor  
THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN }  
Publishers

NEW ORLEANS, MAY 16, 1914



## Leaders In The Great Mission



Dr. S. Earl Taylor (left) is executive secretary and Dr. D. D. Forsyth (right) is chairman.

On these two men, more than on any one else, the vast accountabilities of the confidence in the enterprise that we know the quality of these leaders and are sure of their

Dr. Forsyth came out of the West two years ago and the General Conference, seeing



Dr. S. Earl Taylor (left) is executive secretary and Dr. D. D. Forsyth (right) is cha

On these two men, more than on any one else, the vast accountabilities of the cente  
 fidence in the enterprise that we know the quality of these leaders and are sure of their c

Dr. Forsyth came out of the West two years ago and the General Conference, seeing  
 and of a good courage, did not hesitate to give him charge of the greatly expanded ta  
 and Church Extension.

Dr. Taylor is a missionary executive by first intention. From the days of the young  
 twenty years ago, he has been dreaming ever new missionary possibilities and making  
 charged with the realizing of a dream so vast that it satisfies even his imagination and to

Summary prepared at the  
 San Francisco, California, 1951  
 This report is for the use of the

## Death of Bishop Franklin Hamilton

**A**NNOUNCEMENT of the death of Bishop Franklin Hamilton from pneumonia on Sunday afternoon at his home in Pittsburgh, comes as a shock to the church, as he had been ill but a few days, and in the ordinary course of events many years of service in the episcopacy were yet expected from him. He contracted a cold while lecturing a week ago Monday, which rapidly developed into pneumonia, and took a critical turn the night before he died.

Bishop Hamilton was born Aug. 9, 1866, at Pleasant Valley, O., the son of Rev. W. C. P. Hamilton. He early removed to Boston, however, his home after the death of his father being with his brother, Bishop John W. Hamilton, who was then a Boston pastor. Here he was educated, being graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1883, and from Harvard in 1887. In 1885 he was awarded the Old South prize for historical studies, while at Harvard he won both the Bowdoin and the Boylston prizes. He was also president of the *Crimson*, was on the literary committee of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, orator of his class, and a Commencement speaker. After teaching Latin and Greek for a time in the University of Chattanooga, he attended Boston University School of Theology, from which he was graduated in 1892. He studied also for three years in Paris and Berlin. He was given the degree of doctor of philosophy by Boston University in 1899.

Bishop Hamilton's ministerial career was spent wholly within the bounds of the New England Conference, with which he united in 1891.

He had served in East Boston and Newtonville, and at First Church, Boston. From the latter church he went to the chancellorship of the American University in 1908, where he remained until 1916, when he was elected to the episcopacy.

Bishop Hamilton married Miss Mary Mackie Pierce, daughter of Edward L. Pierce of Milton, in 1895, who survives him together with two sons, Edward Pierce and Arthur Dean, and a daughter, Elizabeth Louise. Aside from Bishop John W. Hamilton, he leaves two broth-

ers, Rev. Dr. J. Benson Hamilton of New York City and Mr. Wilbur Dean Hamilton, a Boston artist.

Bishop Hamilton's episcopal career was the briefest in the history of the church, with the single exception of that of bishop E. O. Haven, who died a little over a year after his election. Bishop Hamilton's work in Pittsburgh, as the *HERALD* has stated on several occasions, was attracting attention by its aggressive and constructive nature. He had given himself over to his task whole-heartedly, was surrounding himself with men of strength and vision, and was giving to his area a supervision and leadership that promised much for the future. Word

received from the Annual Conferences over which he presided uniformly spoke in the highest terms of his brotherly consideration and his effectiveness as a presiding officer.

Bishop Hamilton was widely known for his oratorical gifts and his intellectual attainments, and he was giving promise of a career of great usefulness in the episcopacy. His untimely death will be deeply mourned by a multitude of friends. We regret that the announcement of his death reached us so late—within three hours of the closing of our forms for the press that it is impossible to place the portrait of the bishop upon the cover of the *HERALD* or to deal as comprehensively as we would wish his life-work. The *HERALD* joins with the church at large in extending its most heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and in mourning the early death of one whose work in the episcopal office was begun so auspiciously. Arrangements have not been made for the funeral at this writing.



THE LATE BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON

## THE "SOCIAL" CHURCH

MUCH is said—and rightly—in advocacy of a sociable church. It is argued that the churches largely fail today because they are not warmly sympathetic with the ordinary man, or ready to extend the hand of help. It is true that some wealthy churches are but fashionable clubs, and some poorer ones are only mutual benefit societies. The clam-shell type of Christian, inclined to be reserved and exclusive, is but too common. Yet many churches—or at least individual church members—are making earnest efforts to draw near to, and to attract and cheer, the people around them.

Where good results in this line are not accomplished the trouble may lie in the fact that enough Christians do not do this sort of thing at one time, by concerted effort, or that purely formal—and often bungling—efforts are employed to reach surrounding humanity. The mere holding of "church sociables," for example, does not render a church sociable. Personality and soul must be put into all these efforts if men are to be won, on their social side, to the fellowship of the church. A perfunctory round of calls by the pastor, or a periodic serving of dishes, will not of itself alone build up a church, at least of the right material. Heart as well as head must go into the social service of the church. Men must be courted, cultivated, and benefited as individuals, one by one, if the best results are to be attained. The "unit system" of building up a congregation is the best, after all.

There is such a thing as feeling after, and so effectually reaching, hungry hearts and starved souls. The truly sociable church is one permeated through and through with the spirit of love and of human sympathy. "All we

church that has been, on the side of the Allies, the greatest single force in arousing these democracies to the issues at stake. And it is to the church that they must look to find the interpretation of the war in the language and in the terms and spirit that will bring to these democracies the morale which alone will bring us the kind of a victory that we must have if the world is to be safe for free peoples.

The subtle attacks upon the church, both in the house of its friends and outside, are damaging to the cause of democracy at this very point. It has been going on from the beginning of the war, and persists in circles that certainly ought to be better informed. Not later than a week ago, for instance, the widely read and influential *New Republic*, in discussing "The Problem of Morale," took occasion to discount religion as a force in this respect. It admitted that "religion calls forth profound and noble emotion," but added that "many do not respond and in itself it is not sufficiently explicit to formulate the special political ideals for which this war is being fought." A statement this that is both false as to the vision and capacity of the church as to the war, and false likewise in its characterization of the issues of the war. And it is because of this very misinterpretation of the relation of the church to the basic causes of the war, that so many fail to see the place which the church has already filled in this world struggle and the strategic position it occupies with regard to its continuance and its final outcome.

This war is not political in the ordinary acceptance of that term.

*It is fundamentally a moral war. There are per se no questions of territory at issue. Territory is involved simply as it rests upon the moral question of the right of self-determination on the part of all peoples, small as well as great. We are at war for ideals pure and simple.*

To say that religion under these circumstances is not in itself "sufficiently explicit to formulate the special political

it is not necessary to refer at this point to the direct contribution of the church to the successful waging of the war. That in itself is a most magnificent chapter. Its gift of funds and men for all phases of work, its response through the ranks of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Red Cross, and other organizations, has itself made possible the great achievements that are attributed to these forms of organized Christian activity.

*To criticize the church for lack of hearty response to the world war is to brand oneself either as ignorant of the facts or as wilfully ignoring them.*

The important thing, however, that must be emphasized just now in connection with all this, is the crucial position of the church in maintaining the morale of the nation. The church occupies at this point a place of supreme importance among all the forces and organizations of the Allied world. Free peoples will not long contend in this day for the acquisition of territory. If this were the question at issue it would be an easy matter to bring the war to an end. Political subdivisions based on nothing else than political advantage for this group or that, the various political phrases, such as the "balance of power," that have been as shibboleths in the past, are not sufficient today to arouse an entire world to sacrifices such as we are seeing at the present time. It is simply and solely the fact that a basic principle of righteousness is at issue that has called democracy to arms, and on this there can be no compromise. The free peoples of earth, realizing this, have drawn the sword and are willing to place all upon the altar in defense of that which is right.

The problem before the church in arousing the morale of the people is this very problem of keeping clearly before the people the moral issues of the war. All talk of peace thus far as it has come from the Central Powers has ignored this fundamental fact. It has been based upon the old political idea of war, which rested upon questions of territory, in-

#### FRANKLIN HAMILTON.

Bishop Franklin Hamilton was born in Pleasant Valley, Ohio, August 9, 1866, and received his A.B. degree from Harvard University in 1887. He received the degree of S.T.B. from Boston University in 1892, and Ph.D. in 1900. Nearly three years were spent in study in the universities of Paris and Berlin. From 1887 to 1888 Bishop Hamilton was a professor in Chattanooga University. In 1892 he was ordained to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal



Bishop Franklin Hamilton.

Church. He organized the church at East Boston in the same year, and from 1895 to 1908 was pastor of the following charges: Newtonville, Mass., and First Church, Boston. During 1905-1906 he made a trip around the world, studying the missions and religions. He

was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in Toronto in 1911. Bishop Hamilton has been chancellor and trustee of the American University, Washington, D. C., since 1908.

#### FRANKLIN HAMILTON.

Bishop Franklin Hamilton was born in Pleasant Valley, Ohio, August 9, 1866, and received his A.B. degree from Harvard University in 1887. He received the degree of S.T.B. from Boston University in 1892, and Ph.D. in 1900. Nearly three years were spent in study in the universities of Paris and Berlin. From 1887 to 1888 Bishop Hamilton was a professor in Chattanooga University. In 1892 he was ordained to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal



Bishop Franklin Hamilton.

Church. He organized the church at East Boston in the same year, and from 1895 to 1908 was pastor of the following charges: Newtonville, Mass., and First Church, Boston. During 1905-1906 he made a trip around the world, studying the missions and religions. He

was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in Toronto in 1911. Bishop Hamilton has been chancellor and trustee of the American University, Washington, D. C., since 1908.

#### Bishop Franklin Hamilton

Bishop Hamilton holds with Bishop Matt. S. Hughes the distinction of having a brother precede him on the episcopal board. He was born in Pleasant Valley, O., Aug. 9, 1866, his father being a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal



BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON

Church. He was educated in the Boston Latin School, Harvard University, from which institution he was graduated in 1887, and Boston University School of Theology. He holds the degree of doctor of philosophy from Boston University. He also studied several years in

Berlin University and in Paris. Bishop Hamilton has been a member of the New England Conference since 1891, his pastorates having been in East Boston, Newtonville, and First Church, Boston. He went from First Church to the chancellorship of the American University in 1908. He spent 1904-'05 in a trip around the world in the study of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He has been a member of three General Conferences and of the Ecumenical Conference. Bishop Hamilton was at one time president of the Old South Historical Society of Boston. He is the author of "Why the Pilgrim Fathers Came to America" and "The 250th Anniversary of the Founding of Harvard College." He has been heard throughout the church on many subjects, historical, literary, and religious, and is widely known as an orator of great ability and polish. The scene when he was greeted with an affectionate embrace by his brother, Bishop John W. Hamilton, with whom the younger bishop lived during his early years after the death of his father, was exceedingly touching. It brought enthusiastic response in a stirring demonstration from the Conference.

at them today. "They're very nice kittens," he said, "but I don't seem to care much for 'em this afternoon."

Then grandma got him the nicest little lunch, but there was a queer little lump in his throat so he could not swallow very well. He wondered what mother was doing now. It must be most supper time. He always helped her set the table. He didn't see how she could manage without him. And he was afraid grandma didn't know such nice little stories to tell him when he was going to sleep.

"I think I ought to go home," he said all at once. "It is most midnight and father will be home pretty soon. He and mother will be dre'fully lonesome without their little boy. It—makes me feel—all choked up—to think my mother and father are lonesome," and Bobby's big brown eyes were brimming over.

So, before mother had even started to get supper, a sturdy little figure came trudging back down the street.

"I've come home, mother!" he cried, as he rushed into her arms and kissed her over and over again. "Grandma's ever so nice, but I'd rather live with my father and mother than anybody else in the world."—Springfield Republican.

#### BELONGED TO HIM.

(Answers.) An angry mother had her little son by the hand, and held a menacing cane.

"I'll teach you to tie a kettle to the cat's tail," said the mother.

"It wasn't our cat," said the boy.

"No; but it was our kettle," said the mother.

lighted with them, but he hardly looked at them today. "They're very nice kittens," he said, "but I don't seem to care much for 'em this afternoon."

Then grandma got him the nicest little lunch, but there was a queer little lump in his throat so he could not swallow very well. He wondered what mother was doing now. It must be most supper time. He always helped her set the table. He didn't see how she could manage without him. And he was afraid grandma didn't know such nice little stories to tell him when he was going to sleep.

"I think I ought to go home," he said all at once. "It is most midnight and father will be home pretty soon. He and mother will be dre'fully lonesome without their little boy. It—makes me feel—all choked up—to think my mother and father are lonesome," and Bobby's big brown eyes were brimming over.

So, before mother had even started to get supper, a sturdy little figure came trudging back down the street.

"I've come home, mother!" he cried, as he rushed into her arms and kissed her over and over again. "Grandma's ever so nice, but I'd rather live with my father and mother than anybody else in the world."—Springfield Republican.

#### BELONGED TO HIM.

(Answers.) An angry mother had her little son by the hand, and held a menacing cane.

"I'll teach you to tie a kettle to the cat's tail," said the mother.

"It wasn't our cat," said the boy.

"No; but it was our kettle," said the mother.

Whole number cast, 815; defective, 10; total counted, 805; necessary for a choice, 537; no election.

Thomas Nicholson, 412; C. B. Mitchell, 337; M. S. Hughes, 333; Franklin Hamilton, 323; A. W. Leonard, 299; Herbert Welch, 293; E. S. Tipple, 285; C. E. Locke, 237; W. F. Odham, 199; Joshua Stansfield, 178; W. H. Crawford, 150; E. G. Richardson, 149; H. L. Jacobs, 145; R. E. Jones, 116; L. J. Birney, 111; W. F. Sheridan, 105; A. E. Craig, 104; M. S. Rice, 103; J. B. Hingley, 89; J. W. Van Cleve, 82; F. T. Keeney, 67; Benjamin Young, 66; J. L. Hillman, 64; H. C. Jennings, 63; D. G. Downey, 61; R. B. Umy, 59; F. M. North, 56; F. W. Luce, 56; E. S. Niide, 54; Edgar Blake, 53; J. M. Melear, 48; W. F. Conner, 46; J. G. Wilson, 37; F. W. Hannan, 34; J. W. E. Bowen, 28; D. D. Forsyth, 24, and a large number of others receiving lesser numbers, the total number of persons having one vote or more being 262.

#### Two Withdrew Their Names

Dr. Downey secured the floor on a question of personal privilege as soon as the vote was announced and stated emphatically that he was in no sense of the word a candidate for the episcopacy. "I wish this to be understood," he said, "as definitive and final." He was followed by Dean L. J. Birney, of Boston University School of Theology, who in as clear a statement thanked those who had voted for him, but said that under no circumstances could he leave the great task on Beacon Hill. "I ask that on future ballots my name be omitted." The second ballot was then taken.

#### Three Agents Instead of Four

An important report was presented from the

unites them all to the feet of God; and that is the prayer of Him who came to seek and to save the lost; and to bring a lost planet back to the feet of God. My brethren, if we can go out of this holy place in that spirit of prayer, we shall have accomplished a greater battle for our Lord than one of the great decisive battles of the world. Burgoyne surrendered here, and the work of the American Revolution had begun to be successful. Here today has been achieved a marvelous result. It is like two houses of Congress, each adopting a bill which then goes into conference. The points of agreement are many; the points of disagreement are few. Brethren, I pray that the whole Methodist body in this world may more and more see eye to eye, and that my venerable brother and myself may live jointly to stand together over the united General Conferences of

## The Death of Bishop Franklin Hamilton

The death of Bishop Franklin Elmer Ellsworth Hamilton at Pittsburgh, on Sunday, May 5, was a great shock to the church. His elevation to the episcopacy at the recent General Conference was the crowning recognition of his great capacities as a scholar, pastor, preacher, and man of affairs. He had been chancellor of American University at Washington, D. C., for a number of years, and was supported by a record of unusual success. From that position he was elected to the episcopacy.

He was born August 9, 1866, at Pleasant Valley, Ohio, the son of the Rev. William Patrick and Henrietta Hamilton. He was given every opportunity for education; was graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1883 and from Harvard in 1887. He attended Boston University School of Theology, from which he graduated in 1892. Later he studied in Paris and Berlin and received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Boston University in 1899.

His ministry was confined mostly to the New England Conference, during which time he married Miss Mary Mackie Pierce, daughter of Edward L. Pierce, of Milton, Massachusetts.

During his incumbency of the chancellorship of American University he became widely known as a master of assemblies, a scholar, and an eminently democratic man. His episcopal career was the briefest in the history of the church, with the exception of Bishop E. O. Haven, who died a little over a year after his election. However, during Bishop Hamilton's two years of supervision over the Pittsburgh area he succeeded in endearing himself to the hearts of the preachers and the members of the churches. He surrounded himself with men of strong vision, and wherever it was possible gave direct supervision to all matters pertaining to the area and assumed a leadership that gave vigor and vision to all the churches.

His illness came immediately preceding the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Bishops in Pittsburgh. During their session his serious illness cast a shadow over all their proceedings. His death came on the closing day of their gathering. His colleagues remained in the city for a service in his honor, and a number of them attended the family funeral service in his home city of Bos-

ton, Massachusetts, where he was laid to rest.

He leaves to mourn his loss his wife, two sons, Edward Pierce and Arthur Dean, and a daughter, Elizabeth Louise; also three brothers, Bishop John W. Hamilton, his brother beloved who was more than a father to him; the Rev. Dr. J. Benson Hamilton, of New York City; and Mr. Wilbur Dean Hamilton, a Boston artist. The entire church mourns his loss. Those who knew him personally loved him with a devotion worthy of a princely man. Deep-felt sympathy is extended to his family in the name of the heartiest Christian love.

### BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON—AN APPRECIATION

The Rev. Price Alexander Crow, Ph.D.

It will require many a long day to realize that our dear Bishop Franklin Hamilton is not with us and that "God has taken him." Our hearts are grieved beyond expression, for we loved him so dearly and even affectionately.

A study of his beautiful life illustrates perfectly the highest type of a Christian gentleman and scholar. These qualities made him a most lovable man and brother! He exhibited the Christ religion as the very best thing in all the world. The keynote of his character was a sublime, childlike faith in God and Christ's loving mercy. He was absolutely free from hurtful criticisms; invariably and at all times speaking with a heart full of praise and joyful appreciation of his brother ministers and all men.

He was possessed with a wonderful faith in our great world-wide Methodism, in our great American institutions, in the people, in himself, and, best of all, in God and the holy Christ. How lovable and beautiful in life he was! But he has gone into the valley bathed in eternal sunshine and has climbed the high steep that "slope through darkness up to God."

He left to his loved one in the home, all his kindred, and to us all, a rich legacy of a glorious manhood and an unsullied record. A life that says to us all, "This is the way, walk in it;" the way that leads to moral wealth, far above all material wealth, and which at last leads to heaven and to God.

### FRANKLIN HAMILTON.

Bishop Franklin Hamilton was born in Pleasant Valley, Ohio, August 9, 1866, and received his A.B. degree from Harvard University in 1887. He received the degree of S.T.B. from Boston University in 1892, and Ph.D. in 1900. Nearly three years were spent in study in the universities of Paris and Berlin. From 1887 to 1888 Bishop Hamilton was a professor in Chattanooga University. In 1892 he was ordained to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal



Bishop Franklin Hamilton.

Church. He organized the church at East Poston in the same year and from 1895 to 1908 was pastor of the following churches: Newtonville, Mass., and First Church, Boston. During 1905-1906 he made a trip around the world, studying the missions and religions. He

was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in Toronto in 1911. Bishop Hamilton has been chancellor and trustee of the American University, Washington, D. C., since 1908.

## Wilbraham Academy

# A PRODUCER OF QUALITY

### Devoted to the Education of

It was a strange providence that located so much of the nation's educational life in New England. Those old hills covered with pine, birch, cottonwood, and chestnut, have been as the convolutions of the nation's intellect from the early Puritans to the present time. Was it their supreme valuation of the training of the mind? Was it their insatiable thirst for learning? Was it a divine destiny that chose a region cool, with broken landscape, with heights and

consciousness, that did not hesitate to undertake tasks at which others had failed. The leaders there knowing the demand for intellectually trained men and the close relation between religion and mental culture, resolved to organize another educational institution. Such a venture might fail in any other section of the country, but it would not there. In the year 1817, at New Market, New Hampshire, a Methodist educational institution was organized, and later



Looks Good, Does n't It? The Boys Think So  
LIVING ROOM IN RICH HALL, WILBRAHAM ACADEMY

depths, with many valleys, and with hastening rivers, to produce a nation with calm head and calculating thought, that by nature rises above the dead level of the far-expanding plain, with a vision that scans the entire redolent heavens? New England has more colleges, universities, seminaries, and academies than any other section of the country, and the

transferred to Wilbraham, Massachusetts, where its location became permanent. From the banks of the Susquehanna to the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, from the matchless scenes of the Chesapeake to the hills of New England was a change to reckon with as a producer of life that found power to survive through the years. Now after

at them today. "They're very nice kittens," he said, "but I don't seem to care much for 'em this afternoon."

Then grandma got him the nicest little lunch, but there was a queer little lump in his throat so he could not swallow very well. He wondered what mother was doing now. It must be most supper time. He always helped her set the table. He didn't see how she could manage without him. And he was afraid grandma didn't know such nice little stories to tell him when he was going to sleep.

"I think I ought to go home," he said all at once. "It is most midnight and father will be home pretty soon. He and mother will be dre'fully lonesome without their little boy. It—makes me feel—all choked up—to think my mother and father are lonesome," and Bobby's big brown eyes were brimming over.

So, before mother had even started to get supper, a sturdy little figure came trudging back down the street.

"I've come home mother!" he cried, as he rushed into her arms and kissed her over and over again. "Grandma's ever so nice, but I'd rather live with my father and mother than anybody else in the world!"—Springfield Republican.

#### BELONGED TO HIM.

Answered: An angry mother had her little son by the hand, and he was

teaching him to be a look to the cats and to the mother.

"It wasn't our cat," said the boy.  
"No; but it was our look," said the mother.



## Funeral Services for Bishop Franklin Hamilton

THE funeral services for Bishop Franklin Hamilton were held on Tuesday morning, May 7, at eleven o'clock, in the auditorium of Christ Church, Pittsburgh. The church was filled with the sorrowing hosts of Methodism. The Red Cross Auxiliary, of which Mrs. Hamilton is an active member and which was at work in the church on that day, attended in a body, while the Methodist ministers of Pittsburgh and vicinity also filled another group of pews.

The service opened with singing by the church quartet of the hymn "For All the Saints Who From Their Labors Rest." The pastor of the church, Dr. L. H. Bugbee, then read the Scripture lessons from the Old and the New Testaments. Dr. W. S. Lockard, superintendent of the Pittsburgh District, who was in general charge of the services, offered a prayer that was vibrant with the general sorrow that all felt, but was charged with high hope in immortality. Dr. J. J. Hill read a finely

worded minute of appreciation from the Pittsburgh Preachers' Meeting. Dr. W. F. Conner, superintendent of the Allegheny District, made a brief address in which he dwelt tenderly upon the character of the fallen leader. The quartet then sang "O Love, That Wilt Not Let Me Go." Bishop Joseph F. Berry then read a chaste and dignified characterization of Bishop Hamilton. He was followed by Bishop William F. McDowell, who spoke intimately and personally a tribute of one friend to another. The service was concluded by the singing of "Jerusalem the Golden," and the benediction was given by Bishop McDowell. The whole service was exquisitely simple and beautiful and in harmony with the wishes of the family.

The following clergymen acted as honorary pall-bearers: Rev. Drs. J. J. Wallace, J. W. R. Sumwalt, Luther Freeman, Thomas Charlesworth, Lucius H. Bugbee, W. F. Conner, J. J. Hill, J. W. Cary, J. B. Risk, and W. S. Lockard. The active pall-bearers were Rev. Drs. B. B. Wolf, P. H. Murdie, L. D. Spaugy, Judson Jeffries, T. K. Fornear, and F. D. Esenwein. The loss of Bishop Hamilton is a serious one for Pittsburgh Methodism, which needed his leadership.

The body was cremated in Pittsburgh and the ashes buried in the bishop's family lot in the cemetery in Milton, Mass., on Wednesday. At the grave the service was read by Rev. A. C. Skinner. About twenty ministers of the New England Conference gathered.

### Franklin Hamilton

MRS. W. H. EASTON

He was a gentleman!  
Within his soul  
The spirit of the Master dwelt serene,  
Even of that Perfect One, whom he had loved  
And followed through the many changing  
years.  
Beauty of face,  
Beauty of form was his,  
But Heaven's white inward fire transfiguring,  
Informed that beauty with a steady light  
That "never was on land, nor yet on sea."  
His birth, his gentle breeding, mother given,  
Never low aim disgraced nor speech denied;  
But his whole earnest life made manifest  
A kingly heart. He was a gentleman!

Providence, R. I.

FRANKLIN HAMILTON was the last of the seven to reach the prize. But he gave more than he got. He gave a rich, true character. The office of bishop to him is but the die to the minted gold. Bishop John W. Hamilton is twenty-one years older than Franklin Hamilton. Their father was a Methodist itinerant of the heroic time. He died when Franklin was a mere lad. The bringing of the boy up was the elder brother's care. The consequence is, what I have so often observed, that Bishop John W. Hamilton could hardly speak of the one who had been at once son and brother without emotion. When I was surprised to see how remarkably Franklin Hamilton had been educated, the mystery dropped when I learned how this elder brother had prayed and sacrificed to map out the younger brother's life. Nothing could be too good.



Franklin Hamilton graduated at Harvard, at Boston School of Theology, then studied three years in Berlin and later in Paris. He took two years to go 'round the world with a special eye to our missions. His articles I secured for the CENTRAL, attracted wide attention because of their depth of observation, as well as brilliancy of style.

It runs in the Hamilton blood to be brothers to all human kind. I should say so! To judge a book by its cover they have neither learned. They are the assistants of the parsonage, the aristocrats of merit, the aristocrats of our common life. To honor them—as it used to be in honoring Grant and Lincoln—is to honor the stuff, and the conquests, of the common people.

By the way, at least four of the seven new bishops are sons of the Methodist parsonage! God bless those parsonages!

Franklin Hamilton was made chancellor of American University when he was but forty-one. He managed a most difficult and problematical situation with the greatest ability. He is now but forty-nine as he ascends to the episcopacy. He is an orator of depth and conviction, a spontaneous stylist because poetry is so deep a spring in his nature. He knows how to work. The latch-string will never be drawn in. Like his great brother, he will be a burden-bearer, willingly, vicariously, no matter how heavy it may ever be. He has a rare, great library: he will be an inspiration to all education; he will be the yoke-fellow of the humblest, he will work while it is day, and when the night cometh the last great reaper will find him at his work, by the light of the taper, and the inner light and passion of God's dear Son his Lord.

It is well with the Methodist Church that such true men are put in its seats of power. To them it is given to hold aloft the blood-stained standard and sound the call to a universal advance.

To others also is a work as great given—for with God there is no great and small, but all alike is great that is faithfully done. The thinker must burn again the midnight lamp, the editor must look abroad upon the earth, the educator must open again his desk, the toiler go to his every place in the vineyard. Anywhere, Lord Jesus, so but we fare forth with Thee. God bless the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Bride of the Lamb, that taketh away the sin of the world.

### Bishop-Elect Hamilton

Franklin Elmer Ellsworth Hamilton was born August 6, 1866, in Pleasant Valley, O., his father being the Rev. William F. Hamilton. He was educated in Boston Latin School, Harvard University, Boston University and the University of Berlin. He has held pastorates in Boston and Newtonville, Mass., and since 1907 he has been chancellor of the American University. He is the author of several books, the latest being "The Cup of Fire," published two years ago.

When men would force us to do wrong peace is sin. When men in our presence are wronging others peace is base. And sometimes when men are wronging us it is our duty for the sake of others, for the protection of the community, quite as much as for our own sake, to give battle and to fight hard. Yet we may be full of love all the time.

Nor does loving everybody mean that we are always to forget self. That would be to make love a blind enthusiasm; to use up our powers heedlessly, foolishly, in ill-adjusted service. Some care of self is necessary for the largest, truest, and really noblest self-sacrifice. Self-love is a duty, and we are not permitted to love others more than our true self.

Are we to love those that are thoroughly uncongenial and positively hostile to us? Yes; love in these directions includes doing good to such people, just so far as we can find or make opportunity; includes speaking pleasant things of and to them; includes praying for them. Christ commanded us to do just these three things, and also showed us how

## REV. JAMES MUDGE, S. T. D.

y, May 26, 1918 . . . . . Jesus Si  
 ie things that are Caesar's, and unto God the th  
 HOME AND THE FAMILY ALTAR: Monday, T  
 .17, 28-34. Wednesday, Sincerity and Liberality  
 iod, Ps. 116:1-14. Saturday, Respect for Autl

flesh and the embracing of the cross. Then trouble becomes not merely bearable but lovable and enjoyable, because we heartily accept God's will in it. Then may we know that we perfectly love Him. Love when intense casts out fear, turns duty into delight, makes heaven below.

Intellectually? Yes. Intelligence must come in. The more complete our knowledge of God, other things being equal, the fuller and firmer will be our love to Him. We cannot love where we do not know. A person who knows God imperfectly cannot love Him perfectly. Many a man with a very small knowledge of God has imagined he loved Him perfectly, but fuller revelations showed him a side of God's character with which he was not in complete harmony. Ignorance is a detraction from sainthood. Wrong tempers, as Wesley showed, are very sure to follow from wrong judgments. The attainment of morally perfect conduct or of close approximation to the Christ ideal does not come without much study. If we are babes in knowledge, without experience in the things of the spirit, our senses not properly exercised in the discernment of good and evil, our lives will not be edifying, however good our intentions. "A thoughtful love, through constant watching wise," is decidedly demanded. Only thus will our actions commend themselves either to God or men.

Increasingly? Yes. The degree of love which is sufficient when we begin the Christian life will by no means answer after we have had some years of

of the veterans, to give a Decoration Day.

It would seem impracticable to conceive how an entire city and surrounding country could have poured forth a more impromptu, spontaneous and hearty welcome to any man, than Kansas City gave T. R., as they love to call him. To attempt any description of the turnout, in this space, would be utterly futile. The crowd is more easily conceived as measured by acres, or blocks, of miles of streets, than by any count. The reception given to Mr. Roosevelt's utterances as he stood between Major Warner, Union veteran, and Colonel Stone, Confederate veteran, and spoke for a patriotism that is for peace, indeed, but ready to defend peace, by force, by arms, if need be. The meeting between Theodore Roosevelt and "Billy" Sunday was hearty and significant, and they sat side by side at dinner. Mr. Sunday held his service half an hour early, to give those who wished opportunity, to attend both meetings.

Convention Hall, which has witnessed so many great gatherings, was packed again to its utmost available capacity, and as many went away unable to get in.

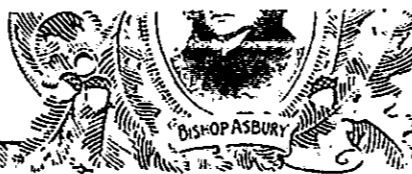
### The Day of Judgment.

"The outside world expects Methodism to unite."

These are the words of Dr. James W. Lee of St. Louis, and a leader in the Church, South, in a five-minute address to the General Conference.

"I want to say you are doing many interesting things, but I think the outside world agrees that the most supremely interesting thing you are doing is the consideration of the question of union of the Methodist Churches in America. I am not speaking so much as a representative of the Southern Meth-

## GENERAL CONFERENCE EPISCOPAL CHURCH



### Proceedings.

on last week

Never Touched the  
 ended to an encore  
 lled again, the quar-  
 g Low, Sweet Char-  
 'ttsburgh delegation

ninth ballot for bish-

ucceeded to take the  
 this was completed,  
 ken at 10:15 p. m  
 nounced by Bishop

AY—THURSDAY.

received a two-thirds' majority of all the ballots cast, is elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Bishops Anderson and Nuelsen escorted Bishop-elect Welch to the platform.

Bishop Hartzell pronounced the benediction, and the Conference adjourned to meet at 10 o'clock.

#### 10 o'Clock Session.

The Conference was called to order by Bishop Shepard, the presiding bishop of the day. "O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing" was sung. Allan MacRossie prayed.

The ninth ballot for bishops was announced. Total number of ballots count-

the beloved grows larger with each year of his stay. This winter he assisted in several services in nearly every Methodist church in the vicinity. One of the most successful services is the monthly union service of the congregation and Sunday-school. The young people are loyal and give excellent support to the pastor. The Wednesday night prayer-meetings are of lasting spiritual uplift.

The floods of ungodly men seemed to overwhelm the Christian forces of our city at the recent Real Law election; but it was not by the influence nor votes of the people called Methodists hereabouts. Every preacher was on the firing line and the lav-

# Bishop Franklin Hamilton.

By REV. W. F. CONNER, D.D.  
On Behalf of the Episcopal Area.

"I weep for Adonais—he is dead,  
Oh weep for Adonais,  
Peace! Peace! he is not dead, he doth  
not sleep,  
He hath awakened from the dream of  
life,  
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions,  
keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife."

The passing of Franklin Hamilton was  
as the darkening of the sun at noon-day.  
Somehow we must find our way out  
into the light.

Somehow we must persuade ourselves  
that some good sentinel from out the  
deep night of fear proclaims that "All is  
well."

Somehow we must recover from this so  
sudden crushing blow that has stunned  
our reason and near to broken our hearts.

For his task still incomplete now be-  
comes ours. All that his fertile brain  
planned and hopeful heart purposed,  
please God, under new leadership we  
shall achieve. His high resolves, in  
which we shared, are not yet brought to  
full fruition.

With steady keel, two years ago, un-  
der our good Captain, our Area Ship  
sailed out on what gave promise of a  
safe and prosperous voyage. Fair were  
the prospects, while the winds seemed  
all to favor us. The sky was blue above  
us, while the sea seemed not too troubled  
beneath us. Surely, we shall come full  
soon to a fair haven exultant.

"But oh heart! heart! heart!  
Oh the bleeding drops of red,  
When on the deck my Captain lies  
Fallen cold and dead!"

When first we were told as we gath-  
ered for that great patriotic assembly  
that Bishop Hamilton was dead, we re-  
fused to credit testimony. So utterly  
dissonant to all our jubilant note, so  
wholly contradictory to all our hopes and  
fond desires and longings for his re-  
covery, that we reasoned, What ought  
not to be true can not be true. So that  
after the first grasp as of pain under  
a cruel blow, we would fain have per-  
suaded ourselves:

"It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead."

But alas, alack!

"My Captain does not answer, his lips  
are pale and still."

But Franklin Hamilton was more than  
our beloved Captain, he was our fellow  
worker and our adored friend.

If my two years of intimate fellowship  
fits me to express an opinion, I venture  
to declare he would bid me tell you that  
he would not have us wait long at the  
shrine of grief. He would exhort you that  
he is troubled if for long our tears dim  
the vision of our task, our sorrow weaken  
our resolves, or our sadness slacken our  
endeavor.

Perhaps the first word that leaps to  
our lips as we think of Franklin Hamil-  
ton is chivalrous. He was a Knight  
high-minded, kind-hearted. In him were  
all of courteous grace with manly dignity.

A true Sir Galahad was he who had  
achieved the Holy Grail. But not at King  
Arthur's round table had he found the  
inspiration and the model for his life.  
Nay, rather at the court of Him im-  
peasant of the Syrian hills. He counted  
Him to be not only the world's redeem-  
ing Saviour but as well its highest,  
holiest manhood, its truest, courtliest  
gentleman. He, the Christ, was  
to our dear dead Bishop the one above all  
others of whom we can ever say  
"Wearing the white flower of a blameless  
life."

They did most grievously mistake this  
man so courteous, so alert to every deed

of kindness, so quick for every act of  
grace, if for a moment they dreamed he  
had no firm hand and stout heart. The  
last official act of his career was to make  
clear that a principle once determined,  
and a policy carefully wrought out, had  
back of it a will indomitable and a hand  
strong as steel.

Such a departure as his intrudes upon  
us questionings deep and dark. To mortal  
sight it looks like his going was all too  
soon. So much of virile manhood, so  
much of winsomeness, so much that  
charmed and compelled us all into follow-  
ing where he led. And now the strong  
man is laid low, the beauty of Israel is  
slain upon thy high places. I am dis-  
tressed, my departed leader, not for thee,  
but for ourselves.

Franklin Hamilton will not wait long  
for recognition by the discerning folks  
of the Heaven Country. They will soon  
discover him, and call him to high em-  
ploy. The graces that made him dis-  
tinguished and marked above his fellows  
in any company here, will find even more  
appreciation there.

They have claimed you, dear Bishop.  
We can not but feel they called you all  
too soon. But you are still ours in sacred  
memory; still ours in benign influence;  
still ours, and ever ours, until the day  
break and the shadows flee.

All through those days of his illness,  
he waited longingly for the message from  
"Over-Seas" that his boy had made a  
safe voyage. The message came after he  
had set sail for that other shore, farther  
than the stars. That message from his  
boy was placed in his dead hand.

I believe I have a message for us who  
wait in weeping:

"Safely arrived Over-Seas"—

(Signed) Franklin Hamilton.

## BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON'S BOY.

[This tender poem and the pathetic ex-  
planation accompanying are taken from  
the current issue of the American Uni-  
versity *Courier*.—EDITOR.]

F. H.

"I have arrived safely overseas,"

Yes, lad, God bless you, we rejoice.

Your message comes home as a voice  
Borne hither by the ocean breeze.

For days your father waited, prayed,  
This longed-for message to receive.

Now it has come, but we must grieve.  
In loneliness our hearts are staid.

Safely overseas he now has passed  
Into a land of peaceful life,  
While you must face that awesome  
strife

And we must miss him to the last.

God keep us all! God bring us all

To holy victory for the right!

God hold us firm and give us might

To follow at our Captain's call.

Then dangers past, and warfare o'er,

Seas safely crossed and triumph won,

Our Pilot, welcoming us home,

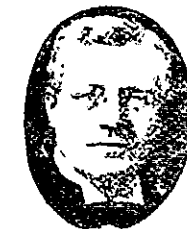
Will guide us to that Farther Shore.

—Mary Mackie Hamilton

For days the father had waited, long-  
ing for the message to tell of his soldier  
boy's safe arrival overseas. The postal-  
card came the morning after the father  
had passed on into the Eternal Life.

His going was one of

"The great escapings of ecstatic souls,  
Who in a rush of too long prisoned flame,  
Their radiant faces upward, burn away  
This dark of the body, issuing on a world  
Beyond our mortal."



FRANKLIN HAMILTON was the last of the seven to reach the  
prize. But he gave more than he got. He gave a rich, true  
character. The office of bishop to him is but the die to the  
minted gold. Bishop John W. Hamilton is twenty-one years old-  
er than Franklin Hamilton. Their father was a

Methodist itinerant of the heroic time. He died  
when Franklin was a mere lad. The bringing  
of the boy up was the elder brother's care. The  
consequence is, what I have so often observed,  
that Bishop John W. Hamilton could hardly  
speak of the one who had been at once son and  
brother without emotion. When I was sur-  
prised to see how remarkably Franklin Hamil-

ton had been educated, the mystery dropped when I learned  
how this elder brother had prayed and sacrificed to map out  
the younger brother's life. Nothing could be too good.

Franklin Hamilton graduated at Harvard, at Boston School  
of Theology, then studied three years in Berlin and later in  
Paris. He took two years to go 'round the world with a special  
eye to our missions. His articles I secured for the CENTRAL  
attracted wide attention because of their depth of observation,  
as well as brilliancy of style.

It runs in the Hamilton blood to be brothers to all human  
kind. I should say so! To judge a book by its cover they have  
neither learned. They are the assistants of the parsonage,  
the aristocrats of merit, the aristocrats of our common life.  
To honor them—as it used to be in honoring Grant and Lincoln  
—is to honor the stuff, and the conquests, of the common peo-

ple. By the way, at least to a of the seven Rev. Bishops, 100  
sons of the Methodist parsonage! God bless those parsonages!

Franklin Hamilton was made chancellor of American Uni-  
versity when he was but twenty-one. He managed a most diffi-  
cult and problematical situation with the greatest ability.  
He is now but forty-nine as he ascends to the episcopacy. He  
is an orator of depth and conviction, a spontaneous stylist  
because poetry is so deep a spring in his nature. He knows  
how to work. The latch-string will never be drawn in. Like  
his great brother, he will be a burden-bearer, willingly, vi-  
cariously, no matter how heavy it may ever be. He has a rare,  
great library, he will be an inspiration to all education, he  
will be the yoke-fellow of the humblest, he will work while it  
is day, and when the night cometh the last great reaper will  
find him at his work, by the light of the taper, and the inner  
light and passion of God's dear Son, his Lord.

all these meetings, preparatory to the churchwide study next fall and winter.

These two books are now in preparation, the home volume by R. E. Diefendorfer and the Foreign by S. Earl Taylor. Four chapters are promised for use at the summer meetings and the completed books will be ready by fall.

Dr. Taylor's book will be "The Christian Crusade for World Democracy," and the four chapter titles will be, "Making Democracy Safe for the World," "Christian Democracy for Latin America," "China, the Open Door to Four Hundred Million Minds," "The Leaven of Freedom at Work in India."

The title of the home missionary book is not yet announced. Each chapter will deal with a specific phase of the home work, such as the city problem, the rural field, the negro, the foreigner, etc.

Nearly fifty institutes are included in these plans. This means that probably fifteen thousand young people will be given opportunity of becoming acquainted with the plans for studying about the centenary in the mission study courses.

#### THE CHURCH'S OBLIGATION TO THE AGED MINISTER.

By BISHOP EDWIN HOLT HUGHES.

Bishop McConnell tells of a soldier who came out of a dangerous situation in which it seemed almost a certainty that he would be shot. When asked what consideration sustained him most in the moment of his greatest danger, he replied: "I was most sustained by the knowledge that if I fell the government had pledged itself to care for my wife and family."

How many business men would like their sons to become Methodist ministers? Not many, because of their privations and the ultimate result in old age.

We will assure the spiritual reapers, when the hand trembles and the sickle falls from their grasp, that they will have

out, renounce, defy and by thought, prayer and action annihilate the kaiser from the pale of human recognition, it is reasonable to believe that God would answer their faith with the outpouring of his spirit in victorious power upon the allied nations against this blood thirsty ruler, and his saturnalian lust for world supremacy.

It is unthinkable that the Christian world should doubt this is the final war of the Kingdom of God. To doubt is to declare the sacred prophecies a myth. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Is it not the sword of Christ that is drawn in this war? Is not "his vesture dipped in blood," and "his name called the Word of God?" Has not the earth become "a wine-press" crimson with the blood of the flower of manhood of the nations? Is not this the war of the beast that would "destroy the remnant of Israel?" Are not "the nations filled with confusion?" Is not "the blood of the cross" symbolized in the ceaseless ministry of the Red Cross? Is not the trinity of the Father, the Son and Spirit indexed in the spiritual service of the Red Triangle of the Y. M. C. A.? If so, then should not the whole Christian world with burning zeal renounce the Beast? Should not every tongue, pen, and iron voice of every press daily, weekly, monthly, declare the kaiser, an arch-blasphemer, deceiver of nations, that filleth the earth with torment, suffering, fire and famine, the sword and desolation? May divine interposition end the war and bring lasting peace.

Very truly yours,

DELMER E. CROFT.

New Haven, Conn.

#### CENTENARY NOTATIONS.

As the first part of a \$3,000,000 campaign for the redemption of the city, Chicago Methodism has called for \$500,000 as its Centenary goal. The recently completed survey of the city, under the direction of the Board of Home Missions, has been made the basis of the askings for the half million dollars. Strategic centers are to be developed by the Church in the city, and one-fifth of the total budget is assigned to that part of the task. The remainder will form part of an endowment fund from which supplementary contributions will be made to the regular offerings from the Conference for city missions.

No meeting of the colored district superintendents was held as originally planned for Atlanta for May 30. Following the meeting of the Board of Bishops, it was decided that all the district superintendents, colored and white, should meet together at Columbus on June 18, 19 and 20.

Almost twenty thousand enrollments, with new ones coming in at the rate of a thousand a week, is the record of the Fellowship of Intercession, in which our Methodist people are asked to enlist in organized prayer for the Church and the Centenary. Taken in connection with the old Prayer League of the Department of Missionary Evangelism, the number of people listed in the Centenary offices is close to thirty-five thousand. Continued requests come to the office of the committee for the development of spiritual resources for cards and literature. Leaders are presenting the old Fellowship as a model for the new organization.

To train companies of men to present the Centenary message for the Board of Home Missions, a series of meetings with prospective workers will be held in different parts of the country immediately following the staff conference at Columbus this month.

and surrounding country could have poured forth a more prompt, spontaneous and hearty welcome to any man, than Kansas City gave T. R., as they love to call him. To attempt any description of the turnout, in this space, would be utterly futile. The crowd is more easily conceived as measured by acres, or blocks, of miles of streets, than by any count. The reception given to Mr. Roosevelt's utterances as he stood between Major Warner, Union veteran, and Colonel Stone, Confederate veteran, and spoke for a patriotism that is for peace, indeed, but ready to defend peace, by force, by arms, if need be. The meeting between Theodore Roosevelt and "Billy" Sunday was hearty and significant, and they sat side by side at dinner. Mr. Sunday held his service half an hour early, to give those who wished opportunity, to attend both meetings.

Convention Hall, which has witnessed so many great gatherings, was packed again to its utmost available capacity, and as many went away unable to get in.

#### The Day of Judgment.

"The outside world expects Methodism to unite"

These are the words of Dr. James W. Lee of St. Louis, and a leader in the Church, South, in a five-minute address to the General Conference.

"I want to say you are doing many interesting things, but I think the outside world agrees that the most supremely interesting thing you are doing is the consideration of the question of union of the Methodist Churches in America. I am not speaking so much as a representative of the Southern Meth-

CONFERENCE  
EPISCOPAL CHURCH



ceedings.

in last week

Never Touched the

received a two-thirds majority of all the ballots cast, is elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church"

NEW ORLEANS, La.

#### A MOST STRIKING LETTER.

The Lord Mayor of London, Hon. Charles A. Hanson, is a close friend of Rev. Hugh Johnston, D. D. Mrs. Wright, a widow of Toronto, who had a son killed in France and another son in England preparing to go to the front, begged Dr. Johnston to present the case and have her only boy, if possible, given war work in England. Dr. Johnston stated her yearning desires as guardedly as possible to the Lord Mayor. This is the answer.

THE MANSION HOUSE,  
LONDON, E. C. 4,  
August 12, 1918.

THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON,  
3010 North Calvert Street,  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

My dear Dr. Johnston—

Many thanks for your most kind and courteous favor of the 25th ult. and for your congratulations and good wishes, which I value very highly.

I greatly sympathize with Mrs. Wright in her anxiety that her boy should not be sent abroad, but to use any influence in that direction would be to expose oneself to severe criticism and grave censure and I fear it would be quite inconsistent with my public obligations to undertake to do anything in that direction. It would moreover be so contrary in all probability to the boy's own ambitions and desires that he would possibly resent it very strongly if by any chance my influence were successful. On the other

## A Tribute to the Late Bishop Franklin Hamilton

By Bishop William A. Quayle



BISHOP Franklin Hamilton has changed his residence. He now dwells in the kingdom of God in the city called New Jerusalem. His assignment was not made by the General Conference, nor by the Board of Bishops, but by the Bishop and Shepherd of his soul.

The Bishops were in session, guests of his and the Methodism of Pittsburgh, but he could not come to bid them welcome. He was holding an interview with the Chief Shepherd. His courtesy, untaught, inbred, should have flowered in that hour of his brethren coming to his residential city. We all know how gracious a host he would have been, how refined and unaffected his words of welcome would have been. Now these words of brotherly welcome are yet to be spoken. I doubt not that they will be uttered later when we shall, one by one, please God, arrive in the city where our brother has out-hastened us in arriving. He will not forget us in his residence in the glad continent where he has now landed.

We are all apprised how real is the loss Methodism sustains in the death of this brain and big purpose. He was beginning a new administration. He had held many places of taxing responsibility and each one honorably and well. Nowhere had he failed. He was honor student in Harvard University and on that occasion spoke on the same platform with James Russell Lowell, and you may see the orations of both in the memorial volume of that distinguished event. He studied in Europe. Though he had been a student in Germany, unlike most of those Americans, he was not unaware of the German character, for from the first hour of the German breaking out on civilization he spoke stern words of condemnation of the chief atrocity of human history. He was master of a trained mind and lover of high things and an unobtrusive specimen of a cultivated American gentleman and Christian.

I cannot well speak of him, seeing I love him. My heart is blurred with tears on this and every remembrance of him. He came to the episcopacy trained for that service as few occupants of that position have been trained. How he invaded the new business is well known to such as had a mind to noble beginnings. It makes a body's heart tender as spring with the first violets to recall, as I recall, how he had taken up his residence in the hearts as well as in the esteem and plaudits of his brother ministers and laymen in the Pittsburgh region.

He was American in his heart. He cared for the human race as Jesus taught him. He loved the black man, though, truth to say, he was not responsible for that, seeing his distinguished brother, Bishop John W. Hamilton, had fathered him and brothered him, and no better friend to the black man has appeared since Livingstone and Lincoln than John W. Hamilton. And it is fitting that Franklin Hamilton's soldier son in Europe, whose safe landing was the last received earthly telegram his eyes scanned, and which was holden in his dead fond hand at his burial, Hamilton chose to be an officer in a black regiment.

I saw Franklin last after this wise. Before leaving Pittsburgh on my Master's business I called at the family residence, was admitted by the brave, beautiful widow, who had so recently been a wife, was let into his room alone, where my friend and your friend lay like a recumbent statue, so strong and manly and as if asleep, and I said softly, "Friend, brother," but he was fast asleep and I did not waken him, but softly said, "I will see you another morning," and passed out into the sunshine blurred with my tears.

And our brother is out on that landscape without the city where the leaves never will have autumnal tints nor come to withering, but where all the winds that blow are winds of spring, and where the Shepherd of Souls leads His flock out in pastures infinite, where they are shepherded by the voice of God.

A friend of mine, a minister was at his soldier son's deathbed when the boy sleepily said, "Kiss me good night, daddy. kiss me good night," and his father leaned over and kissed his boy on the face and softly, tearfully replied, "Good night, son." But his heavenly Father kissed the soldier boy awake in the morning. So was Franklin Hamilton kissed asleep by the wife of his heart, but kissed awake by the Lord of his life, and dwells with much smiling in the everlasting day.

come under our observation.

This prose poem is "so worthy of the good man who has gone, so expressive of his life that was "lucid, poised and whole" and has such a comforting reach into the inevitable and inviting realm of immortality, that it has a present day message for all, especially those fathers and mothers of American life who now think upon death and beyond all because their sons sleep "over there" having given their lives, in some sense as Jesus did, that the world might be better.

Dec 12 / 1917  
**THE LIBERTY MEMORIAL**

Quite naturally, plans are being discussed for fitting memorials to the brave men living and dead who helped to win the world for democracy. What form shall these memorials take?

One of the most beautiful suggestions is that there shall be a Liberty Grove in each city with a tree planted for each soldier from that city who lost his life on the Western Front. Each tree is to be marked by a bronze tablet, giving the name and some data concerning the soldier. This perhaps should be done whatever else is done. Most of the cities would not be satisfied with this alone, however beautiful it may be. There is no doubt that a more permanent memorial is desired. The discussion seems to have been reduced to the proposition as to whether memorials shall be monuments as heretofore or buildings to be known as Liberty Buildings, which are to serve as a center for community activities and as a meeting place not only for the commemoration of the deeds of the dead, but as a suitable place from which to promote the larger ideals of life for which our soldiers fought. That it is to be a liberty building open to all in the interest of all.

This suggestion strikes us most favorably and we would like to see it carried out in every community. We believe it would be in every way significant to have such an outstanding building in the community which would be a free forum for the dissemination of constructive ideals for the community, the state and the nation. The Liberty Building would be as permanent as the monument. It would be far more useful. The walls would furnish more space than the monument for tablets commemorating deeds of bravery and of daring and it would also by meetings held annually, seek to unite the people of the community into one force, and let us hope, with a common purpose of the ultimate freedom of all men in this country as well as abroad. We are therefore approving the suggestion of a Liberty Building instead of the traditional monument.

of the world, and that Nation is France. We think we interpret accurately the heart impulse of the civilized world, when we say France has won from those who are capable of appreciation the merits involved, not only the admiration of the world for its achievements in the world, but the love of the world. France has won the love of the world because it is itself a Nation with a heart to love. Not a heart with a gush but with a devotion and restraint that call forth the more permanent expression of affection.

But whether the world loves France or not, America does. Most assuredly. And there are reasons for it, dating back, of course, to the time when Lafayette came to this country and gave aid in the time of need and on through the years. America and France alike aspired unto a practical example in self government, having like interests and in some regards like ideals, we became one in heart. America will love France because French soil holds to-day the sacred remains of many an American boy who died at the front and in many instances, in the hospitals, that the world might be free. But we have not stated yet the real incident that stirs America's heart to the warmest love for the tri-color of France, for our sister Republic. Happily for us, we do not have to state it. It has been so admirably stated by one that it would be foolish to mar a single word by an indirect quotation. We enthusiastically quote, in substantiation of our contention that France has won the heart of America, a paragraph from a recent article by Irvin S. Cobb which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. In writing Mr. Cobb says:

On the day before Decoration Day of this year I was in a seaport town on the northwestern coast of France, which our people had taken over as a supply base. The general in command of our local forces said to me as we sat in his headquarters at dinner that evening:

"I wish you'd get up early in the morning and go for a little ride with me out to the cemetery. You'll be going back there later in the day, of course, for the memorial services; but I want you to see something you probably won't be able to see after nine or ten o'clock."

I should say it was about half past seven when we rode in at the gates of the cemetery and made for the section which, by the French Government, had been set apart as a burial place for our people. For more than a year now, dating from the time I write this down, a good many thousands of Americans have been stationed in or near this port, and many many times that number have passed through it. So, quite naturally, though it is hundreds of miles from any of the past or present battle fronts, we have had some deaths there from accident or disease.

We rounded a turn in the winding road, and there, before us, stretched the graves of our dead—soldiers, sailors, marines, and members of labor battalions: whites and blacks and yellow men; Jews and Gentiles, Catholics, Protestants and Mohammedans for there were four followers

But it was not the sight of rows of graves and the lines of crosses, or the peculiar devices uprearing slantwise at head and foot of four graves of the Mussulmans, or the brave play of tri-colored bunting upon the sides and front of the platform yonder which caught my attention. For at that hour the whole place was alive with French people—mostly women in black, but with a fair sprinkling of old men and children among them. All were busy at a certain task—and that task was the decorating of the graves of Americans.

As we left the car to walk through the plot I found myself taking off my cap; and I kept it off all the while I was there, for even before I had been told the full story of what went on there, I knew. I stood in the presence of a most high and holy thing, and so I went bareheaded, as I should have done in any sanctuary.

We walked all through this God's acre of ours, the general and I. Some of the women who labored therein were old and bent; some were young; but all of them wore black gowns. Some plainly had been drawn from the well-to-do and the wealthy elements of the resident population; more, though, were poor folk, and evidently a few were peasants, who, one guessed, lived in villages or on farms near the city.

Here would be a grave that was heaped high with those designs of stiff, bright-hued immortelles which the French put upon the graves of their own dead. These are costly, too, but there were a great many of them. Here would be a grave that was marked with wreaths of simple field flowers or with the great fragrant white and pink roses which grow so luxuriantly on this coast. Here would be merely great sheaves of loose blossoms, there a grave upon which the flowers had been scattered broadcast until the whole mound was covered with the fragrant dewy offering; and there, again, I saw graves where fingers patently unused to such employment had fashioned the long-stemmed roses into wreaths and crosses, and even into the form of shields.

Grass grew rich and lush upon all the graves. White sea shells marked the sides of them and edged the narrow graveled walks between the rows. We came to two newly made graves. Their occupants had been buried there only a day or so before, as one might tell by the marks in the trodden turf, but a carpeting of sod cut from a lawn somewhere had been so skillfully pieced together upon those two mounds that the raw clods of clay beneath were quite covered up and hidden from sight, so now only the seams in the green coverlids distinguished these two from graves that were older by weeks or by months.

Alongside every grave knelt a woman, alone, or else a woman with children aiding her as she disposed her showing of flowers and wreaths to the best advantage. Many the old men were putting the paths in order taking the gravel down smoothly and straightening the borders of shells. There were no soldiers among them all were civilians, and for the most part humble appearing civilians, clad in shabby garments. But I marked two old gentlemen wearing the great black neckerchiefs and the flowing black broad cloth coats of ceremonial days, who seemed a deeply intent as any in what to them must have been an unaccustomed labor.

Coming to each individual workers or each group of workers, the general would halt and formally salute in answer to the gently murmur

## A Tribute to the Late Bishop Franklin Hamilton

By Bishop William A. Quayle



ISHOP Franklin Hamilton has changed his residence. He now dwells in the kingdom of God in the city called New Jerusalem. His assignment was not made by the General Conference, nor by the Board of Bishops, but by the Bishop and Shepherd of his soul.

The Bishops were in session, guests of his and the Methodism of Pittsburgh, but he could not come to bid them welcome. He was holding an interview with the Chief Shepherd. His courtesy, untaught, inbred, should have flowered in that hour of his brethren coming to his residential city. We all know how gracious a host he would have been, how refined and unaffected his words of welcome would have been. Now these words of brotherly welcome are yet to be spoken. I doubt not that they will be uttered later when we shall, one by one, please God, arrive in the city where our brother has out-hastened us in arriving. He will not forget us in his residence in the glad continent where he has now landed.

We are all apprised how real is the loss Methodism sustains in the death of this brain and big purpose. He was beginning a new administration. He had held many places of taxing responsibility and each one honorably and well. Nowhere had he failed. He was honor student in Harvard University and on that occasion spoke on the same platform with James Russell Lowell, and you may see the orations of both in the memorial volume of that distinguished event. He studied in Europe. Though he had been a student in Germany, unlike most of those Americans, he was not unaware of the German character, for from the first hour of the German breaking out on civilization he spoke stern words of condemnation of the chief atrocity of human history. He was master of a trained mind and lover of high things and an unobtrusive specimen of a cultivated American gentleman and Christian.

I cannot well speak of him, seeing I love him. My heart is blurred with tears on this and every remembrance of him. He came to the episcopacy trained for that service as few occupants of that position have been trained. How he invaded the new business is well known to such as had a mind to noble beginnings. It makes a body's heart tender as spring with the first violets to recall, as I recall, how he had taken up his residence in the hearts as well as in the esteem and plaudits of his brother ministers and laymen in the Pittsburgh region.

He was American in his heart. He cared for the human race as Jesus taught him. He loved the black man, though, truth to say, he was not responsible for that, seeing his distinguished brother, Bishop John W. Hamilton, had fathered him and brothered him, and no better friend to the black man has appeared since Livingstone and Lincoln than John W. Hamilton. And it is fitting that Franklin Hamilton's soldier son in Europe, whose safe landing was the last received earthly telegram his eyes scanned, and which was holden in his dead fond hand at his burial, Hamilton chose to be an officer in a black regiment.

I saw Franklin last after this wise. Before leaving Pittsburgh on my Master's business I called at the family residence, was admitted by the brave, beautiful widow, who had so recently been a wife, was let into his room alone, where my friend and your friend lay like a recumbent statute, so strong and manly and as if asleep, and I said softly, "Friend, brother," but he was fast asleep and I did not waken him, but softly said, "I will see you another morning," and passed out into the sunshine blurred with my tears.

And our brother is out on that landscape without the city where the leaves never will have autumnal tints nor come to withering, but where all the winds that blow are winds of spring, and where the Shepherd of Souls leads His flock out in pastures infinite, where they are shepherded by the voice of God.

A friend of mine, a minister was at his soldier son's deathbed when the boy sleepily said, "Kiss me good night, daddy, kiss me good night," and his father leaned over and kissed his boy on the face and softly, tearfully replied, "Good night son." But his heavenly Father kissed the soldier boy awake in the morning. So was Franklin Hamilton kissed asleep by the wife of his heart, but kissed awake by the Lord of his life, and dwells with much smiling in the everlasting day.

cept in expressing regret that they should come under our observation.

This prose poem is "so worthy of the good man who has gone, so expressive of his life that was "lucid, poised and whole" and has such a comforting reach into the inevitable and inviting realm of immortality, that it has a present day message for all, especially those fathers and mothers of American life who now think upon death and beyond all because their sons sleep "over there" having given their lives, in some sense as Jesus did, that the world might be better. *S. M. ...*

*Q. W. ...* ————— Dec 12 / 1918

### THE LIBERTY MEMORIAL

Quite naturally, plans are being discussed for fitting memorials to the brave men living and dead who helped to win the world for democracy. What form shall these memorials take?

One of the most beautiful suggestions is that there shall be a Liberty Grove in each city with a tree planted for each soldier from that city who lost his life on the Western Front. Each tree is to be marked by a bronze tablet, giving the name and some data concerning the soldier. This perhaps should be done whatever else is done. Most of the cities would not be satisfied with this alone, however beautiful it may be. There is no doubt that a more permanent memorial is desired. The discussion seems to have been reduced to the proposition as to whether memorials shall be monuments as heretofore or buildings to be known as Liberty Buildings, which are to serve as a center for community activities and as a meeting place not only for the commemoration of the deeds of the dead, but as a suitable place from which to promote the larger ideals of life for which our soldiers fought. That it is to be a liberty building open to all in the interest of all.

This suggestion strikes us most favorably and we would like to see it carried out in every community. We believe it would be in every way significant to have such an outstanding building in the community which would be a free forum for the dissemination of constructive ideals for the community, the state and the nation. The Liberty Building would be as permanent as the monument. It would be far more useful. The walls would furnish more space than the monument for tablets commemorating deeds of bravery and of daring and it would also by meetings held annually, seek to unite the people of the community into one force, and let us hope, with a common purpose of the ultimate freedom of all men in this country as well as abroad. We are therefore approving the suggestion of a Liberty Building instead of the traditional monument

to the claim for first place upon the affection of the world, and that Nation is France. We think we interpret accurately the heart impulse of the civilized world, when we say France has won from those who are capable of appreciation the merits involved, not only the admiration of the world for its achievements in the world, but the love of the world. France has won the love of the world because it is itself a Nation with a heart to love. Not a heart with a gush but with a devotion and restraint that call forth the more permanent expression of affection.

But whether the world loves France or not, America does. Most assuredly. And there are reasons for it, dating back, of course, to the time when Lafayette came to this country and gave aid in the time of need and on through the years. America and France alike aspired unto a practical example in self government, having like interests and in some regards like ideals, we became one in heart. America will love France because French soil holds to-day the sacred remains of many an American boy who died at the front and in many instances in the hospitals, that the world might be free. But we have not stated yet the real incident that stirs America's heart to the warmest love for the tri-color of France, for our sister Republic. Happily for us, we do not have to state it. It has been so admirably stated by one that it would be foolish to mar a single word by an indirect quotation. We enthusiastically quote, in substantiation of our contention that France has won the heart of America, a paragraph from a recent article by Irvin S. Cobb which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. In writing Mr. Cobb says:

On the day before Decoration Day of this year I was in a seaport town on the northwestern coast of France, which our people had taken over as a supply base. The general in command of our local forces said to me as we sat in his headquarters at dinner that evening:

"I wish you'd get up early in the morning and go for a little ride with me out to the cemetery. You'll be going back there later in the day, of course, for the memorial services; but I want you to see something you probably won't be able to see after nine or ten o'clock."

I should say it was about half past seven when we rode in at the gates of the cemetery and made for the section which, by the French Government, had been set apart as a burial place for our people. For more than a year now, dating from the time I write this down, a good many thousands of Americans have been stationed in or near this port, and many, many times that number have passed through it. So, quite naturally, though it is hundreds of miles from any of the past or present battle fronts, we have had some deaths there from accident or disease.

We rounded a turn in the winding road, and there, before us, stretched the graves of our dead—soldiers, sailors, marines, and members of labor battalions, whites and blacks and yellow men; Jews and Gentiles, Catholics, Protestants and Mohammedans; for there were four followers

of the cross. But it was not the sight of rows of graves and the lines of crosses, or the peculiar devices up-rearing slantwise at head and foot of four graves of the Mussulmans, or the brave play of tri-colored bunting upon the sides and front of the platform yonder which caught my attention. For at that hour the whole place was alive with French people—mostly women in black, but with a fair sprinkling of old men and children among them. All were busy at a certain task—and that task was the decorating of the graves of Americans.

As we left the car to walk through the plot I found myself taking of my cap; and I kept it off all the while I was there, for even before I had been told the full story of what went on there, I knew. I stood in the presence of a most high and holy thing, and so I went bareheaded, as I should have done in any sanctuary.

We walked all through this God's acre of ours, the general and I. Some of the women who labored therein were old and bent; some were young; but all of them wore black gowns. Some plainly had been drawn from the well-to-do and the wealthy elements of the resident population; more, though, were poor folk, and evidently a few were peasants, who, one guessed, lived in villages or on farms near the city.

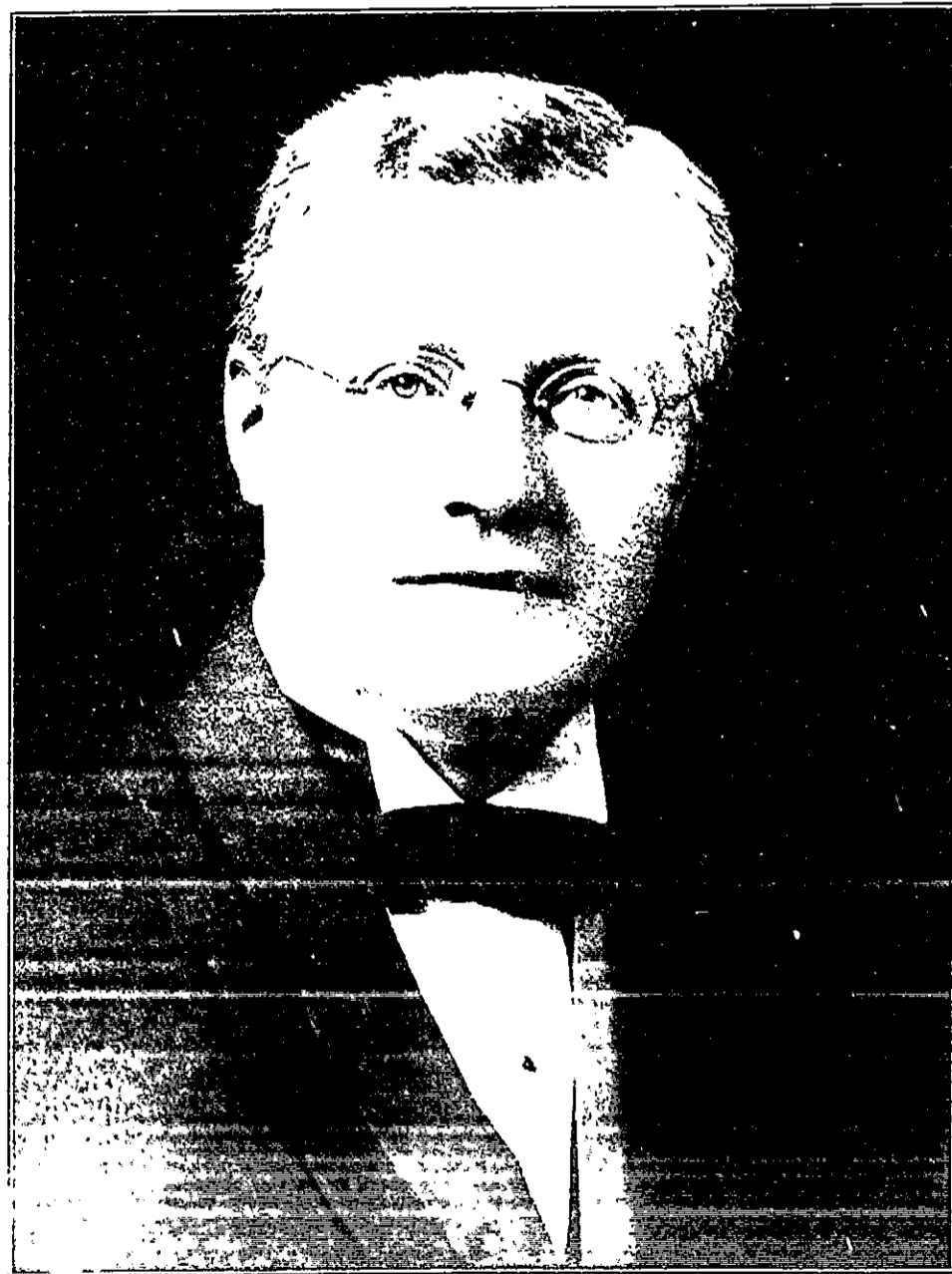
Here would be a grave that was heaped high with those designs of stiff, bright-hued immortelles which the French put upon the graves of their own dead. These are costly, too, but there were a great many of them. Here would be a grave that was marked with wreaths of simple field flowers or with the great fragrant white and pink roses which grow so luxuriantly on this coast. Here would be merely great sheaves of loose blossoms; there a grave upon which the flowers had been scattered broadcast until the whole mound was covered with the fragrant dewy offering; and there, again, I saw graves where fingers patently unused to such employment had fashioned the long-stemmed roses into wreaths and crosses, and even into the form of shields.

Grass grew rich and lush upon all the graves. White sea shells marked the sides of them and edged the narrow graveled walks between the rows. We came to two newly made graves. Their occupants had been buried there only a day or so before, as one might tell by the marks in the trodden turf, but a carpeting of sod cut from a lawn somewhere had been so skillfully pieced together upon those two mounds that the raw clods of clay beneath were quite covered up and hidden from sight; so now only the seams in the green coverlids distinguished these two from graves that were older by weeks or by months.

Alongside every grave knelt a woman, alone, or else a woman with children aiding her as she disposed her showing of flowers and wreaths to the best advantage. Many the old men were putting the paths in order taking the gravel down smoothly and straightening the borderings of shells. There were no soldiers among them; all were civilians, and for the most part humble appearing civilians, clad in shabby garments. But I marked two old gentlemen wearing the great black neckerchiefs and the flowing black broad-cloth coats of ceremonial days, who seemed as deeply intent as any in what to them must have been an unaccustomed labor.

Coming to each individual workers or each group of workers, the general would halt and formally salute in answer to the gently murmur-





*Franklin Hamilton*

## METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1919

BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON

DELAYED twenty-four hours in sailing from Liverpool, Emerson bemoaned the tedium of his lot, and muttered: "Ah, me! Mr. Thomas Carlyle, I would give a gold pound for your wise company this gloomy evening." An uncounted host of lonely hearts have a similar longing for the gracious comradship of Franklin Hamilton, and sometimes fancy they have it, forgetting that he is gone—so strongly does his spiritual influence persist. Therein lies the secret of the man. Above all his other fine qualities, and irradiating every one of them, was his power to make men love him. It would be an imprudence to print the half of what his friends still say of him. Months after his departure, asked for a critical judgment of his worth, all sorts and conditions of men with one accord praise him. It seems like a conspiracy of affection. We can only guess what the angels think of him, but God apparently shares the sentiment of men, and did a strange thing to show it. He gave Franklin Hamilton the best furnishing for the bishopric that could be provided at the time and then allowed him only two years to occupy it, evidently having a better position for him elsewhere. No other explanation of the facts is adequate. He was born at Pleasant Valley, Ohio, August 29th, 1860; consecrated Bishop at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., June 28, 1917; died at New York, N. Y., September 12, 1918. Of his episcopate, which was a shorter period than that of any other American bishop, Francis O. Haver was for a year and three months in the episcopate, but he was eighty years of age when elected. Franklin Hamilton was, when called to the high office, apparently in full vigor of body, but in twelve months his toil on earth was ended. Why he should have

been permitted to withdraw with his supreme work just begun is a mystery impossible for earthly minds to solve. Judged by human standards there is a bitter irony in such a culmination, but faith rests on the assurance that God makes no blunders, though His strategy be not justified in the sight of men. Martin Luther besought God to reveal the divine purpose in a certain inscrutable event, but he seemed to hear the voice of the Eternal responding: "I am not to be traced."

How great pains God took with Franklin Hamilton one sees from his birth and breeding. He was the youngest son of the Rev. William Charles Patrick and Henrietta Dean Hamilton. His father was a stalwart Methodist circuit rider in Ohio and Virginia, and his brothers were endowed with much force of character. The oldest is Bishop John W. Hamilton, now and for several years chancellor of the American University, a man of eloquence, high executive ability and ecclesiastical statesmanship. The second, Jay Benson Hamilton, is a well-known preacher who has wrought valiantly and effectively for the better support of the retired minister. The third, Wilbur Dean Hamilton, is an artist and painter of portraits. The versatility displayed in the family of the talented Irish preacher flourished luxuriantly in the latest-born son. Out of the straitened conditions of an itinerant minister's home, in a day when salaries were meager and toil was abundant, Franklin Hamilton came forth endowed with many gifts of heaven. He had a fine presence. No man could see him without being impressed that he was an unusual person. His portrait reveals the warmth of his temperament and the dominance of his brain, but one must have observed the whole figure in action to have a true measure of the man's native strength and symmetry. To his physical superiority was joined a mind of singular excellence, an instrument capable of unremitting toil, enriched by clear powers of discrimination, possessing an affinity for the finer things of the spirit, devoid of disturbing illusions, with wide vision, yet with practical sense; a good usable brain that could keep its balance and would go straight on with the business in hand. The inner nature of the man ennobled his body and illumined his mind. He was a gentleman by instinct. His kindly disposition toward

men was not an acquisition but a gift. The grace of God was upon him from childhood, and "he increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." He started life with a strong will. Without it bodily excellence, intellectual vigor and grace of spirit would not have availed to give him eminence. He was so constituted that, having embarked upon an enterprise, he would carry it through despite any discouragements, and having been set down in the center of things various and perplexing he would proceed at all hazards to master them. He had a deep moral nature, quickened and disciplined by spiritual aspirations. He saw truth clearly and embraced it ardently. He loved righteousness and hated iniquity. He was incapable of a mean action. Thus he began with great natural advantages, and it was the peculiarity of his fortune that his friends usually referred to his inherited characteristics as if they had been acquired by his own perseverance and therefore ought to be set down to his personal credit.

What must be put to his account is that Franklin Hamilton met the challenge of the divine bounty by resolving to use it to the utmost of his ability. He did not want to disappoint God. He realized that every achieving man is the joint product of what Divine Providence gives him and what he himself does with the capital intrusted to him. God provides birth, breeding, talents, and opportunity. A man uses or misuses these benefactions according to the spirit that is in him. Jean Paul Richter said: "I have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more." But God does demand that much, so Hamilton thought, and he set to work on the material at his disposal with great earnestness of purpose. What Browning places on the lips of a less worthy man he might have made his own—the claim to have

Braved sorrow, courted joy, to just one end;  
Namely, that just the creature I was bound  
To be I should become, nor thwart at all  
God's purpose in creation. I conceive  
No other duty possible to man—  
Highest mind, lowest mind; no other law  
By which to judge life failure or success;  
What folk call being saved or cast away.

He determined to secure an education broad and deep enough to meet any emergency. Under the guidance of his big brother, now the white-plumed chancellor-bishop, he began his studies in the Boston Latin School. Here he stood so high that he swept off a whole sheaf of prizes, graduating with much honor in 1883. As the majority of his classmates entered Harvard he naturally went with them. His brother, John W. Hamilton, was then under the burden of the People's Temple of Boston. To pay the boy's bills was beyond his power. The brother next above Franklin in age, then also a resident of Boston and who died of a surgical operation many years afterward, undertook to finance the lad in college. It turned out to be a not difficult task, for Franklin nearly worked his way through on the prizes and scholarships he obtained. In 1885 he won the Old South Prize for historical studies in Boston. During his course in Harvard he secured both the Bowdoin and the Boylston prizes. He became editor-in-chief of the Harvard Daily Crimson. He was also chosen a member of Phi Beta Kappa and a member of its literary committee. The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard occurred during his junior year, and he was elected to deliver the oration for the under-graduates, the alumni address on the same occasion being given by James Russell Lowell. Both speeches were printed in a book published to commemorate the event. Franklin Hamilton was selected as class orator and served also as one of the Commencement speakers, graduating with much distinction in 1887. How he appeared to the student body in his under-graduate days is well described by one of his classmates, who says: "I shall always remember the first impression which Hamilton made upon me. I did not know him even to bow to, but I was tremendously impressed with his appearance, which was always that of a serious, high-minded scholar. . . . His features were so clean-cut and so strong and his whole bearing was that of a man much older than he really was. In fact, I was two years older than he and yet I always felt his junior." After graduation he spent a year teaching Greek and Latin in Chattanooga University. Then, being still unsatisfied with his scholastic attainments, he went abroad and spent nearly three years in post-graduate courses at Berlin Uni-

versity and in Paris. At Berlin he was a favorite pupil of the celebrated Ferdinand Piper, with whom he engaged in researches in pagan antiquities and symbolism. A fellow student in Berlin University says that together he and Hamilton listened to Zeller, Paulsen, and attended Paulsen's Seminary on Kant, and testifies: "Hamilton had a superb mind, and was in fact one of the two most brilliant men I ever knew as a student." One can readily fancy with what ardor Franklin Hamilton followed the bent of his intellectual craving as he pored over the treasures to be found in the capitals of Prussia and France and mingled with the personages who could best satisfy the aspirations of his soul. He was a student all his life, and when his formal education was finished he was just beginning that expansion of his equipment which never ceased until he breathed his last on earth. Doubtless his researches continue in the invisible world whither all too soon he took his pilgrimage.

God did not stop with simply endowing Franklin Hamilton. He issued to him a summons to spiritual leadership. The lure of the Christian ministry caught and held him. With a father and two brothers in that sacred calling it would naturally be suggested to his mind. But was this an intimation from heaven or the mere outgrowth of his surroundings? At last the drift of events and the desire of his own soul united to determine him. The conviction of his mission was upon him in Harvard. Professor George Herbert Palmer, after saying that Franklin Hamilton was a favorite student of his, standing among the first in his course in ethics, continues: "I thought him so promising that I suggested to him that he devote his life to teaching philosophy. . . . Such a life was very attractive to his taste, and I think it was largely on that account that he refused it. He had a soldierly temper and was determined to give his life to the poor and needy. Nothing could divert him from the ministry, though I felt he would be as true a minister in the teacher's chair. He gave himself to his work with all his heart." Those lines are worth pondering. They not only show Hamilton at a crisis deciding for the higher interests, but also reveal his love for humanity and his purpose to give sacrificial service to his generation.

A German university even before the war was not regarded by thoughtful Christians as a congenial place for the development of spiritual ideals, but in the case of Hamilton the reactions of Berlin were all to the advantage of religion. Professor E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, who was with Hamilton in Berlin, says: "Often we have sat until one or two o'clock in the morning nibbling rye bread sandwiches and pretzels, washed down with cocoa, and discussing philosophy or metaphysics. We ranged far afield in our philosophical discussions, but he always came back to the fact that in any case he was going to go home and work in the Methodist Church because he loved it and believed in the work it was doing. Where we came out in metaphysical discussions did not seem to give him much concern, for his mind was all set on behalf of the emotional and practical attitudes that his Methodism involved. In this, of course, he was quite right from the point of view of the latest psychology, for the attitudes of strong and leading men never flow from their speculations but from their fundamental reactions to life and experience."

On his return from Europe Franklin Hamilton entered the Boston School of Theology from which he was graduated in 1892, being one of the Commencement speakers of the year. In this school of the prophets whatever depletion of the evangelical spirit he may have suffered in Berlin was corrected and his zeal for the service of humanity through the ministry of the gospel became intensified. He entered the pastorate with much enthusiasm and gave himself immediately to successful work. From 1892 to 1895 he was stationed in East Boston, where he organized a church and built its edifice. From 1895 until 1900 he was pastor of the church in Newtonville, Massachusetts, and in 1900-1908 of the First Church of Boston, the longest pastorate in the history of the church up to that time. His brother, John W. Hamilton, had been pastor of the church twenty-five years before and this afforded him a fine introduction. The union of the First Church on Hanover Street and Grace Church on Temple Street was effected at the beginning of his pastorate. During his work there, so writes one who has been a member of that church since 1875, "He was constantly active, alert, and able in forwarding all lines of Chris-

tian activity and was greatly beloved by all of our people. The most extensive repairs and improvements that have been made since the church was originally built were projected and carried to completion during his pastorate." He also took an active part in the municipal campaigns for civic reform. It was during this term that with his family he made a tour around the world, 1904-1905, spending much time in the Far East, where he studied foreign missions and acquainted himself with the literature and philosophy of the Oriental religions, thus fitting himself for missionary supervision and for certain literary productions which were to give distinction to his name as a writer.

From the pastorate to the chancellorship of the American University in 1908 was not so abrupt a transition for him as it would have been for some others, since so large a part of his life had been spent in scholastic experiences. However, the teaching function was not the primary requirement for the new position. He was now to assume the responsibilities of a high administrative trust. Sixteen years in the pastorate had given him valuable acquaintance with the business of handling money and men. But here was something essentially different. Scholarship would count for little more than to give prestige to an institution which must have for its head a man of erudition. What was most needed was a masterly hand to guide an enterprise which had never enjoyed the enthusiastic support of the church and the very practicability of which was still in question, and to make it succeed by skillfully securing friends for it and wisely directing its career to an achievement which would compel general approval. No formal inauguration occurred when he was inducted into the chancellorship. As another has said, "He quietly took the reins and held them." The situation was so unhopeful that many persons admonished Hamilton that he was making an undue sacrifice of his own interests. But no sooner had prosperity commenced to dawn on his undertaking than critics began to suggest that he had assumed the difficult thing only to feed a fond ambition. The cynic must always find some reason for a sacrificial act which his nature is incapable of explaining apart from a selfish motive. The fact which impressed the church was that Hamilton was surely making headway,

and immediately the place which he had taken when it was most undesirable began to appear very attractive to other persons. Consequently the tone of comment changed toward him and his work.

His approach to this task could not be better described than in the words of Bishop Cranston, published in *The American University Courier*, July, 1918:

Under the circumstances a weak man would have summoned the Board to a pretentious program which would have been a trumpet challenge to all adversaries. But Chancellor Hamilton came without pretense of skill or special wisdom. He brought no set program of campaign. He proposed no spectacular methods. He just came and went quietly about the drudgery of his office, first acquainting himself with every detail of the university's affairs and interests. His business instinct took quick account of essential values. He saw the need of keeping the Board constantly advised as to the condition of its trust, to the least item. He established close and confidential relations with his advisers, and relied so fully on their judgment that from first to last the administration was harmonious. . . .

Not one breath of useless lamentation did the new chancellor waste over the chronic inertia that had been for years the comment of the unfriendly and the disappointment of the friends of the university. He quietly garnered every hopeful utterance and was cordial to every friendly expression of interest in its welfare. He made no catalogue of adversaries, nor did he seek to identify anybody as such, but as if oblivious to all adverse influence he suavely smiled his way into every bellicose group or camp without apology for his presence, accepting good wishes for active cooperation and even apathetic neutrality as loyalty. Who could fight such a man? Winning new friends for his cause, silencing old enemies and making no new ones, he largely succeeded in creating a new atmosphere for the university, especially in the Church.

Then came the new Chancellor's plan for the actual opening of the university and the partial fulfillment of the dream of its founder, Bishop Hurst. This scheme was outlined in an article which appeared in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for March, 1914, and which is one of the best pieces of writing Hamilton ever did. It presents at the beginning the characteristic intellectual demands of the age; namely, the search for the ultimate reality, the vitalization of truth when discovered, and the extensive development of individualism. He then proceeds to show in most practical fashion how the American University can meet these requirements: first,

by utilizing the immense treasures laid open by the government in Washington for scientific research and scholarly investigation under capable direction; second, by the establishment of lectureships at the seat of the university, or wherever else may be deemed advisable, through which priceless knowledge may be made available to an increasing number of inquirers; third, by the maintenance of a system of fellowships granted to qualified students on the nomination of other universities for work to be pursued in any approved educational institutions or other places of investigation in America and in foreign countries. This plan was not born in a day. It took form after two years of conference with bishops, secretaries, religious and secular educators, statesmen, administrators, and leaders in almost every walk of life. At about the same time that it appeared the plan was placed before the Board of Education, the Educational Association, and the University Senate, all within five weeks, and adopted by these three bodies, unanimously by two of them, with practical unanimity by the third, and seriously and cordially by all. The American University was opened May 27, 1914, in the presence of a large company, with impressive exercises, in which President Wilson, Bishop Cranston, Bishop McDowell, Secretary Daniels, Secretary Bryan and other distinguished men participated. The plan was put into operation as rapidly as possible. Its beginnings were modest, but they went steadily forward and have continued during the present administration. The director of research was appointed and the work under his guidance has gone on with fine results. There have been forty-three annual fellowships granted in Columbia, Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Northwestern, and other American universities. Some fellows have been accredited to institutions abroad, but the war made it impossible for them to use their privilege. Students have come from institutions within the church and from many on the outside. The lectureships are awaiting an opportune moment for their establishment.

It frequently happens that the bookish man is barren of hard sense and does not take kindly to financial affairs. It was quite otherwise with Hamilton. The vision of a great Protestant center of intellectual and moral influence at the heart of the nation capti-

his reputation for eloquence. His experience in forensic discussion had been limited. He was still a learner in the school of general church business when he died. His type of mind does not naturally run to debate. His scholastic training was not calculated to incite ecclesiastical controversy. But his broad knowledge of affairs made his counsel invaluable. Familiarity with foreign missions and a growing acquaintance with the problems of the episcopacy in America were urging him to combat, and as often as he essayed to measure weapons with a contestant he handled himself adroitly and well.

It was on the platform and in the pulpit that his characteristic talents had their freest and fullest exercise. Here he was masterly and imposing. His rich stores of information gave him abundant material. He had been reared in the best traditions. He spoke with fluency and accuracy. His speech was enlivened by historical allusions and by illustrations from travel and common life. He knew the human heart and how to touch it. The rhetorical finish of his periods and a certain stateliness of language always at his command would have diminished his popularity had he not possessed so gracious a manner and so evident a purpose to get into intimate understanding with his audience. He knew the worth of pathos and humor, of vivid narrative and large free-hand pictures, and he used them effectively.

He was not vociferous but he was forceful. His reserve was an element of power. It left a true impression that he was greater than the things he said. After he became bishop, with the immense pressure of the new task upon him and the enlarging vision of things yet to be, he frequently overflowed the banks of reserve and was borne along on a wide and deep current of emotion. Great stories are told in the Pittsburgh area of his eloquence. He seemed to experience a new birth. His audiences were sympathetic, they drew upon his resources, they fairly transfigured him. It is a pity he could not have gone on. Perhaps then we should have had an orator of a new type and of surpassing quality. Unless, indeed, the drying and deadening process of official life had paralyzed his fancy. It is commonly remarked that after a few years in the bishopric most men begin to decline in preaching power. Insuffi-

cient time is allowed for pulpit preparation. The puzzling problems of administration clog the mind. What is more determinative than anything else, the lack of personal touch with the common people impairs the element of vitality. Hamilton's deep interest in mankind and his joy in mingling with all classes would doubtless have preserved him from this deterioration. The severely logical quality of mind was denied Hamilton. Of course, he had reason with him but he was not essentially argumentative. He fulfilled in a striking way the dictum of John Burroughs respecting oratory: "The great secret of eloquence is to set mass in motion, to marshal together facts and considerations, imbue them with passion, and hurl them like an army on the charge upon the mind of the reader or hearer."

It is not difficult to conjecture the development of Franklin Hamilton in the bishopric had he been spared to the Church another score of years. His mental and moral characteristics give the indication. He had an alert and inquisitive mind. He was eager to obtain knowledge from any source. Thus he gathered an immense fund of information on a great variety of subjects. He possessed an unusual memory. His acquisitions were always ready for use. This made him an attractive conversationalist and an effective public speaker. Apparently no topic of current interest or general literature could be presented on which he was unable to discourse intelligently and profitably, while in the distinctive fields of his own investigation he spoke with the tone of authority. But nothing was left to the chances of a public occasion. He was most painstaking in his preparation for speech. His subjects obtruded themselves upon his mind at night and were clarified by thought in the darkness. Frequently he would outline an address or sermon on his pillow or he would frame the form of something he desired to write. He did not find it necessary, like some, to rise and set down his thoughts and expressions. He would readily recall them in the morning. Many speakers have found that addresses thus conceived are not as fine under the glare of daylight as they appeared to be under the haze of midnight. It was not so with him. He had remarkable powers of concentration. The noisy playing of children in his workroom

did not disturb him. The mental equilibrium of the man and his wide acquaintance with people and countries made him adaptable to any society. He was welcome wherever he went, and no more agreeable guest ever entered the home of a stranger. Archæology was one of his fondest pursuits. Antiquities had for him an irresistible charm. He was a born collector, and carefully cherished his accumulating treasures. When he made his episcopal visit to Porto Rico he spent his leisure in searching for things rare and ancient till he found a couple of old Spanish pistols, which he later gave to his sons; also two old swords for the same recipients and pieces of very old mahogany furniture for his wife. He owned one of the best private collections of Wesleyana in America, and compiled the bibliography used by Methodists in celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley.

In temperament he was fortunate, being invariably cheerful. His poise was not disturbed by those alternations of despondency which often harass men of sanguine disposition. Great seriousness, however, marked his demeanor in the presence of difficult problems. He had much personal charm. His inherent winsomeness was heightened by culture and refined by religion. "Given a fair chance, he could make any man his friend," said one who knew him in the most sacred intimacy. Suffusing all his qualities was an indefinable spirit which captivated as if by magic those who met him. This is not to be confounded with that ready affability which is a fortune to the apt politician. It is a more delicate thing and eludes definition. Hamilton could not be undignified even when playful. One of his classmates in Harvard says it would be impossible to think of him as slapping a comrade on the back, or being the object of such a boisterous token of good fellowship. It was difficult for him in his student days to unbend. This was not a pose but a constitutional trait. Hamilton felt this limitation, and in after years overcame it in large measure. The one charge against him in college was his seriousness. This prevented him from being popular in the ordinary sense. He seldom mingled in the lighter affairs of his class, yet he commanded universal respect. No better proof of this can be given than his election by the class to the position of class orator on Commencement day.

No one thought of contending against him, not because he was popular but because he was proficient.

One explanation of this early seriousness was his necessity to work to keep himself going. Another is the native modesty of the man. The aspiring soul can be diffident. The scholarly man is usually cautious about pushing himself. "If you ever hear me talk of myself stop me," he often said to his wife. It was characteristic of him to retire from view even when the occasion demanded his presence at the front. At Pittsburgh his ministers found it necessary forcibly to drag him out to receive the publicity to which he was entitled as a bishop. Yet this man, so hesitant to assert himself, when time and the occasion required it was fearless in the performance of duty. He was masterful in dealing with the problems coming to him as university chancellor and later as bishop. It is said in Pittsburgh that the courteous gentleman was also the firm administrator.

Deep conscientiousness lay at the heart of all his work. Duty was the great word in his lexicon. His epitaph reads: "He was a good man and just." Tireless in his efforts for others, friendship was almost a religion with him. Such a man will have strong personal influence. It was not what he did but what he was that held men to him. In the General Conference he was unobtrusive, almost silent, save in committees. No man listened to debate with more serious attention. His very gravity was influential. His election to the bishopric was a testimonial to the impression of solidity he made. It was believed that he would exercise the office with dignity and force.

An ecclesiastical leader requires diplomacy. This he possessed in a marked degree. No one could more gently approach the irritated or more effectually assuage the fretful. The only fault named by one who was very close to him was his desire to please everyone. It is held that such a policy ends in pleasing no one. If it is not chastened by judgment, regulated by conscience, and held in leash by duty, it will indeed squander itself in vanity. But if it is an honest desire to be helpful in every case, while sacrificing no responsibility, it will stabilize character and save the man who has it from prejudice and partiality. This

is what resulted in the case of Franklin Hamilton, than whom no fairer-minded man ever lived.

Probably none but his closest friends dreamed what fervency he would put into his work as a bishop. His life had been calm, in part cloistered. He was unacquainted with the noise of controversy. But no sooner was he at the business of episcopal supervision than he burst into flames. His nearest comrades believe that he worked himself to death. While chancellor of the university he wrote hundreds of letters with his own hand that he might economize in the expense of clerical help. He gave himself to details which should have been handled by some subordinate. He watched his trust with consuming attention. When he came to Pittsburgh he seemed to be hunting opportunities for work far beyond his or any other man's strength. He had no ability at refusing invitations for public service. On the Sunday before his death he preached three times in Wheeling, West Virginia, and on Monday lectured for the benefit of a church in Pittsburgh. Meanwhile, he had been assiduous in preparations for the entertainment of the Board of Bishops, whose semi-annual meeting opened in his city on Wednesday. The Sunday following he fell on sleep. A former classmate in Harvard said of him: "He was too serious. He had a real New England conscience. He did not know how to play any more than some of his Puritan ancestors."

His home was the world in which his character was most graciously exhibited, and those who dwelt there experienced the joy of his presence and the nobility of his influence as no others could. He was married to Miss Mary Mackie Pierce, daughter of the late Hon. Edward L. Pierce, the biographer of Charles Sumner. They had two sons, Edward Pierce and Arthur Dean, and one daughter, Elizabeth Louise. The elder son was a lieutenant of artillery, and served by his own choice in a colored regiment in the American forces overseas during the late war. The younger son was in training and soon to embark for France when the armistice was signed. It is a touching circumstance that, while Franklin Hamilton tossed in the troubled billows of his latest hours, his mind anxiously clung to the hope that he would receive tidings from the boy who had gone to fight for freedom,

telling of his safe arrival in Europe. The message came, but not till the father's eyes were closed, and then it was placed in his white hands and went with him to his last resting place.

Franklin Hamilton's interest in life was profound. He loved its atmosphere and its burdens. His plans were many and they were full of color. He was prepared for a mighty conquest. He served in the midst of a world war that gave him great solicitude. He saw the bright prospect awaiting Christianity when the conflict should be terminated. He was not given the opportunity to participate in the new development of civilization. One can be sure that he would have bestowed upon the church a bishopric that would have adorned her history had he been permitted to remain on earth. Comparisons are impossible. It is a new day, and he was a new kind of bishop, essentially adapted to the age in which he appeared. By so much the more is the loss sustained by the church irreparable. Yet none can doubt he marches forward in some high mission among the sons of light.

*Geo. P. Eckman.*



## SARAH MEHL, A NEWSPAPER IDYLL

Yes, I found it in one of the daily prints. Yet even that admission is nothing against the idyllic beauty of the story. Amid the clutter of a great modern journal one may often stumble over or past just such a life-gem. Even newspaper editors will cheerfully agree that truth may be immensely stranger than the fiction purveyed as news. But the truth is harder to get at; not so near the surface, nor to be had always for the asking, nor standing around, hat in hand, waiting to be noticed by a journalist. The truth of things is half-shy, furtive even; must be wooed into showing her face. Whereas—anybody can fancy how much too slow is that process of getting at the heart of a matter. Linotypes might need to pause for an unvented breathing space. Moreover so many columns must be filled with *something*. How else would medium be provided for the plethora of advertising? I've not yet quite made up my mind whether a modern newspaper, or even a famous weekly with circulation mounting to seven figures, is published for the sake of the advertisements; or the streaming columns of what to buy and where to dine are inserted to help pay expenses for giving us the news. Besides, there is a sort of fascination, I suppose, in jumping from one page to another in quest of the rest and residue of the story—or whatever it was you began on page one or seven. And still further—for I was thinking of the editor's problem—there is always the competing journal to be reckoned with. And woe betide that reporter who fails to get first under the wire with somewhat that can be put into type.

Thus the truth that is startlingly stranger than fiction has to go by in daily papers and popular weeklies, in sober reviews and ordinary human exchange. Not because we are prejudiced against the truth, or distrust it specially; merely because it is harder to come up with, or hides its head like the modest flower it is.

'Twas that way with my newspaper idyll. The more I think about it the more surprised I am that it got into print. There were at least a dozen other ways of rounding out the story. And,