

**HAMILTON, BISHOP JOHN W.  
AND MRS. HAMILTON**

## Affectionate Tribute to Bishop Hamilton

IT was a very affecting scene that took place at Worcester Friday of last week in connection with the sessions of the New England Conference, when the members of that body, through their chosen spokesman, Dr. William Fairfield Warren, presented Bishop John W. Hamilton a beautiful loving cup in token of the high esteem and warm affection in which he is held by his old Conference. Under the present law of the church, Bishop Hamilton will retire on account of age at the close of the General Conference which meets in Saratoga Springs next month. Very fittingly he was assigned to preside over the New England Conference, of which he was so long an honored and influential member, there to close his active presidency over these annual gatherings, which gave the members of that body the opportunity they desired to express something of the affection which they feel toward him.

Dr. Warren was exceedingly happy in his address of presentation, in choice sentences delineating the major lines of Bishop Hamilton's career in the church, dwelling upon his loyalty to New England, his devotion to Methodism, his leadership in important movements, and his contribution to the upbuilding of the kingdom. In this he spoke the minds, we are sure, not only of those assembled at Worcester, but of all New England Methodism. After a few introductory words, Dr. Warren said that he was spokesman for the Conference, "bent on expressing something of the honor and esteem" in

which Bishop Hamilton, whom he characterized as "our bishop," is held by his brethren. Then he continued:

"You were not born, like many here present, within our Conference bounds, but like many of our new Americans, you can claim all the greater credit as having become a New Englander not by mere accident of birth, but by intelligent and deliberate choice of your own. When you came among us — how well I remember it! — you brought with you your choicest treasures, youth, eager aspiration, your household gods, your ever-deepening devotion to Jesus Christ and His kingdom. People's Temple is but one of many monuments of your youthful faith and later achievement. From the first you have nobly represented New England ideals. From the Atlantic to the Pacific your voice has ever rung out in opposition to all legal and illegal forms of human servitude. In you the honest toiler, white and black, has ever found a mighty champion and a cherished friend. In our world-wide church the laymen, and especially the laywomen, are not likely ever to forget their indebtedness to you for rights and opportunities achieved as yet in no other like branch of the Church of Christ. Your efficiency in the organization of Ecumenical Conferences has given you throughout the Methodist world a recognition attained by no other living representative. In the profound international movement having for its aim a World Conference on Faith and Order, your rank among the leaders is recognized by all communions of the Old World and of the New. Next month at Saratoga, in a veritable world conference of our own, yours will be the chosen voice to utter the quadrennial message of the millions of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the millions of the world without. When all the world is thus honoring you, how can we, your brothers in a precious lifelong fellowship, remain unmoved?

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"From that memorable day to this it has been the joy and pride of this Conference to be represented by you in world-wide activities. In every honor paid you we have been honored. Today, not only by word, but also by deed, we desire to remind you, and your loved ones, that you are perpetually in our heart of hearts. We therefore respectfully ask that you will accept from our hands this loving cup, on which the names of giver and recipient are linked in perpetuity. A few weeks hence you are to pass yet another gateway in your high career. Thenceforward, unhampered by such duties as burden and perplex you today, you are to be dothed with freedom for the higher, the crowning achievements of your life. Remember as you thus advance that step by step you are ever haloed in the prayers and devout thanksgivings of these your brethren, the members of this—your own—New England Conference."

The cup, which stands about twenty-four inches high, bears the following inscription:

"Presented to John W. Hamilton, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the members of the New England Conference of which he was a member (1868-1900) and resident bishop (1908-1916) and in whose admiration and affection he will ever abide. April, 1916"

Bishop Hamilton, taken entirely by surprise, was greatly moved. As he spoke his few words of affectionate response he stirred profoundly the emotions, particularly as he referred to Mrs. Hamilton, who would have rejoiced so keenly to share with him in this token of the love of his brethren. It was an hour to touch the heart and tenderly reveal those subtle links that bind together the ministry of the church.

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## Just Be Enlarged

not directly connected with this or any church, and are becoming identified with activities entirely outside of the denomination. There is no reason whatever why we might not so capture the mind and heart and imagination of our best Methodist young women who are college graduates that they would become identified with some form of social service.

And we shall do this, as one of our ablest women leaders has said, by putting "the emphasis on great service rather than on white bonnet strings." Now this is not to be considered as anything against the bonnet strings, but it is to be understood as insisting that the mere incidentals of the deaconess work are not to prevent the broadening of our vision as to woman's service, nor keep us from enlarging our scope of activity, that we may be able to capture our best young women and lead them into larger Christian service. This ought to be the cry of Methodism during the next quadrennium, "Christian Social Service." And it should be heard in every one of our secondary schools and colleges

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In the years just ahead of us there will be many demands for teachers for religious education as related to the public school system of the country; there will be a great field for service in our cities; there will be a call for consecrated womanhood in our rural sections; there will be demands also for work among immigrants, women trained specifically to labor among the Italians, Russians, and other groups—in fact, there will be openings in practically every line of human activity and life where consecrated womanhood may lead, inspire, and become instruments under God to the salvation of individuals and the upbuilding of the community. These lines of social service, along with the splendid work which is now being done by the deaconesses as such, are all of them of imperative necessity in any program broad enough to command all the resources of a church such as the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It is one of the most glorious pages of our history that has been written by the consecrated deaconess, who has given her time without stint and without hope of reward. All honor to those who have entered the service in these years! But the time has come when aside from these there must also be the broadening of all of our women's work so as to include all the possibilities of this service. And the only way in which this can be done is by the General Conference facing the situation fairly and so enlarging the scope of the Deaconess Board in its program and in its personnel that it will touch all the educational, social, and religious possibilities. Nothing less than this is big enough for Methodism.

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## Deaconess Work IV

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### Mrs. Bishop Hamilton.

The whole Church grieves for Bishop Hamilton in his bereavement. He had found in Mrs. Hamilton so much; so much of reserves, of understanding, of moral strength; so much of comradeship in his labors far beyond the strength of any man. Particularly was this true during the labors that fell to his lot after the San Francisco earthquake and the holocaust. Always Bishop Hamilton had worked as if his life were in atmosphere of oxygen which burns so brightly because it is consumed so fast; always his mail, his correspondence, his personal attention to the humblest details and the obscurest brethren, was so careful, so sincere, it forgot all human limitations as to endurance. But during those dark times when the queenly city by the Golden Gate lay in ashes and ruins, when his health was undermined and the surgeons having him on the operating table despaired his life, when weakness was the lot of that frame of knitted steel, Mrs. Hamilton was by his side, in every way the pillar and guard and inspiration of his daily existence.

Mrs. Hamilton, like her distinguished husband, took the episcopacy as one views not honors on the outside, but humble, even monotonous, routine from within. Too sensitive and too sensible of its responsibilities, she was never bewildered by its distinctions or its appreciative applause. She accompanied the bishop on all his official visits to foreign countries, including Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Mexico, Porto Rico, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, and all of Central, Southern and Western Europe, and acted as his helper in a thousand ways. She had hoped to accompany him around the world in fulfillment of his recent appointment, on his visit to far-off missions but this journey was postponed on account of the war. She purchased for the Woman's Home Missionary Society the beautiful home in Honolulu for the Susannah Wesley Orphanage, during her visit to the Hawaiian Islands, and all this only suggests her wide interest and wide usefulness.

Her character was beautiful, because she loved to serve. Natural, unobtrusive, with no touch of affectation, she was a type of the Christian woman, wife, mother, friend. The Church holds Bishop Hamilton up to the throne today, and invokes on him the comfort, the far-away look, the hope that cannot be put to shame, of a morning dawn where life takes up afresh its wonted way.

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Bishop John W. Hamilton was born in Weston, Virginia; graduated from Mount Union (Ohio) College, and the Boston School of Theology. He was licensed to preach in 1865, serving first the church at Newport, Ohio. He was for two years pastor of the People's Church in Boston, later of Somerville, Mass., and of East Boston. He was elected secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society in 1892, holding that office until 1900, when he was chosen bishop. He has ever been active in Home Missionary work, having organized our missions in Alaska and Hawaiian Islands. He has represented our church as fraternal delegate to the churches in England and Ireland, and has been a member of several Ecumenical gatherings. He has been a constant writer of books and articles for the church press. For some years he was a resident of Cincinnati, and the readers of the Western feel a proprietary interest in this distinguished servant of our church.

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—Mrs. Emma Battelle Hamilton, wife of John William Hamilton, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who is resident in Boston, died suddenly Monday evening at Dr. C. P. Sylvester's private hospital in Hull. Mrs. Hamilton's death resulted from an organic disease of the nervous system, beginning with the prostration occasioned by the San Francisco earthquake. Mrs. Hamilton was born in Fairmont, Virginia, November 26, 1855. She was the daughter of the Rev. Gordon Battelle, D.D., and Maria Louisa Tucker. She was educated in the Wheeling Female College, and later became teacher of art in Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, and held that position when she was married to Dr. Hamilton, December 18, 1888. Besides her husband, Bishop John W. Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton leaves a daughter, Miss Helene Hamilton, who resides with her father; a son, Colonel Gordon B. Hamilton, who is a physician in Oakland, California; a brother, Colonel J. G. Battelle, president of the Columbus (Ohio) Iron & Steel Company, and three sisters, Mrs. Frederick Atwood, of Evansville, Indiana; Miss Frances Battelle, of Boston, and Mrs. Clarence M. Fenton, of Columbus, Ohio.

to the test, rather, and see how present a help is He in time of trouble.

### Miners and Farmers Vote the Saloons Out.

St. Francois County, Mo., voted out the saloons by 900 majority, at a special election held last week.

St. Francois County, south of St. Louis, has been a battle ground of the wet and dry forces for years. It is the heart of the lead mining district and contains several unincorporated mining towns of several thousand each which vote with the county. The dries took the first victory in the county several months ago when Farmington, the county seat, which votes separately, voted dry. Then the fight was centered on the county. The largest part of the majority was rolled up in the largest mining centers, showing a strong vote of laborers, as well as of farmers, against the saloon.

Thank God for this notable victory!

### Those Hundred Days at Kansas Wesleyan.

From many sources letters still come in that tell the wonderful record of Kansas Wesleyan during its one hundred days. All letters speak of the energy and unique character of the campaign that has come out not only with the hundred thousand set as the goal, but about thirty thousand beyond. The new champion, President John F. Harmon, writes of the workers, and the workers write of him. Dr. Roach, former president, and no institution ever had a finer type of champion, falls into the vernacular when he writes: "It was a general hustle of a job and 'the boys' laid off their coats and went to work and the campaign went well. \* \* \* About two-thirds of the time it was so wet they could not travel, but we came out at the end of the hundred days with \$128,000 and still some to hear from." President Harmon was everywhere. Rain, mud, impossible roads did not stop him. He touched thirty counties, traveled several thousand miles, met the people, and they capitulated, purses and hearts and all.

The CENTRAL has already endeavored to give this wonderful campaign due recognition. If we were to name all who were in the thrilling campaign we should have to name all the district superintendents, pastors, leading laymen. It was a famous victory.

### Bishop Mouzon on Organic Union.

Some days ago when Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon of the

tion of humane treatment of his country. And now there comes to the front the Sinn Fein movement, embodying a revolt against not only tyranny, but all authority. At first sight this might seem to be a whole hemisphere removed from the disposition of the grasping and selfish landlord; but extremes will sometimes meet, and these met in their essential motives. "For ourselves alone" is an adequate motto both for the revolutionist and for the reactionary; and it is a wicked and a disastrous principle in either case. This earth would be a hell in a week if this were allowed to rule the lives of men; and no movement has a future or any promise of well-being for the race which starts there.

There is no reason to doubt that the coincidence of Zeppelin raids, the naval raid on the east coast of England, the attempt to land guns in Ireland, and the Sinn Fein rising were all part of a concerted scheme, made in Germany, and in which that strange renegade, Sir Roger Casement, was the agent, so far as the Irish part of the scheme was con-

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## Plymouth, Indiana

under the guidance of a special Providence could the work be done. When God sent this man to Plymouth it was with the understanding that a new church was to be built. One of the daily papers said after the task was completed:

"Rev. Switzer has been the power behind the throne that has brought about the execution of this gigantic plan. To him was the responsibility of setting before his members the vision of the larger church. He had to lead his people up







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by the consciousness, "I am equal to the requirements of a high position. I am doing God's work in God's way. By every successive output of thought and time and strength I am fitting myself for still higher promotion finally, amid the arenas of the heavenly world!"

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## Dr. Sheldon on Adventism and Russellism

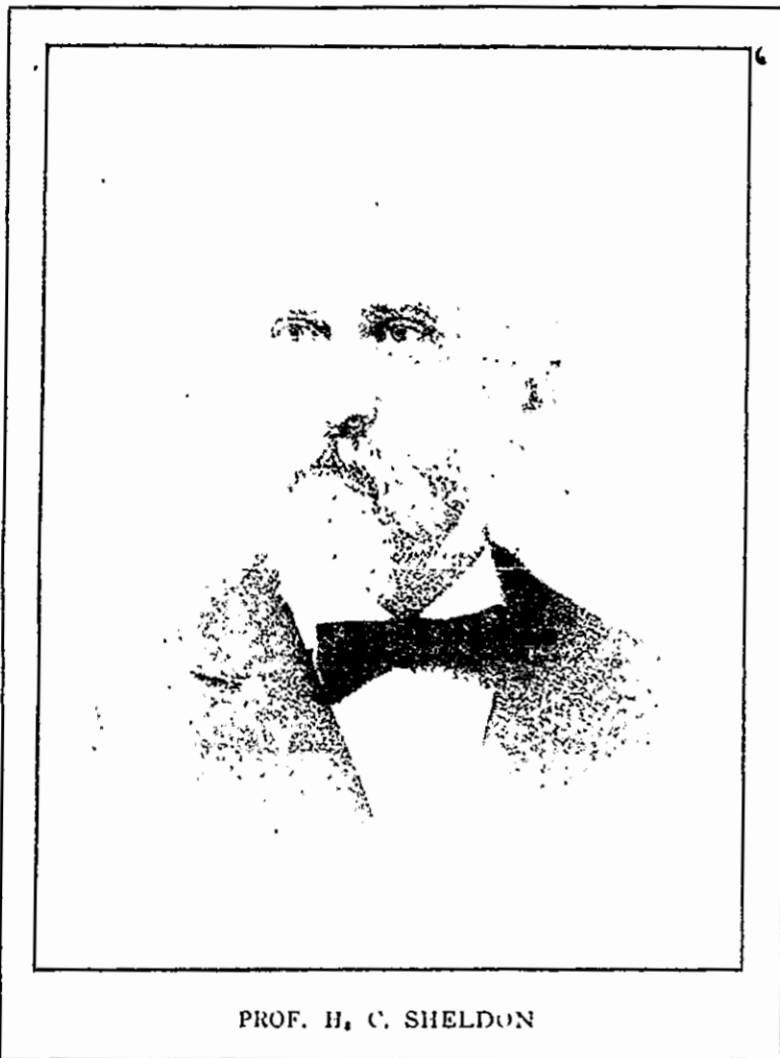
PROFESSOR SHELDON is rendering excellent service in his later years in giving in popular form the results of his scholarly studies in recent religious movements. Some two or three years ago he published a very able and discriminating critique of Eucken which served to indicate the weaknesses of the German philosopher and check the over-enthusiastic, who were ready to accept everything he uttered as law and gospel, simply because it hailed from the land of Goethe. Then he examined Christian Science, and in a sane discussion, without hysteria, pointed out the shortcomings of this system. He followed this with a study of Mormonism, the national cancer, and gave in compact form the best analysis of that religious, economic, and political combination hitherto published. And now he places the religious public under still further debt through this careful, critical, and scholarly review and criticism of Adventism.

His work, which is entitled "Studies in Recent Adventism," is timely. With Russellism enjoying a vogue that is as astonishing as it is a pathetic comment on the gullibility of the public, with premillennialism the acknowledged creed of thousands of devout believers, and with Adventism in its virulent forms placing emphasis upon a materialistic interpretation of Scripture, a volume such as this, compact yet lucid, scholarly yet clear, fair yet critical, will find a hearty reception. It fills a need — which is more than may be said of many books that come from the press.

The danger that lurks in Russellism and the Adventist movement in all its forms is their appeal to the senses. Among our early recollections are those of attending one evening with some neighbors' children a meeting of an itinerating Adventist. The form and substance of his remarks have long since left us, but there remains to this day a vivid recollection of the charts with their wonderful hieroglyphics, their intricate calculations, and their seemingly simple conclusions. It is all, perhaps, the memory of childish experiences, but the impression of that evening, when the intense Adventist enthusiastically and at times vociferously explained the apocalyptic Scriptures, remains to this day, definite in its revelation and interpretation of the movement for which the Adventists stand. And it is this very fact that marks Adventism and makes it dangerous. Materialistic, it appeals to the senses; dealing in the mysterious, it captures that element in human nature that dwells in the occult, literal in its interpretation of certain Scriptures, it is listened to as the very voice of God by thousands. "The distinction of Adventism," says Professor Shel-

don, "as the term is here used, lies in the following particulars: It treats the second coming, or prospective advent, of Christ as a matter of foremost importance in the Christian system; it insists that all Christians should contemplate this great event with vivid expectancy, as being in all probability close at hand, if not indeed certain to occur at a near-by specific date; it regards the looked-for coming as premillennial, that is, antecedent to the thousand-year period mentioned in Rev. 20: 4, 5; it rates this coming as the indispensable condition of any such triumphs of the Christian religion as are to be associated with the millennial age."

Professor Sheldon examines in detail the premillennial claim as expressed not only



PROF. H. C. SHELDON

by those who call themselves Adventists out and out, but by its adherents within the other branches of the church, and as it finds advocates among certain scholars of recognized standing in this country and in Europe. He devotes critical attention to the Millerite movement, the Plymouth Brethren, and the Irvingites, as well as to Russellism and Mormonism. The plan of his discussion is as follows: "Features Commonly Included in Recent Adventism," "Some Special Teachings of Adventist Parties," "Cardinal Assumptions in Adventist Argumentation," "Criticism of the Cardinal Assumptions," "Criticism of Special Teachings of Adventist Parties," and "A List of Objections to Recent Adventism."

Professor Sheldon's criticism leaves the advocate of a thousand years reign attitude upon which to stand. The fact is that the whole superstructure which is claiming so many adherents is built upon a single passage of Scripture, and that the "most judicious of poetical symbolism," Rev. 20:

To erect the broad superstructure of Adventism in any of its forms on this is to "fail of perspective in dealing with the contents of Scripture." Adventism also fails in that it would give to the Jews in the restoration a place of pre-eminence. Not so the Christ. He is universal. "Who can read," asks Professor Sheldon, "such a description of the centrality of Christ to the spiritual universe as is contained in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians, and then think of His reign as conditioned upon, or specially allied with, a perpetuated Jewish nationalism? The New Testament ascends to an outlook wherein the metes and bounds of Jewish nationality seem thoroughly out of place."

Adventism, moreover, is essentially materialistic. It is looking for the physical reappearance of Christ. But what comfort could there be in that? In His spiritual presence He is everywhere; in His physical incarnation He would be again as He was in the days of His flesh, located. Moreover, to contend, as do Adventists, that the Gospel cannot be expected to convert the world, but that this event must wait on Christ's reappearance, is to fly in the face of Scripture. The Holy Spirit is to work to this end through the disciples of Christ.

Professor Sheldon clearly shows that all "attempts to determine the time of the second coming have no longer any credible bases." Indeed, were our Adventist brothers not wholly devoid of a sense of humor, they would realize how ridiculous their material, physical interpretations are. Time and again they have figured it out with absolute certainty, and each time they have failed. They have fixed the date, but always has it proved to be a movable affair. The words of Christ are at once a rebuke to all such vagaries, and a statement of fact: "Of that day and hour knoweth no one." There is no good warrant for associating the second coming

of Christ with a [visible] earthly reign. "In the Scriptural references the stress may be regarded as falling not so much on the precise form of the future manifestation as on the certainty that the Christ who had disappeared, would reappear in a way that would enforce recognition. This is the important point, and in view of the unimagined scope of divine resources, it shows poor discretion to attempt to mease the subject in a narrow literalism."

Without necessarily rejecting the idea of the millennium, Professor Sheldon points out that it is to be used merely a period of free opportunity and marked advance for the cause of Christ in the world. The point to be kept in mind is that the kingdom of God is most closely associated with the person of Christ. His coming is "in every great crisis of the kingdom, such as the outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost or the definitive overthrow of the middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile through the down-

John 1:1-3



### "HE KNOWS ME"

SYMPATHY is the solvent for most of life's troubles. We can bear worry and sorrow much more bravely when we know that somebody somewhere notes and approves the silent heroism. And then when it comes to the matter of personal mistakes and failures, it is good to feel that these are understood and excused, even if not approved, by those whose good opinion we most desire or cherish. A small boy thus defined a friend: "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you, but likes you." It is these friends who stick to us through thick and thin, liking us for all our faults, and bearing with us though often we disappoint them, who are our truest benefactors. Best of all is it to realize that there is One above who is so compassionate that although He knows all about us, He yet likes us, and will never leave us until He has brought us to perfection.

### FORCE OF EXAMPLE

IN an office where many poor children call during the day are several desks with vases of flowers upon them. The flowers never stay long in the vase on one of the desks, for the person there seldom allows a wistful-eyed boy or girl to leave without some of the brightness from that vase. Although the vase there is emptied long before the hour for closing, it is ready the next morning with a fresh store of flowers to send out upon their fulgent mission. The vases upon the other desks are never emptied save when they need fresh flowers.

One of the ladies who never gives away her flowers came in late one morning and walked to the desk of the young woman, who even then was pressing a few sprigs of fragrance into a small hand. She said: "As I was coming down the street this morning I met your roses going up the street—not once, nor twice, but three times, four times, five times, I saw a radiant-faced child holding a little bunch of flowers to her breast. Happiness was being spread all along the street because of your roses. If that is what your roses do, I'm going to give away my roses, too."

It is well for us, now and then, to see what other people's roses are doing. It gives our self-complacency a needed jolt to come face to face, upon the street, with some of the winsome living very ordinary people are putting forth. An experience of that sort is likely to cause us to turn wonderingly to the store of treasures within our reach, and to go over in our own minds the possibilities which they have put within our grasp. It will not be strange, when we do that, if we conclude that we have not been giving out, as we might have done, the fragrant bits of living into the soiled but eager hands that have often been turned our way. If the lesson has a pointed shaft for us like that, and we decide to be honest with ourselves, we will make up our minds that we, too, shall give away our roses.

After all, it takes but a little bit of love and friendliness and hope in our hearts to give away our roses. So many of us have all the essential qualities, well within our

reach, for enriching the lives of others. All that is needed to make us an abundant blessing to our friends and neighbors and workfellows is a little thoughtful and tender attention to the cultivation of the kindly virtues which are quiet within us. If it is contemplating the choice living which others are giving to the everyday moments of their lives, that is to stir within us a sturdy wish to touch with cheerfulness and kind endeavor the lives of those about us, why, if that is so, let us look around and see the roses that other people are giving away. Let us note how their roses are bedecking the barren places, how they are freshening the tired faces, and how they are easing the strain and the stress that is tugging in the lives of those about us. Let us try to catch the lesson of the roses that are being given away—lessons that are plainly written all along life's highway—and then let us each one make up our minds that we, too, shall give away our roses.

## A Tribute to the Wife of Bishop Hamilton

CHURCH-WIDE sympathy has come to Bishop John W. Hamilton, resident bishop of New England, in the death of Mrs. Hamilton, which, as announced briefly last week, occurred very suddenly, July 12. Although Mrs. Hamilton had been seriously ill for nearly two years, no indication that the end was so near had appeared. In fact, she was removed only a little over two weeks ago from the sanitarium, where she had been under treatment for several months, to Hull on the South Shore, where the family was to spend the summer. She was apparently as well as she had been for some time, when she quietly fell asleep amid the lengthening shadows of early evening.

During these years of suffering, Mrs. Hamilton has revealed an optimistic Christian faith and patience that was the source of abiding comfort to the members of her immediate family. She knew that everything humanly possible was being done to relieve her. The best of medical skill was at her disposal, while the most tender personal ministrations were given her by husband, daughter, and sister. The devotion throughout these trying months of the bishop, who carried the burden of his work—heavy and exacting under the most favorable circumstances—has been the admiration of all. He has watched by his stricken wife's bedside, lost no opportunity to visit her while she has been in the hospital, and has been tireless in meeting her every wish and anticipating her every need. Love has found in him a tender and beautiful exemplification of its loyalty. He has been a true husband in every sense of the word. And the church stands by the open grave of the object of his affection to mourn with him.

Mrs. Hamilton, née Battelle, was born in Fairmont, Va., a member of one of the leading families of the Old Dominion. Rev. Dr. Gordon Battelle, her father, took a most prominent part in the movement that resulted in the creation of the state of West Virginia. He was a man of eminence, a member of the convention which led to the division of Virginia, and the author of the resolutions which were adopted and which induced Congress and President Lincoln to recognize the new state and admit it to the Union. Emma Battelle was born Nov. 26, 1855, the daughter of Dr. Battelle and Maria Louisa Tucker, and grew up in the atmosphere of a home of refinement and Christian culture that well prepared her for the place of prominence which she was to fill in her

married life. She was educated in the Wheeling Female College, one of the early institutions devoted to the higher education of women. Following her graduation from this school, her talents found expression as a teacher of art in the Wesley Female College of Cincinnati, which position she held until her marriage to Dr. Hamilton, Dec. 18, 1888.

Dr. Hamilton was at the time a pastor in East Boston. Not long after this, however, he was elected corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, whose headquarters are in Cincinnati, and it was to a most congenial circle of friends that Mrs. Hamilton then returned in the Western city. Here they made their home until 1900, when Dr. Hamilton was elected to the episcopacy and was assigned to the San Francisco residence. It was in San Francisco that Mrs. Hamilton suffered the shock to which is attributed the beginning of the illness—an organic disease of the nervous system—that caused her death. She was alone with her family when the devastating San Francisco earthquake, with all its horrors and its awful destruction of life and property, took place. Bishop Hamilton was in the East holding Conferences, when the news of the earthquake was flashed across the wires. The hours of suffering, the rocking of the earth, the crash of buildings, the burning, the destruction of life—all of this almost shattered her nervous system. She never outlived the effects of those terrible hours, when death was everywhere and worse than death played with the emotions.

Seven years ago last May, Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton came to New England to live, having been assigned to the Boston residence by the Baltimore General Conference. It was home to them in many ways, and from the first they entered into the life of the church in this section of the country.

Mrs. Hamilton was a woman of many friends. She accompanied her husband to most of the general gatherings in which he has such an important part, and everywhere, by her genial presence and winsome personality, drew large circles about her. Her interests were those of the church. What strength she had she gave without reserve to the denomination. To her in large measure is due the establishment of the only home for Japanese girls in California. The home missionary activities of Methodism found in her a warm friend, and for a number of years she had been an honorary vice-president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the

church. But her vision was world-wide also. She knew the needs of the foreign field as do few. To her it had been given to travel extensively with her husband, visiting the mission fields in Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Mexico, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia, as well as Central, Southern and Western Europe. When Bishop Hamilton was selected by his confrères of the episcopal board to visit the work of the denomination in Asia—one of the leading gifts and marks of honor in the episcopacy—Mrs. Hamilton looked forward with a great deal of expectancy to the privilege it would give her to come into touch with our world-wide field and to the help it would be to her still further to contribute in her way to the advancement of the cause of missions. But the war interfered and her illness developed, the trip had to be abandoned, and the bishop was chosen instead to deliver the episcopal address before the next General Conference at Saratoga Springs in May, 1916. How fruitful to the church these trips taken by Mrs. Hamilton were is indicated by the fact that as a result of her visit to the Hawaiian Islands, she purchased for the Woman's Home Missionary Society the beautiful Susannah Wesley Orphanage in Honolulu. She thought, as a bishop's wife, in the terms of service to the church. Her death will be mourned as the loss of one who was a devoted laborer as well as a loyal friend, a true wife, and a loving daughter and sister. The good cheer of her presence as well as the good work of her life will be missed. But these are the priceless legacies she bequeaths to church and friends and to the loved ones of the home.

Mrs. Hamilton leaves, besides her husband, a daughter, Miss Helene, who resides with her father; a son, Col. Gordon B. Hamilton, a physician in Oakland, Cal.; a brother, Col. J. G. Battelle, president of the Columbus (O.) Iron & Steel Company, and three sisters, Mrs. Frederick Atwood, of Evansville, Ind.; Miss Frances Battelle, of Boston, and Mrs. Clarence M. Fenton, of Columbus, O.

#### THE FUNERAL SERVICES

With all the solemnity of the impressive ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church breathing the hope and the comfort of the Christian religion, the last rites were held Thursday afternoon in loving memory of Mrs. Hamilton. Rev. Dr. Dillon Bronson, superintendent of the Boston District, was in charge of the services both at the home on Commonwealth Avenue, where a few personal friends and relatives paid their last tribute in the intimacy of the family circle, and later at the more public service at St. Mark's Church, Brookline. Rev. A. H. Nazarian, of People's Temple read the Scriptures and offered prayer at the home. The funeral cortege moved down the center aisle of St. Mark's to the reading of the triumphant words of the ritual by Dr. Bronson. Rev. Dr. Kelley Jenness, of Tremont Street Church, read the Old Testament lesson, and Dr. William Fairfield Warren, former president of Boston University, the lesson from the New Testament. Prayer was offered by President L. H. Marlin of the university. The quartet of St. Mark's Church sang "How Firm a Foundation" and "Jerusalem, the Golden"—beautifully rendering the spirit of the words and the music of these hymns of the faith.

The address was delivered by Dr. William Valentine Kelley, editor of the *Methodist Review*, of New York, for many years a close personal friend of the family. It was one of those rare

gems of thought and of expression, rich in its personal tribute and its literary allusions, for which the veteran editor is so noted. We are pleased to give a stenographic report of this beautiful appreciation of a true and noble character. Mrs. Hamilton's many friends throughout the church will prize it, we are certain. Dr. Kelley spoke as follows:

#### THE ADDRESS

I am perfectly clear in my mind as to why I am here. I am here in the plain and simple capacity of a friend, without any confusion of that rôle with any official relation to Mrs. Hamilton, or Bishop Hamilton, or this occasion. Friendship is a spontaneous and unprescribed thing. There is no ritual ordained for its use, no constitution or by-laws to regulate its procedure; it runs on no trellises, it grows out as lawlessly as the rambler roses on the banks of a railway track in certain parts of the road between here and New York city. And so my participation in this occasion is extremely informal, and if it does not follow prescribed and customary routes and rules, you will not wonder.

With this dear woman who is gone, and with her husband, I have had the honor and the sweetness of a friendship, simple and genuine, for many years. My mind harks back to the General Conference of 1900, in Chicago, when, on her part, this friendship had its first definite and tangible expression. That was the General Conference at which John W. Hamilton was elected bishop. When, after the order of elections, the *Methodist Review* had been reached, and the announcement had been made from the platform of the re-election of the then editor, there came a rose, a single rose, down the aisle by a messenger, to the seat where I was sitting, and the messenger delivered that rose with the friendship and good wishes of Mrs. Hamilton, the wife of the newly-made bishop. Now, it was a very slight thing, but it touched me very deeply, and it was one of the unforgettable things in my life. I mention it here to-day because it is dear to me, but for a larger reason than that; namely, that I am quite sure that that was a typical act on her part, simply one in ten thousand such, all down, or all up, through the years of her life.

Somebody indulgent in his exhortations to his fellow men, says: "Gather ye roses while ye may"—get out of life its sweetness while you have a chance. Now her motto was not that. She had not been brought up on any such self-indulgent thought. The exhortation which she had heard in the parsonage where she was born, and all through her life, was not "Gather your arms full of roses all your life," but "Scatter roses where'er you can." And that incident, I am sure, may be taken as typical. She did not single me out for exceptional attention, but she gathered me into the vast army of thousands and tens of thousands toward whom she had the altruistic thought, the necessary consideration for their blessing, and to whom she gave roses, in form or in fact, all equally the gift of her life.

She grew up in a parsonage. She was steeped from her childhood in altruistic sentiment and altruistic ideals, and filled with the Christlike altruistic impulse and that came to be the law of her being. Now if there is anything dearer, outside of the realm of one's own family, than the friends one makes, the friends whom God gives, I know not what it is. Was it Ruskin who said: "A man's worth is measured by the number he loves and is loved by?" I have always had a fondness for the words of one of Shakespeare's characters, who says:

"I count myself in nothing less so happy,  
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

Emerson I think it was who said, "No man's prosperity is so solid that a single word cannot chill it and disturb it," and the converse is equally true—that no man is so secure in his position, so high and proud and independent of his fellow men, that he does not see times when the sight of a friend's face, the sound of a

friend's voice, the grasp of a friend's hand is more to him than the center of his being, and all the wealth of the world. I like the words of the old serving man in Browning's poem, "The Flight of the Duchess," where, talking to his friend, and telling his story, he continues in very human, informal fashion: "You are my friend. What a thing friendship is, world without end."

A couple of weeks ago I had a letter from the daughter of a brilliant missionary secretary of our church who died many years ago. I married that daughter many years ago, I baptized her first-born. I had a letter from her in her widowhood. In this last letter she told me of her boy who was in the hospital for a serious operation, and of the daughter who has broken down under the strain of teaching day school and night school, compelled to overwork in order to look after the family needs. And this missionary's daughter wrote me as her friend, and told me the story of her situation, and then said: "I feel as if I had not one friend in the world." Now, I did just what any of you would have done—I took the train for her home. I sat down beside her, and listened to the rest of her story, with the intent to help her if I could, but first to make her feel that she had one friend—the fact being that she had many more than one—to break the spell that held her.

And why do I tell of this incident here? This woman was a friend to tens of thousands; she was always ready for service at the call to homes of need, pouring out her life lavishly, until she could not help it. She was so fixed upon it that all her impulses ran to the rescue of all those who were in need. Some friends of mine have told me that the most effecting scene in the wonderful Passion Play at Oberammergau is the scene where the Master takes the towel and girds Himself, and washes the disciples' feet. Now, this woman was a disciple of that Master and it is no exaggeration to say that through her life, in her parsonage home, the home of her childhood days, through her teaching years, and through her married life, when her husband was Freedmen's Aid secretary, ministering with him to the lowliest and the neediest of all in the land, in the spirit of brotherhood and sisterhood, she imitated the example of her Master, and no service was too menial or too lowly for her, as it was not for Him. Bear witness that what I say is true. You remember the frightful earthquake in California. This woman stood there in the midst of that horrible catastrophe, calm and self-controlled. For of all disasters what can be imagined to be worse than to have the solid earth give way! Her husband was on the Eastern coast at the time. She, in entire self-forgetfulness, went out, inspiring and assisting those about her, and when, after a time her husband reached her, a week or weeks after the earthquake, men came to him and told him his wife behaved like a heroine, she commanded all the street, she rose in her strength and her devotion. The story of that will never be fully told—but that is the manner of the woman to whom we pay honor here today.

Now, I have waited through the years for a chance to get back at her. I said the first definite and tangible token from her side of a definite individual friendship to me was the rose that came down the aisle in St. Mark's Church in Chicago one afternoon in 1900. You know what it is to have a friend do some delicate and exquisite thing for you and then for you to set your teeth with the inward vow, "I will get even some day," and then to wait through the years for the chance to balance up the account. I had more satisfaction than I can tell, three years ago this month, in getting even, in a fashion, with Henry W. Warren. In 1873 we journeyed through the Holy Land together. I was desperately ill at Nazareth—the company thought they would leave my body there—but I partially recovered, and we started on our journey. We rode one day on horseback from Nazareth, going through Capernaum and out into the hilly country beyond. And at night we came to a village up



among the hills, where we were to encamp for the night. Utterly exhausted, I got off my horse, and, going into my tent, threw myself down on my cot. As I lay there, completely discouraged, weak and burning with fever, I was aware that some one had come in at the tent door by my bed, and in a moment a pair of human hands that had been cooled in mountain spring water were laid from behind upon my forehead, and cooled my head, and I fell asleep. The great God had sent a friend to me, and saved me. That was thirty nine years before the time when I sat, in Denver, in the room where lay his body, which was soon to be taken from the house to Hill Chapel for the service. There was in my heart the wish that I could have that body alone. As if in answer to my wish, one by one those who were in the room began to leave. At last even the nurse who had attended him in his last illness, and who was still in the house, went out, and I was alone with him. I reached down my hands and I put them on his forehead, and I said to him: "My brother, this is the best I can do in getting even with you thirty-nine years after, for that tender act of yours."

I told you that the first token of this friendship which I was permitted to have with her and her husband was sent to me in the gift of one rose, in the General Conference of 1900. The last token of that friendship will be given before I finish. I remember a picture by a European artist, entitled "The Last Token." A Christian girl is in the arena at Rome, about to be killed. The arena is crowded to the doors with the populace, hungry for the spectacle of blood, the blood of a Christian. This girl is pressing against the walls of the arena, as if to get away as far as possible from the lions that are to be let in; and as she stands there, some one from the seats above drops a rose, and it falls at her feet, and she looks up to see where it comes from. "The Last Token"—that is why before I came to this service—just before—I went across the street to the florist's, and I asked him for the most beautiful rose he had, and he selected this, and it is the last visible and tangible token that comes from my side, as the first rose came from her side. I gave you warning that this would be an informal service on my part, and I take this rose, and I lay it on her casket.

Dear lady, honored wife of an honored bishop, you sent me a rose as a token of your friendship. I lay this rose, the last token, upon your casket.

And I do it not simply for myself, but I do it representatively, for the thousands and the tens of thousands, all over this land and other lands, to whom she had given roses, or some other and equally beautiful, and often far more lasting, token of that great Christian heart that sent out its love and its service, its constant devotion to her husband, and to her children, and to the Church of Jesus Christ, ready for any self denial, ready to go with her husband on his journeys to the ends of the earth when that were best, or to stop alone, amid earthquake and tragedy, if that were appointed her by his service to the church.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Webster H. Powell, superintendent of the Lynn District. Mr. George H. Maxwell, who has been for a long time a warm friend of the bishop's family, was in charge of the funeral arrangements, in a most brotherly and efficient manner caring for the details of the trying occasion. The honorary pallbearers were selected from among the prominent Methodist laymen of Greater Boston, and included Former Governor John L. Bates, Mayor George H. Newhall, of Lynn, Hon. Matthew Robson, of Salem, Hon. Harvey N. Shepard, of Boston, and Messrs. J. W. Wilbur, Brookline, C. R. Magee, Malden, George F. Washburn, Jamaica Plain, George W. Brainard, Dorchester, B. M. Shaw, Watertown, and A. McArthur, Roxbury. Interment was in the family lot in Forest Hills Cemetery.

### MORE PAGES YET

*In Memoriam — E. B. H.*

This day a lull,  
In joy, in grief;  
The page is full,  
God turns the leaf.

What next? Who knows?  
This only weigh:  
Who sent the rose,  
Hath more to say.

Her new-found page  
No pen can fill  
While ages age:  
My soul, be still!

W. F. WARREN.

*July the twelfth.*

### From Doubt to Faith

THERE are sermons that make sermons, for they bristle with thought-stirring texts, and significant phrases, that set the minds of preacher or teacher auditors wandering in lanes and byways of the Bible country not generally traveled. In a thoughtful and discriminating sermon preached in the tabernacle at Oak Bluffs on July 11, Rev. Frank B. Upham, D. D., dealing with the interview of Nicodemus with Christ, stressed the clause, "How can these things be?" and, in connection with the thought of the reasonableness of the appeal of Jesus (for an acceptance of His message, which rooted in the natural but contained also an inescapable element of supernatural mystery), cited these pregnant phrases: "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" "He turned aside to see." "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" "We speak that we do know." The first of these reminded Nicodemus that his real or assumed knowledge of God as revealed in the history and records of Israel ought to have served as a base for a Christian superstructure; the second offers a reward to him who with

sacred curiosity turns aside from the ordinary avocations of life to glimpse the theophany which gleams behind the wayside phenomenon; the third demands a personal appropriation and expression of the truth (which can never be a mere hearsay report of an experience extrinsic to the man himself), and the fourth sounds the note of authority with which Jesus closed the interview with the Jewish rabbi, and to which, after all has been doubted, thought, or said, the truth-seeker must bow. We must accept the God that is, and find Him through Jesus Christ.

A touching and effective story was cited by the speaker, detailing the experience of a missionary in China. The latter was preaching to a group of people who never before had heard the Gospel. As the evangelist closed his story of the passion and crucifixion of Christ, one of two Chinese women who had been closely listening to the novel narration turned to the other and said, "Have I not often told you that there *could* be a God like that?" And equally apposite was the quotation from George Romanes, who, returning to the faith he had held in his youth, summed the matter up in the terse comment: "It is Christianity, or it is nothing!"

There are modern men who, like Nicodemus, are all the while coming to Jesus "by night"—in the night of doubt, of depression, or of bereavement—and happy are they who, finding God through Christ and finding Christ to be God, obtain guidance for this life, and assurance for the life to come. "If you are still in doubt," concluded Dr. Upham, "study more deeply; if you continue to be perplexed, read more broadly; if you cannot understand, get a new philosophy of certainty; then, if still you doubt, read Christ, hear Him!"

### PERSONALS

—Darius Cobb, the Boston artist, who will be eighty-one years old next month, has just returned from his remarkably successful tour to the Pacific coast, exhibiting his greatest painting, "The Master," and telling the story of why and how he painted it.

—The *Springfield Republican* says: "The Republican skies in Massachusetts have not brightened to the extent that Charles Sumner Bird is ready to come into the old party and support either McCall or Cushing. He himself hath said it."

—Rev. Nelson R. Pearson of Pittsfield, Me., writes July 17: "Mrs. Agnes R. Goodwin, widow of Rev. Othello H. Goodwin, died in Sherman, July 14, and was buried in Pittsfield, July 17." A memoir of this excellent woman will soon appear.

—Rev. Rutherford H. Moore, pastor of our church at Lyndonville, Vt., and Miss Ruth E. Butler, of Lyndonville, were married in the church of which the groom is pastor, July 15, by District Superintendent R. F. Lowe, in the presence of three hundred people.

—President Woodrow Wilson sends Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society, ill with typhoid fever at his summer residence at Sagamore, the following letter of sympathy:

"MY DEAR DR. CLARK: I have heard with the deepest distress of your illness. I hope that it will cheer you up a little to think with what solicitous affection we are all hoping for your speedy recovery. The great work you have done in the Christian world has made you a multitude of friends, and none wishes for your welfare and recovery more heartily than does your sincere friend,  
WOODROW WILSON"

—Miss Mary B. Sweet, a graduate of the Chicago Training School, and for several years a missionary in Rome under the W. I. M. S., has accepted an urgent call to the superintendency of the Deaconess work in Washington state with headquarters at the Training School in Seattle.

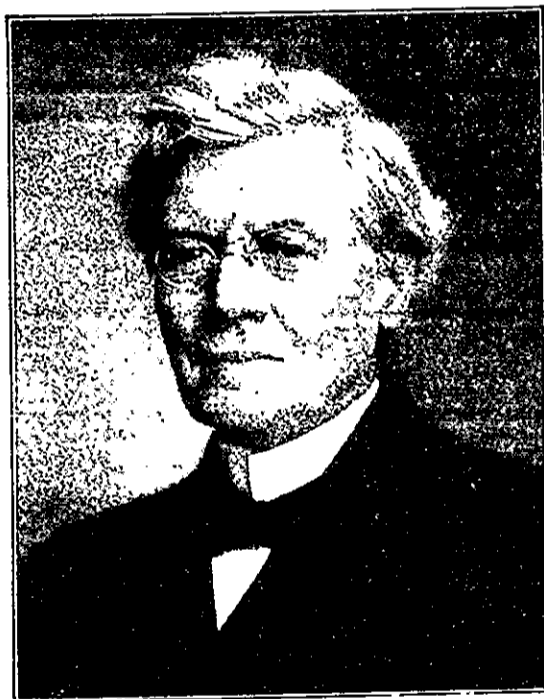
—Mrs. Annie E. Mariot Cuyler, widow of Rev. Dr. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, who was pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn for thirty years, died on Monday at her home in Saybrook, Ct. Mrs. Cuyler was born in Ohio eighty-four years ago, and was married in 1850 to Dr. Cuyler. Ten years later he founded the Lafayette Avenue Church. What tenderly affectionate and grateful memories of Dr. Cuyler are awakened in

## The American University

By Chancellor John W. Hamilton

The announcement that I have been elected chancellor of the American University has been published widely. It would seem anomalous for me to retire from one responsibility having reached the age limit, to assume another no less arduous and equally important.

When my brother was elected to the episcopacy the Bishop resident in Washington and one of the leading trustees of the university



BISHOP JOHN W. HAMILTON  
Chancellor of The American University

came to me to obtain my consent to accept the chancellorship if elected by the trustees. I responded promptly, "No, I am laying down cares at the voice of the Church. Why should I elect to take up others equally responsible?" But one Bishop after another continued to make the same request, until I found but one sentiment and a unanimous election in the annual meeting of the trustees.

A substantial pledge toward the erection of another building was immediately made by one of the trustees, \$1,000 in cash was placed in my hands toward a fund for free scholarships and \$500 given toward the improvements of the grounds, and the following day or two thereafter a resolution was passed by the trustees that the Bishop resident in Washington be associated with the trustees.

It is certain no better inducements are afforded anywhere for the wise and productive use of money than in this country and especially located school. Occupying the high point of land in the District of Columbia overlooking the city, Arlington and the Potomac River, the one founded acres within the city limits, the handsome architecture and the character of buildings are present only to be found elsewhere in no other city.

B. W. H.



BISHOP AND MRS. JOHN W. HAMILTON

A Favorite Photograph, Used at the Especial Desire of the Family

See page 902

Thornley chapel, beginning Sunday, June 29. Leader, Mrs. J. A. Hudson.

Beach Meeting. Sunday evenings at 6 o'clock, beginning June 25, under the direction of Dr. Frank L. Wilson.

North End Pavilion. Every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, beginning Sunday, June 25. Leader, J. F. Mohr.

South End Pavilion. Every Sunday afternoon, at four o'clock, beginning Sunday, July 2. Leader, Dr. A. E. Ballard.

Camp Meeting. Daily, beginning Friday, August 25, and closing Labor Day, September 4. The Rev. William A. Sunday, the well-known evangelist, will be in charge throughout the camp meeting.

Joint Conference of Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies, July 25-28.

Sunday preachers are as follows: June 25, Bishop W. F. Oldham; July 2, Bishop Anderson; July 9, Dr. C. F. Wishart, of Chicago; July 16, Bishop Stuntz; July 23, Children's Day, Dr. R. F. Y. Pierce, morning service and children's concert in evening; July 30, Bishop Wilson, morning; Dr. David J. Burrell, of New York, evening; August 6, President Edwin A. Schell, D.D., of Iowa Wesleyan College; August 30, Dr. Cortland Myers, of Boston; August 27 and September 3, Dr. William A. Sunday; September 10, Dr. John Kiantz.

For further particulars write the secretary, Dr. A. J. Palmer, Ocean Grove, N. J.



The Residential Area of New York City includes the Newark, New York, New York, East, East German and Latin Swedish Conferences. Resident Bishop Luther E. Wilson, 159 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

NEW YORK PREACHERS' MEETING, June 19, 1916. Bishop W. P. Cleveland will speak on "The Philippines, an Unfinished Task."

SANCT PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK, N. Y. - This growing church at the first Quarterly Conference advanced the salary of its pastor, the Rev. A. D. Batchelor, by adding \$200.

NEWTON, N. J. - A Men's League has been organized in connection with First Church, with more than one hundred charter members. At the meeting for permanent organization the Hon. Howard R. Couse, of Jersey City, gave a most interesting address on "A Man's Job."

NEW YORK, N. J. - On May 27, 1916, the Rev. J. F. Mohr, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was elected Moderator of the Protestant Episcopal Conference of the State of New Jersey. The Rev. J. F. Mohr, of the Protestant Episcopal Conference of the State of New Jersey, was elected Moderator of the Protestant Episcopal Conference of the State of New Jersey. The Rev. J. F. Mohr, of the Protestant Episcopal Conference of the State of New Jersey, was elected Moderator of the Protestant Episcopal Conference of the State of New Jersey.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

ables will be affected by the land and sea. The more cautious section of our Methodist insisted from the first that we course in spite of the terrible normal life of the nation. that what the nation needs at but more Christianity. Those d to the opposite pole in the ontended that all gatherings olutely essential ought to be lessly shortened until the issue been decided. In season and have urged that our English meet for only a few days, that d be little more than formal, er who is changing his circuit be shifted from his moorings. mongers have produced a very on public opinion. Judging by ish Conference has passed off lays ago I received all the offi- pers that are sent to a member ative Conference. So far I changes in the arrangements, ilway companies are allowing and that all social functions he session for the reception of er Conferences is to be recast. th the wishes of his church, Canadian representative, has t, and there are other changes ely alter the character of this ering.

#### THE COALITION

ers of the impending Coalition eaked out they caused a cen- liberal camp. For a while the Radical politicians were sim- bat followed when the poison- l by the Germans were blown the trenches of the Allies. political fumes have not been very lasting in their issue all recovered. Much genuine ard had done. Mr. Churchill, re who have either been re- cept placed in some other ave had serious, if not irrepre- personnel of the Administration the gains outweigh the quality of the statesmen who l by the exchange of ministers. it fact that all parties in the mitted to the prosecution of torious end. So long as the ned in the hands of the mem- ed party, there was always the contest was the concern of he people of England. There nger that the tinge and taint

One of the most pathetic incidents of the tussle is the number of only sons who have fallen on the field or have sunk beneath the waves. It is when one visits the homes of the people that one realizes the drain on our manhood and womanhood. This week I made a pastoral call on a widow in humble circumstances who has twelve children. Four of her five sons are wearing the king's uniform. One of them has been for months a prisoner in Germany. The other three are in training for the front. One or two of her daughters are engaged as military nurses. It does not demand a very vivid imagination to conceive that this particular mother must endure many an anxious hour. Several of our nobility have placed their splendidly timbered ancestral parks at the disposal of the Government as training camps. Employers are paying in full to wives or dependents the wages of employees who have gone to the front. In all kinds of ingenious and unexpected ways men, women, and children are displaying their willingness and their capacity to help. For instance, I heard yesterday of a woman of independent means whom I know who has taken a situation as a chauffeur in order that the man who had the place may enlist. This case is only typical of thousands of others.

#### THE WIZARD OF MUNITIONS

Only the future can reveal the fame and the power that are within the grasp of Mr. Lloyd George. But he has now reached what up to the present is the zenith of his influence. He is one of the most romantic figures in our public life. The story of his career reads almost like a fairy tale. Only a few years ago certain men were freely bespattering him with handfuls of mud and denouncing him up hill and down dale as an adventurer, an unscrupulous sixpenny Welsh attorney, "a mouthing patriot with an itching palm." Now these very detractors are hailing him as the deliverer of our country. They now regard him "with bated breath and whispering humbleness." Be that as it may, he has cast his spell with a wizard's skill without a wizard's spite upon the whole nation. The response to his mighty appeal for munitions has been swift, spontaneous, and sensational. His every subject has passed through the country like a succession of electrical shocks. He has kindled a spark into a powder magazine. All sorts and conditions of men and women are answering to his call for help. Some of the "curled darlings of our nation" who have probably never done a hard day's work since they were born, are hurrying up to the gates of a Government arsenal or a private factory and imploring that they may be allowed to assist in the manufacture of munitions. At least three of our Wesleyan ministers have entered a workshop and are now busy in turning out shells. Every score of stockbrokers and their clerks, who during the week never handle anything heavier

The personal columns in the papers provide us with some items. We are not so sorely Egyptians, for after the dust passed over the land there where there was not one dead. increase, and already some sp' lows whom our church urgen shed their blood for their cou alight palliation of our grief t eral members of our church hav of honor pinned to their breast less than three of our chaplains tioned in dispatches. The dutie ren are dangerous and exhaustir deserve any distinction that eitl the state can bestow upon them

#### CHRIST'S OTHER SIDE

It is gratifying to know the multitudinous claims and distractions among the heathen abroad is lected. Our Foreign Mission like the English bugle boy fr who when he was captured l clared that he did not know l treat. They have decided to than retire. Within the last nificant documents from our m passed through my hands. O financial retrospect. The inco cuit for the past ten years wa premier year was indicated an being urged to reach and if p highest contribution to our m The second document was inter field, the new secretary of th of the work, is justifying his t is compiling a list of all the n netted with our church. By th to enlist recruits for an invalua operations that is still swathed bands of infancy.

#### Preferred a Church

From the Kansas Cit

An interesting story com Ala, of how the men of a church in Alabama and thus the ing of a saloon in that State.

A law in Alabama prohibits saloons within three miles of a church. A man decided to open a saloon. The manager of the sawmill in the county seat for his been opposed to saloons, rushed fever and workmen to a corner in the middle of that afternoon church built. Thirty minutes later the saloon man appeared with a petition for a license had already been warned the church, and, of course, the license was granted.

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### Mrs. Bishop Hamilton.

The whole Church grieves for Bishop Hamilton in his bereavement. He had found in Mrs. Hamilton so much; so much of reserves, of understanding, of moral strength; so much of comradeship in his labors far beyond the strength of any man. Particularly was this true during the labors that fell to his lot after the San Francisco earthquake and the holocaust. Always Bishop Hamilton had worked as if his life were in atmosphere of oxygen which burns so brightly because it is consumed so fast; always his mail, his correspondence, his personal attention to the humblest details and the obscurest brethren, was so careful, so sincere, it forgot all human limitations as to endurance. But during those dark times when the queenly city by the Golden Gate lay in ashes and ruins, when his health was undermined and the surgeons having him on the operating table despaired his life, when weakness was the lot of that frame of knitted steel, Mrs. Hamilton was by his side, in every way the pillar and guard and inspiration of his daily existence.

Mrs. Hamilton, like her distinguished husband, took the episcopacy as one views not honors on the outside, but humble, even monotonous, routine from within. Too sensitive and too sensible of its responsibilities, she was never bewildered by its distinctions or its appreciative applause. She accompanied the bishop on all his official visits to foreign countries, including Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Mexico, Porto Rico, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, and all of Central, Southern and Western Europe, and acted as his helper in a thousand ways. She had hoped to accompany him around the world in fulfillment of his recent appointment, on his visit to far-off missions but this journey was postponed on account of the war. She purchased for the Woman's Home Missionary Society the beautiful home in Honolulu for the Susannah Wesley Orphanage, during her visit to the Hawaiian Islands and all this only suggests her wide interest and wide usefulness.

Her character was beautiful, because she loved to serve. Natural, unobtrusive, with no touch of affectation, she was a type of the Christian woman, wife, mother, friend. The Church holds Bishop Hamilton up to the throne today, and invokes on him the comfort, the faraway look, the hope that cannot be put to shame, of a morning dawn where life takes up afresh its wonted way.

to the test, rather, and see how present a help is He in time of trouble.



### Miners and Farmers Vote the Saloons Out.

St. Francois County, Mo., voted out the saloons by 900 majority, at a special election held last week.

St. Francois County, south of St. Louis, has been a battle ground of the wet and dry forces for years. It is the heart of the lead mining district and contains several unincorporated mining towns of several thousand each which vote with the county. The dries took the first victory in the county several months ago when Farmington, the county seat, which votes separately, voted dry. Then the fight was centered on the county. The largest part of the majority was rolled up in the largest mining centers, showing a strong vote of laborers, as well as of farmers, against the saloon.

Thank God for this notable victory!



### Those Hundred Days at Kansas Wesleyan.

From many sources letters still come in that tell the wonderful record of Kansas Wesleyan during its one hundred days. All letters speak of the energy and unique character of the campaign that has come out not only with the hundred thousand set as the goal, but about thirty thousand beyond. The new champion, President John F. Harmon, writes of the workers, and the workers write of him. Dr. Roach, former president, and no institution ever had a finer type of champion, falls into the vernacular when he writes: "It was a general hustle of a job and the boys laid off their coats and went to work and the campaign went well. . . . About two-thirds of the time it was so wet they could not travel, but we came out at the end of the hundred days with \$125,000 and still some to hear from. President Harmon was everywhere. Rain, mud, impassible roads did not stop him. He touched thirty counties, traveled several thousand miles, met the people, and they capitulated, purses and hearts and all.

The CHURCH has already endeavored to give this wonderful campaign due recognition. If we were to name all who were in the thrilling campaign we should have to name all the district superintendents, pastors, leading laymen. It was a famous victory.



Bishop Mouzon on Organic Union

HAMILTON, John William, Methodist Episcopal Bishop since May, 1900; born at Weston, Va, March 18, 1845. Graduated at Mt. Union College, O., 1865; Boston University, 1871 (A.M., Wesleyan University, Connecticut; D.D., Baker University, Kansas; LL.D., University of Southern California DePauw University, Mt. Union College). Married (first) Dec. 24, 1873, Julia Elizabeth Battelle, Covington, Ky. (died, 1883); (second) Dec. 18, 1888, Emma Lydia Battelle, Buffalo, N. Y. Admitted to the Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, April, 1868, ordained deacon, April, 1868; appointed to Newport, O.; transferred to the New England Conference, April, 1868; ordained elder, April, 1870; Founder and for nine years pastor of the People's Church, Boston; Member of the General Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, 1900; member of the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, Washington, 1891; fraternal delegate to churches in Ireland and England, 1898; elected, 1892, corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, 1892-1900; member Executive Committees Methodist Ecumenical Conference, London, England, 1901. Author: Memorial of Jesse Lee and the Old Elm, 1878; Lives of the Methodist Bishops 1882-84; People's Church pulpit, 1884; American Fraternal Greetings, 1899-1905. Editor of The Christian Educator, 1892-1900.

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In 1916 the General Conference granted him the retired relationship. He has recently been appointed Chancellor of the American University at Washington, D. C., where he now lives.

Nov. 10, 1916a





ity with all the traditions of our work in the South, and his general business ability and energy, will, in the opinion of all who know him, qualify him in an especial degree for success in the various forms of effort now required in a widening field of great importance to the Church, to the country, to the elevation and salvation of a great people; and thus to the Kingdom of Christ.

The Christian Advocate, June 9, 1892.

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WHOLE-LEAD IN AMERICA

Photographs from this  
file have not been  
included but are  
available upon request.  
For more information  
please contact  
[research@gcah.org](mailto:research@gcah.org)