HARTZELL, BISHOP JOSEPH C.
DEATH OF FAMILY OF
A Leader Promoted

On January 27, 1916, in Oklahoma City, Okla., one of the chosen few

which led to the organization of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, Mrs. Jennie C. Hartzell, wife of Bishop J. C. Hartzell, passed into the beyond, after a life spent in loyal and loving service for God and humanity. Early in 1870, when Dr. Hartzell was pastor of a large church in New Orleans, she became warmly interested in the poor colored women, and although frail in body and with many cares she still found time to enter these humble homes and to minister comfort and uplift to a distressed people. The need for work for colored girls constantly grew upon her, and in 1877 a mission school was opened in which were taught the primary branches, the Bible, the catechism, and sewing. Mrs. Hartzell became responsible for the salaries of the teachers and for the rent and furnishings of their home. In 1879 and 1880, Mrs. R. S. Rust, who had warmly seconded these efforts, wrote: "There are now thirteen little mission schools in New Orleans, in part self-supporting."

These were under the watchful care of Mrs. Hartzell, and reported through her to the Freedmen's Aid Society. In 1889 the sympathy and help of strong men and women had been enlisted. An effort was made to interest General Conference, held that year in Cincinnati, and to secure an organization. But the Conference came to a close without this result. A meeting, however, was called, largely through the active interest of Dr. A. B. Leonard, which was addressed by Mrs. Hartzell, and it was then and there resolved to organize a Woman's Home Missionary Society. The following month the organization was completed and a constitution adopted.

A woman of rare exaltation, of deep and untroubled reliance upon God, laboring for many years under the shadow of ill health, she was called to a life of singular self-sacrifice, serving loyally with her husband in pastorates, in the Freedmen's Aid work, and in Africa, after Dr. Hartzell was made bishop. She has gone to her reward, and her name will long be held in heartfelt esteem and love by this great Society, which she fore-saw by faith and in its beginning helped to bring to a consummation.

Mrs. Joseph C. Hartzell

Additional particulars concerning the death of Bishop Hartzell's wife have been received. She had been visiting for two weeks at Oklahoma City, with her youngest son, but met many people and spoken briefly at a meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society on Thursday, January 27. She was to have been the guest of the Women's Federation of Churches at a reception to which 1,500 persons had been invited, but soon after midnight she was stricken with apoplexy and passed quickly into the mansion prepared by her Father. Her husband arrived the next day from Cincinnati and a funeral service was held in First Church. Dr. Roach delivering an address to the large company who gathered to show their sympathy. The mortuary chapel at Rosedale, Chicago, was filled on Monday, January 31, when the last rites were performed. There was a wilderness of flowers and beautiful music. Dr. C. F. Mitchell offered prayer, President C. M. Smith read the memorial tribute and Bishop McDowell made the address. Bishop John H. Vincent made the closing prayer over the remains of the sainted woman whose Sunday school superintendent he was in her lifetime.

Mrs. Hartzell was born in Chicago, August 6, 1844, and had not completed her seventy-second year when her summons came and found her ready.
A LIFE MEMBERSHIP—what does it imply? Letters received from time to time at the New York office ask if a Life Member is expected, after being made such, to continue paying dues; also if a Life Membership does not call for special privileges, such as free literature, etc. It is believed that a Life Membership stands for love, loyalty, and a desire to help the Society through its General Fund, which is always too poorly supported. It tells the interests of the Society at heart sufficiently to take out a Life Membership, all this is certainly implied.

At the January meeting of the Board of Trustees action was taken urging upon each Conference Society, which has not already done so, to enter heartily into the Membership Campaign, and to secure bricks as soon as possible for reporting new members. The hope was also expressed that the Conferences which have ordered the seventy-five thousand bricks will make every effort to secure the name of a new member for each brick. It is also urgently asked that the Membership Campaign be given a place upon the program at each Conference, District, Auxiliary, Circle, Home Guard and Mothers' Jests meeting.

Massee, Utah, is called the "burial ground of Mormonism," and aside from its missionary and school teachers and one family, all the residents of the town are Mormons. There is a fine public school building, only a short distance from the Home Mission Cottage and chapel, and yet our Home Mission School is well patronized. The kindergarten has a good attendance, also the Sunday school and Epworth League. Miss Inker is our missionary, and has held this lonely fort for nine years. She is a fine teacher of the Bible.

Miss Carrie K. Swartz, Field Secretary, who has the interest of the Indians greatly at heart, writes under recent date:

"A tribe known as the Comanches, whose customs are the same as the Yumas, has just come into the United States from Mexico. Our government has promised them that they will become our Indians, the government will give them land and educate their children. Two people are presently at camp with the Yumas, and the two tribes amused themselves by carrying off each other's children as war trophies. Our interpreter Joe, having thus lived among them, has his language. These people are pure heathen, and when Dr. Cress, accompanied by Joe, made the long journey to preach to them, it was the first time they had heard of the Christ. When he was leaving they crowded about him pleading, 'You have come to tell us The Beautiful Story; now come and show us how to live it.' But the journey is long, and the one horse used by the Mission, weakened by age, cannot pull the men so great a distance.

"Happily, by special gifts, a Ford auto has been purchased, and the meetings, beginning with a week-end service, have just closed. The revival spirit of last winter has remained during the year in the life of the church. There were no conversions as during last winter's campaign, but the results are far greater. The pastor, Dr. C. H. Van Glin, had assistance from the neighboring pastors, in addition to the very strong assistance from the membership of the church. The very pronounced result is that of a deepening interest in prayer and its vital place in the life of the church. The cottage prayer meetings have been so helpful and the reports so enthusiastic that they will be continued. A men's prayer band is being organized on a permanent basis.

"The pastor's Bible class is planning definite lines of service. The ladies have a prayer circle, which meets monthly. The pastor is holding week-end meetings at the large Richardson & Bayeaua state works, and the response is most encouraging. At times two hundred men listen to the address.

"At the Avenue Church, Brooklyn, Dr. A. J. Smith, pastor, Sunday, January 20, was in some ways one of the most remarkable days in the history of the church. In harmony with the program of the Methodist Forward Movement, a three-weeks' evangelistic campaign had been conducted by the pastor, assisted by the Rev. Raymond Browning, of Richmond, N. C. The singing was led each night by the Epworth League chorus choir. The meetings were very largely attended, and seekers were at the altar at nearly every
Jennie Culver Hartzell

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She was happily converted when ten years of age in the West Indiana-St. Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and at once began a life of spiritual activity and usefulness which lasted to the hour of her death. When yet quite young she developed the primary department of the Sunday School into one of the largest in the city. During eight years she was a very successful teacher in the public schools of Chicago. She graduated from the high school with honor when sixteen years of age. She conducted night schools among Swedish men, and more than one hundred of them were led to Christ.

In 1869 she was married to Joseph C. Hartzell in the Wabash Ave. Church, Dr. Charles H. Fowler, afterward bishop, officiating.

Fokin, Ill., was her husband's first pastorate, and she at once demonstrated her fine abilities in the important position of a pastor's wife. Later the call came to her husband to go to New Orleans to become the pastor of St. Charles, Ave. Methodist Episcopal Church, then a strong organization which had been established by J. F. Newman, afterward Bishop Newman. Four children were born in New Orleans, two of them dying in infancy. A fifth child was born in Chicago.

During the nine years following, Dr. Hartzell was district superintendent of a large section of churches among both white and colored people. Into this work this elect lady entered with enthusiasm, amid all the delicate and trying relations—social, political, as well as religious—into which this dual work brought them. She was always wise in counsel and strong in influence. She knew no prejudice as to peoples, but was always ready to advise and help any in the sphere in which they were. She organized schools among the freed women, and in the General Conference of 1880 this work was especially recognized. Later a meeting was called in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, in the interests of the freed women of the South. Dr. A. B. Leonard co-operating as pastor of the church. A large number of prominent Methodist ladies attended, and at their request Mrs. Hartzell gave the story of the work which she had carried on and appealed for organized work on the part of the Church for the millions of freed women in the South. The outcome of this was the organization of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose work has become nation-wide irrespective of race.

In 1882 Dr. Hartzell was appointed assistant secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, with headquarters in Cincinnati. After three years, he was elected corresponding secretary and held that position for two quadrinuums. At that time the society had charge of the educational work among both white and colored people in the Southern States. In this wide field Mrs. Hartzell's influence and inspiration and counsels continued. In 1882 to 1883 she suffered from nervous prostration, at times seriously. A trip to Edinburgh, Scotland, the home of her mother during her early womanhood, was of great benefit.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage was celebrated in 1884 in Cincinnati and was a social as well as Christian event, in which a very large company participated.

In 1896 Bishop Hartzell was elected bishop for Africa at Cleveland, O. Next May it will be twenty years since that momentous event in her life transpired, and it had been planned that she would be present at the General Conference, when, by the age limit, her husband would retire from official responsibility in Africa. Mrs. Hartzell never hesitated in giving her benediction to her husband in his work or in assuming the responsibility of caring for the family at home. Four times she visited the continent with her husband. In 1897 she was with him in his first visit to the East Coast during the trip she had an attack of African fever. Her faith in the power of God to save Africa if only the Church would be true, never wavered. In the beginning of the North African mission in 1907, among the Mohammedans, she shared a very important part. While the bishop was in Central and Southern Africa and she in Southern Europe awaiting his return, she visited Algeria and was instrumental in opening the way for the first missionaries to be received.

Her death was sudden, but occurred in just the way she had always desired that she might go, when her work was done. She had gone with her youngest son, R. C. Hartzell, to spend a part of the winter at Oklahoma City, Okla. On
afternoon, Jan. 31. Bishop McDowell in his address spoke in behalf of the Board of Bishops and of the Central Illinois Conference, where forty-eight years ago Bishop Hartzell entered the traveling ministry. The address profoundly moved all who listened as he gave high encomiums to the work which God had brought to pass through the departed saint. Bishop John H. Vincent, Mrs. Hartzell's Sunday School superintendent, and a personal friend of the family for over seventy years, made an impressive prayer, which concluded the services.

Mrs. Hartzell was indeed a remarkable woman. Her heart and faith took in all. No matter what the continent or race or condition, her faith in God knew no limit as to what might be done for humanity. As a wife and mother she was loyal and self-sacrificing. Not only had she been a welcome guest in multitudes of homes and in many social functions in America, but with her husband she had been the guest of distinguished people in Europe and in the large cities of Africa. Among these were Mr. Cecil J. Rhodes, the Rt. Hon. Earl Grey and Lady Grey, and many others. Everywhere she was the representative of the best ideals of Christian American womanhood, and of refined spiritual attitude toward others.

Morton Culver Hartzell

"A soldier of the Cross has been promoted; a crown prince of the Kingdom has gone to his coronation; a man who is loved as a friend has gone, leaving behind those recollections and memories that shall ever be delightful, sweet and pleasant. Dr. Morton Culver Hartzell was a friend of everybody. Everyone who knew him was his friend. Those who knew him intimately loved him. Few men have so impressed themselves on a city as this invalid man did upon this city. His memory will be green for generations. His name is as ointment poured forth. We come here today to pay this tribute to him with a sense of loss, a feeling of sadness that we will not look upon his face any more, but with feelings of gladness and joy that we knew him, that we knew such a hero."

These were the opening words of the Rev. P. D. Mathes, D.D., who conducted the funeral services of Rev. Morton Culver Hartzell, A.B., B.D., D.D., in Pasadena, Cal., Feb. 21, 1916. The large auditorium of the First Methodist Church was filled. Not since the death of Dr. Robert J. Burdette has a funeral been so largely attended in Pasadena. The floral decorations were marvelous in their profusion and arrangement. The music was most excellent. The audience was made up of all classes representing the ministry and laity of every branch of the Christian Church, and of many not directly related with the Church, but into whose hearts and lives the spirit and faith of the departed one has become potent influences for their good.

He died upon his fortieth birthday. Five and a half years ago he came to Pasadena with his body in a cast, suffering from a diseased hip. During these years it has been one continued battle for life. Seven times he was upon the operating table in the hospital, and as a rule, followed by days of excruciating pain. For two years he was pastor of Lummash Park Church, where the influence of his spiritual and intellectual strength shone forth, producing remarkable results in the church and community, extending into educational and social reforms throughout the whole city. The brilliancy of his intellect and strength of his mental grasp grew until the very last.

Rev. R. J. Coyne, D.D., read the Scriptures. Rev. W. E. Tilley, D.D., gave the life sketch of the departed, and of his relations with him while in Chicago. Rev. Dr. Matt S. Hughes, pastor of the church, analyzed the life, work and victory of Dr. Hartzell. Rev. Leslie E. Learned, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church, represented the other evangelical denominations. He spoke, as did the others, with profound feeling and dealt upon the wide influence of the departed outside of his own section of the Church of Jesus Christ.

Among the acting and honorary pallbearers, six of each, besides personal and intimate friends, there were representatives of the Board of Education of Pasadena of the Ministerial Union and citizens at large. There was also a large delegation especially appointed from the Los Angeles Ministerial Association.

Bishop Hartzell, the bereaved widow, and her son Karl will leave Pasadena with the remains March 2 for Chicago. The burial will take place under the direction of the Chicago Preachers' Meeting in Rose Hill Cemetery, Monday, March 6. The remains will lie near his mother, who was buried Jan. 31, and beside his infant son, who died in Chicago.

 Warns England to Turn to God

Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, commander of the British battle cruiser squadron which defeated the German squadron in the battle of Dogger Bank, may not be far wrong in his warning to the people of Great Britain to turn religious, nor in his assertion that the war will continue until Britain is stirred to a religious revival. There is little doubt that the great war would never have been started had Europe experienced a real Christian experience.

Here are his words:

"Surely, Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas or a blood-drunked orgy. There must be a purpose in it; improvement must come out of it.

"In what direction? France has already shown us the way, and has risen out of her ruined cities with a revival of religion that is wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole, and religion plays a great part. England still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her. Until she can be stirred out of this condition, until a religious revival takes place, just so long will the war continue.

"When she can look on the future with humbler eyes and a prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days toward the end."

If the news dispatches from London are reliable, there must be a deplorable condition prevailing. To think of the flower of the manhood of the country shoulderings arms and on the battle line and in the homes a lot of thoughtless, drunken, conscienceless women. Can anyone predict what the future will have in store? No nation can long prosper that has forgotten God. Britain's monumental blunder was made when she declined to sever an alliance with her arch enemy—rum. This also demonstrated the pitiable moral decay into which she had fallen.

Dr. B. M. Tipple, fresh from Europe, comments thus on conditions there:

"The horrors of this war have been exploited and no one pen nor all together have been able to describe adequately their numbers and frightfulness. But God is still on His throne. Out of the ashes and the blood there is to arise a humbler and a greater Europe. The lightness and the scolding are at an end. The spell of formal religion is broken. The living Christ returns. Europe lies bleeding and broken. Her resources of men and material are pitifully wasted. Her physical strength for at least the coming generation is heavily mortgaged. But rising into view is a new continent in Christ Jesus. A saved, revivified Christian Europe is to help in the final saving of Southern Europe, South America, Africa and the East."

0 nations of Europe (and America), awake! "Take up your whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore with your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod
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In 1869 she was married to Joseph C. Hartzell in the Washington Avenue Church. Dr. Charles H. Fowler, afterward bishop, officiating. Upon returning home after the wedding there was found a large fell tower, the gift of the brethren of the city. This was in recognition of her having raised from the business men of Chicago a sum of money by which an academy was erected upon the site of a former building in the city.

She cheerfully accompanied her husband to New Orleans, where he became the pastor of St. Charles Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, thus a strong organization which had been established by Dr. J. P. Newman, afterward bishop. Newman. The audience was made up largely of leading federal and state officials, and of Southern people, who had been interested and politically with those representing the North in the outcome of the Civil War. Here during a three years' pastorate Mrs. Hartzell was the center of an influential social as well as religious influence which was fully recognized and appreciated. During the first year both husband and wife had the yellow fever, her first baby being four weeks old at the time the disease seized them. It was several years before she fully recovered from the effects of this serious illness. Four children were born in New Orleans, two of them dying in infancy. A fifth child was born in Chicago.

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In 1885 Dr. Hartzell was elected corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. In this work Mrs. Hartzell's influence and counsels continued. In 1893 she entered upon a period of service which lasted to the hour of her death. She was called to take charge of a large division of the church. In 1896 Bishop Hartzell was elected bishop for Africa, and there came the greatest test of Mrs. Hartzell as a wife and mother. She shrank not from the call...
Statistics of the Churches of the United States for 1915

Gathered and Arranged by H. K. Carroll, LL.D.

These statistics cover the territory of the United States and its possessions exclusively and are gathered under the auspices of the Federal Council. They are advance proofs from the Federal Council Year Book, which is a complete directory of all religious bodies in the United States.

The European war did not, apparently, seriously affect the prosperity of the Churches of the United States in 1915. A net increase of nearly 65,000 communicants, says Dr. H. K. Carroll, the ecclesiastical statistician, speaking for the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, if not unusually large is certainly not abnormally small. It is fairly distributed among the larger denominations, excepting the Lutherans, who report a loss of nearly eleven thousand for the year, much of which may be explained by being pushed out of an increasing number of church buildings. The Lutheran Church is larger than it was by 25,686.

An interesting fact is that the gains in the South were extraordinary. The Southern Baptists had an increase of 71,000 and more; the Southern Methodists of 60,000. Adding the Southern Presbyterians the net increase of these three bodies was more than 204,000, or well on to a third of the aggregate gains for the year. The returns for the Baptists for 1915 are not yet ready. They would probably add materially to the increase of the year.

A remarkable feature of Dr. Carroll's statistics, which will be published immediately in the Federal Council Year Book, is that there has been a net decrease of the normal increase of churches. The actual loss is not large, only 158, but in 1914 there was a gain of over thirteen hundred. The Lutherans quite unaccountably appear to have lost nearly a thousand churches during the year, partly due, perhaps, to defection statistics. Even in the South, which had so large a formation of churches, there was little increase in churches.

The Southern Baptist Convention reports losses as about offsetting gains; the Methodist Church, South, has a net decrease of ninety-six and the Southern Presbyterians of only thirty. The Northern Methodists gained 185. Several of the Presbyterian bodies, which enjoyed an unusual increase in communicants, show a falling off in the number of churches. The Northern Church, for example, has a net loss of 138.

Doubtless the hard times that seem to have come upon the Churches in the rural sections, in which the least number of churches are found, and the closing of a number of churches which were formerly flourishing, and to the coalescence of many others, accounts at least in part for the decrease.

The grand totals of ministers are 180,697, an increase of over 1,700; of churches, 225,534, a decrease of 158; and of communicants, 39,382,718, a gain of 63,540.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America embracing thirty of the leading Evangelical Churches, reports, as the attached tables show, net gains in 1915 of 1,336 ministers, 157 churches, and 301,029 communicants. This latter number indicates that this group of Churches absorbed nearly half the total gains of the year.

In their financial condition Churches generally have not suffered. The total income for foreign missions was $1,600,000 greater in 1915 than in 1914; that for home missions shows a falling off of about $50,000. A very large amount in the aggregate was contributed through the Churches for war relief of one kind or another.

The increase for the quarter century since 1890 is very large. Denominational groups of 100,000 communicants and upward, embracing all but about 2,000, have nearly doubled their numbers. Having 19,328,000 in 1890 they now have 37,255,000, indicating a net gain for the twenty-five years of nearly 18,000,000, or more than ninety-eight per cent.

The joys that are bought with money are worth nothing compared with the joys that, though sweet and gentle and unassuming, are yet deep, enduring, and quelling; the joys that enlarge the heart instead of diminishing it, and which too often pass by—somewhat in the manner of those pleasant sights one sees in an ecstasy over the fireworks at night but not the smallest attention to the splendor—night. —Samuel.
Mrs. Jennie Culver Hartzell---An Appreciation

Mrs. Jennie Culver Hartzell, wife of Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, was born in Chicago, August 6, 1844, and died suddenly, in her seventy-second year, of apoplexy in Oklahoma City, Okla., on the morning of January 27, 1916. She was happily married when ten years of age in the West Indiana Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and at once began a life of spiritual activity and usefulness which lasted to the hour of her death. When yet quite young she developed the primary department of the Sunday School into one of the largest in the city. During eight years she was a very successful teacher in the public schools of Chicago. She graduated from the high school with honor when sixteen years of age. She conducted night schools among Swedish men, and more than one hundred of them were led to Christ.

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Pekin, Ill., was her husband's first pastorate, and she at once demonstrated her fine abilities in the important position of a pastor's wife. Later the call came to her husband to go to New Orleans to become the pastor of St. Charles Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, then a strong organization which had been established by Dr. J. P. Newman, afterward Bishop Newman. The audience was made up largely of leading federal and state officials and the Southern people who had become identified politically with those representing the North in the outcome of the Civil War. Here during a three years' pastorate Mrs. Hartzell was the center of an influential social as well as religious influence which was fully recognized and appreciated. During the first year both husband and wife had the yellow fever, her first baby being four weeks old, at the time the disease seized them. It was several years before she fully recovered from the effects of this serious illness. Four children were born in New Orleans, two of them dying in infancy.

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The twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage was celebrated in 1894 in Cincinnati and was a social as well as Christian event, in which a very large company participated.

In 1896 Bishop Hartzell was elected bishop for Africa at Cleveland, O. Here came the greatest test of Mrs. Hartzell as well as of her husband. He had already been re-elected to his secretaryship in the South. The proposition to elect him came as a great surprise. The conditions on the continent then were vastly different from now. Twenty-four hours of prayer brought her to feel sure that "God would not permit the General Conference to do anything toward her husband that was not right." During the same time, in another room, Dr. Hartzell became sure that "with the vows of God upon him he could not refuse any work anywhere on earth to which the Church might appoint him."

Next May it will be twenty years since that momentous event in her life transpired, and it had been planned that she would be present at the General Conference, when, by the age limit, her husband would retire from official responsibility in Africa. Mrs. Hartzell never hesitated in giving her submission to her husband in his work or in assuming the responsibility of caring for the family at home. Four times she visited the Continent with her husband. In 1897 she was with him in his first visit to the East Coast. During the trip she had an attack of African fever. Her faith in the power of God to save Africa if only the Church would be true, never wavered. In the beginning of the North Africa Mission, in 1897, among the Mohammedans, she shared a very important part. While the bishop was in Central and Southern Africa and she in Southern Europe making his return, she visited Algeria and was instrumental in opening the way for the first missionaries to be received.

Her death was sudden, but occurred in just the way she had always desired that she might go, when her work was done. She had many remarkable experiences in times of serious illness, as to how near heaven is to all God's children, and how delightful it will be to pass beyond the veil and enter into the joys of heaven forever. At her husband's request, after having been the guest of honor at a great reception to be given by the officers of the Woman's Federation of Churches, to which fifteen hundred invitations had been given. But a far greater honor awaited her. She was to be, early in the morning of that day, among the redeemed hosts on high.

On Wednesday, January 26, she was unusually happy. She ate a hearty supper. Her son spent the evening with her in her room, staying until ten o'clock. Later she went to her room and showed him the dress she intended to wear the next day, and they spent a happy half hour talking of the future and of what they hoped to enjoy in Oklahoma. She retired at about half-past eleven. At half-past one her son heard her call and hastened to her room to find her in great pain. She said: "Is that Robert, my son?" He replied: "Yes, mother, what can I do for you?" She said: "I have great pain at the base of my brain and in my spinal column. I fear I am becoming paralyzed." The landlord and his wife were hastily called and a physician arrived in a few moments. Later she tried to lift her hands toward her son, but they fell helpless. She said: "My boy, Robert." These were her last words. In a very brief time her spirit had passed beyond the veil.

The bishop reached Oklahoma City by the swiftest train possible from Cincinnati on Friday evening, January 28. A service was held in our First Church. The pastor, Dr. Reach, in the presence of a large and sympathetic audience, delivered a memorial address. Banks of flowers surrounded the casket, indicating the appreciation of the audience that a remarkable woman had passed to heaven from their midst.

On the way North, as the bishop and his son were passing with the remains, a large company of representative Methodists, some of the relatives, gave their greeting and sympathy to the bereaved. During the few moments the train stopped at Kansas City, the internment took place in the family lot in beautiful Rosehill Cemetery, near Chicago, Monday afternoon, January 31. The chapel was filled. The district superintendents, Drs. Leman and Walker, at the request of Bishop McDowell, arranged the services. The bishop hastening from the East without an hour to spare to be present. Here the banks of flowers were yet larger, some of them coming from faraway cities. Her home Church in Avondale, Cincinnati, through the Woman's Home and Foreign Societies, and others was represented. Euphonia music was rendered by the Rock River Conference Quartet. Prayer was offered by Dr. Charles B. Mitchell of Chicago. Dr. C. M. Stuart of Garrett Biblical Institute read an apposite memorial descriptive of the activities and life and character of the deceased. Several prominent men were the honorary pallbearers. Appropriate resolutions were read from the Chicago Methodist Ministers' Meeting, and Bishop McDowell in his address spoke in be-
had a strong zeal to see the Church grow. Her heart was sympathetic and tender. The truly great pathfinder among women was the great Mrs. Hartzell. In her efforts along the path of reform she was a strong and steady influence.

Thomas Hartzell was a man of action. He was a man of the people, and his influence was felt not only in his own church and community, but in the larger sphere of his country and world. His work was notable in the Church, and he was a leader in the community. His influence was felt in the life of the people. He was a man of action, and his efforts were directed to the betterment of the conditions of the people. His work was notable, and his influence was felt in the Church and in the community. His influence was felt in the life of the people, and his efforts were directed to the betterment of the conditions of the people. His work was notable, and his influence was felt in the Church and in the community. His influence was felt in the life of the people.

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CHAPTER VII

Life's day is not always clouded—someplace, in one place or another, the sun is shining. The sun of domestic happiness may be clouded here, but yonder its radiance sheds a light and warmth upon the hearts of those who make a home more than a stopping place; and this self-made haven they call home even though it be only a one-roomed hovel.

Love's hearth-fire burned brightly in the Master's home to-day, and its inmates seemed thankful for the mere joy of living as they sat around the dining table where they had done fullest justice to a substantial repast. David Masters' face seemed beamng with light in its expression of kindliness as he sat at the head of the table with his family gathered about him. What a blessing it was for him to see the habitual smile of content on his wife's face and how good to know that the boy and girl, William and Helen, were safe and happy under the shelter of this roof-tree!

"Well, Will, what plans have you made regarding your Young People's Society work?" the father asked, seating himself comfortably in his chair.

"We have made none as yet. We are but getting ready to put old and neglected plans into action. We shall have a special meeting in regard to the work soon."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Masters, "that we are people who have been neglectful of our duty. We have been far too concerned about self and far too neglectful of others. We have been blind or willfully careless in regard to the condition of our poor and needy ones, and we all know that there are those who need to be cared for. Then what are we to do in regard to the immoral and careless one who?

"There was a moment's silence when she had ceased speaking.

"Well, Martha, I think both of your questions can be answered in the same reply. Are not we people who are poor and needy the same ones—many instances—who are immoral and careless? Widow Benton is a good, honest old soul, and who would refuse to help her? But there's Dan Crawford, for example—his wretched condition is the fault of nobody but himself. He is strong and a good mechanic, and is well able to support himself and his family in comfort if not in luxury. It is my belief that many people, not all, mind you, cause their own woe, their misfortunes have been their"

"But the professed Christian must be a possessing Christian if he is able to accomplish anything there. We must be what we to the world would seem, for we deceive ourselves if we think that our lives are covered from the sight of others."

"Yes, I think it is transformation that is needed in many instances," replied Mrs. Masters.

A few hours later found Helen alone in the living-room with only her own thoughts for company. Having desired to help in this work, what could she do? Who could she help? Who could she encourage in any way? But, oh, for the ability to do something for somebody! She had long desired to be of service to others, yet what had she accomplished? She had always done the best she knew, yet she could see no direct result of her work. She thought of her father's words, "Do your Christian duty! God will take care of results." The blue eyes shone with a new light as she raised her head and smiled hopefully. She would not cease to trust but would await faith's fulfillment.

Footsteps were heard upon the porch, the door opened, and Lucile Wilson, the doctor's daughter, entered the room.

"Why, Helen, you look like happiness personified. What's the cause?"

Helen explained. "I have just been thinking," Lucile began when she had finished, "that we will find our work to be a large one. Why, Helen, you have no idea of how great it is, and I almost wonder that we dare take it up at all."

"We could not dare to take it up without divine help back of it all, but if we depend upon God instead of self, as we must do, the work ought not to prove harder than we can bear."

After a moment's silence Lucile looked at Helen speaking in an unusually serious tone of voice.

"Helen, I wonder if everybody in Wellington understands the condition of the place? Surely they do not else there would not be so many so careless of making it better. I never knew, or even suspected, until recently, the undercurrent of evil and the moral stagnation that exists here. We all know something of it, but do any of us know all? Last night Papa was out late attending a patient, and, as I was not sleepy and didn't care to retire, I sat up and read until he returned. I knew I ought to have been in bed as Papa never likes to have me sit up late, but what was the real hour for when we know it isn't customary in Wellington? They didn't act as though they were on any serious or necessary errand, so why were they out?"

"Why should I know, Lucile?" and Helen sighed. "Poor Mrs. Cranford! What a life hers must be!"

"Yes, and you know she used to be so happy, and it was a pleasure to meet her. Now she never goes anywhere. I wonder why people don't visit her sometimes for it is no fault of hers that their condition is such as it is."

"I think we might visit her if we do so, not for the sake of prying into her home life for her proud spirit would not suffer that, but out of the true interest and regard we feel for her which I believe she would appreciate."

"And I wonder if that would not be the beginning of our work, Helen?"

"Probably, Lucile; it is at least our duty. But what did your father say in regard to what you saw, Lucile?"

"Merely this: 'Poor Dick, poor Dick! I guess he's bound to go the length of his rope.' You know, Helen, how interested Papa is regarding Richard Gordon's welfare. He seems to see good traits in his character where most people see none. It is too bad that so many people allow their weaknesses to gain the ascendancy over their better selves, isn't it?"

And long after Lucile had gone Helen pondered the doctor's words.

"He's bound to go the length of his rope."

"Could it be possible that Richard Gordon, Will's friend and one companion, would not be stopped until fate or Providence should check him?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHOULD BE HONEST

Parents cannot be too careful in the matter of teaching them without their children's consent. Of course, the parents must be strictly honest, in a general way, if they would consistently train their children in the principles and practices of honesty. Just as surely as a parent acts dishonestly toward his children, just so certainly does he thereby educate them in the ways of dishonesty. A parent may often talk in favor of honesty in all things, but if he acts dishonestly in any way, he shows that he is inconsistent, and his example has a bad influence upon his children and also upon others. A writer in "The Common People," of Boston, says: "If you want your children to be honest with you, why should you not be honest with them? If you would not have them deceive you, why should you attempt to deceive them? If you would teach them by precept, why should you not teach them also by example? Is it any wonder that your child
Mrs. Jennie Culver Hartzell---An Appreciation

Mrs. Jennie Culver Hartzell, wife of Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, was born in Chicago, August 6, 1844, and died suddenly, in her seventy-second year, of apoplexy in Oklahoma City, Okla., on the morning of January 27, 1916. She was happily married when ten years of age in the West Indiana Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and at once began a life of spiritual activity and usefulness which lasted to the hour of her death. When yet quite young she developed the primary department of the Sunday School into one of the largest in the city. During eight years she was a very successful teacher in the public schools of Chicago. She graduated from the high school with honor when sixteen years of age. She conducted night schools among Swedish men, and more than one hundred of them were led to Christ.

In 1869 she was married to Joseph C. Hartzell in the Wahash Avenue Church, Dr. Charles H. Fowler, afterward bishop, officiating. Upon returning home after the wedding there was found a large full silver service, the gift of the firemen of the city. This was in recognition of her having raised from the business men of Chicago a sum of money by which an accident policy was placed upon the life of every fireman in the city.

Pekin, Ill., was her husband's first pastorate, and she at once demonstrated her fine abilities in the important position of a pastor's wife. Later the call came to her husband to go to New Orleans to become the pastor of St. Charles Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, a strong organization which had been established by Dr. J. E. Newman, afterward Bishop Newman. The audience was made up largely of leading federal and state officials and business men. These Southern people who had become identified politically with those representing the North in the outcome of the Civil War. Here during a three years' pastorate Mrs. Hartzell was the center of an influential social as well as religious influence which was fully recognized and appreciated. During the first war both husband and wife had the yellow fever, her firstlake being four weeks old at the time the disease visited them. It was several years before she fully recovered from the effects of this serious illness. Four children were born in New Orleans, two of them dying in infancy. A fifth child was born in Chicago.

During the nine years following Dr. Hartzell was district superintendent of a large section of churches among both white and colored people. Into this work she ever entered with enthusiasm, amid all the delicate and trying relations—social, political, as well as religious—into which this dual work brought them. She was always wise in counsel and strong in influence. She knew no prejudice as to peoples, but was always ready to advise and help any in the sphere in which they were. She organized secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, with headquarters in Cincinnati. After three years, he was elected corresponding secretary and held that position for two quadrenniums. At that time the society had charge of the educational work among both white and colored people in the Southern States. In this wider field Mrs. Hartzell's influence and inspiration and counsels continued.

In 1882 to 1885 she suffered from nervous prostration, at times seriously. A trip to Edinburgh, Scotland, the home of her mother during her early womanhood, was of great benefit.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage was celebrated in 1884 in Cincinnati and was a social as well as Christian event, in which a very large company participated.

In 1896 Bishop Hartzell was elected bishop for Africa at Cleveland, Ohio. Here came the greatest test of Mrs. Hartzell as well as of her husband. He had already been re-elected to his secretaryship in the South. The proposition to elect him came as a great surprise. The conditions on the continent then were vastly different from now. Twenty-four hours of prayer brought her to feel sure that "God would not permit the General Conference to do anything toward her husband that was not right." During the same time, in another room, Dr. Hartzell became sure that "with the vows of God upon him he could not refuse any work anywhere on earth to which the Church might appoint him.

Next May it will be twenty years since that momentous event in her life transpired, and it had been planned that she would be present at the General Conference when, by the age limit, her husband would retire from official responsibility in Africa. Mrs. Hartzell never hesitated in giving her benediction to her husband in his work or in assuming the responsibility of caring for the family at home. Four times she visited the Continent with her husband. In 1097 she was with him in his first visit to the East Coast. During the trip she had an attack of African fever. Her faith in the power of God to save Africa if only the Church would be true, never wavered. In the beginning of the North Africa Mission, in 1907, among the Mohammedans, she shared a very important part. While the bishop was in the Eastern and Southern Africa and she in Southern Europe awaiting his return, she visited Algeria and was instrumental in opening the way for the first missionaries to be received.

Her death was sudden, but occurred in just the way she had always desired that she might go when her work was done. She had many remarkable experiences in times of serious illness as to how near heaven is to all God's children, and how delightful it will be to pass beyond the veil and enter into the joys of heaven forever. At her husband's request, after have been the guest of honor at a great reception to be given by the officers of the Woman's Federation of Churches, to which fifteen hundred invitations had been given. But a far greater honor awaited her. She was to be early in the morning of that day, among the redeemed hosts on high.

On Wednesday, January 26, she was unusually happy. She ate a hearty supper. Her son spent the evening with her in her room, staying until ten o'clock. Later she went to his room and showed him the dress she intended to wear the next day, and they spent a happy half hour talking of the future and of what they hoped to enjoy in Oklahoma. She retired at about half-past eleven. At half-past one her son heard her call and hastened to her room to find her in great pain. She said: "Is that Robert, my son?" He replied: "Yes, mother: what can I do for you?" She said: "I have great pain at the base of my brain and in my spinal column. I fear I am becoming paralyzed." The landlord and his wife were hastily called and a physician arrived in a few moments. Later she tried to lift her hands toward her son, but they fell helpless. She said: "My boy, Robert." These were her last words. In a very brief time her spirit had passed beyond the veil.

The bishop reached Oklahoma City by the swiftest train possible from Cincinnati on Friday evening, January 28. A service was held in our First Church. The pastor, Dr. Roach, in the presence of a large and sympathetic audience, delivered a memorial address. The bishop left in the family lot in beautiful Roselawn Cemetery, near Chicago, Monday afternoon, January 31. The chapel was filled. The district superintendent, Drs. Leavens and Walker, at the request of Bishop McDowell, arranged the services, the bishop having from the East without an hour to spare to be present. Here the banks of flowers were not large, some of them coming from faraway cities. Her home Church in Avondale, Cincinnati, through the Woman's Home and Foreign Societies, and others, was represented. Exquisite music was rendered by the Rock River Conference Quartet. Prayer was offered by Dr. Charles B. Mitchell of Chicago. Dr. C. M. Stuart of Garrett Biblical Institute read an appreciative memorial descriptive of the activities and life and character of the deceased. Several prominent men were the honorary pallbearers. Appropriate resolutions were read from the Chicago Methodist Ministers' Meeting, and Bishop McDowell in his address spoke in be-
the bereaved during the few moments the train stopped at Kansas City. The interment took place in the family lot in beautiful Roselawn Cemetery, near Chicago, Monday afternoon, January 31. The chapel was filled. The district superintendents, Mrs. Lesemann and Walker, at the request of Bishop McDowell, arranged the services, the bishop hastening from the East without an hour to spare to be present. Here the bands of flowers were yet larger, some of them coming from far away cities.

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Appropriate resolutions were read from the Chicago Methodist Ministers' Meeting, and Bishop McDowell in his address spoke on behalf of the Board of Missions and of the Central Illinois Conference, where forty-eight years ago Bishop Hartzell entered the traveling ministry. The bishop's address profoundly moved all who listened as he gave high encomiums to the work which God had brought to pass through the departed saint. Bishop John H. Vincent, Mrs. Hartzell's Sunday School Superintendent, and a personal friend of the family for over seventy years, made an impressive prayer, which concluded the services.

Mrs. Hartzell was indeed a remarkable woman. Her heart and faith took in all. No matter what the continent or race or condition, her faith in God knew no limit as to what might be done for humanity. As a wife and mother, she was loyal and self-sacrificing. Not only had she been a welcome guest in multitudes of homes and in many social functions in America, but with her husband she had been the guest of distinguished people in Europe and in the large cities of Africa. Among these were Mr. Cecil J. Rhodes, the Rt. Hon. Earl Grey and Lady Grey, and many others. Everywhere she was the representative of the best ideals of Christian American womanhood, and of refined spiritual attitude toward others.—In the Northwestern Christian Advocate.
THE SCAPEGRACE
OR, THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

By Asa Lee Kent

CHAPTER VII

Life's day is not always clouded—somewhere, in one place or another, the sun is shining. The sun of domestic happiness may be clouded here, but yonder its radiance sheds a light and warmth upon the hearts of those who make a house more than a stopping place; and this self-made haven they call home even though it be only a one-roomed hovel.

Lover's hearth-fire burned brightly in the Master's home to-day, and its inmates seemed thankful for the mere joy of living as her sat around the dining table where they had done full justice to a substantial repast. David Masters' face seemed beamimg with light in its expression of kindliness as he sat at the head of the table with his family gathered about him. What a blessing it was for him to see the habitual smile of content on his wife's face and how good to know that the boy and girl, William and Helen, were safe and happy under the shelter of this roof-tree!

"Well, Will, what plans have you made regarding your Young People's Society work?" the father asked, settling himself comfortably in his chair.

"We have made none as yet. We are but getting ready to put old and neglectful plans into action. We shall have a special meeting in regard to the work soon."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Masters, "that as a people we have been neglectful of our duty. We have been far too concerned about self and far too neglectful of others. Have we been blind or willfully careless in regard to the condition of our poor and needy ones, and we all know that there are those who need to be cared for. Then what are we to do regarding the immortal and careless ones among us?"

"There was a moment's silence when she had ceased speaking.

"Well, Martha, I think I'll try to keep a few of your questions can be answered in the same way. Are there any very many who are poor and needy the same ones—so many instances—so many whom are immortal and careless? Widow Benton is a good, honest old soul, and who would refuse to help her? But there's Dan Cranford, for example—his wretched condition is the fault of nobody but himself. He is strong and a good mechanic, and is well able to support himself and his family in comfort if not in luxury. It is my belief that many people, not all, mind you, cause their own poverty, their want and their neediness."

"But the profession Christian must be a possessing Christian if he is able to accomplish anything there. We must be what we would be. For we deceive ourselves if we think that our lives are covered from the sight of others."

"Yes, I think it is transformation that is needed in many instances," replied Mrs. Masters.

A few hours later found Helen alone in the living-room with only her own thoughts for company. Has the desire to help in this work, what could she do? Who could she help? Could she help? Could she encourage in any way? She had always desired to do something for somebody! She had long desired to be of service to others, yet what had she accomplished? She had always done the best she knew, yet she could see no direct result of her work. She thought of her father's words, "Do your Christian duty; God will take care of results." The blue eyes alone with a new light as she raised her head and smiled hopefully. She would not cease to trust but would await faith's fulfillment.

"Footsteps were heard upon the porch, the door opened, and Lucille Wilson, the doctor's daughter, entered the room.

"Why, Helen, you look like happiness personified. What's the cause?"

"I have just been thinking," Lucille began when she had finished, "that we will find our work to be a large one. Why, Helen, you have no idea of how great it is, and I almost wonder that we dare think about it at all."

"We could not dare to take it up without divine help to do it, but if we depend upon God instead of self, as we must do, the work ought not to prove harder than we can bear."

"After a moment's silence Lucille looked at Helen speaking in an unusually serious tone of voice.

"Helen, I wonder if everybody in Wallingon understands the condition of the poor? Surely they do not all think there would not be so many careless of making it better. I never knew, or even suspected, until recently, the wretched condition of the moral stagnation that exists here. We all know something of it, but do any of us know all?"

"Last night papa was out late attending a patient and, as I was not asleep and didn't care to retire, I sat up and read until he returned. I knew he ought to have been in bed as papa never likes to have me sit up late, but what were they out at that hour for when we know it isn't customary in Wellington? They didn't act as though they were on any serious or necessary errand, so why were they out?"

"And why should I know, Lucille?" and Helen sighed. "Poor Mrs. Cranford! What a life hers must be!"

"Yes, and you know she used to be so happy, and it was a pleasure to meet her. Now she never goes anywhere. I wonder why people don't visit her sometimes for it is no fruit of hers that their condition is such as it is."

"I think we might visit her if we do so, not for the sake of prying into her home life for her pride spirit would not suffer that, but out of the true interest and regard we feel for her which I believe she would appreciate."

"And I wonder if that would not be the beginning of our work, Helen?"

"Probably, Lucille; it is at least our duty. But what did your father say in regard to what you saw, Lucille?"

"Merely this: 'Poor Dick, poor Dick; I guess he's bound to go the length of his rope.' You know, Helen, how interested papa is regarding Richard Gordon's welfare. He seems to see his character where most people see none. It is too bad that so many people allow their weaknesses to gain the ascendency over their better selves, isn't it?"

"And long after Lucille had gone Helen pondered the doctor's words: 'He's bound to go the length of his rope.'

"Could it be possible that Richard Gordon's will's friend and once companion, would not be stopped until fate or Providence should check him?"

(To be continued)

SHOULD BE HONEST

Parents cannot be too careful in the matter of dealing honestly with their children. Of course, the parents must be strictly honest, in a general way, if they would consistently train their children in the principles and practices of honesty. Just as surely as a parent acts dishonestly toward his children, just so certainly does he thereby educate them in the ways of dishonesty. A parent may often talk in favor of honesty in all things, but if he acts dishonestly in any way, he shows that he is inimical to, and his example has a bad influence upon his children and all upon others. A writer in "The Common People," of Boston, says: 'If you want your children to be honest with you, why should you not be honest with them? If you would not have them deceive you, why should you attempt to deceive them? If you would teach them by precept, why should you not teach them also by example? Is it not a wonder that your child
HELEN’S SILENCE

There was a moment’s silence when she
had ceased speaking.

"Well, Martha, I think both of your
questions can be answered in the same reply.
Are not those very people who are poor
and needy the same ones—in many instances—
who are immoral and careless? Widow Benton
is a good, honest old soul, and who
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Cranford, for example—his wretched condition
is the fault of nobody but himself. He
is strong and a good mechanic, and is well
able to support himself and his family in
comfort if not in luxury. It is my belief that
many people, not all, mind you, cause their
own poverty; their pockets have holes that
leak their money out at the wrong times;
they part with it when they’ve no need to
do so, and when they do need it it is gone.

What we ought to do is to make people out
of their careless sleep and let them realize
their condition."

"Granting that what you say is true, how
may we go about the matter of arousing
them?"

"I know of nothing better to do than to
accomplish what we know to be our Christian
duty. God will take care of results.”

"Then contained in our Christian duty is
the necessity of helping both the poor and
the careless after all," declared Mrs. Masters.
"When once the careless man’s heart
is right all things else are bound to right
themselves."

SHOULD BE HONEST

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Is it any wonder that your child should shut you out of its confidence in similar
matters, and in the same manner in which
you have yourself taught it to deceive? Why
should you strike and slay the very confiden
c which the Creator has so wisely placed
in the heart of every child in the integrity and
honesty of its parents?" These are weighty
words, and they ought to be put before every
parent, and by them be put into daily prac-
tice. A mighty responsibility rests upon
every parent in our land. A great many chil-
dren get their first lessons in deception and
dishonesty from their parents. If the par-
ten practice dishonesty toward their chil-
dren, even in very small matters, it is sure to
produce very evil fruit in the children. It is
a lawful thing. I thank God that I had
strictly honest and truthful parents.

C. H. WETHERBE
Jennie Culver Hartzell

MRS. JENNIE CULVER HARTZELL, wife of Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, was born in Chicago, August 6, 1844, and died suddenly, in her seventy-second year, of apoplexy in Oklahoma City, Okla., on the morning of January 27, 1916.

She was happily contented when ten years of age in the West Indiana street Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and at once began a life of spiritual activity and usefulness which lasted to the hour of her death. When yet quite young she developed the primary department of the Sunday School into one of the largest in the city. During eight years she was a very successful teacher in the public schools of Chicago. She graduated from the high school with the highest honors of her class and conducted night schools among Swedish men, in which more than one hundred were led to Christ.

In 1898 she was married to Joseph C. Hartzell in the Wabash Avenue Church, Dr. Charles H. Ford, afterward bishop, officiating. Upon returning home after the wedding there was found a large full silver service, the gift of the fishermen of the city. This was in recognition of her having raised from the business men of Chicago a sum of money by which the accident had been placed upon the lots of every fisherman in the city.

She cheerfully accompanied her husband to New Orleans, where he became the pastor of St. Charles Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, then a strong organization which had been established by Dr. J. P. Newman, afterward Bishop Newman. The audience was made up largely of leading federal and state officials and all the prominent people. In 1900, she and Dr. Hartzell moved to South Bend, Indiana, where she devoted herself politically with those representing the North in the outcome of the Civil War. Here during a three years' pastorate Mrs. Hartzell was the center of an influential social as well as religious influence which was fully recognized and appreciated. During the first year both husband and wife had the yellow fever, her first baby being four weeks old at the time the disease seized them. It was several years before she fully recovered from the effects of this serious illness. Four children were born in New Orleans, two of them dying in infancy. A fifth child was born in Chicago.

During the nine years following Dr. Hartzell was district superintendent of a large section of Churches among both white and colored people. Into this work she threw herself with enthusiasm, and all the sincere and true relations of social, political, as well as religious, into which this kind work brought them. She was always wise in counsel and strong in influence. She knew no prejudice as to peoples, but was always ready to advise and help in the sphere in which they were. She organized schools among the freed women, and in the General Conference of 1890 this work was especially recognized. Later a woman's work was called in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, in the interest of the freed women of the South, Dr. A. B. Leonard cooperating as pastor of the Church. A large number of prominent Methodist ladies attended, and at their request Mrs. Hartzell gave the story of the work, which she had carried on and appealed for organized work on the part of the Church for the millions of freed women in the South. The theme of this was the organization of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose work has become nation-wide irrespective of race.

In 1885 the freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, in whose field Mrs. Hartzell's influence and work continued. In 1885 to 1885 she served with her husband in the African Missionary Society, and in the early years of the work they were the representatives of the most liberal of African Missions and were a source of inspiration and encouragement to many. In 1890 Bishop Hartzell was elected bishop for Africa at Cleveland, O. Here came the greatest test of Mrs. Hartzell as well as her husband. But she shrank not from the call of duty.

Next May it will be twenty years since that momentous event in her life transpired, and it had been planned that she would be present at the General Conference, when, by the age limit, her husband would retire from office and responsibility in Africa. But Mrs. Hartzell never imagined giving her benefaction to her husband in his work or in assuming the responsibility of caring for the family at home. Four times she visited the Continent with her husband. In 1897 she was with him in his first visit to the East Coast. During the trip she had an attack of African fever. Her faith in the power of God to save Africa if only the Church would be true, never wavered. In the beginning of the North Africa Mission, in 1895, among the Mohammedans, she shared an important part. While the bishop was in Central and Southern Africa and she in Southern Europe awaiting his return, she visited Nivela and was instrumental in opening the way for the first missionaries to be received.

Her death was sudden, but occurred in just the way she had always desired. She had gone to her work, and to her work she returned with her son, R. C. Hartzell, to spend a part of the winter at Oklahoma City, Okla. She had been there only two weeks, but had met a large number of our people in the First Church of that city. On the morning of January 27, she was to have been the guest of honor at a great reception to be given by the women of the Woman's Federation of Churches, to which fifteen hundred invitations had been given. A greater honor was never awarded her. She was to be in early in the morning of that day, among the redeemed hosts on high.

The day before she was unusually happy; thus she returned. At half past one her son heard her call and hastened to her room to find her in great pain. He said: "Is that Robert, my son?" She replied: "Yes, mother, what can I do for you?" She said: "I have great pain at the base of my brain and in my spinal column. I fear I am becoming paralyzed." A physician arrived in a few moments. Later she tried to lift her head toward her son, but they fell helpless. She said: "My boy, Robert." These were her last words. The bishop reached Oklahoma City by the fastest train possible from Cincinnati on Friday evening. A service was held in our First Church, the pastor, Dr. Roach, officiating.

The interment took place in the family lot in Rosehill Cemetery, Chicago, Monday afternoon, January 31. The church was filled. Dr. Leeman and Walker, at the request of Bishop Hartzell, arranged the services. The bishop hastened from the east without an hour to spare to be present. Ranks of flowers surrounded the casket, some of them from far away cities. Her home church, the Asbury, Cincinnati, through the Woman's Home and Foreign Society, and others were represented. Music was rendered by the Rock River Conference Quartette. Dr. I. F. W. Leeman read the Sermon lesson. Prayer was offered by Dr. Charles B. Mitchell. Dr. C. M. Short of Garret Biblical Institute read an appropriate prayer. Appropriate resolutions were read from the Church, Methodist Preachers' Meeting, and Bishop McDonald in his absence. In behalf of the local church and of the Central Iowa Conference, where fifty-two years ago Bishop Hartzell entered the traveling ministry. The bishop's address, so movingly delivered, was heard.
Statistics of the Churches of the United States for 1915

Gathered and Arranged by H. K. Carroll, LL.D.

These statistics cover the territory of the United States and its possessions exclusively and are gathered under the auspices of the Federal Council. They are advance proofs from the Federal Council Year Book, which is a complete directory of all religious bodies in the United States.

The European war did not, apparently, seriously affect the prosperity of the Churches of the United States in 1915. A net increase of nearly 65,000 communicants, says Dr. H. K. Carroll, the ecclesiastical statistician, speaking for the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, if not unusually large is certainly not abnormally small. It is fairly distributed among the larger denominations, excepting the Lutherans, who report a loss of nearly eleven thousand for the year, much of which may be explained perhaps by faulty returns. The Catholics added nearly 18,000 to their numbers, the Methodists upward of 14,000, the Baptists nearly 14,000, the Presbyterians over 6,000, of which the Northern body had nearly 5,000 and the Southern about 2,000. These last are quite unusual gains.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is larger than it was by 25,648.

An interesting fact is that the gains in the South were quite extraordinary. The Southern Baptists had an increase of 11,000 more, and the Southern Methodists of 6,000; adding the Southern Presbyterians the net increase of these three bodies was more than 24,000, or as near a third of the aggregate gains for the year. The returns for the 19th century for Christ for 1915 are not yet ready. They would probably add materially to the increase of the year.

A remarkable feature of Dr. Carroll's statistics, which will be published immediately in the Federal Council Year Book, is that there has been a net decrease, instead of the normal increase of churches. The actual net loss is not large, only 138, but in 1914 there was a gain of over thirteen hundred. The Lutherans quite unexpectedly appear to have lost nearly a thousand churches during the year, partly due, perhaps, to defective statistics. Even in the South, which had so large an ingathering of members, there was little increase in churches.

The Southern Baptist Convention reports losses as of about offsetting gains; the Methodist Church, South, had a net increase of ninety-six and the Southern Presbyterians of only eight. The Northern Methodists gained 183. Several of the Presbyterian bodies, which enjoyed an unusual increase in communicants, showed a falling off in the number of churches. The Northern Church, for example, lost a net loss of 138.

Doubtless the hard times that seem to have come upon the Churches in the rural regions, and which have led to the closing of a number of churches which were formerly flourishing and to the consolidation of many others, accounts at least in part for the decrease.

The grand totals of ministers are 180,007; an increase of over 1,700; of churches, 225,334, a decrease of 138; and of communicants, 39,380,718, a gain of 65,040.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America embraces thirty-three of the leading Evangelical Churches, reports, as the attached table shows, net gains in 1915 of 1,261 ministers, 157 churches, and 30,029 communicants. This latter number indicates that this group of Churches almost nearly halved the total gains of the year.

In its twenty-sixth year, the Churches generally have not suffered. The total income from foreign missions was $8,000,000 greater in 1915 than in 1914; that for home missions shows a falling off of about $7,000,000. A very large amount in the aggregate was contributed through the Churches for war relief of one kind or another.

The increase for the quarter century since 1890 is very large. Denominational groups of over 100,000 communicants and upward, embracing all but about 2,100,000, have nearly doubled their numbers. Having 19,228,000 in 1890 they now have 37,255,000, indicating a net gain for the twenty-five years of nearly 18,000,000, or more than ninety-eight per cent.

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Denominations</th>
<th>Ministers</th>
<th>Churches</th>
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<td>1,566</td>
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<td>4,778</td>
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<tr>
<td>Roman Catholics</td>
<td>5,180</td>
<td>5,713</td>
<td>5,179</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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No ship can tame the sea and learn its glory so long as she goes moored by any port; however long, by which she means to be drawn back again if the sea grows too rough. The soul that tramples life, with self-sacrifice never can get its true joy and power. Only the soul that with an overwhelming impulse and a perfect trust gives itself up forever to the life of other men, finds the greatest peace which such complete self-sacrifice has to give.—Phillips Brooks.

The joys that are bought with money are worth nothing compared with the joys that, though sweet and gentle and unassuming, are yet deep, enduring, and quieting; the joys that enhance the heart instead of diminishing it, and which we too often pass by—somehow in the manner of those people whom one sees in an ecstasy over the fireworks at some fair, and who pay not the smallest attention to the splendor of a summer night.—Salvador.
Death of Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell

At last the voice of death came. He had waited for it through many weeks. He had listened for it even when attending the voice of the Spirit as it came to comfort him. His journey had been so long that his limbs had grown weary and his eyes dim. Though he had made his life one grand adventure of faith, he continued to the very last to look upon death as the opportunity for his greatest triumph.

Bishop Joseph Crane Hartzell, world traveler, Christian statesman, marvelous preacher, kingly personality, empire builder, friend of the downtrodden of humanity, faithful Christian, aged and serene, has gone from the fields where he labored in the name of Christ and for the uplift of mankind.

His passing had been expected for a number of weeks. Those who knew of his suffering and mental distress understood the welcome death would receive. The old warrior had cast off his militant garments, but the old fire flashed in the presence of injustice and wrongdoing as he slowly and majestically walked toward the nineteenth milestone of his earthly pilgrimage.

What a man he was! No encomiums can be forged even of golden phrase and of words scintillating as precious gems with sufficient power and beauty to meet the measure of his greatness. Those who knew him not only loved him but continued to admire him. He had that quality of personality which enabled him to grow on acquaintance. In the late years of his life this was especially manifest. The years had passed through his career like the cars of a long train. In their going he had not dismissed them until he had filled each one with the richness of experience gathered carefully and stored in abundance. There was not an empty car in the long train. Even down to the last moment he was busy. The eyes of his soul never ceased to see visions and dream dreams. He was always planning something and acquiring knowledge. Though his body grew feeble and his step slow, his mind renewed its youth, while his spirit mounted up on wings like an eagle.

He became allied with the cause of the freedmen shortly after the war. As a champion of a people, and the advocate of a cause, he appeared at his best. In this interest a field opened before him in which to invest his life. For almost twenty years he gave his talents and his life to the promotion of the educational, political, and social advancement of the Negro in the South. During this period he was related to every cause working for the improvement of the black man. He was trusted and loved by them. With Mrs. Hartzell, he was busy in season and out of season, defending his cause and challenging, on every opportunity, its enemies. The story of this period of his life covers the reconstruction day following the emancipation of the slaves. It was a day of controversy and at times of bitter strife. Hartzell was the apostle of the new enlightenment. He did not hesitate to speak out. He threw himself with all his powers against the old-time, conservative South. He challenged the prevailing prejudice against the Negro. The narrow spirit of slavery found him an ardent advocate, a ready fighter, and a dauntless spirit. In his presence there was always justice and truth; in his path there was always light. To many a Negro struggling against the old prejudice and yearning for the new opportunities offered by freedom and guaranteed by the government which had exalted him, Dr. Hartzell was the embodiment of Jesus Christ. He held them to faith in the religion of Christ and to confidence in the Christian white man, who had worked out the problem of his deliverance. He founded schools for them. He held conferences, promoted conventions, published newspapers, encouraged their aspirations, started Negro art in music and painting, directed the talent of those who became the pioneers of Negro literature.

Then came his elevation to the episcopacy. He was elected a missionary bishop and assigned to Africa.

In this position he assumed the responsibility of placing the "Dark Continent" on the thought of the world. Already David Livingstone and Cecil Rhodes were active in that region. They had placed it on the map of the world in the interests of wealth and commerce. Its gold and diamonds had been discovered and turned toward the great currents which enrich the life of the nations. Rhodes, big and far-seeing, thought of world empire; Livingstone, of the restoration of the broad fields of jungle land to the support of civilization and the preservation of the native life. But it remained for Hartzell to see the vision of a place for Africa in the kingdom of God. What he did in this respect may be told sometime in a biography. It is an extended story, full of a long list of achievements. He discovered the sore spots and located the causes of the trouble. The different nations of Europe holding large areas in Africa he visited in the interests of peace, good will, and improvement. He appeared before kings and diplomats. They came to know him as a man of unique talent for statesmanship. They heard his story. They adopted his policies. They fitted and honored him as a representative of the American people.

Meanwhile he kept himself related to and informed on all world movements for the betterment of mankind and the ultimate Christianization of the people of the earth. He was a man of the front line, always ready to advocate a cause. He became the great authority on Africa. He made it appear as the world's greatest mission field. He knew the Mohammedan problem, prophesied the future course of that religion, and lived long enough to see his predictions fulfilled. He was hero in many contests, the man of the hour in many a crisis.

At last he came to Blue Ash, Ohio, to spend the evening time of his life. The wife of his youth and the comrade of the heyday of his achieving years had gone on to the heavenly home. The preacher-son, whose beautiful life had left a sweet aroma in the halls of memory, had also departed for his dwelling place in the fields of eternal light. With his two remaining sons he has walked in the evening shadows. About him has been a great serenity. Hemorrhagia and expectation have been his companions. He had time to live again among the great peaks of achievement and to wander at will in memory over the old paths.

What a father in Israel he was! His coming was the approach of a generation of accomplishments. His presence was a benediction. His story is a confirmation of the Christian faith. His witness is a tribute to the divine origin of the missionary zeal which leads toward the ultimate Christianization of the world.
with Governor Smith. He had never voted with him. His relationship with the governor was one of religion and moral belief. The Democratic Party was not indebted to him. He was not sympathetic with its traditions. Indeed, all of his life he had tried to defeat it, and had largely helped in doing so.

Why did the candidate for the presidency pass by all of the good and worthy men who were life-long, dried-in-the-wool Democrats when he sought his manager? Did he choose him because he was a good Democrat? No! Did he choose him because he was a good Roman Catholic? No! Did he choose him because he was a man of wealth? Did he choose him because of his decided views on the prohibition question? This whole procedure is unprecedented in the history of American politics. Does it mean that the center of the Democratic Party of America is shifting to New York City? Are its policies to be determined in that center? Is its following to take on a new coloring? Will new leadership smash its traditions without fear or favor? Will it continue to ignore conditions and opinions in other sections of the country? Will the South be compelled in the interest of self-respect to break away? Again we declare it is a mystery. May the prophet come and give upon it and submit his interpretation.

The Salt Club

Why not organize a Salt Club?

The times demand such an organization among those who seek to be the preservers of our nation's life. "Ye are the salt of the earth," declared our Lord. He had in mind those who could be its preservative. Those who lose themselves in the interests of others. Yes, this is very significant. Does it appeal to your imagination? Every follower of Jesus Christ should be a salt cellar. He should begin to shake his influence upon the community where he lives. He should salt it down. He should not only cure it, but secure it. Now is the time for action. The hot wind blows from the East. It carries infection. It will produce putrefaction. It has power to transform and to release death. Who will furnish the disinfectant? Where shall we turn for a preservative? Let the members of the Salt Club get busy. They have the power to release the influence. They can shake the contents of their own mind here and there, yes, and everywhere. Why not then quietly start the salting process? Do not make any fuss about it. There does not need to be any noise. Salt works quietly. It has tremendous power. Give it a chance to work.

If ye are the salt of the earth according to your Lord's word, then—be salt. Do not desire to be silver or gold. Indeed, do not seek to be pepper. That irritates. That creates heat: that causes coughing and cetulation. Be salt. It is quiet. It settles. Nevertheless, it penetrates and saturates. Encourage the salt clubs throughout the country.

When Politicians Go Blind

Yes, it is an easy thing for politicians to go blind. They fail to see their inconsistencies. Frequently they do not realize their blundering mistakes. The statement of the Democratic platform in criticism of the Republican administration during the past eight years is well founded, especially as to law enforcement as applied to the Eighteenth Amendment. There is cause for criticism. At least by the careful observer it is the prevailing conviction that enforcement could have been improved. However, while that criticism is made in the platform of the Democratic Party, the inconsistency of the whole public appears when a wet candidate is nominated on a dry platform, who repudiates the platform and declares he is for modification. How could such a man take the oath of office as President of the United States in which he swears to enforce the laws of the Constitution when he embraces a person whose personal practice, his life record, and the unchanging attitude of his thinking?

Moreover, again the pity of it occurs when we observe that the South is now threatened with a Democratic Party split because of the nomination of "a wet candidate" for the presidency, which predicts the annulment of the Eighteenth Amendment, while in practice throughout the Southland the amendment to the Constitution that gave the Negro the full rights of citizenship has been practically annulled for a quarter of a century. We are consistent as a people in the things we desire to be consistent on. We do the things we love, then fall out with the other fellow because, disagreeing, he does the things he loves to do.

Politicians go blind when they are called upon to see the things they ought to do and do not want to do. Best interests frequently carry an ocular bandage. They create blind spots and otherwise affect vision. We have to be patient with each other, for it takes a long time for all to come to see alike.

Why Not Religion?

The Government is encouraged to promote aviation. We applaud it while it does so. It also provides for business. We commend the administration when it does so. It also encourages labor. It gains our support as it seeks to solve our labor problems. Indeed, the Government is expected to be concerned over all the different human interests of its citizenship. Nay, not altogether.

There are those who think that the Government should not be interested in the country's morals, and that religion should have nothing to do with it, and that it should have nothing to do with religion. It may concern itself about everything else, but when it approaches the field where men say their prayers and think about God and seek to love each other as human beings, it must take off its shoes, if it enters, or it must stop at the gate. Now why this drawing the line between government and religion, government and morals, and not have some self-interest in such procedure? If the Government is going to take an interest in humanity and in its citizenship in general, why, then, should it not take in the whole field of man's life? Well, there are reasons. Yes, various reasons. We think them to be largely trumped up. Many of them are false, which, and at the last analysis irrational. While the church is committed to look after those religious and moral life of the people, nevertheless the Government should be an instrument in the hands of the moral consciousness of the people for the accomplishment of good to the whole life of the nation.

The church is not an end in itself, nor is the Government. These both are instruments to be used by the spirit of man in promoting the common good. It is a matter of manifest inconsistency for any man to contend that the Government should keep out of religion and morals when it is constantly seeking to promote business and social relationships.
Noble Christian Womanhood

MRS. JOSEPH C. HARTZELL, whose death was announced in these columns a week ago, had lived in many ways a remarkable life. After graduating from high school in Chicago, at the age of sixteen, she conducted a night school among Swedish men, and so permeated her teaching with the spirit of Christ that more than 100 of these were converted. When she was united in marriage the firemen of the city sent a beautiful gift in recognition of her having raised from the business men of Chicago a sum of money out of which an accident policy was placed upon the life of every fireman in the city. When her husband became connected with the Freedmen's Aid work she threw herself into that phase of Christian service with a devotion that was characteristic of her. It was a sacrifice that she was called upon to make when later on the episcopacy claimed her husband, and for long months at a time they were separated while he made his trips into Africa. But willingly she made the sacrifice. It was largely due to her initiative that the first missionaries were sent to Algeria, as she visited that country while waiting in southern Europe for Bishop Hartzell's return from southern Africa, and saw the opportunities there. A loyal wife, a devoted mother, and a consecrated worker in all avenues of Christian service that opened to her, Mrs. Hartzell was in every way a representative of the best ideal of Christian American womanhood.
THE BATTLE FOR THE YOUTH

THE battle for the young is the most momentous conflict of the times. Important as it may be to convert or to control the men who are now bearing the burden of life, or struggling desperately in its selfish competitions, we ought never to lose sight of the fact that we can do a far greater service for God and humanity if, by a kind of back-fire method, we try to prevent sin in the young, even more than we seek to cure it in the old. The young are the hope of the church and of the nation. They are exposed to evil all the while, but they are properly the raw material for the kingdom of God, and should be reserved and conserved for its high purposes. The average child is much more willing to be good than to be bad, if only shown how and why to be virtuous. By making religion attractive to the young, and rendering morality interesting (through all kinds of mental imagery, appeals to a chastened imagination, opportunities for doing and being good), we may win them for the Redeemer's crown — win juvenile jewels before they have been dragged in the mire.

CEASING NOT FROM CHRIST

IT is recorded that when the apostles were released from attendance on the council that sought to restrict their evangelistic work they rejoiced that they were worthy to suffer shame for Christ's sake, and "daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." There is something in this convinced acceptance of Christianity, this mood of absolute devotion to the interests of the Gospel (which are the interests of men), and this resilience of hope rebounding from hard conditions of shame or persecution, that excites our boundless admiration. The apostles hurled a sort of holy defiance at the evil powers which would have restrained them from doing God's work in God's way. They "ceased not" to preach and teach Jesus Christ. They knew no life divided from their Lord, they had no other aims than His interests, they would serve no other master in place of this divine Leader, they had no fear that anything, either in this world or another, whether in life or death, could separate them from Him. Modern Christians need to experience a like identification of their life with that of their Master. It should be for them a thing un-
A Tribute of Love

I cannot yet realize that Mrs. Hartzell, my beloved friend, has really left us.

During all the long years that I have known her, she has been my inspiration. When life seemed hard, her unfailing faith always cheered me. I have never known anyone else so endowed with the spirit of eternal youth and its blessed optimism. Her beautiful face, her charm of manner, and her wisdom and tact, were always a source of delight to me; but what helped me most was her great charity that never failed, her positive knowledge that God would do all things well. When trials came she never gave up. It was this confidence that inspired the same spirit in her dear son Morton in all his beautiful, suffering, triumphant life. So wonderful was the influence of her personality that “she yet speaketh” and her works do live after her. The world is better because for a time she lived in it, and blessed us with her presence.

Marguerite Cook.

Elgin, Illinois.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Jennie Culver Hartzell, wife of Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, was born in Chicago, August 6, 1844, and died suddenly in her seventy-second year, of apoplexy, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on the morning of January 27, 1916.

Mrs. Hartzell was a member of the well-known Breese family, one of the oldest and most influential in America; and, a descendant of LaSire DeBris, who came to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and whose name is on the roll of Battle Abbey, as one of the commanders of the Norman forces. Her father was John Breese Culver. In the Breese and Culver family records are the names of Rear Admiral Samuel Breese; Sidney Breese, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois; Morse, inventor of the telegraph; Anson Burlingame, the renowned diplomat; Commodore Perry, and others. The three ancestors of these two families served in the Revolutionary War, and several of their descendants served in the wars of 1812 with England and of 1848 with Mexico, and also in the Civil War and in the late Spanish-American War, all on the side of America. Her
mother, Mrs. Margaret Culver (nee Boyd), of Edinburgh, Scotland, was a descendant of Lady Fussard, who was a schoolmate and chief lady in waiting of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Mrs. Hartzell was happily converted when ten years of age in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and at once began a life of spiritual activity and usefulness which lasted to the hour of her death. When yet quite young she developed the primary department of the Sunday school into one of the largest in the city. She conducted night schools among Swedish men, and more than one hundred of them were led to Christ. She graduated with honor from the high school at sixteen, and for eight years taught successfully in the public schools of Chicago.

In 1869 she married Rev. Joseph C. Hartzell, who had completed his collegiate and theological studies at Illinois Wesleyan University and Garrett Biblical Institute, and united the year before with the Central Illinois Conference. The ceremony was in the Wabash Avenue Church, Chicago, Dr. Charles H. Fowler, afterward Bishop Fowler, officiating. Upon returning home after the wedding there was found a large full silver service, the gift of the firemen of the city. This was in recognition of her having raised from the business men of Chicago, a large sum of money by which an accident policy was placed upon the life of every fireman in the city.
Pekin, Illinois, was her husband's first pastorate, and she at once demonstrated her fine abilities in the important position of a pastor's wife. Later the call came to her husband to go to New Orleans to become the pastor of Saint Charles Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, then a strong organization which had been established by Dr. John P. Newman, afterward Bishop Newman. The audience was made up largely of federal and State officials and other white Southern people, who had been identified with those representing the North during and following the Civil War. Here during a three-years' pastorate of her husband Mrs. Hartzell was recognized and appreciated by large circles of friends in religious, social, and political life; and the home over which she presided, located on Saint Charles Avenue, was a recognized social center. Bishops and other church officials and missionaries and other travelers to Mexico and returning were often guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hartzell.

During the first year both husband and wife had the yellow fever, her first babe being four weeks old at the time they were attacked by that dread disease. It was several years before she recovered from the effects of this serious illness. Four children were born in New Orleans, two of them dying in infancy. A fifth child was born in Chicago.

Three sons survived at the time of Mrs.
Hartzell's death: Joseph Culver Hartzell, M.S., Ph.D., M.D.; Morton Culver Hartzell, A.M., D.D., and Robert Culver Hartzell. The second son, Morton, after a very successful ministry of nine years, was smitten with disease, and for several years had been battling for his life. At the time of her death he was in the hospital in Pasadena, California, where he died February 17, 1916. Only God could know what the mother suffered during those years of her son's sublimely heroic struggle. By a good Providence she was spared the grief of his passing first beyond the veil. Her coronation occurred January 26 and his followed only a few days later. During his last moments he said, "I will be welcomed by the redeemed hosts." His father replied, "And you will see Mother first." "Yes, and I will give her your love," was his reply.

During the nine years following Dr. Hartzell was District Superintendent of a large number of churches in New Orleans and vicinity. These were among both white and colored people. In this work this elect lady joined her husband with enthusiasm amid all the delicate and trying relations—social and political, as well as religious—into which this dual service brought them. She was always wise in counsel and strong in influence. She knew no prejudice as to peoples, but was always ready to advise and help any needing counsel or assistance. She raised money and employed missionaries who did social work among freed women and girls, and taught schools adapted to their needs. In the General Conference which met in Cincinnati in 1880 the work was highly commended. Later a meeting was called in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church in that city in the interests of the freed women of the South, Dr. A. B. Leonard cooperating, as did also Dr. Irwin, the pastor of the church. A large number of prominent Methodist ladies attended, and at their request Mrs. Hartzell gave the story of the work which she had carried on, and appealed for organized work on the part of the church for the millions of freed women in the South. The outcome of this meeting was the organization of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose work has become nation-wide, irrespective of race.

In 1882 Dr. Hartzell was appointed assistant secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, with headquarters in Cincinnati. After three years he was elected corresponding secretary, and held that position for two quadrenniums. At that time the Society had charge of the educational work among both white and colored people in the southern States. In this wider field Mrs. Hartzell's influence, inspiration, and counsels continued. From 1882 to 1883 she suffered from nervous prostration, at times very seriously. A trip to Edinburgh,
Scotland, the home of her mother, during her early womanhood, was of great benefit.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage was celebrated in 1894 in Cincinnati, and was a social as well as a church event. A large and representative company was present. Rev. Dr. Luke Hitchcock, for many years a personal friend of Dr. and Mrs. Hartzell, represented the guests in words of felicitous congratulations. Mrs. Hartzell wore the bridal gown in which she was married twenty-five years previous.

In May, 1896, Bishop Hartzell was elected bishop for Africa at the General Conference which met in Cleveland, Ohio. Here came the greatest test in the lives of both Mrs. Hartzell and her husband. He had already been re-elected to his secretarship in the South for the third quadrennium. The proposition to elect him for Africa as the successor of Bishop William Taylor came as a great surprise. The conditions on the continent were then vastly different from now. Twenty-four hours of prayer brought Mrs. Hartzell to feel sure that “God would not permit the General Conference to do anything toward her husband that was not right.” During the same time, in another room, Dr. Hartzell became sure that, “with the vows of God upon him, he could not refuse any work anywhere on earth to which the church might appoint him.”

May, 1916, it was twenty years since that momentous event in her life had transpired, and
it was planned that both she and her son Morton would be present at the General Conference, when, by the age limit, Bishop Hartzell would retire from official responsibility in Africa. Neither occupied the places reserved for them in the auditorium or hotel, but who can doubt that both were present during that supreme hour in the life of husband and father, when the whole church, through its representatives, gave to him its benedictions in approval of his work, and prayers for continued health and usefulness?

When married, Mrs. Hartzell earnestly desired that her husband should never have work that would require his being away from home for long periods. That dream was never realized. It is doubtful whether during forty-five years of official life in America and Africa, her husband spent one-third of his nights under his own roof with his loved ones. Mrs. Hartzell never hesitated in giving her benediction to her husband in his work or in assuming responsibilities for the home. To her the plans of God for his children were calls to duty and sacrifice.

Four times she visited the continent of Africa with the bishop on his official tours. In 1897 she was with him on his first tour to East Africa, and gladly and heartily shared in the discomforts, joys, and enthusiasm of extensive travel under diverse conditions, meeting people of various types, from barbaric blacks to highly civilized Europeans, and planning for new spir-
itual empires for God's kingdom. Her faith that God would save Africa never wavered, if only the church would be true. During this trip she had an attack of African fever, from the effects of which she suffered for several years.

In founding the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church among Mohammedans in North Africa, Mrs. Hartzell had a very important part. She and her husband were guests of the World's Sunday School Convention in Rome in 1907, when $50,000 were raised by which the founding of that mission was made possible. And later, while the bishop was in Central and Southern Africa, and she in Southern Europe awaiting his return, she visited Algiers, and was instrumental in opening the way for the first missionaries to be received. Her name and work in North Africa are revered and honored by people representing all classes and races.

Her death was sudden, but came in just the way she had always desired that she might go, when her work was done. She had many very remarkable experiences in times of serious illness as to how near heaven is to all God's children, and how delightful it will be to pass beyond the veil and enter into the joys of eternal rest. At her husband's request, after his election to Africa, some of her experiences were related to Bishop Randolph S. Foster at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, and he was profoundly impressed. She loved to travel, and everywhere she visited she soon had a circle of friends whose love and esteem were permanent.

She had gone with her youngest son, Robert C. Hartzell, to spend a part of the winter at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. For years she had desired to spend some time in that section of the United States. She had been there only two weeks. But in that time there had been two Sundays and one or two social gatherings, where she had met a large number of our people in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of that city. Her reception was most cordial and she was unusually happy. At a Woman's Home Missionary Society meeting she had spoken briefly, and what she said was greatly appreciated. On Thursday, January 27, she was to have been a guest of honor at a large reception to be given by the officers of the Woman's Federation of Churches, to which fifteen hundred invitations had been issued. But a far greater honor awaited her. She was to be, early in the morning of that day, among the redeemed hosts.

On Wednesday, January 26, she was unusually happy. She and her son had dined with friends. He spent the evening with her until ten o'clock, he reading the Scriptures and she praying, before they separated. Later she went to his room and showed him the gown she intended to wear the next day, and they spent a half hour talking of the future and of
what they hoped to enjoy in Oklahoma. She retired at about half past eleven. At half past one her son heard her call, and hastened to her room, to find her in great pain. She said, “Is that Robert, my son?” He replied, “Yes, mother, what can I do for you?” She said, “I have great pain at the base of my brain and in my spinal column. I fear I am becoming paralyzed.” The landlord and his wife were hastily called, and a physician arrived in a few moments. Later she tried to lift her hands toward her son, but they fell helpless. She said, “My boy, Robert.” These were her last words. In a very brief time her spirit had passed to its eternal home.

Bishop Hartzell reached Oklahoma City by the swiftest train possible from Cincinnati, on Friday evening, January 28. A service was held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church. The pastor, Dr. Roach, in the presence of a large and sympathetic audience, delivered a memorial address. Banks of flowers surrounded the casket, indicating the appreciation of the audience that a remarkable woman had passed to heaven from their midst.

On the way to Chicago, as the bishop and his son were passing with the remains, a large company of representative Methodists, some of them relatives, gave their greeting and sympathy to the bereaved during the half hour the train stopped at Kansas City. The interment took place in the family lot in beautiful Rosehill Cemetery, Chicago, Monday afternoon, January 31. The chapel was filled. District Superintendents Drs. Lesemann and Walker, at the request of Bishop McDowell, arranged the services. Here the banks of flowers were yet larger, some of them coming from far-away cities. Her home church in Avondale, Cincinnati, through the Woman’s Home and Foreign Missionary Societies and others, were represented. Exquisite music was rendered by the Rock River Conference Quartet. Prayer was offered by Dr. Charles B. Mitchell, of Chicago. Dr. C. M. Stuart, of Garrett Biblical Institute, read an appreciative memorial, descriptive of the activities and life and character of the deceased. Several prominent men were the honorary pallbearers. Appropriate resolutions were read from the Chicago Methodist Ministers’ Meeting, and Bishop McDowell in his address spoke in behalf of the Board of Bishops and of the Central Illinois Conference, where, forty-eight years ago, Bishop Hartzell entered the traveling ministry. The bishop’s address profoundly moved all who listened as he gave high encomiums to the work which God had brought to pass through the departed saint. Bishop John H. Vincent, Mrs. Hartzell’s personal friend from her girlhood, made an impressive prayer, which concluded the services.

Mrs. Hartzell was indeed a remarkable
woman. Her intellectual abilities were of a high order. She grasped intuitively the meaning of great problems relating to the kingdom of God. Her letters on missionary and other problems, written while in the South, and later in Africa and Europe, reveal clear insight, in the study of people and of social and moral conditions about her. Her faith in humanity, the goodness of God, and the triumph of his kingdom never wavered. To her the call of duty meant absolute obedience. With a bright face, light heart, and joyful faith, she did her work when opportunity presented among the humblest of any race, never dreaming that she was to be pitied. For the thoughtless, or those warped in judgment by ignorance or false education or prejudice on account of race or color, or false social ideas, she had only a sweet, complacent smile, indicating her happiness in the work of her Master. She seldom spoke in public, but when she did she commanded the closest attention. Late in life she studied French, so as to be of greater service among the Moslems in North Africa. Her heart and faith took in all. No matter what the continent or race or condition, her faith in God knew no limit as to what might be done for humanity. As a wife and mother she was remarkably loyal and self-sacrificing.

Not only had Mrs. Hartzell been a welcome guest in many, many homes and at social
functions in America, but with her husband she had been the guest of distinguished people in Europe and in the large cities of northern and southern Africa. Everywhere she was a representative of the best ideals of Christian American womanhood, and of a refined spiritual attitude toward others.

The death of her little Jennie in New Orleans was a life-long grief. She was a precious, beautiful child, with her mother's large dark eyes and dark curly hair. A year before she died, in writing to her brother John Culver, of Chicago, Mrs. Hartzell said: "How many, many times I have dwelt on the comfort it would be if I had a dear daughter in our home. Some day I'll have my Jennie in the heaven home." Her prayer has been granted.
Extracts from Tributes
President Charles M. Stuart, D.D.,
Garrett Biblical Institute

The half century covered by Mrs. Hartzell's active career was one of the most critical, as it was in some respects one of the most distressing, periods in our national history. The antagonism between North and South had been sharpened to acute hostility by defeat and injudicious methods of reconstruction. It is almost impossible for the present generation to understand the bitterness and relentlessness of a people normally and natively distinguished by a beautiful hospitality and an incomparable courtliness of temper and of manner. The well-intentioned efforts of the churches in the North to provide for the religious and educational needs of the Negro were regarded by the churches in the South as a deliberate insult, a gratuitous aggravation of the bitterness of conquest. And all agents on this mission were met instantly and universally with that most cruel of weapons, social ostracism.

With full knowledge of all that was involved, beginning in New Orleans forty-six years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Hartzell, while giving loyal service to the white people who adhered to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Southwest, without hesitation or mental reservation of any kind, gave their chief service to the uplifting of the Negro. Other and attractive avenues of work were open to them. They were already com-
fortably settled in a prosperous appointment in
a flourishing Conference; they would have been
welcome candidates to our missionary societies
for work on the frontier or in foreign lands, where
at least some kindness would have been shown
them; both had special qualifications for educa-
tional work in their own section of the country,
where they could have rendered signal and last-
ing service. But no, their hearts went out to
the work which only the few were ready to do;
to the cause that cried for help; to the people
who were ready to perish. During twelve years
service in the South both husband and wife
labored as seeing Him who is invisible. There
was neither complaint nor surrender; only in-
creasing love for the charge committed to them,
and increasing gratitude to God who helped them
in their work so gloriously. To them they did
but tread the path “marked for them daily by
the hand of love.”

Less arduous, but quite as wearing, were the
years of her husband’s work as Secretary of the
Freedmen’s Aid and Southern Education So-
ciety, and as Bishop for Africa, with his widely
extended circuits requiring constant travel and
long absences from home. Not even the routine
of home duties, the care of children, the claims
of the social circle, or the healthful excitement
of religious and philanthropic enterprise can
furnish a specific against loneliness and anxious
concern for an absent loved one who at any
moment may be in jeopardy of his life. And
this was the lot of Mrs. Hartzell for the greater
part of her married life.

It was well for her that through all the years
of her pilgrimage she had the comfort of a
Divine Comrade on the distant road. How else
could she have endured? How else could she
have met each returning day with what Stev-
enson so happily calls “the morning face and
morning heart,” eager to labor, eager to be
happy, and of sorrow unafraid?

Maurice Maeterlinck, in an exquisite tribute
to his wife, speaks of her as “the one virile
friend, the equal comrade, the nearest and
deepest companion of life.” I am quite certain
Bishop Hartzell would recall the fellowship of
the past in just such terms. But I am not think-
ing at this moment even of the sacred relation-
ship of husband and wife. I am thinking of a
higher relationship in which Mrs. Hartzell might
claim to be “the virile friend and equal com-
rade” of God in the beautiful fellowship of Jesus
Christ and in a swift and joyful obedience of
the Spirit. Here was the source of her courage.
Here was the spirit of her loyalty. She found
the world rough and dark and weary; she found
life full of bewildering difficulties; and she faced
hardships scarcely to be endured. But in spite
of these untoward conditions she made of life
a beautiful and glorious thing. In the South,
as in the North; in distant lands, as at home,
she was the same serene and joyful soul, the helper of the needy, and the comfort of the neglected; the comfort and pride of her children, and to her husband God's remedy for loneliness and God's reward for all the toil of life.

And so, nourishing in herself the happy assurance of being in God's hands, she knew that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature would be able to separate her from the love of God in whose world she lived, and whose child she was. She put on righteousness and it clothed her. Love was her crown and diadem; the ear that heard her, blessed her, and the heavy-hearted, seeing her, were made glad.

And now God brings her sleep—sleep with her silent gifts.

Kind sleep, the tender nurse who lifts
The soul grown weary of the waking world,
And lays it with its thoughts all furled,
Its fears forgotten and its passion still,
On the deep bosom of the Eternal will.

She whose body was buried at Rosehill, Chicago, on the last day of January was Jennie Culver Hartzell, the wife of Joseph C. Hartzell, Missionary Bishop for Africa of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Nearly fifty years ago these two set out in the itinerant ministry. And what an itinerary was theirs!

It began in Illinois. Thence swiftly to New Orleans, where in that day to be a white friend of the black people was to be shunned, misjudged, and by many despised. And Mrs. Hartzell made herself their friend for twelve patient, toilsome, heart-testing years.

She organized the Negro women into little societies. She ministered to their needs of a thousand sorts. You see, they were just out of slavery, and a little later during the Hartzells' years in New Orleans the Ku Klux victims required a resourceful and compassionate ministry. Always the call for help was far beyond any woman's power to answer.

Out of Mrs. Hartzell's work through those dozen years came one monumental result. She wanted the church to get her Negro women into its range of vision. She urged action on two General Conferences, and pled with every man and woman of influence she could reach. Others helped, and at the long last, in 1880, she had the joy of seeing the beginnings of the Woman's Home Missionary Society organized on purpose.
to do the work which had been her task and her glory for so many years.

Thence, in 1882, to a new home in Cincinnati, with the husband and father threading his way on long journeys through the Black Belt for the Freedmen's Aid Society, leaving the wife and mother to rear her brood, to stifle her fears, to lift her prayers for her beloved, and for her Negro women.

And then, twenty years ago, to Africa! William Taylor, the Pathfinder, was at the end of his flaming circuits of the earth. Having preempted several sections of Africa, he turned his claim over to the church, and the church sent Joseph C. Hartzell to prove up and take title. Her husband became the circumnavigator of a continent; from Algeria on the north to Inhambane on the east, he swam in great circles of organizing and masterful purpose. He had a vision as wide as his field, and wider. In perils oft, in journeyings endless, in hardships unreckoned, he made proof of his apostleship and of the church's hold on Africa by prodigies of apostolic service.

No small comfort was it to the wife that this work set her husband before kings and before the great ones of the earth. He won over to his work that Colosaus, Cecil Rhodes, empire builder, who gave him a little province in Rhodesia. He was a confidant of statesmen and explorers. He counseled viceroys and governors, who listened because here was a man who knew, who did not cringe, and who had no greed of personal gain.

In less than four months the long journey would have been ended. Bishop Hartzell, sturdy under all the burdens he has borne and is bearing, must lay down his work.

For the last four years he has known that. Who would blame him if he had begun to look forward to perfect days with his beloved, such days as there was not room for in these nearly fifty years of toil? And now she is gone, and his life must be lived henceforth in a new loneliness.

But it is part of God's larger tenderness. She who was ever the maker of the home, ever putting it in order that it might welcome the wanderer when he came, awenried, for a few days in a quiet haven, is home maker still.

She has gone to the place prepared. And there, as through the years that now are past, she will wait until the best home-coming of all, with perfect days assured forever.

The Eleventh of Hebrews is not yet a closed chapter. And there is that in the Methodist readiness to undertake any task which enlarges the list of things done through faith, as much as it lengthens the roll of those who do such deeds.

In the light of such a life as that of Mrs. Hartzell it is no sacrilege to say: "Who through faith ignored prejudice, disarmed opposition, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, taught the un-
lettered, befriended the friendless, endured mockings and misjudgings, crossed oceans, suffered separations, alarms, loneliness and sorrow, became wanderers upon the face of the earth."

Rev. Frank B. Roach, D.D.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Sister Hartzell was not in our city very many days, but we were in her presence many times during those days and came under the influence of her holy life. Her accumulated years would indicate that she was living in the evening of life, but we who knew her thought she was living in the springtime of heaven. She was not old. She was a little frail in body, but her boundless life pulsed through her soul. The physical senses were not as acute as in other years, but her spiritual senses were quickened. Her physical vision was dimmed by the use of the years, but not so with the eyes of the heart. She had the penetrating vision of the pure-hearted. She saw her God in the beauties of the smiling gardens, in the stretch of the star-peopled sky, in the faces of her friends, and in the lives of the dwellers in the depths of Africa.

Perhaps she did not catch the sounds of earth as readily as in other days, but she had a sense of hearing that caught up the faintest whisper of God. She heard his voice in the song of the bird and the laughter of the waters. She heard his voice in the sweet harmonies that leaped from the lips of the singer or spilled from the finger tips of the player. But, better still, she heard the voice of her Lord as he held loving communion with her in the holy of holies of her heart.

Sister Hartzell did not lose interest in the socialities of life as her years accumulated. She remained youthful and vivacious in spirit. Laughter filled her heart as she mingled with folk by the way, and they loved her for it.

She was a woman of simple trusting faith in her Saviour. She believed in his personal concern in the affairs of her life. The Lord was her Shepherd, and she had no doubt relative to the green pastures of rest and the still waters of repose to her soul that awaited her along the pathway running through this earthly life and on over the heights of glory.

She has rendered a beautiful service to God, her loved ones, and unfortunate humanity. She rendered an invaluable service to the unfortunate of our Southland and carried the continent of Africa on her heart.

She was a gracious mother. In her attitude toward her son, who was with her during her brief stay in Oklahoma City, she showed herself a sympathetic mother, who always saw in her children the beauties of other years.

As a loving wife and helper she has walked side by side with our brother, Bishop Hartzell, across seventy and a fourth years and has
encouraged him in his great work for our Lord.
To speak on this sweet relationship in the presence of the one who holds her memory most precious, would seem to introduce a discordant note in the sad harmony with which memory has filled his heart. We can only say God comfort you, Bishop Hartzell.

The Saviour has claimed her for service in the Homeland, and we shall look forward to the morning when we shall join her and all whom God has called unto himself.
Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church

At the annual meeting of the trustees of the above Society, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 19, 1916, Mrs. William C. Herron presented the following, and it was unanimously adopted:

The recent triumphant passing to the eternal home of Mrs. Jennie Culver Hartzell, wife of Bishop Hartzell, brings very vividly to mind her early interest in the education and development of the Negro women and girls of the South.

Associated with her husband in his work in New Orleans, she became keenly aware of the great necessity of speedy help for them, and of the great obligation laid upon the women of the church to find a way to help them in their extremity. The story of these years of earnest effort in their behalf is a familiar one. Without definite organization and support, Mrs. Hartzell was a leader for years in real heroic personal service; house to house visitation, simple classes in domestic industries, attempts at teaching right living, and rescuing from wrong social conditions—all this was preparing the way for the work to be done later by the Woman's Home Missionary Society for girls and women of all races and nationalities.

While doing this work she found a few stanch and sympathetic helpers, but did not receive much encouragement from the church at large. She was not daunted, however, and after failing
to receive recognition from the General Conference of 1880, Dr. Leonard, who was much interested in her plans, called a mass meeting in Trinity Church, inviting the women of Cincinnati Methodism to be present.

Mrs. Hartzell told of her special mission and of her desire that something should be done to carry it forward in a more organized form. The matter was thoroughly discussed. It resulted in the organization (a little later) of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

Frail health, following serious illness and strenuous work while in the South, prevented her from doing active work in the Society or from accepting official relation to it. Nevertheless, her influence never ceased to be felt and her interest never wavered, not only for the Negro people for whom she had sacrificed so much, but for all lines of work as they developed in succeeding years.

Her deep spiritual nature, her unfaltering faith revealed the fact that she lived very close to the Source of all strength and power.

Her influence which has been felt through all the years will not cease, but will come to us, we firmly believe, with greater power from the life which has opened to her new and larger opportunities and possibilities.

MRS. WILBUR P. THIRKIELD,
President.

AABIA L. THOMPSON,
Secretary.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the
Methodist Episcopal Church

The following action, taken by the Cincinnati Branch, represents the sentiments expressed by other organizations of the same Society in Washington City and in other church centers:

INASMUCH as it has pleased God to call from our midst Mrs. Jennie Culver Hartzell, a woman of world-wide vision and intellectual capability, endowed with graces of body and spirit, as well as a loving heart, we, in common with the whole Methodist Church, sincerely mourn her loss.

Resolved, That we extend to Bishop Hartzell and family our heartfelt sympathy in this bereavement. We realize that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has lost a very able and devoted worker and gratefully remember the many services she rendered, especially in the establishing of our mission in North Africa.

MRS. L. L. TOWNLEY, Secretary.

Cincinnati, Ohio, February 15, 1916.

Individuals and Other Organizations

There have been letters of appreciation of the gracious personality and consecrated life of Mrs. Hartzell from many friends in America and foreign lands.

Each Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal
Church, and other prominent men and women of the same denomination and of other churches as well, have given high estimates of the departed.

Mrs. Hartzell was one of the early members of the Board of Directors of the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Home Association, of Cincinnati. That Board placed upon its records an expression of appreciation of her as a successful worker in the Lord's vineyard.

The Board of Foreign Missions, Annual Conferences, Social Unions, City Preachers' Meetings, Faculties and Officers of Missionary Training Schools and of Deaconess Homes have added their testimony.

Mrs. Hartzell's influence among young people was wonderful. They admired and loved her, and listened to her counsels and responded to her ideals of faith and service. Letters from some whose lives have been largely influenced by her are beautiful indeed.

A largely attended memorial service was held in Hartzell Hall in Peck Industrial Home, New Orleans, and in different parts of the United States special services were held in commemoration of Mrs. Hartzell's character and life-work by other local organizations of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

Mr. H. J. Heinz, of Pittsburgh, in a letter to Bishop Hartzell says:

"Her fruitful life on earth is closed; her 'immortality in Heaven' is begun. The sunniest room in your house is darkened, but sweet, holy, and precious memories abide.

"It was my privilege to meet Mrs. Hartzell on the trip to the Rome Convention in 1907, and on other occasions, and I was impressed by her strong, yet kindly face,—the strength and purity of her character, and her sympathetic interest in the great work to which you have consecrated the best of your life and service."

Among the resolutions passed by the Chicago Preachers' Meeting were the following:

"For many years this good and godly woman, by her faith, her devotion, her noble self-sacrifice, and her prayers to heaven, has been an inspiration and a help to her family, and especially to her husband in his ministry, and for the past twenty years in his arduous work of Episcopal supervision in Africa. God alone can measure the influence of such a life.

"We desire to extend to Bishop Hartzell and the children, Joseph Culver, Morton Culver, and Robert Culver Hartzell, our profound sympathy, and to assure them that the heart of the whole Church goes out to them in this hour of deep and tender sorrow at the loss of a noble wife and an affectionate and loving mother.

"Our prayer is that the gracious presence of our God and Father, who never forsakes his children in distress, may be with the remaining members of the family of which our beloved sister was one, viz.: John Culver, of Evanston; Mrs. Clara C. Bennett, of Chicago; and Mrs. E. E. Hammett, of Wheaton, with their families."
Rev. Dr. Henry A. Buttz, of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey, speaking for himself and Mrs. Buttz, both friends of many years, writes:

"We recall the high privilege we enjoyed in welcoming Mrs. Hartzell to our home in Madison, and how the perfume of her Sweet Spirit permeated all who knew her. We know, too, of her consecration to the great work of the church, which has suffered an unmeasurable loss in her going from us. The tributes which have been paid to her memory are a testimony to her beautiful life, which has closed on earth, only to enter the Holy City which God has prepared for his Saints."

The following quotation from a letter written by the late Mr. N. W. Harris, of Chicago, is a specimen of expressions from her personal friends in her later years. It was written in Japan, and it was probably one of the last letters penned by his own hand. He says: "Mrs. Hartzell was one of the self-sacrificing women of the world. In what a sweet and peaceful way she left the world for her mansion in the skies."

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Funeral Services

At Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
January 20, 1910, 2:30 P. M.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Solo, MRS. J. G. POLHEMUS
Scripture, REV. W. H. B. URCH, D.D., PASTOR CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Prayer, REV. E. C. SMITH, PASTOR METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Address, REV. I. FRANK ROACH, D.D., PASTOR FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
The Trustees of the Church acted as Pallbearers

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At Chicago, Illinois
January 31, 1910

Rose Hill Cemetery Chapel

BISHOP WILLIAM F. MCDOWELL, D.D., IN CHARGE

Scripture, REV. L. F. W. LEEMANN, D.D., DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT
Resolutions, PRESENTED BY REV. O. F. MATTISON, D.D., REPRESENTING CHICAGO METHODIST PREACHERS' MEETING
Address, REV. CHARLES F. STUART, D.D., PRESIDENT GARETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE

Address, BISHOP W. F. MCDOWELL, D.D.

Music, "There's a Far Away Land." QUARTETTE

Benediction, BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D.
Her glory is not of the shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes;
How heaven's bright depths with sundry welcome rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn and sorrow bore,
The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;
He who, returning glorious from the grave,
Dragged death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.
JOSEPH CRANE HARTZELL

By Dr. Wm. C. Terril, Johannesburg.

A HERO of the Cross of Christ has been granted the sifter’s crown. To the Bantu this hero is the “Great White Chief.” His name is Joseph Crane Hartzell. The Bantu correctly appraised this hero of the Cross. Those noble characteristics which predominated his life, during his student days at Evanston, when he risked his life to save those in distress, remained with him during his 20 years of service for the Bantu. He gave his best.

But little need be said by me regarding the work of this man of God during those trying days in the Southern States for the freed negroes. In addition to the exacting task of Secretary of the Freedman’s Aid Society in its beginning stages, there was the yellow fever scourge to face, which laid Dr. Hartzell and his family low many many times and also the ostracism of the entire family by many whites because he was engaged in the unpopular work of helping the freed negroes. But he arose above those difficulties and remained at his God given task until it became an honorable and a popular one.

Dr. Hartzell was in training in those days for a still larger task. He was destined to lead the Christian forces of Africa in its great campaign to establish God’s Kingdom among the Bantu. Thus he came to Africa as a Missionary Bishop of our Church. It was less popular to be a missionary in America in those early days than it is today. But Joseph Crane Hartzell gave dignity to Christian missions in this continent. All who met him felt that they were in the presence of one of God’s noblemen, a man with a vision of the possibilities of the Bantu when they had accepted the Gospel of the Risen and Living Christ.

The friendship evidenced by that great Statesman of Africa—Cecil Rhodes—for Bishop Hartzell, is one proof that he stood out prominently as a leader. The gift of Old Utah in Rhodesia, to our Church, to be used as a Mission Station, was a direct result of the faith and confidence that Cecil Rhodes had in Bishop Hartzell as a wise leader. Bishop Hartzell was also a close friend of Earl Grey. He likewise had audiences with the Belgian and the King of Portugal. And when Portugal became a Republic this great leader of ours was among the guests at the banquet given to the first Provisional President. He was received as a welcome guest in the highest official and government circles. He made friends among all classes and in many lands and it was done with an air which did the purpose of making Africa and the African live in the hearts and minds of those with whom he met.

These facts reveal the side of Joseph Crane Hartzell’s greatness. But there is another side which appeals equally as much, if not more, to some who were privileged to know him somewhat intimately. Today a large part of the work in our four missions can be reached by train and motor. In those early days of Bishop Hartzell’s supervision there were no train with which the center of the work could be reached and automobiles were not in use. Stage coaches were sometimes used, but oftener journeys were made on foot, on ox or donkey back.

May I be pardoned if I relate an incident? It was my pleasure and joy to make many trips in company with Bishop Hartzell. This one was during his last visit to Inhambane. The first part of the trip, requiring about three and a half hours, was made on donkey back. Then an arm of the Inhambane Bay was reached and here a sail boat was boarded. The wind was contrary and in a short time it blew a hurricane. For fully seven hours we were buffeted by the fierce winds, the torrential rains and the boisterous waves. But little headway could be made and only eight or nine miles of the long journey were accomplished. With the setting of the sun the violence of the wind increased and the rain came down in sheets and then the mast broke and the small boat was driven ashore. About 9 o’clock the Bishop suggested that we were carried to shore and try to find a place where we could spend the night. Thus we did, but there was no house or village close by and to lie in the open in that drenched condition would soon mean a severe chill, which would be speedily followed by a burning fever. This we dared not risk. Nothing remained therefore for us to do but try and walk the twelve miles through the deep sand to Gikulu, the Mission Headquarters. We began the journey.

As I write I can see the good Bishop plopping on through the sand, in some places ankle deep, carrying his coat on his arm. I hear him say as he said to Brother Terrill: “Another ten miles and we’d better lie here in the road all night.” But we forged ahead and at a time and then lying down to rest for five minutes, each time, we at last reached the Mission Headquarters, about midnight. It has appealed to me many times that here I found the real greatness of Bishop Hartzell. He was ready to sacrifice in order that the Kingdom of Christ might be established among the Bantu. He suffered that night, but no word of complaint escaped his lips. It was a sacrifice of joy for him, because of his love for the black man. Our native people honor, love and revere him, while to the missionaries he was Bishop and still more, he was father and brother.

It was our united and most earnest prayer that the closing days of his long, sacrificial and useful life might be spent under different circumstances and in a more peaceful manner. Sincerest regrets fill the hearts of all in Africa—white and black—who knew him, that such a dastardly deed was meted out to him. Very much resentment is being shown by our native peoples that white men should have thus brutally treated their beloved Bishop, who ministered to them for twenty years. But he has gone to His reward. We are assured that a great mission was
given to him on his reaching the Eternal City. Among those who gladly and joyfully welcomed him, we doubt not that there were many of the redeemed negroes of the Southland and still more from Liberia. There were thousands from Angola, Rhodesia, the Congo and Portuguese East Africa, in addition to large contingents of white folks, among whom were some Portuguese from Madeira. These all had learned to know of the Saviour of mankind through the ministry of Joseph Crane Hartnell. There are still others whom he will welcome on their arrival to the City of God.

The great burning and consuming passion of Bishop Hartnell was that the black man should have the knowledge of the Gospel made possible for him, so that as a race they could fill their place in God's economy for the peoples of the world. As he gave his best, so may the Church that he so nobly represented during the long period of his ministry, give of her best to make possible the salvation of the black peoples of the world.

Bread upon the Waters.

By Gilicia Cross, Angola.

IT WAS in 1914 during my first year in Africa that Eugenia came to us. When the mother, a native woman, appeared one day with two little girls, about eight and ten, announcing that she had brought them to school, we hesitated. Both of the girls were attractive and made an instant appeal to our hearts but it was plain to see that their father was a white man. We had learned from experience that too many white men in Lunda found our school a convenient dumping-ground for their unwanted half-case girls. I had already declared myself against receiving any more mulatto girls, having little disposition to help these unscrupulous men out by caring for their girls while they were small, only to have them sold into a life of degradation when they were half grown. But the look of silent pleading in the eyes of these neglected, forlorn-looking children tugged at my heart and I found it impossible to refuse them a chance at life. On inquiry we found that their father was dead and their father's brother, a merchant in Lunda, promised faithfully to release all future claim to them if we would take them off his hands. We had none too great faith in his promise but with our confidence in God's over-ruling providence we cast our "bread upon the waters", and the two little half-castes became members of our school family.

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Bishop Hartzell Attacked and Robbed

Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, who resides at Blue Ash, Ohio, near Cincinnati, returned from Kansas City in feebler health and spent some days in the hospital. On Friday, June 1, his eighty-sixth birthday, two strangers, who had gained admission to his house under pretext of using his telephone, knocked him senseless, fracturing his hip. They beat him severely, robbed him of the small sum of money that was in his pocket, and left him tied with wire and nearly strangled. He is at Christ Hospital, Cincinnati.

Bishop Hartzell's Will

Bishop J. C. Hartzell, who died in Cincinnati September 6, left a small estate. His books on South Africa go to Drew Seminary Library and Garrett Biblical Institute. He bequeathed his books on North Africa and Mohammedanism to his son, J. C. Hartzell, who resides at Blue Ash, Ohio, and his other real estate goes to his son, Robert, and his grandson, Karl Drew Hartzell, son of the late Rev. Morton Hartzell.

Funeral of Bishop Hartzell

Funeral services of Bishop Hartzell were held in Trinity Church, Cincinnati, on Friday afternoon. Bishop Thomas Nicholson presided, assisted by Dr. Russell H. Brealy, pastor of the church. Members of the Central German Conference, including the lay delegate, a delegation from the Ohio Conference, of which Bishop Hartzell was an honorary member, and other Methodist ministers, numbering in all about 200, accompanied by Bishop Nicholson of Detroit, Bishop H. Lester Smith, of Charleston; Bishop Frank W. Warne, of India, and Bishop John L. Nielsen, of Zurich, met in the vestry and, led by Dr. Brealy, marched into the church.

The Rev. E. E. Stevens, pastor of Pleasant Ridge Church, read the Scripture. Prayer was offered by Bishop Smith. The address was delivered by Bishop Nicholson. Dr. Thomas Campbell, of the Ohio Conference, representing the Board of Foreign Missions, gave an appreciation of Bishop Hartzell's work on the foreign field.

Dr. Arda Martin, superintendent of the Cincinnati District, read resolutions of sorrow, passed by the Ohio Conference, and expressed the regret at Bishop Theodore S. Henderson, who could not be present, owing to his imperative duties as presiding officer of the Ohio Conference.

The solemn and beautiful Masonic rite was held after the church services were concluded. The Masonic ring which Bishop Hartzell wore was, as is the custom, in a very impressive ceremony, presented to his widow. Dr. Joseph Culver Hartzell, of Rock River Conference, a young minister of singularly strong and lovable character, died in California in 1918.

January 4, 1918
fully intelligent, is acquainted with ease and has enjoyed travel and many other privileges of culture and refinement without sting or hindrance of poverty. Modern she is in description of herself reading “The Christ of the Indian Road” while smoking incessantly. It is the story of a conversion and the book is an example of sharing which possesses fineness and beauty. “It was then that Christ’s presence shone within me.” Almost plaintively she states that “there are no schools for those who are converted.” She had to create her own technique of the religious life. Sensibly, with inviting freshness and simplicity she records how as one “fumbling at the latch” she studied the first contents of Christ in the four Gospels, how she formed thought patterns for herself, from Christ, from prayer, from reading the story that never loses charm and power. Her experiences in the loss of repulsion against the Jews, in the removal of all desire for smoking—an incident

January 4, 1934
Morton Culver Hartzell

Morton Culver Hartzell was born February 17, 1876, in New Orleans, La. In 1891 he was graduated from the Cincinnati High School and four years later he received the degree of bachelor of arts from the University of Cincinnati. Three years later he completed the bachelor of divinity course at Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N.J. In each school his grades were scholarly and splendid. He placed himself among the very best in each group of graduates.

For one year he was assistant pastor in the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. The next two years were spent in special studies in theology in Europe. In Berlin he was a special student of Hartack, and in Marburg he was with other noted men, and in Glasgow his special interests were Dis, Denney, Orr, and George A. Smith. Before returning to America he made a six-weeks' tour of Palestine as a special companion of the Rev. George A. Smith, D.D., the highest authority in the history and geography of that land.

In 1894 he married with the Rock River Congregational, and for one year was preacher to California, his body held in a casket from that time until he located his last in the Pasadena Hospital, Thursday, February 17, his fortieth birthday. His battle for life, however, his battle for life, as pastor at Lamanda Park Church, his faith and heroism, and intellectual vigor, in spite of his tremendous bodily handicap, have been known not only to the people of Pasadena, but to multitudes elsewhere, many of whom have never seen him.

His passing was a death but a glorious consecration. He said to his father last November: "If I am to die, I shall pass on like a man without the slightest fear of the future, knowing that all will be well and I will put up the best fight I can. One thing I am determined that my intellectual vigor shall not wane until the last."

This brave purpose was literally carried out. Some of the finest writings of his life have been prepared during the past year. The very last was an article on "Preparation of "Light and Night." It is a word to the American nation which should have a wide circulation in these momentous times. When it was manically that he could not live longer on earth, he said, "I have lost interest in this world," and with the same logical Grace and hard-nosed and charming of intellect, and past of soul with which he battled to stay among men, he turned to spiritual things. Fortunately, during the last day he did not suffer much physical pain, and between times of rest and repose he was able to converse. There was no variation in his quietness or absolute certainty that he was going as rapidly as otherwise would have been the case.

To his father he said: "Oh! I am thankful to the Lord that you have come. I was afraid I could not wait, but I did not want to see you too, but it is all over. I am going to be free but this life holds me. I know I will be welcomed in the midst of the redeemed and ruled with insubstantial body."

"That will be glorious."

"Only a few days before the bishop's wife, the mother of the wife, the man, had passed away suddenly. The father said: "You will see me soon, son."

The reply was: "Yes, I will, and I will give you a long farewell."

There are but specimens of how this now glorified soul was passing into his heavenly home. On Tuesday evening his father, mother, and son had their last interview with him while the three souls were together. The hour of departure was appointed.

On Thursday evening his father, mother, and son had their last interview with him as he continued to make preparations for the journey. The hour of departure was appointed.

The last words he spoke were: "What does God require of me?"

The hour of departure was appointed.

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A Tribute

At the funeral services held at Pasadena a beautiful tribute was paid to Dr. Hartwell by the Rev. W. E. Tuttle, D.D., who knew him well, a part of which we give to our readers here:

We're it given to me to write his epitaph I would chisel in the marble column these simple words: "His sun went down at noon. The great Bishop Simpson was called away. The Churches loved their young preachers not for what they were alone, but for what they promised to be. In every church were a high promise, it was Morton C. Hartwell Born and reared in a Methodist parsonage in the university at fifteen from his youth a master of books and ready speech, in his twenties a pastor of great Churches, a rarely loving, beautiful family man, with him, a genius for friendship with every kind of man, possessed of wide visions of a better world under the sun and a hand of cunning, ach nip to mold it into being: of a courage that could do and dare, or stand and wait, with a hope that knew not how to fade and a faith that could walk and talk with God, the world had every right to its dreams of the largest and the best from him. He died on his fortieth birthday. His sun is gone down at noon. Only if so be there is One with whom the night is as the day may yet set well.

As a fellow pastor, a supervising officer, a friend through a dozen years of joy and sorrow I never knew Morton Hartwell as an 'office', to ask, to care for, to have an easy place. His two great Churches in Chicago have been the anxiety of the big town for half a generation. His sorority parsonage in the West was as gray as it was golden. He was in the eye of the world, of course. He was the eye of the world; of course. He was a whale in China, Cincinnati, New York, Boston, Berlin, Glasgow, Chicago, Pennsylvania, and Los Angeles were the landmarks of his journey. It was in much of a triumph but it was a victory of all and ever. The shadows never hid him. And the limelight never dazzled him. And trouble could not crush him. And death could not break his spirit.

Church News

Illinois

On Sunday, March 5th at the First Methodist Church, Hoopston, fifty-two were received from probation into full membership and took their first communion. Four were received by Church letter. Over eighty have united with the Church since October.

At Owosso, the Rev. W. W. Drake pastor, the undisputed one half of the parsonage property, previously owned by Millersville, has been purchased. The ladies' aid society paid $200 about January 1. The balance, $400, was raised, together with subscriptions taken to build a new church. The subscriptions now amount to $900. A new and modern church, fully adequate to the needs of the enterprise, will be erected.

At Conestoga, the Rev. E. S. Brown, pastor, has been called by the church to superintend the building of a new church. The subscriptions now amount to $900. A new and modern church, fully adequate to the needs of the enterprise, will be erected

To you and meculture and social politics were as far as we could dare. To clean up the grade was the gospel. He was a splendid type of the sort of preacher the world must have if we would not meet another edition of the Dark Age. He was often misunderstood for his large attention to the home, church, and the church. There are those who know the one thought that was the soul of him was the man inside. We are rich that man like him. He was a Harry Ward, Rin Ton Lot. He was one of the brave in the earth. He was an angel of literature, which says, "Your youth shall seek visions."

We subscribe to the opinion that all who have been in Mr. Hartwell's Church will be a thing of the past and gone. As we see it, he is a man who has been waiting for the right time to die. His spirit was with the faithful and the sick of the church for his heart and soul. If ever a man had the will to live and die, he did it. A life of useful to the last hour is the motto of the Methodist Church. March 6th, at which address was made by the Rev. Dr. D. P. Martin, T. P. Jason, Dr. William J. Quinn, and Bishop McDoan-ell. Interment was at Rose Hill cemetery.

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JOSEPH CRANE HARTZELL
By Dr. Wm. C. Terril, Johannesburg.

A HERO of the Cross of Christ has been granted the victor's crown. To the Bantu this hero is the "Great White Chat." His name is Joseph Crane Hartzell. The Bantu correctly appraised the hero of the Cross. Those noble characteristics which predominated in his life, during his student days at Evansville, where he risked his life to save those in distress, remained with him during his 20 years of service for the Bantu. He gave his best.

But little need be said by me regarding the work of this man of God during those trying days in the Southern States for the freed negroes. In addition to the exacting task of Secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society in its beginning stages, there was the yellow fever scourge to face, which laid Dr. Hartzell and his family low very many times and also the estrangement of the entire family by many whites because he was engaged in the unpopular work of helping the freed negroes. But he pressed on above those difficulties and remained at his God given task until it became an honorable and a popular one.

Dr. Hartzell was in training in those days for a still later task. It was destined to lead the Christian forces of Africa in its great campaign to establish God's Kingdom among the Bantu. Thus he came to Africa as a Missionary Bishop of our Church. He was less popular to be a missionary in America in those early days than it is today. But Joseph Crane Hartzell gave diligently to Christian missions in this country. All who met him felt that they were the presence of one God's noblest servants, a man with a vision of the possibilities of the Bantu when they had been the Gospel of the Risen Lord and Lamb of God.

The friendship evidenced by the great Statesman of Africa—Cecil Rhodes, for Bishop Hartzell, is one of the most outstanding in our Church, to be used as a Mission Station. The result of the faith and confidence that Cecil Rhodes had in Bishop Hartzell as a wise leader, for this great leader of ours was among the guests at the banquet given to the first Provisional President. He was received as a guest in the highest official and government circles. He made friends among all classes and in many lands and was always a welcome visitor to the purpose of making Africa and the African live in the hearts and minds of those with whom he met.

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Saturday, 9/19

Ritual of the 'Godless Social Church'

TRANSLATION: Provision or participation for all at the gathering.
The Rt. Rev. Joseph Urane Hartzell, A.M., D.D., T.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Africa, died at the Christ Hospital at 7:30 A.M. on Thursday, Sept. 6, 1928, in his 87th year. The Bishop's death was due to the injuries received when he was bound and beaten by robbers in his home at Blue Ash on June 1st. He received first aid from local physicians and on the next day his son, Dr. J. Culver Hartzell, removed him to the Christ Hospital.

Services will be held in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 7, 1928, under the direction of Resident Bishop Theodore E. Henderson, D.D., T.D. Bishop Hartzell will be buried in Rosehill Cemetery, Chicago, where his wife, two sons and a daughter are buried, and the services there will be under the direction of Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, D.D., T.D., Resident Bishop of that City.

Bishop Hartzell was born June 8th, 1842, at Bolivar, Illinois, his parents being Michael Sash and Nancy (Norman) Hartzell. On his father's side he was a direct descendant of the Prussian Reichsbarone von Hartzell of the Holy Roman Empire. He married, however, became Protestant and remained such except that branch which became established in Bavaria. The Bishop's American ancestry was Adam Hartzell who came to Pennsylvania in 1620 and received a large grant of land from William Penn. On his mother's side he was a direct descendant of the house of Hohenstaufen who ruled Germany until deposed by the House of Hohenzollern. Her American ancestors came to Maryland in 1675 and owned large plantations.

Like all leaders in the spiritual uplift of the world, Bishop Hartzell received his inspiration, to preach the Gospel, at an early age. As a boy, thoughtful, earnest, contrite, he lived in the narrow path which leads to righteousness and, when seventeen years of age, left his father's home to educate himself for the Christian ministry. For eleven years he pursued his ambition with untiring industry. In 1868 he completed a classical college course in the Illinois Wesleyan University, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and, in the same year, a full course in theology at the Garrett Biblical Institute, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. Later, he received the degree of Master of Arts, Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Laws. He was ordained to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1866 and was consecrated missionary Bishop of Africa in 1896.

From 1869 to 1870 he was Pastor of the Pekin, Illinois, Methodist Episcopal Church and then was transferred by Bishop Levi Scott to New Orleans, La., to be Pastor of St. Charles Methodist Episcopal Church, the largest white parish of his Church in that city. From 1875 to 1882 he was Superintendent of the Louisiana District in charge of both the white and negro work of his Church. For nine years he was Superintendent of Church, educational and editorial work in New Orleans, and largely directed the evangelistic and educational work of his Church throughout the South. In 1874 he founded and published the Southwestern Christian Advocate which he later gave to the Church without compensation. He was the administrator of large funds placed at his disposal each year from missionary and other benevolent organizations of his Church, and the remarkable and permanent development of church leadership and societies and institutions of learning attest the wisdom of administration. For several years he was a prominent member of the Board of Education of the city of New Orleans and assisted in the organization of the city schools under modern methods.
From 1882 to 1887 Bishop Hartzell was Assistant Corresponding Secretary and from 1887 to 1888 Executive Corresponding Secretary of the educational work of his Church for the entire South, with headquarters in Cincinnati which city remained his legal residence up to his death. Under his direction forty-five institutions of learning, twenty-two for white youth and twenty-three for Negroes, including medical colleges, divinity schools, universities and industrial centers, were administered.

The twelve years from 1870 to 1882 covered a most important period in the reconstruction era throughout the South, following the Civil War. Necessarily, Dr. Hartzell, as he was then called throughout America, was brought into prominent relations with leading men both in politics and in Church life in the North and in the South, and his opinions and judgments were often sought as to policies and methods. As the representative of the forward movement of the Methodist Episcopal Church after the war, in the establishment of churches and schools among both white people and the lately enfranchised Negroes, in a territory which other Churches claimed as their own, he was at once the target for severe criticism on the one hand, but, on the other hand, as his influence increased, he was accepted more and more as the wise and trusted leader of a great work. He was never partisan in politics, he was frank in his loyalty to the Government of the United States, and believed that to the freedmen should be extended the opportunity for church, school and remunerative employment. He had sympathy with the Southern people in the tremendous revolution through which they had passed and had many personal friends among the leaders who respected his sincerity and recognized his signal ability. His editorials were models in expression of clear and definite conviction as to the duties of government, State and National, and of the Church to all the people irrespective of section or race. During frequent journeys throughout the Southern States, and once a year through the North, his addresses upon the social, educational and church problems of the South attracted great attention. He made the giving of carefully prepared interviews to leading persons of both sections a specialty.

In 1896 he was elected and consecrated Missionary Bishop of Africa at the quadrennial General Conference of his Church with his episcopal residence in Funchal, Madeira Islands, West Coast Africa.

The Bishop entered upon his duties in Africa at an opportune time for large development in general missionary lines, and during the twenty years he was active in episcopal duties he established and organized missions and conferences, schools, medical work, printing establishments, agricultural enterprises and mechanical shops in Southern and Central Africa for Negroes and in North Africa and Madeira Islands for the white people. The Bishop carried with him at all times letters from Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson commanding him to the American Ambassadors and Ministers abroad who offered the way to consultations with European premiers and foreign Ministers, and he never hesitated to present the problems of his Church to these statesmen when occasion necessitated. The remarkable thing is that he never a man his mind and left one of the numerous interviews with assurances of cordiality and cooperation.

By the law of his Church, Bishop Hartzell was retired from active episcopal duties in July, 1906, at the age limit, his 74th birthday, being on the following June 1st. Since then he has devoted his time, as his health and strength would permit, to general church duties such as attending annual and quadrennial conferences, the meetings of the Board of Bishops, writing for church publications, and preparing his autobiography.
Bishop Hartzell was a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason and was affiliated with Commandery No. 3, Knights Templar, Cincinnati. He was also a member of the National Fraternity of Phi Gamma Delta and presided at the Ecclesia at which the new constitution was adopted.

Bishop Hartzell was known as the diplomat of his Church, and was special envoy to the United States and England in behalf of Liberia and succeeded in averting a crisis between that country and Germany. For this he was made a Knight Commander of the Order for the Redemption of Africa. He was recognized by and enjoyed the confidence and cooperation of the five governments under whose flags he established the work of his Church, namely Great Britain, France, Portugal, Liberia and Belgium.

Bishop Hartzell married Miss Jeanné Calver, of Chicago, in 1869. Mrs. Hartzell was always an inspiration to the Bishop and her death in 1916 was a great shock to him. He leaves two sons, Dr. J. Culver Hartzell, with whom he lived at Blue Ash, and Robert J. Hartzell of Los Angeles; a grandson, Karl Drew Hartzell of Boston, son of the late Rev. Dr. Horton Culver Hartzell; a niece Mrs. Frank Talmage, of Blue Ash, who resided with the Bishop until her marriage. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Hartzell, of Kansas City, Mo., and Mrs. Alice V. McCoy of Moline, Ills.
Vicious Attack on Bishop Hartzell

Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, of our church, living in retirement at Blue Ash, Ohio, was recently attacked in his home by thugs, who viciously dealt with him, inflicting serious wounds and causing painful suffering. The bishop was celebrating quietly his eighty-sixth birthday. He had recently returned from the General Conference, where extreme exhaustion overtook him and he was compelled to turn home. After spending a few days in Christ Hospital he was taken to Blue Ash, where he was convalescing. Upon the morning when the trouble occurred, there was no one with him except his housekeeper. He answered a knock at the door and found three men, who asked for the use of his telephone. Upon entering they immediately attacked him, binding his hands and feet with wire, placed another around his head, took from him his wallet, which contained a small amount of money, removed his watch and chain, and then, in violence, struck him on the head because they found so small an amount of valuables. Then they maliciously ill treated him. Meanwhile, the housekeeper was upstairs, calling assistance over the phone. In a short time help arrived and the men escaped.

The bishop was found in a very serious condition. The indignity was so crushing to his beautiful and trusting spirit that nervous, almost mental, collapse followed. The wound on his head is severe, and the nervous shock resulting from the blows and the harshness of the treatment left him in such condition that his recovery is problematic. The city of Cincinnati has been around more over this incident than any single thing that has occurred in the field of crime for years. The daily papers have told the story, the editors have editorialized upon it. People of all denominations and creeds are incensed beyond the highest expression of words and emotion.

The bishop is now in Christ Hospital as we go to press. The prayers of his friends and those who know him by name are requested. This world apate of Jesus Christ, who is traveling in foreign countries, has followed the paths through the dark continent of Africa, has survived through peril on peril, and is present a divine Providence when near the border line of extreme age, he is called upon to pass through this intolerable experience.

Bishop Hartzell's Murderer Convicted

After many months of careful investigation, the slayer of Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell has been arrested and convicted. The jury's pronouncement upon the case was, "Guilty of first degree murder, but we do recommend mercy."

This crime was one of the most disastrous we have known in personal history. The venerable bishop had given a long life in service to other people, and especially to another race. He had traveled up and down his own country and almost to the uttermost parts of the earth. He crossed the ocean many times. He sailed through storms and battering seas. He followed the winds high and the jungles of Africa. He met the native peoples, civilized and cannibalistic. Frequently he was impelled from wild beasts and other destroying creatures of nature. He survived them all. He escaped them all. Then, late in the evening time of life, three of his own countrymen, young men, stole into his home, asking a favor, which, being granted by the kind heart of the bishop, made it possible for them to attack him. They bade him upon him. They broke his body. They feared his limbs. They bound him with wire, as one would a helpless beast. They left him broken to die. If ever young men deserved the full penalty of the law, those three men certainly do. One of them has been convicted. What will be the outcome farther we do not at this time know. We take pleasure in the fact that this criminal has been convicted. Too many similar crimes have been committed. The fact that this man has been convicted will warn others. Three such crimes of attacks upon old people have occurred in the State of Ohio since this one. They are heartless, ruthless, dishonest. They should be met and dealt with without mercy.

Funeral of Bishop Hartzell

Funeral services of Bishop Hartzell were held in Trinity Church, Cincinnati, on Friday afternoon. Bishop Thomas Nicholas presented, assisted by Dr. Russell H. Bready, pastor of the church. Members of the Cincinnati German Conference, including the lay delegates, a delegation from the Ohio Conference, of which Bishop Hartzell was an honorary member, and other Methodists ministers, numbering in all about 200, accompanied by Bishop Nicholas, of Detroit, Bishop H. Lester Smith, of Chattanooga, Bishop Frank M. Warner, of Indiana, and Bishop John L. Nixen, of Zurich, met in the vestibule and led by Dr. Bready, marched into the church.

The Rev. D. E. Stevens, pastor of Pleasant Ridge Church, read the Scripture. Prayer was offered by Bishop Smith. The address was delivered by Bishop Nicholson. Dr. Thomas Campbell, of the Ohio Conference, representing the Board of Foreign Missions, gave an appreciation of Bishop Hartzell's work on the foreign field.

Dr. Alfred Martin, superintendent of the Cincinnati District, read resolutions of sorrow, passed by the Ohio Conference, and expressed the regret of Bishop Theodore S. Henderson, who could not be present, owing to his imperative duties as presiding bishop at the Ohio Conference.

The solemn and beautiful Masonic ritual was held after the church services were concluded. The Masonic ring which Bishop Hartzell wore was given as the custom, in a very impressive ceremony, presented to his eldest son, Dr. Joseph Culver Hartzell. Members of the Trinity quartet sang "Open the Gates" and "Crossing the Bar."

The audience remained seated after the benediction was pronounced. The bishop, honored by the bishops, formed an honorary escort for their beloved conclave was borne from the church.

The body was taken to Chicago, where services were held under the direction of Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, and all that was mortal of Bishop Hartzell was laid to rest in Rosehill Cemetery, where his wife, two sons and a daughter are buried.—Western Christian Advocate.
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is followed by an interesting program. The morn-
ing will be devoted to business. The after-
noon session will open with the communion
service. The address of welcome will be
given by J. E. Haskew, Jr., and the Rev.
Samuel Adron will make response. The
Rev. E. M. Reynolds will conduct the me-
morial service. An address on "Belief of a
Long Pastorate" will be delivered by the
Rev. G. W. Griffin. The guest speaker
will be Dr. Edmund de S. Brunner, who has
recently returned from Korea, where he had
been making a study of the rural mission
work. The theme of the conference is "The
Rural Church," and the slogan of the associa-
tion is "Fellowship." Ministers of New York
Conference are cordially invited to attend.

Five Points Mission

The annual meeting of Five Points Mis-
ion will be held Tuesday, October 8, at 2 p. m.
The presiding officer, Dr. Hugh Houston,
will be introduced by Mrs. Walker Mac
Mullen, president of the board. Bishop McCon-
nel will deliver the address and Mrs. Preston
M. Sellers will sing. The children from the
kindergarten will entertain by their verses.
The meeting is open to friends of the mission.
A social hour with refreshments will follow
the afternoon's exercises.

Including the Philadelphia, New Jersey, Wyoming
and Delaware Conferences, the Bishop, E. Richardson,

PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE

Dr. Frank P. Parker, W. S. in Attendance
upon E. Conference, at which Bishop
Welch was president, was drafted to address
the Conference in place of Bishop Fisher, who
was detained by the very serious illness of
his mother.

SIMPSON MEMORIAL CHURCH, PHILA

Simpson Memorial Church, Philadelphia, was
held in connection with the sixtieth anniver-

Philadelphia
Bishop Hartzell's Will

With the exception of his real estate and mining stocks of doubtful value, the estate of the Rev. Joseph Crane Hartzell, former Methodist Episcopal bishop and missionary to Africa, consists largely of valuable books, reports, and mission and Annual Conference data he gathered upon Africa and the Negro race, and these he makes disposition of in his will, which was filed with Judge William H. Amblers in probate court.

All of such data regarding southern Africa he gives to Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., to be placed in the Bishop Hartzell Acolive in the library there. All the works on northern Africa he gives to the library of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., to form an acolive on Mohammedanism, to be known as the Bishop Hartzell Acolive, and of this the bishop wrote in his will:

"It is my hope that this nucleus, together with the books on Mohammedanism now in the library of the institute, may make the beginning of a large collection of the Islamic religion, its history, philosophy, and propaganda, which shall be of value to the faculty and students of the institution and others interested in the study of Christianity's chief and up-to-date, most successful competitor for the religious conquest of the world."

Of his other books, his son, Joseph Culver Hartzell, is to have such as he desires to keep, and the remainder are to be classified and sent to the Garrett Biblical Institute at Atlanta, Ga., to form a Bishop Hartzell Acolive there.

His home, known as "Cedar Cottage," at Blue Ash, together with certain lots adjoining it, he leaves to his son, Joseph C. Hartzell, while the balance of his real estate there goes to his son, Robert C. Hartzell, and grandson, Karl Drew Hartzell, son of Martin Hartzell, deceased. The mining stock and ten oil paintings, which now are stored at the Chicago Art Museum, he leaves to his two sons and grandchildren in equal shares. The will was executed February 6, 1916. A codicil, added October 1, 1926, provides for the turning over to the proper Methodist Church authorities any African land deeds that may still stand in his name as bishop.

His estate is estimated at but $800 in personalty and $20,000 in realty. Bishop Hartzell died September 6, 1926, never recovering from an attack made upon him by bandits who entered his home a few months before, bound him to a chair with wires, and otherwise tortured him in an effort to make him tell where he had secreted wealth he was supposed to have had.

Laymen's Meeting

The Indianapolis Area is planning a great men's gathering at the Capitol City of the Hoosier State, December 4 and 5. Dr. Bert Smith, head of the Brotherhood Department of the Board of Education, is working out the plan under the direction of Bishop Blake. The program is now being constructed. It is expected that some of the most outstanding men in America will be available as speakers for the conference. Already the editor of the Western has offered Dr. Smith a special edition of the Western to promote the interests of the gathering. This will appear two weeks before the conference. The special edition will contain articles on men's work, and the plan of the men on the program, and subjects of interest relating to the Conference. All pastors should place this date on their calendar. Indianapolis is historically famous as the plan where the greatest conference for Methodist men was ever held. Doubles an effort will be made to make that meeting surpass the one of 1915, which was a national gathering of home proportions.

THE VITAL SPARK—the Supremely Important Thing in Life Is Religion

Whether men be Christian, Hebrew or Pagan there is in nearly all a genuine seeking after the Divine.

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No other class of periodicals represents the supreme respect for human good will, the confidence of America's most desirable citizens as does the Religious Press.

Help your Pastor put
"An Advocate in Every Methodist Home"
First Church, Decker, Indiana, Dedicated

Prior to 1890 a part of Knox County, Indiana, embracing a portion of Harrison, Johnson, Decker, and Vincennes Townships, was known as White River Mission. Presbyterians, both Conference and local, were occasionally appointed to this mission, and meetings were held in dwellings, schoolhouses, one of the few churches, still in graves. During the years from 1876 to 1890 those serving the mission were known as "pioneers of the blue." Among these pioneers of the early church in this community were the following: William Noyes, Marvin Rose, T. A. Lesley, T. K. Willis, the Rev. William Hinn, F. H. Everett, and N. B. Edwards. Part of this section was known as Decker circuit, after the Conference of October 3, 1889, and the Rev. C. W. Crocke, of Odell, Ind., was its first pastor sent by the Conference. The members of the Decker class numbered from four to six, when Mr. Crocke took charge. By faithful and arduous work he closed the year with 112 members in the five points on the charge.

On New Year's Day, 1889, the cornerstone for the new Methodist Episcopal Church was laid and services were conducted by the pastor. It was dedicated on August 21, 1889. The following pastors have been instrumental in the development of the church which we are so proud of today: the Revs. Halsey, Abel, Gillham, Jordan, Hines, McVey, Strain, Patrick, Sheets, Adams, Davidson, Johnson, Mandell, Ramsden, Redmond, Jones, Myer, Perk, Willing, Barnett, Frees, Barrett, Hughes, Greath, and John Satch, the present pastor, who has been with us for two years. The charge now has two points: Trinity Church, near Vincennes, and Decker.

On the evening of September 10, about ten months after the ground was broken for the building, Bishop Edgar Blake, of the Indiana Annual Conference, dedicated the new church free of debt. The dedication marked the climax of a day of special services.

The new house of worship is a brick building, and a kitchen now almost fully equipped is the pride of the ladies of the church.

The cost of the new plant was about $12,000. All labor possible was given to men in the town. This plan, along with some donated labor, and careful buying, lowered the cost materially. Much credit is due to the pastor for his splendid co-operation in the work, and to the members, who were eager pastors, and all who assisted in making the dedication a possibility and a success, the pastor and his people extend their hearty thanks and appreciation.

On the evening of the dedication twenty-one men, women, and children came forward for membership. Bishop Blake was assisted in the services by the pastor, Rev. Satch; Dr. R. R. Twine, and Dr. W. H. Williams. On the horizon may now be seen a church which, by steady growth, is near that which Christ would approve; should He come to view it.

An Educational Dilemma

Illinois Wesleyan University is facing a situation which is just the opposite of that which is causing alarm among the officials of Northwestern University. President W. J. Davidson reported at the annual meeting of the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Northwestern has a shortage of men, while Wesleyan has a shortage of women, he said.

"There are almost two men to one woman in our freshman class this year," President Davidson said. "We need more women. We desire their influence on our campus. I am strong for cooperation. I believe in making the life of young people as nearly as possible like it will be in their later years."

At the same meeting, Dr. Charles P. McCollum, president of Illinois Woman's College at Jacksonville, III., another Methodist institution of the Illinois Conference, discussed the policy of his school, which he said is being developed into the greatest women's college in the Middle West.

"We teach our women on the assumption that a woman's place is in the home. They are not prepared for the world. Our policy is that of preparing for life, and that a woman's education must also be essentially different. We train our students for an occupation which, in my opinion, is a higher and requires more wisdom than any other, and that is motherhood."}

An Itinerating Bishop

We have had the pleasure of striking hands with Bishop Joseph P. Berry at two of the Annual Conferences within the territory of the Western. He delivered the 4 o'clock lecture at the Indiana Annual Conference and the Southern Illinois...
BISHOP HARTZELL DIES AFTER ASSAULT

Former Methodist Prelate of Africa, 65, Succumbs to Effects of Attack on June 1.

2 YOUNG ROBBERS SOUGHT

They Got Watch and $152 at Churchman’s Cincinnati Home—

20 Years Uncaught in Jumbles,

Specified to The New York Times.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Sept. 6.—The Rev. Joseph C. Hartzell, 66 years old, former Methodist bishop of Africa, died at Christ Hospital today of injuries received on June 1, his eighty-seventh birthday, when he was attacked by two of three young burglars who robbed his country home at Blue Ash, near here.

Efforts of the authorities to apprehend the slayers were redoubled when it was announced that the retired churchman had died. He had appeared to be recovering until yesterday, when he suffered a relapse.

Bishop Hartzell and his housekeeper were alone in the house when the attack occurred. The thugs knocked at the front door and asked to borrow a tire pump. When the Bishop replied that he had none, the men asked to use his telephone. Permission was granted and they entered the house. They cut the telephone wires, not knowing that there was an extension telephone on the next floor. One of the men struck Mr. Hartzell and bound him with wires and attempted to force him to reveal the hiding place of his valuables. They obtained a watch and $152.

Assailants Escape.

In the meantime, the housekeeper, hearing the sounds of the assault, ran to the telephone and called a

Bishop Spent 20 Years in Africa.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 6 (?).—Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, known as the “David Livingston of Methodism,” gave twenty years of his life to the spreading of Christianity in the heart of Africa as a representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Receiving as a gift from Cecil Rhodes, the British “Empire Builder,” 35,000 acres of the site of Gwazeli in Rhodesia at the time the British Government built its railroad across Africa, Bishop Hartzell developed an educational, industrial and missionary centre which has since his retirement been enhanced by more than $60,000 by the church.

Bishop Hartzell was active in Eastern Rhodesia and East Africa, the East Coast and Liberia, on the Congo and in Angola, in the West Coast and in the Madeira Islands. When he accepted the African post, he did so with the intention of remaining twenty years. At the end of that time, at the age of 72, he retired and came to Cincinnati to spend the remainder of his life.

Founded Negro Medical School.

For forty-six years he was a leader in Methodism, beginning with a pastorate in Pekin, Ill. He was born in Kinzle, Ill., on June 3, 1842.

Bishop Hartzell left Pekin in 1869 after two years of service there and filled a pastorate at New Orleans from 1870 to 1872.

He founded a medical school at Nashville, Tenn., which has graduated more than 3,000 negro physicians.

He had developed an interest in the negro while in the South and eagerly accepted when he was appointed successor to Bishop William Taylor of Africa, in 1896.

It was Bishop Hartzell’s boast that during his forty-six years of church work he traveled on an average of 1,000 miles yearly and had never been refused by one who asked for assistance.

Two robbers held the men at bay with revolvers until they had backed to their automobile, in which a third man was seated. The garage men followed the fleeing car into Reading, hot the robbers succeeded in escaping.

Funeral services will be held on Friday at Trinity Church. The body will be shipped to Chicago for burial Saturday afternoon in the Red Hill Cemetery.

Bishop Hartzell married Miss Jennie Culver of Chicago in 1869. She died in 1916. He leaves two sons, Dr. J. Hartzell and Robert C. Hartzell of Los Angeles; a grandson, Carl Drev Hartzell of Boston, son of the late Rev. Dr. Marion Culver Hartzell; a niece, Mrs. Frank Malabar of Blue Ash, and two sisters, Mrs. Bina Hartzell Wallace of Kansas City, Mo., and Mrs. Alice L. McCoy of Kinzle, Ill.
The State Chemist has clothed irony a reproach of this generation home-brewers that will set the gr on guard against putting an ene in their mouths by inadvertence:

Yeast cakes, plus sugar of any kind, plus water, plus a little warm and a reasonable amount of patient waiting, will inevitably result in a 5 cent or less spirituous fluid, provided only the yeast is potent. Essentially, the degree of resulting alcoholization is, with certain limits, dependent only upon the quantity of yeast and sugar at the period of waiting before said fluid is corked up.

The amount of alcohol produced is the same, whatever the flavor it comes from, malt, raisins or extractives from roots and herbs. The only difference is that the root and herb extract are made public it seems likely, therefore that in the matter of reparations her "concessions" will be based on her own resources. Critic of the Dawes Plan who have critically doubted Germany's ability to meet the standard annuity of $200,000,000 may yet be surprised to find Germany mobilizing still larger payments in return for freeing Flanders.

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A ROOT OF EVIL

At a church lawn party in New Hampshire Manchester, officers of the W. C. T. U. protest against the serving of root beer. They have been jeered by the Ig
mined, the uninformed and vicious. Not all root beer can be honored with a place among non-toxicants. There is a vicious r
beer, and there is a wicked r
beer. The former is the child of artificial carbonation, manufactured by the bottlers, sold in a multi
of shops and stands and wash down part of the national mileage "hot dogs." The other is brew
usually in the home, contains di
gorous potentialities and is specially forbidden by a New Hampshire statute which prohibits the sale "any fermented, brewed or m
liquors."

Mr. CHARLES D. HOWARD, Su
Chemist, has often had to warn re
home brewers that their suносee
Photographs from this file have not been included but are available upon request. For more information please contact research@gcah.org