

The Star of Zion

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Walking About Zion

By Bishop J. S. Caldwell.

Editor of the Star of Zion:

This letter finds me on the wing. I've been making visitations among the brethren for the past 10 days. Rev. C. L. Alexander of Petersburg, Va. invited us to spend Sunday, Sept. 15th with him in his rally, which we did to our delight and edification. This pastor and people seem to be well matched and the work going on by leaps and bounds. A second installment of a \$3000 rally resulted in the membership laying on the table a little over \$500.00.

From this point our next stop was Youngstown, Ohio, from there to Columbus. Here I found the outlook for a strong church, good. We have something like 100 members worshipping in a hall. It is our purpose to secure a church for them. This is one of the strongest churches in the Ohio conference. If Dr. Foote's plan carries in securing the beautiful stone church which he has in view Zion will easily rank first in this respect, in that great city.

We are now in attendance of the Kentucky Conference. Bishop Geo. C. Clement presiding. Conference is well attended, round reports are being made. Bishop Clement has the confidence of the men of his conference and the business moves forward without friction.

Yes weep now if you please, and Dr. Walls, the successful pastor and builder of Broadway Temple. Walls seems to grow in popularity in the great city of Louisville. Old historical Jacob St., pastored by the Rev. H. T. Medford is forging ahead, every claim met. Revs. R. B. Hendricks and T. O. Stoner are the Presiding Elders in this conference, and they are both making good in every respect. Bishop Clement will raise every cent of the Debt-Paying Rally money in each of his conferences. We are now receiving reports from the field which indicate that the bishops are all jubilant over the fact that they will raise their full quota. I am hearing from several of the Presiding Elders informing me that they are raising most of the Debt-Paying Rally money in their district conferences. This is a splendid idea because it makes the work easier for the annual conference. Every Conference shall have due credit for every cent raised. Not a single cent of the Debt-Paying Rally money shall be expended until the rally is over. It is our plan to have a jubilee at the next Bishop's meeting in January.

Remember the second report on the Debt-Paying Rally effort is to be made December the 17th at the time of the meeting of the Financial Board.

days gone by. No more of a question as to who is the greatest gospel preacher. The man is a thing of the past. But today it is common to query, "What preacher is the greatest 'money getter,' or the greatest financier?"

The officials of the Department have issued a call for 250 watchmen, but many of my colored brother it is for white men only. When the war was declared between this country and Germany, the Secretary of War following in the footsteps of his great chief, the President, called true and tried friends of the country to guard the bridges and other places entering the country and the conclusion was soon reached that the colored man was a man whom there was no need of the guide and he was placed on a death watch. Why was not the white men only placed on the bridges as was first requested? I have that for you to decide for yourselves. I have made up my mind. The colored race over the President another vote on the "he's done gone" and "went and kilt both Sen. J. K. Vardaman of Mississippi and Cole L. Blease of South Carolina. The President bagged him at one shot." Good-bye, Star galley no. 8.

There are a lot of letters in the Home whose words prove detrimental to the race.

While on Africa, expressed their

Sprays From New England.

By Rev. Thomas E. Roach.

Bishop Lee Increases Subscribers to Star of Zion by Fine Plan.

At the recent District Conference which convened at Leroy St. Attleboro, Mass. Bishop W. L. Lee called the pastors of the New England conference and pointed out in a few statements that while the ministers and pastors of the A. M. E. Z. Church were subscribing for the Star of Zion, that there were a very few lay members of the church subscribing for our connectional organ.

Again he showed that there is one way to educate the masses of Zion's family, to acquaint them with the progress, activities and achievements, that way is, every member must be persuaded to subscribe for the "best paper in the connection."

Many complain that they cannot get the Star after paying their subscription. In answer to this, the pastors of the various churches were urged to employ every legitimate method and to make it their cheerful duty to see that their parishioners who are

subscribers get their paper weekly.

The excellent plan which met the very enthusiastic approval of the pastors is in substance: "We must give people something for something." If we want to raise funds or pay connectional debts, we must find a plan that will win the people to it.

Each pastor was requested to secure a certain proportion of subscribers and forward the money and addresses of subscribers to J. W. Crockett, General Manager, A. M. E. Zion Publication House, Charlotte, N. C.

330 subscribers will be gotten before 1919 from the several churches as follows: Boston 50, Hartford 30, Providence 25, New Haven 25, Waterbury 20, Bridgeport 20, Worcester 30, Cambridge 15, New London 15, Portland, Maine 15, Derby 15, Danbury 10, Providence, Second Church 10, Great Barrington 5, Williamamie 5, Hayden Station 5, Torrington, Windsor 5, Amherst 5, Norwich 5, New Britain 5, Plainville 5, New Bedford 5.

THOUGHTS AND NEWS FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

By J. C. Cunningham

Oh, this war, this terrible war brought about so many changes! And still they come! There was a time as the story goes, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, Weep and you weep alone," but this terrible war has changed; yea, inverted that story; for today it is weep and the world weeps with you, laugh and you laugh alone! Look where you may and you will find only the barren women whose eyes are not dimmed with tears.

Ask the mother what's the trouble? and you will invariably get the sad answer: my son, O my son has been taken away from me and today he is "over there" somewhere in France.

This sort of parting is a parting next to death itself. But only those who have felt it know. It's a parting that disturbs your rest at night and brings before you the sad thought: "Where O where is my wandering boy tonight?" In your mind's eye you can see him on the firing line in far away France. Then comes the sad thought, will I ever see my son.

Will I see and shake hands with him here again, or must I wait until the resurrection morn? 'Tis a sad thought, 'tis heart rending!

And there comes to my mind that there is no sadder word in the English language than the word "good-bye." Oh, how piercing to the heart it was when you said "good-bye" to that dear boy when he left home in answer to the call of the colors. Here in Washington it is heart rending to see mothers and wives going to the station to bid their son or their husbands or their sweet-hearts good-bye. It is no wonder that the good Odd Fellows sing: "When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain. But we shall still be joined in heart. And hope to meet again." etc.

the world weeps with you. No, only is the colored mother weeping, but there too is the white mother.

Away back yonder in the dark days of human slavery, the colored mother's children were put upon the auction block and sold to the highest bidder. Some times the son was sold to a planter in Georgia, the daughter to a planter in Louisiana; the husband to a planter in Alabama; while the mother herself went to a family in Mississippi. All separated never to see each other again, as they could not read or write to each other it had to be left till the resurrection morn. They, with broken hearts bade each other good bye never to meet again on earth.

But the white mothers and fathers are drinking from the same bitter cup of sorrow today. On the street cars, on the streets, in the stores you can hear the white mother crying, "Oh, my son is gone. Then here comes the fulfillment of God's blessed word, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." etc.

All hail! President Wilson has at last sounded the death knell on lynching and the lynchers.

This is a duty that the Republican President refused to do, notwithstanding the lynching of colored men and women was going from bad to worse under all of them. Now that President Wilson has spoken out against this damnable lynching the colored race owes him a debt of gratitude that will ever keep green in the memory of this people and we shall endeavor to settle with him in due season.

President Wilson, live forever! It seems that God has brought about this war as a sort of house cleaning, for it appears that we all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. And not only does this apply to the white people but it applies to the colored as well, for the colored people are not serving God as did their forefathers and mothers. The preachers of today are not interested in soul-saving as they were in the

graveyard. I saw on the tombstones of many graves, signs that read something like this: John Ferris, killed by a lion, Jack Coombs killed by a lion and Stephen so-and-so, killed by a lion." So bad were the lions in Africa! But I shall not say more of the lions in Africa, I simply say that to say this of Senator J. K. Vardaman and want-to-be Senator Cole L. Blease. Now these two gentleman, (praise the name of the President) and should be President Wilson, and should any of you gentle readers pass through the grave yard of dead politicians, you shall have the pleasure of reading a sign like the following on the tombstone in the said grave yard: "James K. Vardaman, 'kilt by the President, then go to the next grave and read which will make you weep for joy: Cole L. Blease 'kilt by the President.' Ha! ha! That President Wilson shot a good marksman!" Shoot again Mr President! Right there in the bushes, crack him! and others of his type—for they have sought to do us much harm.

The great and trenchant writer the Rev. S. A. Chambers, may always be depended upon to star some thing. In a recent strong letter, (and mark you he comes before the world in the name of "Facts upon Facts"), he says there are a few big churches that pay a living salary, but these are always for sale to the highest bidder, and that all such bids are made in sealed envelopes and who knows what the other fellow bid," etc, etc. And now what are facts? yes, "facts upon facts" consulting Webster's Dictionary, I find the following relative to fact: "Any thing done or that comes to pass; reality; truth; etc. etc. Now this charge, this startling charge, this unchristian charge, by a Christian gentleman, is one that unless refuted by the bishop and local ministers of the A. M. E. Zion Church, places our denomination in a class which is unworthy of a decent name or place with the other denominations.

What! selling churches? What! outside of the bishops have any power or prerogative. If this

should be tolerated in our beloved Zion. And if the charge—which is both damaging to our church and our bishops is found to be made untrue then the Rev. Mr. Chambers should suffer for having made the damaging false charge before the world which calls for an immediate investigation. And silence on the part of the bishops means a plea of guilt as charged. And thinking of such of the "old ship of Zion"—such as Varick, Moore, Clinton, Jones, a charge, I can but exclaim: My God! can it be that the captains Walters, Smith, Harris and Dr. J. C. Price—have left her in the hands of such a grafting crew as this?—May God forbid it!

All of the city pastors are on their summer vacation but the devil thought it best to remain on the job, so the Sunday theaters, Sunday base ball games, and the near-beer saloons—all faithfully pastored by the devil—are kept open for the destruction of young men and women in defiance of the fact that the Master says "be ye also ready, for I am coming at a time when you may least expect me."

Our pastor, the Rev. W. D. Battle and his wife, who are very highly respected and loved by the members of Galbraith Church are now on their second honey-moon trip some where in the South. May their second honey-moon trip be full of joy and happiness to them.

Our good friend the Rev. Logan Johnson, (and we trust to greet him as one of the great bishops in Zion) and his talented wife and laughter are still in the city. Perhaps they mean to spend their vacation and take a trip "over here."

In my next letter, I may say a few things about "nollytics"—that it has done, and may yet do for us. In the meantime put this in your hat: "Not every white man who poses as a Republican is a friend of the colored race."

J. C. Cunningham, 1812-5th St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

made by the various churches.

Each pastor is requested to report the progress of the enterprise promptly.

MISSIONS.

I occupy a place which might have been supplied by brighter minds, assigned to speak on missions or the field of missions. I take this assignment with the hope that all defects of unity of thought and elevation of style be excused.

This mission is matchless, unlike all others, it is not an ordinary note to the Imperial kingdom of Germany, but a sublime mission from the Eternal Throne of God to a rebel planet detached from the universe of planets. The illustrious Missionary is known as the Lord Jesus Christ and every missionary is a worker together with God.

Christian missions are largely approved by different parties, even those unfriendly. Philanthropists regard Christian missions as the handmaid of literature. They have given sums of money to the Home and Foreign Missions. They observe that the missionary in foreign lands reduces unheard of languages to the alphabetic order, hands them over to the press for broad distribution that large contributions are made to philologists, those skilled in the scientific study of languages their structure and mutual relations. Ethnology is largely improved from this same source. It pronounces missions the true and tried friend of man, judging that whatever vanquishes beastly adaptations and rekindles the light of long-extinguished reason, must be an everlasting good. The ethnologist casts an admiring eye at the elevating processes of the day school, the press, and the good news of the mission on the human mind and declares unhesitatingly that it is worthy of support.

Such facts are richly developed so much so, that the free-thinkers of England have pronounced eulogies on missions. The Westminster Review, that medium for English deism, declaring the existence of God but denying revealed religion, ignores the living

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