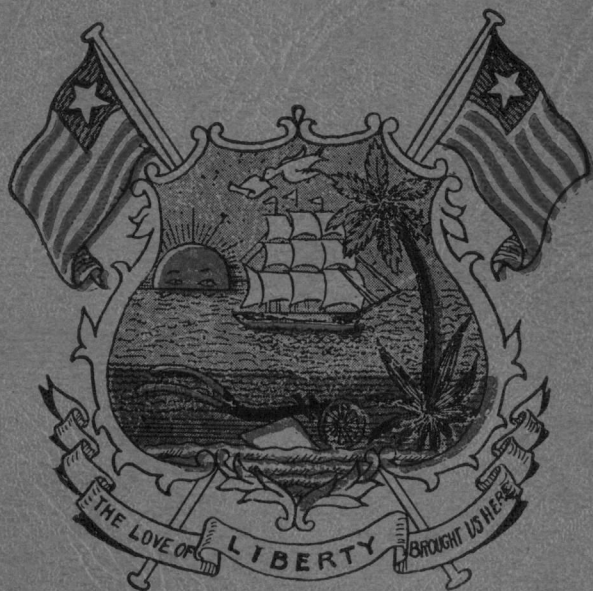


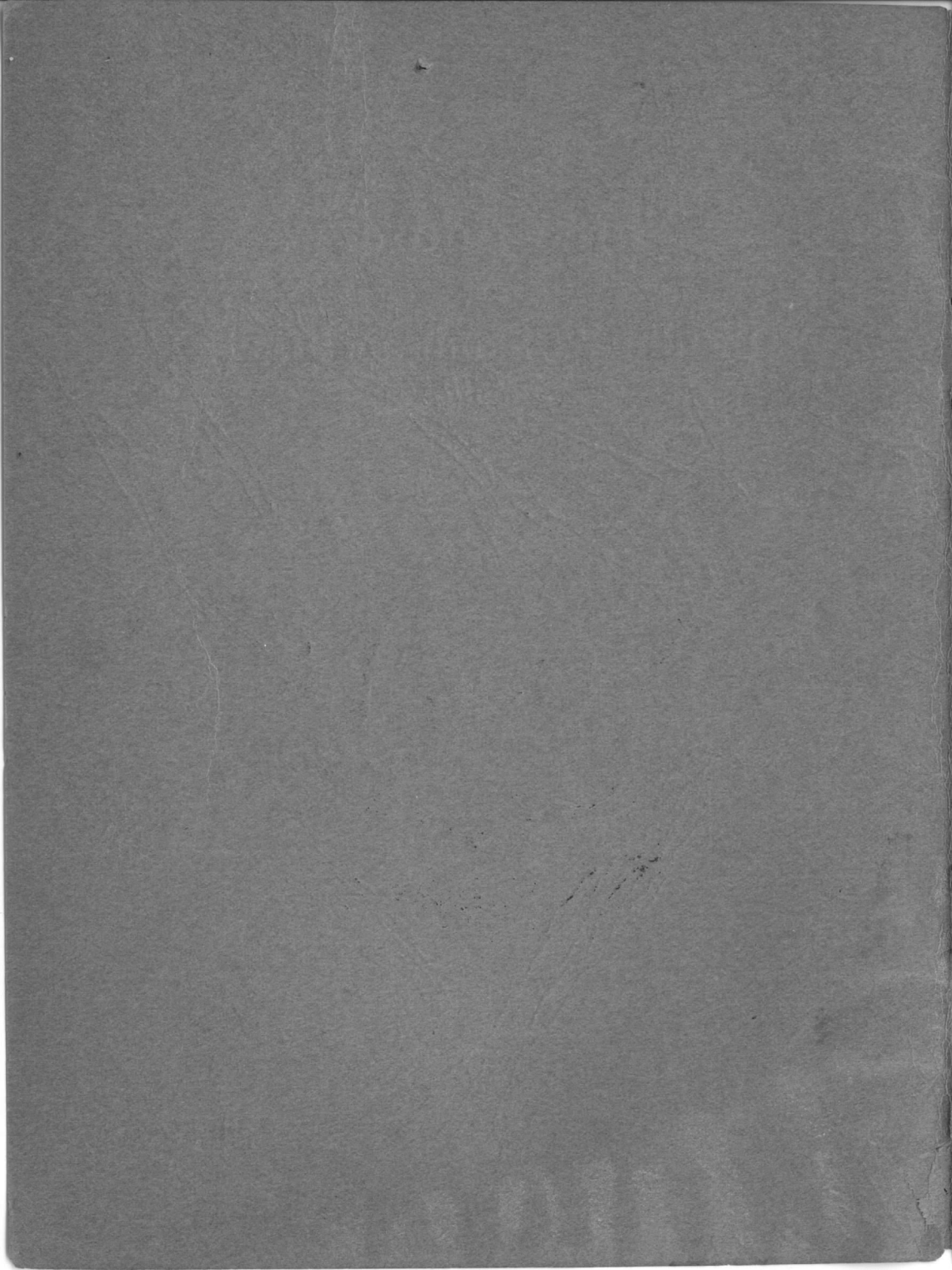
# Three Addresses

—By—

## Bishop W. Sampson Brooks



**A. M. E. Bishop of Texas**  
(Formerly Assigned To West Africa)



—CONTENTS—

Liberian National Anthem .....	2
Beyond the Sea .....	5
At San Antonio Library .....	11
To White Methodists .....	19

# LIBERIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

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1 All hail Li - be - ria, hail ! All  
 2 All hail Li - be - ria, hail ! All

1 hail Li - be - ria, hail ! This glo - rious land of  
 2 hail Li - be - ria, hail ! In u - nion strong suc -

1 lib - er - ty shall long be ours Tho'  
 2 cess is sure we can ..... not fail With

1 new her name green be her fame. And might - y be her  
 2 God a - bove our rights to prove We will oer all pre -

1. pow'rs  
2. - vail

tr tr tr

1. And might-y be her  
2. We will o'er all pre-

tr tr

1. pow'rs  
2. - vail

*Dolce* *p*

1. In joy and glad-ness with our hearts u-  
2. With heart and hand our country's cause de-

1. ni - ted We'll shout the free - dom of a race be -  
 2. tend - ing We'll meet the foe with val - or un - pre -

*ff*  
 1. ni - ted Long live Li - be - ria hap - py land A  
 2. tend - ing

home of glo - rious li - ber - ty by God's com - - - mand. A

home of glo - rious li - ber - ty by God's com - - - mand

## “BEYOND THE SEA”

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Address on behalf of the colored people of America delivered before the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention, at Jerusalem, Sunday, April 17, 1904, by Rev. W. Sampson Brooks, D.D., F. F. Belsey, Esq., London, presiding.

Addresses of Welcome were delivered by the Right Rev. G. F. Blyth, D.D., Bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem and the East, Hon. S. Merrill, American Consul at Jerusalem, and John Dickson, Esq., His British Majesty's Consul at Jerusalem.

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*Rev. W. SAMPSON BROOKS, D.D., is a typical Negro, born of slave parents, educated in America, toured the British Isles and Continental Europe, Northern Africa, Turkey, Holy Land and Egypt. He is brilliant, logical, eloquent, magnetic, full of pathos and humor. He gained an international reputation by his serio-comic lecture of "What a Black Man Saw in a White Man's Country," and his Negro co-operative speech at Jerusalem at the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention. He speaks without notes.*

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Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I do not know but this is a greater honor than I have a right to expect, by reason of the fact that there are numbers of my professional brethren who have greater intellects and are more capable to meet the demands of the hour than I, and I must acknowledge that I am not gifted, as many of them are, in the graces of oratory and with the ease of diction. Together with this, there are those of your race who have been missionaries among Negroes and who have been professors and presidents of colored schools, and whose contact with them has enabled them to study the Negro and to know him in a way that I do not. And while it is true that I cannot conceal my gratification at this high honor which has been accorded me, it seems fitting that I should offer this apology.

I am glad tonight to speak for the dark side of the picture. Your word of welcome sounds in my ear like a chiming bell, whose tongue has been bathed in air ethereal and whose melody is entrancing indeed. And I thank you for it. I rejoice when I think that it is through the influence of that gospel which we preach and by the teachings of that God whom we adore, that man has ceased to look upon his fellow man as his enemy and today has his arms and his heart open to receive the stranger at his gate. If there had been no greater tangible evidence of the efficacy of Christianity than this, it would still remain the greatest boon which humanity has received.

#### NEGRO'S WONDERFUL PROGRESS

Coming from my home-land, as I do, from far beyond the sea, I have come to greet you and to tell you that the Negroes in America are incorporated into church life and are contributing their part to the uplift of humanity. The dawn of freedom saw them in a most pitiable condition. After more than two centuries of bondage, the most degrading and brutal slavery which the world has seen, the Negro suddenly found himself his own master, his own protector, in fact, wholly responsible for himself and his welfare. How poorly he was fitted for this great responsibility can only be determined by an insight into the misery, woe and degradation of that awful hell from which he had but recently emerged, and whose horrors time and propriety forbid me expose. With every vestige of manhood crushed out, brutalized, cowed, discouraged and enveloped in the dense ignorance which centuries of the grossest inhuman treatment alone can produce, he stepped forth into the arena of freedom to survive or perish. Without a cottage in all the plains and surrounded by those who had but yesterday been his masters, and whose machinations and prejudices and cruel injustice have continuously impeded his progress, the



black man in America has steadily and surely wended his way upward, until today, he owns millions of dollars in property, has reduced his illiteracy lower than several of the European and Latin-American races, and his sons and daughters are contributing to the wealth, culture and uplift of our mighty nation. This all in the brief span of forty years. To my mind, this most wonderful development and these astounding results could not have been attained but for the Negro's abiding faith in God. And this faith has been fully justified, for God raised up friends among the Christian white people of America whose efforts to uplift the black man stand out as one of the sublimest facts in the philanthropic history of America. And many of these friends have come from among the former masters of the Negro. Such a blessing, with its convincing proof of the efficacy of the teachings of Christ and its immeasurably good results, could not help but make a lasting impression on the Negro and beget a deeper faith in him. So today, we stand to welcome a larger view of Christian sentiment and yearn for the day when the teaching of His gospel shall proclaim Him Lord and Master.

The history of the earth has never produced a grander or more affecting spectacle than the evolution of this mighty Christian philanthropy, which began in the jungles of Africa through the omniscient movements of an Eternal Father; and which is, through the centuries of change, still marching on over every human barrier. And it will continue to march until the great I AM has lifted the Black Man everywhere from barbarity to civilization, from slavery to freedom, from weakness to strength, from poverty to wealth, from moral, social, intellectual and religious nothingness to place and power among the races of the world.

The Negro must stand alone. We realize that we must grasp all of the greatest problems of life, depending solely upon our own brain and brawn, so far as human aid is con-

cerned. We are prepared for the fray, to do battle for our own, and are ready to win or die in the attempt. To this end the black men and women of my country are striving to gain a clearer conception of the position they occupy in relation to their citizenship. This, I believe, has dawned upon us, for we are gradually organizing ourselves into those stronger agencies which always display unity of purpose. Among those agencies the chief is the church.

### THE NEGRO CHURCH

To the Negro in America the church is a different institution from what it is to his white brother; it is still the chief center of his activities, moral, social, intellectual as well as religious. Here he brings the problems which puzzle and vex him, whether economic, spiritual or social, and he receives instruction and advice, and even aid, in the adjustment of all these difficulties. Ever since the days of slavery, when the Negro surreptitiously held converse at his religious gatherings, until now the church has been the center of social activity. This has made the Negro church a peculiar institution, but it has ever held true to a strong faith in God nevertheless.

We, as you know, are struggling with the denominational problem; but side by side with it is the problem of unification. The denominational problem is the church's problem; but the problem of unification is the problem of the human heart. It is a proposition that must be stated and demonstrated upon the religious blackboard, and the result will show that unification, therefore, is the major term of the major premise.

We are optimistic in all of our religious, social and industrial concerns. We believe that God has hidden somewhere in his unrevealed future, the solution of all these things that so vex and disturb us today. But we do not believe things will be solved until we shall have reached our

maturity; and then will God send forth a Joshua of trained Christian character, who, with his own sword of humanity, moral courage and excellence, shall cut the ecclesiastical knot, and relegate to the dead past all our vexatious problems. (Applause.)

#### A MESSAGE

One thing more I want to say, my brethren at home wanted me to say—wanted me to put it on record and file an affidavit—frankly declaring that we believe in God and the triumph of righteousness. We believe that justice and truth shall yet prevail in the dealings of men toward each other; and that black men will yet be able to say, without consciousness of limitation, God is my Father and all men are my brothers. We believe that God shall walk and talk with man in this new Garden of Eden, and that sinful creatures shall be able to say, without compunction of conscience, “Abbe Father.” This is the golden chain that runs through all scriptural history, that man is to be presented before God without spot, and holiness is to be the legal tender in all transactions .

#### A PROPHECY

It is true that history repeats itself. My optimism in our evolutionary movements is clear-eyed. Upon the nation's blackboard, before their united intelligence, Africa and Africans shall yet re-write their own history; and the world shall yet recognize them as brethren.

HERE AT CALVARY, this great army marks the twentieth century as never before. Here we are, Shem, Ham and Japheth, realizing the dream of the centuries—here we are together, before us the events of the day, a horoscope of time, and we shall be able to detect and depict, in the gray dawn of the new morn, the events that transpire, and read between the lines the story of the age.

My brethren, since we went out from Ararat, thous-

ands of years of ago, we had our wars, our bloodshed, our fightings; but now we meet here under the shadow of the cross, the three sons of Noah, and from that dark past, from the dark wreckage, we shake hands, never more to part, to go out from Jerusalem with united hands and hearts, to conquer the world for Jesus Christ.

“Not that the sunset of life gives me mystical lore, but that coming events cast their shadow before.” Had I some famed Athenian tongue, with which I might subdue the stubborn minds of men and make them yield to what their better natures teach—or, in the place of reason’s spark, had I some vivid lightning flash of love, wherewith to set all human hearts aflame; had I the whirlwinds of a thousand years, with which to sweep aside the centuries, and all the garnered thunderbolts of God, wherewith to rend the rocks of human hate and greed—my soul should break its silence and my will would emancipate them all, could they forever drain eternity’s unfathomed reservoir, behind whose everlasting gates are the tears of women mingled with the blood of men; my lips would quickly loosen and my hands be swift to free the elements, could they but bring to men that happier day I wish to see: That day when all mankind shall constitute one common brotherhood, and all shall live for one, and one for all. That day when we shall welcome a larger view of Christian sentiment; when redemption and holiness shall become the theme of science, the essence of philosophy, the song of poetry, the inspiration of literature, and the practical experience of the human heart.

*The voice of God so speaks; the hand of Providence so directs.* (Great Applause.)

(Extracts from the address were reported by Geo. C. Higbee, Marquette, Mich., official stenographer for the World’s Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem).

## AT SAN ANTONIO LIBRARY

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Address delivered by the Right Reverend W. Sampson Brooks, Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, on the occasion of the dedication of a Public Library for colored citizens in San Antonio, Texas, April, 1930.

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Mr. Mayor, Chairman of the Library Board, Commissioners  
Library Board and fellow citizens:

We have assembled here to dedicate the first library for Colored citizens of San Antonio,—the Winter Playground of America. Within the gates of this magnificent city, some of America's most gifted and famous men have lived. Their greatness did not consist in biceps, muscles and sinews alone, but brain and potency and virility as well.

These illustrious characters were soldiers, statesmen, scholars, orators and reformers. They spoke and their utterances gave birth to outstanding principles and policies of our government and they demanded a hearing of the people who held the most advanced thought among the nations.

This hour is one of sincere appreciation. For we may gather before us the events of the day as a horoscope of time, and read between the lines the story of the age.

Not far from this spot, Stephen Austin, the pioneer lived, moved and had his being; and Samuel Houston paid for our liberty and right to live here in a human document written with the crimson ink that flowed from his veins.

I congratulate you upon the favorable circumstances under which we have met. It is high, inspiring and uncommon as well. It lends grace, glory and significance to the object for which any high-minded people should gather.

Nowhere else in this country with its uncounted towns

and cities, unlimited wealth, immeasurable territory, extending from sea to sea, could conditions be more favorable than the circumstances that have brought us together.

#### RACE CO-OPERATION

Here we have a visible demonstration of the fact that the great fiery, dashing and conquering Anglo-Saxon Race is touching in a sympathetic way, the civil, economic, and intellectual life of a struggling people in the spirit of good will. Here is where a rich and noble people come in helpful contact with the lowly and unfortunate, and one is made mutually helpful to the other. Here, hand in hand, they cannot fail to accomplish much good for the economic and industrial advancement of the community as a whole.

This co-operation as manifested here is a compliment and a credit to our city, and an evidence of a greater enlightenment and progress for the people whom this library is destined to serve.

Fellow-citizens, as we gather within these spacious walls to determine the height, length and breadth of this building, we mark its plan, its material, its architectural splendor, and its lofty purpose. No one will deny that it will become a contributing and a determining factor in the life of not only the colored people of this city, but the entire community as well.

#### PRAISE FOR THE CITY

Your Honor: I am not here to instruct you. I cannot, and I do not assume the role. I meekly confess to you before this vast audience my intellectual obtuseness. I shall however make a single pronouncement; and that is: You have wrought well. Let me further say to you and those associated with you, that you have struck the diapason note. It is strong, clear and harmonious. Its music vibrates through all the intricate network of our civic life. For no one has blundered in the "Charge of this Light Brigade."

Probity, wisdom and practical common sense all have been

used in making this building, and it stands before you today as a thing of beauty, and is unaltered and unalterable, and is a standing protest against ignorance, heathenism and superstition; and it is an intellectual joy creating an influence that will go on forever.

Before thanking the entire group of Commissioners, praising and congratulating them, I could not allow this opportunity to pass without saying to the Mayor of our Municipality, that all of our citizens regardless of race, color or creed, are justly proud of you, and that you are justly and meritoriously proclaimed as a man of great executive ability. You are a George Washington, you are a Chesterfield, you are an Abraham Lincoln, you are a Frederick Douglass, you are a Booker T. Washington, you are a \* \* \* I don't know what. You are a something \* \* \* because your acts carry us back to those days in which these characters lived with a startling reality.

You have the capacity and vision for doing great things. You were not flattered when you were told by wise men whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose, that you belong to a militant class of great executives who dared to depart from the beaten track of political thralldom and carve out for themselves a name in periods of civic history that time itself can ne'er erase.

#### SUGGESTED FOR GOVERNOR

Although I am an old man and cannot live long, I most sincerely and truly hope to see the day when you Mr. Mayor, will be made governor of the great commonwealth of Texas, for not other reasons than that you are capable and worthy, and you will bless every life you touch which is a natural characteristic of your honored self.

Your leadership and foresight in urging that the colored people should have a building of such magnitude will stand as a monument to your own memory, when you shall have passed away, and not only to you but to those who are associated with you. In the final analysis, it spells a glorious triumph not only for your administration, but will render a great service and do

untold good for a worthy group of meek and lowly citizens whose ambition is to do their part to make the community better.

This idea was in the mind of the long ago lamented and immortal John Ruskin, who said, "Every noble life leaves the fibre of it in the work of the world."

Gentlemen: I must confess my utter inability to express the gratitude of my people today. I am not sufficiently loquacious, my utterance will be as the rumbling of many waters. It is the sound of an Ethiopic voice crying only in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way."

I can mention only some preliminary observations reflecting a feeble effort to represent the men and women of my race, many of whom are far better fitted to express their gratitude before this vast audience than I.

#### NOT GIFTED

I am not gifted and qualified with ornate phraseology common to men like Demosthenes, Bismark, Gladstone, William Jennings Bryan, Frederick Douglass, Woodrow Wilson and Booker T. Washington. Either of these distinguished dead could have provided intellectual food with which this multitude could have been fed and enough would have been left imprinted on our memories that would serve generations yet unborn, as literary gems for all time.

Nevertheless, let me say: This library will awaken new interest in our industrial, agricultural and intellectual life. For it is here in the South as nowhere else in the world the colored man must work out his own salvation.

Here he is given an opportunity to excel in every avenue of human endeavor. He is just as much loved on the plantation and in the various sections of the South, and I would venture to say, more than ever. If he follows this policy, the colored man of the South will help to redeem this section and make it a veritable plain of Esdraelon.



## THE MIGRATION

More and more a better and bigger policy is being worked out and demonstrated by the good white people of the South, by extending a larger share of public patronage and participation in the funds contributed to the common treasury by white and black alike, according to the pro rata of taxable property. Better schools, better libraries and better streets are being provided by thoughtful and progressive citizens in our various municipalities. And this is as it should be.

Those conditions that disturbed the tranquillity of colored people and made them sell out all they had and move, are passing away, and today we have a new South. God is raising up a new and enlightened South that is tolerant, and which knows that the enlightened condition of all people makes not only better citizens and Christians, but better neighbors.

Those colored people who went away a short time ago are now looking toward the new Southland where they wish to live, own homes and school their children.

Here in San Antonio are some of the most beautiful homes in the country owned by colored people, and others will come and build. Our high school is standardized on par with the whites, and they have every possible encouragement to extend the education of our youth.

## SCHOOL PRINCIPALS

The principals of our schools are wonderful people. Prof. S. J. Sutton, principal of our high school is a pioneer in educational work here in San Antonio for the last 45 years—in fact ever since the colored people have been free. He is a wonderful scholar and his character is as free from blemish as a hound's tooth.

Prof. J. R. Morris, principal of Breckenridge, is progressive and constructive. He is the very incarnation of President Roosevelt, and has been with the schools for 42 years.

Prof. J. D. Lowery, quiet and unassuming, principal of the

Cuney School for 39 years: A man of sterling character and ability. He is justly dominant as was the lamented and beloved Mayor Tobin, whose memory will never be left out of the annals of our city's history.

Prof. S. H. Gates, principal of the Grant Junior School for the last 22 years, whose record is seldom paralleled and never excelled, and like the great Booker T. Washington, has never faltered and has never failed. He will always be mentioned when the history of the schools is written.

Miss Artemisia Bowden, principal of St. Phillip's Junior College, and the only woman principal in the city. She is a genius, and I expect, the only genius among her colleagues. The whole city has wondered how she could do so well without a companion. She ought to have one. A great and good woman indeed.

These I have mentioned have had much to do with the directing of the family and community life of our youth for all these years, and responsibility still rests upon the shoulders of these principals as to whether or not the youth will have a keen appreciation of the library in the coming years.

In our High School there are over one hundred students I am informed, scheduled to graduate this year. These young people are rightly expecting a special place in the world. They cannot all be teachers, doctors, lawyers or preachers. Other places must be provided, and the library will go far toward helping them to find that place.

#### LIBRARY A UNIVERSITY

A library is a University for the masses. It affords an opportunity to extend an education. The library is not a toy, it is a tool. Some fear that the library will draw the people from the farm, but it will not. It will drive them to it. It teaches them to think, and thinkers will rule the world, whether in the cotton patch or in the legislative hall. The thinker touches the mud, and it becomes a vase; he touches the sea-shell,

and it becomes a singing harp; he touches the forked stick, and it becomes a steel plough; he touches a hut and it becomes a house. He turns a mass of confused ideas into a scientific system. The scholar stamps the raw material of the world with his own image and superscription.

Mr. Mayor and fellow citizens: The South is facing a new industrial problem, and we hear the ever-recurring cry for the watchman to tell us what of the night. The answer is: we must face the issue of our new agricultural and economic development.

The boll weevil must be put down. Some genius must linger long in the chemical laboratory to stamp out this awful pest, that has challenged the best brains of America. Who can say but what some black boy of Texas will have that honor.

#### THE LARGEST STATE

Texas is the largest state in the Union, therefore it has the greatest opportunity, as it comprises one-eighth of the total area of the U. S. A. It is the first in agriculture, the first in cotton raising, the first in the production of cattle, first in railroad lines and mileage, in sulphur, quicksilver, petroleum, asphalt and public highways.

There is an open door of opportunity everywhere for the youth in the South. I mean the youth who thinks, of whatever race; but the door of opportunity which swings on its hinges does not remain open; unused, it will swing back again. The times will demand that others must occupy if you do not.

My special word to you is, this library stands for opportunity. It would not be a bad name for the library to be called "Opportunity," for the library spells opportunity if we rightly appreciate it. It is only hoped by these who have worked for us to have it that we shall have a wise and appreciative use of it. If we do not properly use it and appreciate it, we will write with our own hands over our own door posts, "Ichabod," for the glory is departed.

## DOORS OF OPPORTUNITY

The world doors of opportunity will not stand open. God waited many centuries for a Gutenberg, for a Columbus, Martin Luther, Stephen Austin, Sam Houston, Booker T. Washington. Again I say, the doors of opportunity do not stand open; unused, they will swing back again. A door was opened in the house of Cornelius for Peter to become a greater Apostle to the Gentiles, but Peter feared and turned back toward Judaism, and God called another. He found him in the highway near Damascus, Saul of Tarsus, and sent him hence to the Gentiles, and give him the glory of transforming Christianity from being a religion of a subjugated province at the foot of the Mediterranean, to the religion of all races over all lands for all times.

France had a high day of opportunity when Protestantism almost reached the throne, but St. Bartholomew's Massacre shut the door in her face, and she staggered back through the centuries of superstition, ignorance and cruelty to the Reign of Terror. So great was the crime of St. Bartholomew's Day, that God has not forgiven it yet.

South America saw a great door open in the beginning of the last century, when the British flag was unfurled over Montevideo at the mouth of the La Platte. She bid fair to become a great people with a steady government and the wealth of the continent in her hands, but treachery, bribery, and crime hauled down that flag and turned that continent back to superstition, slavery, cruelty and robbery in the hands of Spain. The hand of the Inquisitor sealed up the continent again.

I am an optimist of the purest type touching all the things of the animal, vegetable and argicultural kingdoms. God has hidden somewhere in the bowels of the earth undiscovered treasures, but bye and bye he will send forth another Booker T. Washington, clothed in the virtues of an industrial character, with his own sword of intellectual industrialism in his hand, and will cut the Gordian Knot and relegate to the dead past all

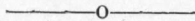
these vexatious conditions.

In the dedication of this building to the cause of Truth, Religion and Virtue, I pray that it will be protected from accident, and remain long a shining monument to the efforts of the people of San Antonio, and a contribution to the spiritual redemption and intelligent uplift of the community.

May the light learned from the foundation pillars of Truth, Religion and Virtue, radiate to the uttermost corners of the State and finally throughout this great country, and may happiness and peace forever abound within these walls.

“The Voice of God so speaks,

And the hand of Providence so directs.”



## TO WHITE METHODISTS

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Address to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in session at Dallas, Texas, May, 1930, by the Right Reverend W. Sampson Brooks, Fraternal Messenger from the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. President, Bishops, and Members of the General Conference:

May grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father extend and magnify you in His cause. I had the good fortune to be elected and charged with the weighty responsibility by the bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal Church to convey to your honorable body fraternal greetings and salutations.

I am truly enraptured by this unmerited honor that has come to me, for it is a long distance from a log cabin to this platform. I am especially more grateful when I recall the fact that my ancestors and I were recently from the aroma of an ancient forest beyond the sea. And while I am proud of this

astounding and distinct honor that came through the strange and mysterious working of Providence, I regret to say that I am unable to lay any claim to special fitness for this responsibility, save that I have been rocked in the cradle of Methodism.

#### CONGRATULATIONS

I wish to congratulate you for the messenger you sent to our last quadrennial session at Chicago, Dr. J. W. Johnson. He is truly an apostle of Jesus Christ. He came in the spirit of good will, captured our Conference and stole away our hearts. He made us feel that your great Church had a keen and sincere interest in our welfare. We were richly inspired and fascinated when he related the story of the great achievements and manifold accomplishments that your Church is enjoying.

Our Church is anxious to reciprocate in the same kindly spirit and good will that you have lavished upon us through your fraternal messenger. His address showed in its entirety that the problems that are yours are ours as well.

The episcopal address to this session of your Conference is an utterance of unusual merit and significance. It contains vital sentiments, principles, and policies which uphold the old ardent faith of the fathers and founders of our world-wide Methodism. Your children and the generations yet unborn will study and treasure this instrument as a priceless jewel in the coming years.

I congratulate these distinguished delegates who are playing such a prominent part in contributing and determining many things pertaining to the betterment of your Church.

You are graced by the presence of the college of bishops under whose supervision your church has had a marvelous growth during the past quadrennium. You are guided by these sainted fathers, missionary in spirit, who, following the vision of John Wesley, our illustrious founder and leader, refusing to be confined within the limits of his own native land, openly said: "The world is my parish." I repeat it: these fathers are cleverly steering the ship of Zion into its destined port.

Methodism has become a world religion. The sun never sets upon its vast domain. There is no country where the heralds of Methodism have not gone and have set pillars and unfurled their banners in the name of the lowly Nazarene. Methodism is a world power. What it ought to do it can do. With its fabulous wealth, its immeasurable territory, in the spirit of holy zeal and opportunity, it will reach the uttermost bounds of the earth.

#### WORLD'S DOORS OPEN

The world's doors are wide open, and there are beckoning hands of the conquering Christ in the doorway pointing out the heavenly vision and bidding us go forth and occupy. If we halt and hesitate, God will call another people to carry on the work we should have done.

In this new era our modern pulpit is aware that the citadel of our faith must be held as a precious and holy legacy as it has been transmitted to our care and sacred keeping. In spite of the cold indifference of modern science on the one hand and the disintegrating tendency of denominationalism on the other, the heralds of Jesus are still preaching the consecrated cross. Modern science, as you know, has been hammering upon the vault of our rock-ribbed tomb of faith; but we still stand declaring that the scepter shall not depart from Judah.

#### ORGANIC UNION

The question of organic union between the African Methodist Episcopal Church and the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church now has its day in court, and it is at the forefront of all the larger questions discussed amongst us.

We cannot remain blind to the world-wide movement toward unification of all related interests. With scholarship recognizing no national boundaries, and science becoming one around the globe; with business combining into trusts and forming international combinations; with labor entering wisely into unions; with nations forming alliances and finding solution in the League of Nations or the World Court, the Church

cannot sit supinely by allowing scientific, economic, social, and political organizations to supersede and take from us our God-given task. The Church must select the moral yardstick with which the standard of nations must be measured in all of its developments and various ramifications.

We believe that the time has come for such a union. The spirit of the times demands it, and a large majority of our Annual Conferences have already voted in favor of this measure.

We feel the thrill of the impulse and the spiritual inspiration that pushes us forward to a great consummation, so that there will be no wasteful rivalries and we shall no longer build altar against altar, as we have a common end to serve, a creed to uphold, and a government to maintain. And the remarkable thing about it all is that we have not united many years ago.

#### PROHIBITION

We are committed forever and eternally to the prohibition program, both in Church and State, as an irrevocable finality. Our Church has experienced a new awakening within the past ten years with which there is no parallel.

During these years, while prohibition has prevailed, thousands of homes have been bought and paid for, millions of children have been in attendance at school, and a purer and better life has been manifest everywhere, while the moral status of the people has been greatly improved throughout the length and breadth of our country.

#### RACE RELATIONS

The greatest question that confronts America and the world to-day is that of justice and understanding among races and nationalities. It was this question chiefly which plunged the world into war. It is the cause of the menacing attitude among the myriad millions of peoples of the Orient. It is the greatest stone of stumbling and rock of offense in America to-day.

American Protestant Christianity is meeting the challenge



of race through its Commission on Race Relations of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the Church Women's Committee. These organizations are national in their scope and are composed of men and women of the highest standing and character. They are chosen from the North and South and from both races.

I make this allusion because every such contact between the races as comes about through these organizations paves the way to a better understanding and a more cordial spirit of co-operation.

Here, in our beloved Southland, more than seven million black people live with their white fellow countrymen, and here your fathers and mine have dwelt together for more than three hundred years. Side by side we have cleared its forests and tilled its virgin soil; have tamed its wild beasts, bridged its rivers, constructed its roads, built its homes, and planted around them fruits and flowers and among them reared churches and schools. Who shall separate us now? Shall politicians or agitators or the base and disturbing elements of both races be permitted to break the bonds of affection and good will that have been our heritage for generations?

I regard as enemies of our country and enemies of Christ those who would trade in suspicion, mistrust, hatred to disturb the peaceful relations between these two peoples, white and black, who under God are working out a common destiny on these shores. Our situation here in the South is distinctive and unique. No outsider can understand the softening influence of the tender touch of the "black mammies" who have soothed the icy chill of death upon the brow of the white women and children of the South, where to-day they lie sleeping side by side.

#### CHURCH FACES JUDGMENT

My dear brethren, your Church as well as mine is facing its day of judgment and is being tried for its life at the bar of the great moral, social, scientific, and economic attitudes that confront us. Because of the spirit that animated its deathless

Founder, Christianity will survive. We are a part of the divine current of life and power that has been giving spiritual life to the world since the day of Pentecost. In our racial, national, and international relations we are dedicated to the task of again realizing the day when every man shall hear spoken "in his own tongue" the wonderful word of God.

The sentence of death shall be pronounced upon your Church and mine and upon Christianity itself if we do not finally succeed in breaking down the "middle wall of partition" that separates religion and science, capital and labor, and the different varieties of the human race.

I shall go back to my Church and my people, cheered and inspired by what my eyes have seen, what my ears have heard, and what my heart has felt during these high moments that we have sat together here in the unifying spirit of Christ Jesus.

Pray for us, brethren. We are praying for you. May God strengthen each of us as we toil at the task of redeeming and uplifting our people until all are filled with the Spirit and transformed into the likeness of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ.



FD13-34

Keyes  
1

Brooks, W. Simpson.

Three addresses by Bishop W.  
Simpson Brooks.

24. p.

Contains: Liberman Memorial address;  
Beyond the sea; At San Antonio Library;  
To white Methodists.

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