

HARLEM PARK CHURCH
Conference Church
by Fire, Thursday Night, April 3, 1924

MINUTES

OF THE

One Hundred and Fortieth Session

OF THE

Baltimore Annual Conference

OF THE

Methodist Episcopal Church



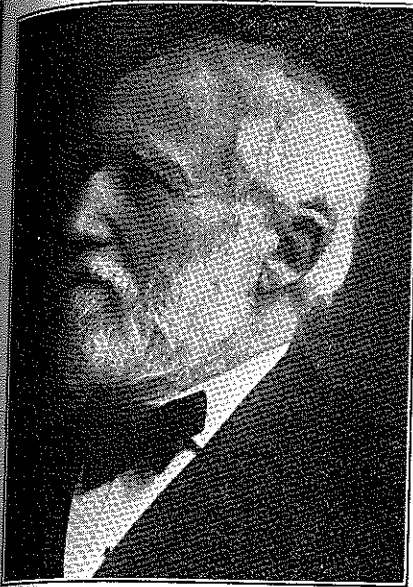
HARLEM PARK METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Baltimore, Md., April 2-7, 1924

Adopted by the Conference as Its Official Record

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| BISHOP WILLIAM FRASER McDOWELL | - - - | President |
| FRANK GIBSON PORTER | - - - | Secretary |
| EDWIN P. FELLEBAUM | - - - | Conference Host |

LUCIEN CLARK



Lucien Clark, D.D., spent sixty years in the Christian ministry. He was born January 25, 1839, in Warren County, Ohio; died October 27, 1923, age eighty-four years, nine months and two days.

Funeral services were held at his late home in Chevy Chase, Md. J. L. Neff, his pastor, Bishop William F. McDowell, John R. Edwards, District Superintendent and John Reid Shannon participated in the services. His body was taken back to his native State, and interred in the family burial ground in a cemetery near the farm on which he was born, and where he spent his boyhood days.

A memorial service in charge of J. L. Neff was held in his honor on Sunday morning, November 11th, in First Church, Chevy Chase. Harvey Curtis, a leading layman of this Church, in behalf of its membership, spoke words of eulogy. Addresses were also made by John R. Edwards, J. L. Neff, Alexander Bielaski and John Reid Shannon.

As a boy from the country school, Dr. Clark went to Maineville

Academy in southern Ohio. Having finished the course of study at the Academy, he enrolled as a student in the Ohio Wesleyan University where he continued until his graduation from that institution in 1861. The following September he joined the Cincinnati Conference. He then enlisted as a private in the Civil War. Later, at the request of the men in the regiment, he was appointed Chaplain.

Dr. Clark's first wife, Miss Elizabeth Morris, of Delaware, Ohio, to whom he was married in 1866, lived only a few years. In 1873, he was married to Miss Emma Thompson, of Springfield, Ohio, who, with the two daughters and one son with whom the marriage was blessed, survives him.

As a boy Dr. Clark felt within himself an irresistible stress to go into the Christian ministry. His call to the pulpit was sky-born. Like the Apostle of old, he heard within his soul the voice of Jesus Christ saying to him: "For I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness of those things which thou hast seen * * * to open the eyes of the people, to turn them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them who are sanctified through faith that is in me." Dr. Clark's call to preach was such a luminous, self-evidencing call that he was licensed to preach when he was a boy seventeen years of age. He had an exalted conception of the Christian ministry as a supernatural commission, as a God-called vocation. He felt the dignity, the nobility, the grandeur of his high calling. In the Cincinnati Conference he quickly rose to prominence as a preacher. Having served some of the leading charges of that Conference, such as York Street Church, Cincinnati; First Church, Xenia; High Street Church, Springfield; Raper Church, Dayton; he was called to Butler Street Church, Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh Conference. From that church he was called to First Church, Erie. At the conclusion of that pastorate he became Assistant Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, in which work he continued for four years, when his irrepressible longings for the pastorate led him to accept a call to the Madison Avenue Church, Baltimore, Baltimore Conference. In this Conference he also served Foundry Church and Hamline Church, Washington, spending a year, 1900-01, in the District Superintendency between these two pastorates. From the Hamline Church he was called to King Avenue Church, Columbus, Ohio, Ohio Conference, where he was pastor from 1905-11. He then came to Washington, and, taking up his residence in Chevy Chase, organized at that place the Methodist

with any children of his own, and doubtless recalling his own days of his life, he adopted at different periods of his married life of these are married, one now lives with his widow, all of them in blessed memory.

in a large measure to the solicitations and prayers of his wife, who was his influence upon his laboring companions, that thirty of them were upon the altar, three of whom, other than himself, entered into the Kingdom of God.

man of courage. He administered the affairs of the Kingdom of God with gentleness. In one of the charges he administered, he was the only man who stood high in the affairs of the Kingdom of God. He had dominated the circuit for many years. A Mormon missionary of his cult, came into the community, asked for and received his dominant trustee for the said Mormon to hold services for the Mormon Elder and the chagrin of his leading brethren. He stepped into the breach and stopped the whole thing. His courage and his duty are further shown in the meager record of his life. In 1885 he was appointed to Rockbridge Circuit, but he did not accept of it, perhaps for the reason that he was from the same place. He was reappointed again to Rockbridge, and here he stayed on an average salary, including missionary appropriation. In this he kept himself, wife and adopted child, horse and carriage.

It was here that he was evidently inspired by his surroundings. It was here that he was born and reared—Bishop William Clark. His father kept watch like sentinels over his birth place. Brother Clark was but little better, while at New River it was but eight or nine hundred, barring rental value of the property to the Baltimore Conference. Was he not approximating the heroes of the Saddle Bags" and in some, following in the footsteps of the Long Road?" If, as is presented in Revelation, the place has gone up through tribulation, and has taken his place as a prominent place here and hereafter, then our brother man can number. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord for they rest from their labors." "The grim monster, Death, he feared not. He left us in his deathbed, which expresses his feelings:

At night, or morn, or noon,
My journey will be done;
So I fear how soon,
My endless life's begun.
O bliss of this first sight!
O path and pillow flame with light—
O endless day—for me.

He was held in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, of the First District, assisted by J. E. Holt, U. S. Landstreet, and V. N. Ridgely. A large concourse of people were present for his memory. His body rests in the keeping of the church until the "Resurrection of the Just."

U. S. A. HEAVENER

Society, and continued as its pastor for eight years without compensation, when his physical condition made imperative his retirement from the active work of that church. He then became Associate Editor of the *Methodist*, now the *Washington Christian Advocate*. His transfer back into the Baltimore Conference was made at the unanimous request of its members.

Throughout his long ministry, Dr. Clark preached not professionally, but because his heart impelled him to preach. He discharged all his ministerial obligations as a joyous son of God. For him, in preaching, bondage dissolved away in the free flow of liberty, statutes changed into songs. By constant reading and tireless study he kept his mind like a mountain lake into which run streams whose waters fail neither in winter nor in summer. His sermons always had backbone of thought and truth; always bore the marks of faithful work; always throbbled with his best mental energies. Through sixty-seven years in the Christian ministry, he moved on happy as the stars in their courses.

Dr. Clark was a true man of God. Thankfulness was as native to his nature as fragrance to flowers. Life was to him full of meaning, of freshness, of beauty, of sunshine, because his spirit of gratitude was like unto that of the ancient singer who said: "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth." He rested in the fact that eternal goodness is back of all things and over all things. In his clinging, childlike faith, in the fatherhood of God, we have the secret of his invincible optimism—an optimism that made him in his old age as mellow and sweet as ripened fruit in autumn days. One of the crowning beauties of his old age was that he was such sunshine to others, that he was a cherished companion for those of any age. The whole drama of his life bore witness to the reality of what he preached. "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with God in peace and equity, for he loved righteousness as a prophet of the Lord of hosts." The Christian religion was crystallized in his nature. Christ was so transfused into his spirit that people saw the Christlike in him. His character reflected the likeness of his Master and Lord as a mirror reflects our own image.

As a preacher, Dr. Clark was after the divine order, bearing upon himself a seal not man-made. He was as sensitive to the divine as the thermometer to heat. As a preacher he fully realized that his sufficiency was of God. He believed that it is just as necessary for the preacher to prepare himself to preach his sermons, as it is necessary to prepare sermons for the pulpit; and that the indispensable qualification of the preacher is that he be able to say: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach." He knew the inner meaning of the words, "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord." The God who gave to Ezekiel the insight by which he saw the whirlwind, the great cloud with its infolding fire, so enlightened the eyes of his spiritual understanding that he saw the unseeable, touched the intangible, knew the unknowable. The life of God in his soul was so real that the Gospel which he preached was a personal, living experience in him, a glowing, burning, reality in him. He was unshakably fixed in the immutabilities of its revelation. He was such a transparent medium for the transmission of divine truths to the people whom he served, that, in this Conference memorial service, we speak of him as a preacher in the great spiritual apostolic succession—as a real successor of the apostolic message-bearers of the Lord of hosts.

In the New Testament we read of the apostles in those words: "And daily in the temple and in every house, they ceased not to preach Jesus Christ." One of the crowning characteristics of Dr. Clark's ministry inheres in the fact that like the apostles, he ceased not to preach Jesus Christ. To him the Gospel without Christ was like the rainbow without its radiant colors, like the human body without its throbbing heart. Christ was to him not an incarnation of an abstract system, not a set of ideas; Christ was to him the sum of his current theology, his body of divinity, the very substance of the Gospel. He believed that the less ministers make of Christ in their preaching, the less Gospel do they preach; and that the more ministers make of Christ in their preaching, the more Gospel do they preach. And so the Gospel which he preached was the old, old Gospel of the glory of Christ. This Gospel was to him always new, always fresh as morning sunrise. With the passing years he saw more and more of the strength, the beauty, the grandeur, the fullness of the infinite all-sufficiency.

This is attested by his last testimony—a testimony which he gave me in the last talk I had with him shortly before his death—a testimony which he asked me, in what I would say at his funeral, to give to the people. He could speak only in a whisper, for he was very weak; and while his eldest daughter stood by his pillow,

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Clark preached not professionally, but because he discharged all his ministerial obligations as a man, bondage dissolved away in the free flow of his constant reading and tireless study, his high run streams whose waters fall neither ways had backbone of thought and truth, he always throbbed with his best mental life in the Christian ministry, he moved on happy

Dr. Clark's thankfulness was as native to his nature as the air is full of meaning, of freshness, of beauty, of life. He is like unto that of the ancient singer who says, "His praise shall continually be in my mouth." His life is back of all things and over all things. In the knowledge of God, we have the secret of his life. He made him in his old age as mellow and sweet as the crowning beauties of his old age was that he was a cherished companion for those of his own age. His witness to the reality of what he preached was in his life. His equity was not found in his lips; he walked in the truth and righteousness as a prophet of the Lord. His life was crystallized in his nature. Christ was so real to him that Christlike in him. His character reflected the truth and mirror reflects our own image.

Dr. Clark's life was in divine order, bearing upon himself a seal of divinity as the thermometer to heat. As a man, his life was of God. He believed that it is his life to be himself to preach his sermons, as it is his life to be himself; and that the indispensable qualification for the ministry is the Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he knew the inner meaning of the words, "Not by the power of the Lord." The God who gave to him the life of the whirlwind, the great cloud with its infolding and unfolding, understanding that he saw the unseeable, the unmeasurable. The life of God in his soul was so real to him as a personal, living experience in him, a life that was unshakably fixed in the immutabilities of the life of God. It is the medium for the transmission of divine life, and in this Conference memorial service, we are reminded of the spiritual apostolic succession—as a real life of the Lord of hosts.

Dr. Clark's life was in apostles in those words: "And daily in the ministry I do not preach Jesus Christ." One of the characteristics of the ministry inheres in the fact that like the life of Christ. To him the Gospel without Christ is like colors, like the human body without its life. It is the incarnation of an abstract system, not a living life. His current theology, his body of divinity, was that the less ministers make of Christ the more they preach; and that the more ministers make of Christ the more they preach. And so the Gospel of the glory of Christ. This Gospel was his life. With the passing years he saw the sunrise, the grandeur, the fullness of the infinite

Dr. Clark's life was a testimony which he gave me in the death—a testimony which he asked me to give to the people. He could speak only in a life, and his eldest daughter stood by his pillow,

and lovingly held his hand, bending near, as was I, to hear his words, he said to me: "I am now old, I feel very old. I have reached life's end." When he said that, I put my hand on his hand, and said: "No, Dr. Clark, you yourself are not old, you yourself are young." I then related this incident about Dr. Guthrie the great preacher of Scotland: When Dr. Guthrie had reached the goal of four-score and five years, he met a long-time friend. This friend said to him, "Dr. Guthrie, you are growing old." "No," said Dr. Guthrie, "I myself am not old, I myself am young. It is true that my body is growing old. My body bears upon itself the signs of old age. But my body is not I myself. It is no part of my real self. It is only as a house in which I live. And I must confess that the roof of the house is now very leaky, and the foundations of the house are now very shaky; and, as nearly as I can make out, nature does not intend to make any further repairs. I must soon depart from the house. But I myself am not old, I myself am young." As I related this incident, Dr. Clark's face lighted up, he smiled and said: "That's it, John. That's exactly my idea of myself, and that's my idea of what death means: it is only the departure of the real man from his body, as from a house. Now I want you to use this incident about Dr. Guthrie as an introduction to what you say at my funeral." I promised him I would do so. Then he said to me: "You, John, have known me from the time that you were a boy; and I want you, in what you say at my funeral, to give this my last testimony to the people. Tell them that I have been preaching the Gospel of Christ for sixty-seven years; and that the Gospel of Christ has become to me richer, sweeter, more inspiring, more precious, as the years have come and gone. And now I have reached life's end; and, at life's end, in the Gospel of Christ I rest—calmly rest, and in the Gospel of Christ I triumph—joyously triumph. All is well with me, and all is bright beyond."

What a testimony, given as a last legacy to the people, by one who for sixty-seven years had preached Jesus and His Gospel! Such a testimony is worthy to be written in letters of gold upon the scroll of the skies.

Dr. Clark has fought the good fight. He has gone to his crown of glory. And while we gather in this Conference Memorial service, he is among the triumphant ones whom the seer of Patmos sees in radiant vision when he says: "And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

JOHN REID SHANNON