

Official Journal

Minutes of the One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Session of the New York Conference

of the

Methodist Episcopal Church

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Alford and later of Sheffield and Ashley upon his life as a benediction. It does in higher esteem for his character and people through his ministry were brought in several of his charges, his soul was great delight in many aspects of the so much as to find people seeking their service.

After his retirement from the active of the congregation when I was the ideal parishioner. He was always at the prayer meeting. When opportunity and pointed testimony or to offer an answer when to speak or pray. He used and the length of his testimony. He in the congregation, who loved him very preferred in any least way but always wished for a more attentive or appreciative but showed by his discrimination it often happen that a retired minister part of the people than Brother Alger, on account of the housing situation, led to Beacon. At his funeral Brother that as he had been a benediction to of his retirement so had he been to trail for years and in the latter part of October 1, after great weakness and God took him. He had been walking

Church, Beacon, and was in charge of erintendent, and was attended by a Addresses were made by Brother Alger has gone to a rich reward, for
R. E. WILSON.

ONS

morning of November 30, 1925, was It was the setting of a beautiful Coons never stopped growing, and he passed into the Future's veiled

His great-grandfather came to this ed and fifty years ago. His father ous farmer of Elizaville, New Alfred Coons was born March 3, elementary education was received in ool of his native village. He took eparatory course in Ashland Sem- nson River Institute. After this he roy University. This institution, closed during the Civil War, so ferred to Union College, Schenec- ck, where he completed collegiate following three years, owing to th, were spent on the old farm. ined the New York Conference in ed forty-three years in the active g the retired relation in 1912. e lived for some time in his old Elizaville, but seven years ago ton for his residence and became Saint James' Church.

1864, Dr. Coons was married to ley. Seven children came of this e Mrs. Coons died and following the death of three of his sons, fine promise. This brought an ough all he kept his courage and ed to Miss Julia Wakeman, of r home, Paul, a most promising University. The children still

surviving from the first marriage are Flavia R., of Kingston; Mrs. Bertha Smith, of Deposit; H. Westlake, a prominent lawyer of Ellenville; and Alfred L., who lives in Elizaville.

The ministry of Dr. Coons was one of continued and increasing success. Serving many important charges in the Conference, he always magnified the cause of Christ by the high quality of his preaching, his efficiency as a pastor, and the wholesome influence of a Christian gentleman. Several distinguished honors came to him along the way. Dr. Deems of Philadelphia hearing him preach, was so impressed by his clear logic and philosophic mind, that he nominated him for membership in the American Philosophical Society, which was founded by Benjamin Franklin. He retained his membership in this society for a number of years. He served as Presiding Elder of the Kingston District from 1888 to 1893, a period which marked outstanding growth under his efficient and virile leadership. In 1893 he was a member of the "World's Parliament of Religions," which met in Chicago. He sat in the General Conference which met in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1892.

In his prime Dr. Coons was a giant. He was robust in stature, magnetic in personality, keen and penetrating in mind, with finely tuned emotions. He always spoke with unction but was never vacuous in thought. There was also in his make-up a delicate play of humor which shed its warmth and light over many a cloudy situation. He had also a deep, clear, resonant, and flexible voice, which gave to these high qualities a perfection of expression, so that he was a preacher of unusual ability and winsomeness.

His presence in Saint James' Church was a benediction. He was haloed with an atmosphere of spiritual wholesomeness. Although advanced in years he kept his sympathy and interest and optimism alive, and retained his keenness of intellect to the last. He made faith in goodness easy. Moreover, he retained that nicety of judgment by which he was always helpful but never intrusive.

It was a joy to visit him in those last days just to witness the Gospel's reality to him that believeth. His faith and hope were sun-clear although he knew the "shadow of death" was upon him. After a brief illness the worn body gave way, and he fared forth unafraid, confident that faith would break into sight and hope into fruition.

The funeral services were held in Saint James' Church, Kingston, in charge of the District Superintendent, George Benton Smith, assisted by other members of our Conference and clergy of the city. The Saint James Quartette sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Lead, Kindly Light." His body lies in the old family plot in Elizaville, New York, "a meek member of the resurrection."

J. WILBUR TETLEY.

EDWIN CORNEILLE

ON New Year's Day, while the bells were ringing in the New Year and mutual greetings filled with good cheer were moving over our thresholds, the doors of Heaven opened to receive the spirit of Edwin Corneille.

One more prophet's voice is stilled; but its echoes sound among the hills where he labored, and abide in many homes. We come, we go, but the good tidings of Christ's peace and the salvation of our God spoken by his ministers hold kinship with that truth that cannot be crushed, but rises again and still again. Let these words then be as mere trails that lead to that vast inner expanse of his life abundant.

Edwin Corneille knew two countries here, and now he knows another. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, September 6, 1853, the youngest of eight children of William and Jane Sheppard Corneille. His parents were of that sturdy Palatine stock that gave early Methodism Philip Embury and Barbara Heck. When but three months old his father died, leaving him to the sole care of his godly mother. Through the leading of his Sunday school teacher he was converted at twelve years of age, and immediately gave an exhibition of the courage of his convictions, which never lagged nor hid its head in his whole ministry. This boy found his way to the soldiers' barracks in the town, where he personally and urgently invited them to church. He began to preach when he was eighteen years old, receiving his education in the Methodist College at Belfast. Young Corneille became a member of the Irish Conference in 1881 and was transferred here fifteen years later. Meanwhile he went to England, and by virtue of his ability,



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courage, and abounding energy, became a popular leader in what he believed to be causes worthy of his time and labor. He cherished a friendship with Henry M. Stanley and traveled among the people, making speeches, supporting him as member of Parliament for North Lambeth, as a Liberal Unionist. The Prohibition cause, of which he was always an uncompromising advocate, enlisted his services, and among other prominent Britishers that he met in his labors was Alfred Lord Tennyson, in whose home he was entertained. Those were full, vigorous and stimulating days, and fashioned a background of chivalry and romance for his later ministry, like some far, dim, and living country for his thoughts to make their sentimental journeys to.

Brother Cornelle became a member of the New York Conference in 1896, and for thirty years has given his time and talents to the parishes within our bounds.

He married, while in Ireland, Marie M. Griffin, of Sperris County, Dublin, who through these many years has proven not only a lovable and true wife and mother, but a generous-hearted friend to all the people of all his parishes.

Brother Cornelle was a man, as I have said, of deeply rooted convictions which eventuated in strong, simple and courageous speech. No one needed ever to ask what he meant. His words carried their own interpreter, and coupled with this was a fearless doing.

He was so effective in his fight against the transgressors of the Prohibition law that it was a common thing for him to receive threatening letters. On the street lawless men sought to intimidate him; but they knew not what spirit he was of. Many times when he would venture in the Italian quarter, the hotbed of his enemies, his family pleaded with him to stay, fearing for his life. But neither Stoic nor Puritan was more devoted to duty nor counted his life less dear than he. In God's warfare it was with him too:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."

There are many people in many places mourning this loss. His was a faithful ministry. Some of his parishes here were hard and, with his large family, proved to be a struggle. The road was rough, but here was a prophet with good, stont shoes. He stood the weather well, and neither cloud nor storm was able to dim or quench his dauntless and triumphant spirit. Here was a prophet indeed. His passion for righteousness rewarded his efforts with several revivals; following his impassioned appeal and call to surrender, men bowed their hearts at the altar and gave themselves to Christ.

His ministry was one of great tenderness also. And the record of it is illumined on every page with some lovely pastoral. He was a true shepherd to his sheep, with a heart sensitive to the faintest call of need. He walked in the wake of every trouble, every trial and every sorrow that visited his people, and in the later days, when his health was impaired, no weather and no weakness of his own were sufficient to restrain him from carrying a word of comfort and a prayer to a bed-ridden or sorrow-stricken soul.

Good pastor, now glorified, goodness and mercy, since thy departure, have moved out of the doorways of many hearts and followed thee westward, and left their offering of love and thanksgiving on the farthestmost outpost of memory!

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun;
And in the setting thou art fair.

It is no wonder that hundreds of messages of condolence and sympathy have come from both countries, from friends of his youth, and of the maturer man. A most pathetic touch was given by one man who, when he heard of his death, called to tell them that it was a peculiar loss to him, for he was a boy in his first charge in Ireland.

Brother Cornelle served the following churches: Kenoga Lake, Mongaup Valley, White Lake and Hurd, Sugar Loaf and Florida, Shrub Oak, Bedford Station and Bedford, Marlboro, New Paltz, Millbrook and Verbank, Millbrook and Lithgow, Pawling, Sloatsburg, Woodlawn Heights, New York City.

One feels some diffidence in treating the matter of his home life. Cannot anyone who knew the family as it was—father, mother and eight children, speak of it as ideal? Surely it was rich in love and beautiful in all its relations. It was like a strong and beautiful fabric woven by tentacles reaching from each heart to every other. And when this vital web was rent, how it bled! He was a sweet and gentle father; youthful and wise, and a companion to his children in all their ages. Those that survive him are his wife, Mrs. Marie Cornelle, and his children, Dr. James Griffin, Hazel Willard, Gladys Sheppard, Gwendolyn Morrison, Camilla Smith, Helen Marie, Donald Jenkins and Edwin Robert Stanley Cornelle.

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Services were held in Woodlawn Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, Mon-
day, January 4. Dr. Hough Houston, District Superintendent, conducted the
service, read appropriate Scripture and offered prayer. His favorite hymn, "Rock
of Ages," was sung and a tribute was paid to his life and ministry by the writer.
Interment was made at Kensico, New York.

At the request of the family I am to read here this afternoon Harriet Beecher
Stowe's "Still, still with Thee," which was read at the service.

RAYMOND L. FORMAN.

PHILIP MELANCTHON WATTERS

SCIENCE halts amazed at the power in a tiny bit of radium to shine and heal.
The secret of the priceless metal is unsolved and shared with nothing. So are
there rare characters in life unexplained by genius, talent, intellect or rank.
Some lives remind us of ointment poured forth, of that strange something
about certain men of another age of whom it is written, "They took knowledge of
them that they had been with Jesus." Philip Melancthon Watters was a Radiant
that attracted youth and age and cast a good spell over lives of high and low
degree. In far-off China to-day is a young man
of education and wealth, a present-day Saint
Francis of Assisi, who at his own cost is devot-
ing his life to the work of healing. This young
physician says that he caught his inspiration for
Christian service when living in the home of
Philip Watters. Each child reared in this conse-
crated home went out from it a ministering
spirit, and in India, China and the homeland
radiates the spirit of altar fires kindled there.
To have known such a home was to catch a
glimpse of the ideal, the immeasurable, the inex-
plicable influence of characters touched by Christ.

Philip Melancthon Watters! What is there
in a name? I wonder what inspired the first
flower lover to name the queen of blossoms, Rose?
One wonders what whispered suggestion led the
mother (who at fourscore and ten is still with
us) to say, "We will name the boy Philip Melanc-
thon." Was ever combination of names so sig-
nificant, so descriptive of the developed character
of the man? Gentle, learned, Christ-like, friend
and adviser of the mighty Luther, Philip Melanc-
thon radiated the Divine spirit of Love incarnate.

No historian has measured the influence of that apostle of Love upon the Ref-
ormation. Philip Watters defies my pen to characterize him. It is the soul of the
man rather than his works before which we stand uncovered as we lay this tribute
upon his bier. Are not his deeds written in the Chronicles of the kings of Israel?
Conference Journals give the details of his appointments as an active minister of
Jesus Christ to the time, when stricken with a fatal malady, he ceased his labors
that he might find leisure to prepare for his coronation. In the old family Bible
are dates of his birth, marriage, the coming of his children and the entry recording
his departure. Amherst College embalms his name with an array of the good
and great from Henry Ward Beecher to Calvin Coolidge. Philip Melancthon Wat-
ters was a worthy alumnus of his alma mater and his name will ever adorn the
records of the New York Conference.

Rev. Philip Melancthon Watters was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1860.
He was the son of Rev. Philip Watters and Mrs. Eliza J. Simonson Watters, both
of whom were actively identified with Methodist churches in New York and
vicinity, through a long life. His mother still survives him at the age of 90.
He died in New York City March 30, 1926, leaving his wife, who was Miss Ada
Stowell of Peru, Mass., and three children: Rev. Philip Sidney Watters, of Madi-
son, N. J.; Mrs. Clyde B. Stuntz, Lahore, India, and Dr. Hyla S. Watters, Wuhu
General Hospital, Wuhu, China.

[The young physician to whom Dr. Stone refers is Dr. Edward C. Perkins,
Water of Life Hospital, Kiukiang, China.]

J. SUMNER STONE.

