

OFFICIAL MINUTES  
OF THE  
Wilmington Annual Conference  
OF THE  
Methodist Episcopal Church  
(SIXTY-SECOND SESSION)

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SILVERBROOK M. E. CHURCH  
WILMINGTON, DEL.  
MARCH 26 to 31, 1930

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BISHOP FREDERICK D. LEETE	- . . . .	President
J. R. BICKING	- . . . .	Secretary
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PRICE 25c PER COPY

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THE J. W. STOWELL PRINTING COMPANY,  
FEDERALSBURG, MARYLAND

tudent body consisted of less people and even some of the recovery.

c labor, the young president ons; the old campus was re-re repaired and renovated, a field was secured, and the w blood in the faculty and college had entered upon a re notable achievements of a the establishment of a Law rection of several beautiful tration Dr. Reed received a enominations, but he felt it He was also compelled to de-to become Librarian to Con-

ars of service, Dr. Reed ten-active service and to take up od of rest. However, three it of Grace M. E. Church in abors were so satisfactorily vote to become the perma-f years and then retired and i on by Grace Church in that ness of their regular pastor

onal sermons in churches of ducted a large Men's Bible the city. He has also been ement of public welfare. al Conference from the New , and though not a delegate, but withdrew his candidacy s been honored by receiving ie degree of Doctor of Sys-f Laws from Lafayette Col-nt a well known member of

ite the life and character of ovable and congenial spirit! harming personality, and his ny graces. It would be im-s of young people. Because em, many today rise up and

has he wrought;—student, dead, yet speaketh."

B. M. JOHNS.

FRANK CALHOUN MacSORLEY.

When Bishop Quayle was nearing the close of his life, under the grip of his disease being unable to talk, he placed his finger on a verse of the Bible which lay open on his lap which proved to be the First Chapter of Thessalonians and a clause of the fourth verse which reads "Allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel." So it may be said of our departed Brother that he rejoiced to be "allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel." This trust was committed to his care for fifty and seven years—a long time for the prosecution of this delightful, yet serious task. How well he discharged that task is abundantly shown by his record in seven-teen charges, the last of which was eleven years long.

On thee the loyal hearted hung,  
The proud was half disarmed of pride,  
Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
To flicker with his double tongue.  
The stern were mild when thou wert by,  
The flippant put himself to school  
And heard thee; the brazen fool  
Was softened and he knew not why".

Concerning his own preaching Brother MacSorley might have humbly said to all his congregations:—

"I trust I have not wasted breath:  
I think we are not wholly brain,  
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain  
Like Paul with beasts I fought with death,  
Not only cunning casts in clay:  
Let science prove we are, and then  
What matters science unto men  
At least to me? I would not stay.  
Let him the wiser man who springs  
Hereafter, up from childhood shape  
His actions like the greater ape,  
But I was born to other things".

Our Brother was born into this life January the first, 1851, and passed into the life eternal February the tenth, 1930. He retired from the active pastorate at the conference of 1926, after fifty-three years in the ministry of this conference. He was honored by his conference in many ways, but reached the climax of that confidence when he was elected as a delegate to the general conference of 1928. During the years of his retirement he was busy with the work of the kingdom wherever and whenever there was a call for srvice. His last work was at Middletown, where he was appointed after the death of the youthful and much beloved minister, J. B. McCabe.

The ambition of his young life was to study law, and he began his preparation for this work, but the call to the ministry came and it was so insistent that he yielded to the will of God.

Having completed his course in the public schools of his community he became a student in the Academy taught by Prof. Reynolds of Wilmington, and then was wise enough to continue his preparation in Drew Seminary where he remained for two years under the influence of such teachers as Dr. R. S. Foster, and Dr. John F. Hurst, both of whom were elected to the office of Bishop. Other eminent teachers had to do with the shaping of his life, prominent among them was Dr. Henry A. Butts, the Saint John of Methodism. There were the early days of the seminary when the aim was to prepare ministers for the church insistently demanding a better trained ministry. Thus equipped he knocked at the doors of this conference and was duly admitted to its fellowship and holy tasks.

But his studious life did not end with his seminary days, nor with the completion of the conference studies, but continued faithfully throughout his entire ministry. Asked by a member of his family when, late in life he took up a course in psychology, why he did so, he replied "Because it will help me to become a better preacher." This was his spirit. His intellectual and spiritual equipment was a steady growth from more to more as is evidenced by the fact that his pastorates lengthened with his years. But his real preparation began when he passed into the experience of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. He was but a lad of nine years when he bowed at the altar seeking pardon. At the age of sixteen he made a reconsecration of himself, thus he knew the Lord from his youth. He began right; he continued right; his sheaves are many.

I think I may without apology put the language of the great poet in his lips:—

I found him not in world, or sun,  
Or eagle's wing or insect's eye,  
Nor through the questions man may try,  
The petty cobwebs we have spun.  
If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,  
I heard a voice "believe no more"  
And heard an ever breaking shore  
That tumbled in the godless deep,  
A warmth within the heart would melt  
The freezing reasons colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answered "I have felt."

He believed in a religious experience and possessed and preached it as the privilege of all. I can hear him singing as he did often,—

What we have felt and seen  
With confidence we tell,  
And publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible."

Walter Savage Landor has this suggestive line:—

"I warmed both hands before the fire of life."

Brother MacSorley might have written—"I have warmed both my mind and my soul at the altar fires of God's Church and at the word of inspiration."

Someone asked Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston when a child's education should begin and received this answer: "Two hundred years before his birth." I do not know anything about the educational acquirements of the ancestors of this preacher, but I venture he was well born, and certain am I he was twice born.

With such an inheritance and such a beginning, with expert direction in the schools it is no wonder that this man was a growing preacher even up to the last hour of his life when he dismissed his class in this city and rode to his home in Middletown, and then alone in the darkness of the night slipped out into the land where growth is never interrupted. His was a slow growth; it took time as does an oak, as does all strong and healthy growing. But he might have said "What's time, Leave time to dogs and apes. Man has forever." He was content to grow slowly, but steadily, knowing that he had time and eternity in which to continue his growing. He has entered the second stage of his growth in the University of the skies, under the direction of the Master Teacher, mingling in delightful fellowship with the earnest students of all the ages, and coming into the possession of truth with each revolving cycle. Could he speak to us today out of the halls of that fair university where he has already matriculated as a student he would say—

"What I aspired to be  
And was not comforts me."

In his studious growth he was the direct contrast of some ministers who through consuming ambition to get on and through an over-estimation of their powers push themselves up into a momentary prominence and soon, like a meteor of the sky, explode and disappear in darkness.

"That low man sees a little thing to do  
Sees it and does it.  
This high man with a great thing to pursue  
Dies ere he knows it".

I hold up Brother MacSorley's way as ideal for the young man of this conference. He was too busy growing to talk about it, or to be offensively self-conscious of it, seldom if ever, referring to it but plodding on through the years to reach the heights of an effective ministry. Jonah's gourd was doubtless a very useful arrangement to shield the prophet from the rays of the hot sun, but it grew up in a night, and it perished in a night, leaving the angry prophet exposed to the hot sun. Gourds are plentiful enough in these days; oaks are scarce.

In attempting to draw the portrait of this man whose ministry stretches across these fifty-seven years I would say first of all he was a preacher of solid ability, not flashy, not sensational, not struttingly boastful, but quiet, steady, meaty and always helpful. Unfortunately the writer recalls only

one time when he had the privilege to hear him preach, but I am sure I voice the judgment of this conference when I say he was a preacher. He was built that way. He worked steadily and intensely to that end. He arrived. He could preach.

I think I am correct when I say he preached the doctrines of the Bible as they are understood by the arminian methodist, and he preached them with confidence and with energy and unction. Those who were fortunate enough to sit under his ministry heard the doctrines of the Bible clearly and forcibly presented. Whatever he may have known about science, philosophy, and the higher criticism and the like, he was not so foolish to parade this knowledge in the pulpit for the sake of gaining a little passing fame, but held himself steadily to the fundamentals of the revealed word of God, and rejoiced as he made them clear to his people. He preached Christ and him crucified. Like Paul he could say "This one thing I do". The need of the world today is preachers, not priests. We have enough of that class, but we need preachers, and we must have them or the church will slump into formalism. The advice of Paul to the young man Timothy was this:—Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. In our more modern speech Paul would say, "Study to be preachers, learn how to preach. Preach sermons, not sermonettes, not essays, not political harangues not scientific lectures, but learn to preach the word."

The second excellence which appeared in this man's life was his ability to pray effectively in the public service. He knew the way to the throne of grace, and he had access thereto when he bowed his heart and lifted up his voice in prayer. And when he prayed a hush fell on the congregation and they were subdued into the spirit of prayer.

One thing stood out prominently in the work of most of the early Methodist preachers—they knew how to pray. How they could lay hold on the horns of the altar and bring all heaven down in blessings on the people. Would that that power might still be the possession of the preachers in larger measure than now. It is the secret of ministerial power.

When King Arthur lay dying, wounded in battle he turned to his faithful Knight, Sir Bedivere and said:—

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and these who call then friend.  
For so the whole round world is every day  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God".

The privilege of the preacher is to bind the congregation by the gold chains of prayer about the feet of God, who waits to graciously answer the petition of his saints. This brother knew how to pray. Let us pray. "Lord teach us how to pray."

Another element of success in Brother MacSorley's work—an element not often referred to in this day was his ability in song. He was gifted in this particular above most of us. His voice was a clean, clear resonant baritone, capable of expressing the pathos, the deep spiritual meaning of our best hymns. How he could sing them with expression and with unction and power. Without extravagance one might venture this fine line of Browning concerning another:—

"He was born with thy face and throat,  
Lyric Appollo."

I heard him once in his youthful vigor at a camp meeting sing this fine old hymn to the tune of Parsons:—

"Father I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know.  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah, whither shall I go."

I have remembered this hymn across these fifty years, and I can hear it now reverent, yearning, as he stretched the arms of his soul out after God. Ah, the power of these old hymns when sung by one who has had the experience of them. Methodism once knew the power of song, and she conquered in its use. We must recapture this first fine rapture of the fathers who sang many into the kingdom.

Another fine quality of this man of God was his power to attract young people and hold them to himself. He knew how to grapple them with hooks of steel, and hold them to the higher life of the soul. He maintained a youthful spirit even up to his eightieth year. He did not seem old because he had a young heart. He was one in spirit with his children and dwelt with all the youth of his churches.

Bishop Quayle has said in his own quaint way:—"Snug up to youth. To save a young man or woman is a strong man's task." Our Brother knew how by song and prayer and sermon and kindly advice and unrestrained fellowship to interest the youth of his congregation and to draw them after him as he walked in the way of the Master.

Brother MacSorley was married to Miss A. Tryphena Roe April 24th, 1877, who for 53 years has been his faithful companion and real helper. The home life of this devoted couple was ideal. His children rise up and call him blessed, while his companion of many years mourns the going of an ideal husband. His family bear loving testimony to his self sacrificing spirit. He never seemed to think of himself, but of others. He was a true Christian altruist. This spirit was seen in the careful planning for the education of his children, making real sacrifices that they all might have a college training and so be better prepared for useful positions in life. They revere his memory; they honor his name. The times in which we live make the severest demands on a preacher of any of recent centuries. We are passing through a seething, yeasting sea of doubt and unrest occasioned by the materialistic philosophy of the age. The enemies of the evangelical

church are legion, and they are grasping at the throat of the church to strangle the life out of her if possible. There are many educated men who are doing their utmost in magazine articles and on the lecture platform to discredit the gospel of Christ and to destroy his church. He must be a dull man indeed who is not constantly aware of these forces at work against the church. It is a hard day for the religion of the spirit. Formal christianity, dead members, the ever increasing number of clubs and lodges of various sorts—all these militate against the spiritual conception of life. The times alarm one who believes in an experimental religion. If priests are to multiply, if ritualism is to become more elaborate, if preaching is to be relegated to an insignificant place then woe to the spiritual life of the people. If the history of the church teaches any one thing with sun clearness it is the fact that as the priest grows in influence and numbers the influence of the preacher wanes, and the spiritual life of the church slumps. This is an age which demands a rare of preachers in protestantism who shall have had the heart warming experience of genuine conversion, complete sanctification, with utter devotion to the work of preaching the gospel. God give us men who know the Christ and who know how to preach him. Our lamented Brother stood before us as a good type of the kind of preacher needed in these times.

Brother MacSorley was a modernist in spirit, eager to face the facts, to sift the new views being presented in these surging days. He was not afraid of the new, but was "not the first by whom the new is tried, nor yet the last to cast the old aside." He did not assume to attempt the future with the past's blood rusted key, but while accepting the well certified newer views yet at the same time he held tenaciously to the essentials of the gospel of Christ.

In dreaming of his lost friend, Tennyson asks this ever pertinent question:—"How fares it with the happy dead?" How fares it with our Brother who has gone from us? Is he at rest in the sense of being unconscious? Is this personality known among us as Frank C. MacSorley—a personality noted for gentleness, kindness, devotion, deep piety,

"Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies  
Who battled for the true, the just."

lost in the sum of things, or as the hard boiled materialist would say taken up in the circulation of nature to be

"Blown about the desert dust,  
Or sealed within the iron hills?"

If this is the fate of all men then we may complete the famous line of Tennyson and say

"Creatures of the prime  
That tear each other in this slime  
Were mellow music matched with him."

What is the real content of the much used word immortality? Does it connote only the mere influence to last a greater or lesser time here? But if that is all why use the word at all? How fares it with the happy dead? Is it oblivion, absorption in the sum of things? This is not the content of the word as Jesus taught us. He taught no mere moonshiny life—less sort of immortality, but rather a life of conscious existence under the law of growth in fellowship with the good of all the ages and in the presence of God and Christ. We do not mourn for our Brother because we fear we shall see him no more. Christianity has no such gloomy creed as many are trying today to make popular.

"That each who seemed a separate whole  
Should move his rounds, and fusing all  
The skirts of self again should fall  
Remerging in the general soul  
Is faith as vague as all unsweet.  
Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside  
And I shall know him when we meet.  
And we shall sit at endless feast  
Enjoying each the other's good."

This assurance of the persistence of life, this expectation of the perpetuity of personality in the spirit world, this happy hope of the recognition of our friends in the Father's House, this comfort of the reunion with our loved and lost is the only truth that makes one able to bear the separations of life, and this is the only comfort of our bereaved Sister and her Family as they sit today in the shadow of their grief. It is true that this widow is compelled to say of her husband:—

But thou and I have shaken hands  
Till growing winters lay me low,  
My paths are in the fields I know  
And thine in undiscovered lands."

But thank God that in these to us undiscovered lands we shall find our Brother happy and singing, busy with the entrancing pursuit of truth as it is in Jesus. Our Sister may indeed say with breaking heart:—

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still  
Break, Break, Break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that's dead  
Will never come back to me."

No, not in this lone life, but the tender grace of all the days now treasured in memory will be lived over again under brighter skies in the life of the

eternal day when we shall know all the mysteries of life and thank God for all the way in which he has led us.

The service of memory, largely attended by both Ministers and Laymen, was held in the parsonage at Middletown under the care of Brother J. L. Johnson assisted by several others. The interment was at Federalburg, Maryland, where he had labored so long and so well, there to await the great day when the dead in Christ shall arise transformed and spiritualized and thus made ready for the new life in which

"Soul and body shall HIS glorious image bear."

HARVEY WINFIELD EWING.

#### MARILLA GOULD SUNFIELD.

No language can adequately portray the beauty of the life, nor record the multitude, the spirit, and the effect of the deeds of a woman of fine talents thoroughly consecrated to God and intensely active in His service for the period of sixty-seven years. Such was the life and such were the deeds of Marilla Gould Sunfield.

Therefore the writer of this memoir, with his very meager powers of analysis and with his imperfect medium of expression has no hope of doing any adequate justice to the subject in hand, yet, it is his high privilege to lay upon the altar this brief and imperfect tribute to one whose fascinating life won and held his admiration for more than a quarter of a century, with the hope and the prayer that the altar may sanctify the gift to the comfort of those who mourn, to the guidance of those who seek the light and to the assurance of the host of devoted friends she left behind.

Mrs. Sunfield was born in the city of Newark, New Jersey, July 21st, 1862. Her parents were Thomas and Harriett Gould. They were splendid christian people of the Presbyterian faith, so she had the advantages of a good heredity, and a wholesome, moral and spiritual environment. How much these have to do with the subsequent life of every one, we have no way of accurately determining, yet that they are powerful for good or ill no intelligent person can question.

When a small child, Mrs. Sunfield moved with her parents to Caldwell, New Jersey. Here she entered the Sunday School of the church of her parents' choice, and here she grew to womanhood.

She was endowed by nature with a strong religious temperament which responded readily to the call of spiritual realities. At the age of twelve she consecrated herself definitely and fully to God and received the witness of the spirit to her acceptance with Him. This was the beginning of a beautiful Christian character, marked by self denial, humility, sympathy and love. Her goal became the reproduction of the life of her spirit in the lives of her associates. In these early years there came to

her a great desire for a large field of usefulness, and in order to prepare herself to enter the doors she felt sure would open to her, she applied herself diligently to the cultivation of spirit and mind and manner. The charm of her manner was a delight to all with whom she came in contact.

She graduated with high standing at the High School of Mount Claire, N. J., and in due course at the State Normal School at Trenton, N. J. However, it was not her association with and her graduation at a Teacher Training School that decided her to be a teacher, but an ardent desire to find the broadest field and best opportunity for effective service. But before she had followed her profession long she was called to a higher sphere of activity, that of wifhood, the Methodist Itinerancy, and to motherhood.

She was married to our brother, E. C. Sunfield, June 3rd, 1883, in her twenty-first year and thus entered with him into the broad field of usefulness that the Itinerant Ministry offers to the minister's wife as well as to the minister himself. And what a servant of the Church and the people she was from that time till the end of her earthly career! Only the records of Heaven can reveal. It was not a grudging, slavish service but a happy, joyful, loving service. The spirit of it all was "I delight to do Thy will, my God." She served because she loved, she loved God and all the people without regard to the accidents of life such as race, color, creed, poverty, filth or wealth. Knowing her love for people, I have thought perhaps the happiest period of her life was when Brother Sunfield was Secretary of the City Missionary Society of Wilmington. That was in the old days of the saloons, when drunkenness, profanity, poverty, filth, ignorance and crime stalked abroad unabashed, when Wilmington had her slums and those slums were next door to the place where "there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." Into this cesspool with eager, burning heart plunged this Angel of Light to rescue bejeweled children bruised by sin, the remnants of womanhood, manhood, motherhood and fatherhood. I am persuaded that some from these perleus of vice will rise up in the Great Day to call her Blessed, for in their dark night she was to them an Angel of Light, in their wanderings she was their Star of Bethlehem.

In all their pastorates she was a real helpmeet to her husband. But while she did a great deal of Missionary work for the people at large, she did not neglect the home and the duties of wife and mother. She was a perfect housekeeper, an ideal cook, a charming hostess, and she was ever careful of the needs and appearance of her husband. God gave her two beautiful girls. Upon these she poured the wealth of her mother nature and trained them with a great deal of care. She lived to see them, happily married, Grace to Dr. A. J. Culver of Philadelphia, Pa., and Elizabeth to Mr. Daniel B. Murray of Felton, Delaware, and to receive at their hands such tender care as brought a measure of ease to her pain-tortured body and much joy to her heart in her declining years.

Sister Sunfield never had a vigorous body but she was a giantess in mind and soul, and these carried the body whither they would for sixty-seven years. But the last two or three miles of her journey were made