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BISHOP CHARLES L. MEAD . . . . . President  
WILLIAM M. HOFFMAN . . . . . Secretary  
O. B. LANGRALL . . . . . Conference Host

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The highest place must be vacated, the most eloquent tongue silenced. Every King shall lose his crown, and every soldier's sword shall be broken.

Waterloo masters the colorful emperor, and, the scant shore line of a little island in the far sea becomes the bound of his prison home, while the Iron Duke sleeps under the Abbey. Life's last word is death; and its final achievement is dust.

Who would not despair? And under frustrations and losses sit down and accepting the counsel of Job's wife "Curse God and die?"

"Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees.  
Who hopeless lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play.  
Who has learned in hours of faith  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown  
That life is ever lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own."

They have not learned that God has ordained that this is to be a changing, marching world, the on-going of which shall bring men to a better country. They have not been willing to "confess that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth and have not desired a better country;" or "looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." And when the changes come they are embittered, and disposed to cry out against them; and say,

"Swift changing world I bid you stay,  
Nor take the things I love away,  
But leave me just the same each day  
That I may live.  
Why did my youth and strength pass by?  
Why do my blooming flowers die?  
Why do my days of pleasure fly?  
And nothing give."

Not having learned to say:

"A better world is calling me  
To come to lands I do not see  
And bids me change and changing be,  
That I may come.  
So when life's changes all are wrought  
Though much I love has come to naught  
Perchance the changing may have brought  
Me to my home."

The Eternal God has put light over against darkness, faith over against doubt, and hope over against despair.

And since despair is the defeat of the soul, and the soul alone gives value to life; happy is he who can kindle and keep alive hope in the breasts of men.

This I conceive to be the task of the ministers who are Heralds of Hope by the grace of God to baffled and despairing men. But hope cannot live unless it roots in the eternal. It is not enough that we believe in the seen, we must believe in the unseen. No man can keep hope alive unless he has living faith in the here, and the hereafter. Let no minister parade his doubts. Doubt weakens. Doubt paralyzes the soul. Doubt is the castle in which dwells despair. It is ours to bring our certitudes, proclaim the truth, declare our convictions, and when the mounting things of the spirit go beyond our physical powers to follow, go up on the wings of faith into the presence of God and live.

William Wordsworth voiced the need of men when he said:

"Great God I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make less forlorn,  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

These brothers of ours though sinful men found the path of repentance which led them to the Saviour. Through Him they learned to count their losses gain, if thereby

they might win Christ. And having Christ they learned to say with confidence because He lives I shall live also. They are given to see destiny in the youth, and inspire him to be.

To believe in man and the lands he may possess. To know that the struggle is justified by the victory to be gained. To stand with their fellows and cheer them to achieve by the hope they bring as the heralds of the Eternal. Teaching men to value the temporal in the light of the Eternal. They say we do not preach or sing of heaven as our fathers did.

I feel we are in danger by giving too great emphasis to the life that now is, and devoting ourselves almost entirely to the solution of the problems which arise here; of causing men to think lightly of the hereafter. While we may possess this land more securely and happily for a time, it will be dearly bought if we dispossess them of the "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away"—I do not plead for the crude pictures of the future, which some of our fathers drew, but I do insist that a vital faith in it should find a convincing way to declare it.

In spite of what a worldly minded age may say I know that my imagination, kindled by the warm faith and picturesque eloquence of the preachers of my childhood days, rose to the assurance and certitude of a real land and a true city. And I am indebted to them. Let not materialistic pessimism rob us of this heritage. For it is ours to bid men hope in God and the Father's house.

For the voyage and the chase would be fruitless unless some day we can say:

"The sailor home from the sea  
The hunter home from the hill."  
O blessed Ministry  
O Happy Heralds of Hope

we hail you, we salute you, as those who have attained, and believe that out in the infinite spaces of the larger day, you have already come to that experience of which you have often sung:

"Where Hope has changed to glad fruition  
Faith to sight and prayer to praise."

E. T. MOWBRAY

#### WILLIAM FRASER MCDOWELL

William Fraser McDowell was for thirty-three years a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For more than a score of these years the nation's Capital was his home. For two-thirds of his active episcopal career he was the resident bishop of the Washington Area.

On the day following his translation, the Washington STAR, in a leading editorial paid a remarkable tribute to him as one of the Capital's outstanding citizens, declaring, "The city in which he made his home will miss its great Wesleyan leader, but it will never quite let him go. He belongs to the Nation and its Capital forever." So many years did he live within the confines of the Baltimore Conference that he seemed to belong in a special way to our historic body. Ten times he presided over our annual session. Our conference records would be woefully incomplete without some permanent reference to this great preacher of the Word and statesman of the Kingdom, closely related, of course, to all our world-wide Methodism, and yet by so many intimate and personal ties belonging especially to us.

Half a century ago two young Methodist preachers, by name Bashford and McDowell, their student days together at their loved alma mater, Ohio Wesleyan, just behind them, talked frankly of the tasks they faced in the years ahead. William Fraser McDowell recorded that conversation as follows:

"We were eager to make full proof of the ministry to which we believed ourselves called of God. Among the conclusions we reached was this: We must interpret—put across—the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the world as it will be in the next forty years. We were not alive between 1800 and 1840. We shall not be alive between 1940 and 1980. This is our only period. What now is the intellectual, social, economic condition into which we must project the ever-living Gospel of the ever-living Christ."

And so at the beginning, these two who were to go so far and to do so much as they served the present age agreed that they must "take the ever-living Christ,

remember the way He has already come over in the centuries, and go forward with Him; not trying to make Him keep on going over old paths that He has already got done with."

The calendars of 1940 are only three years ahead. The prophecy of the younger of those two young preachers has been fulfilled. Bishops Bashford and McDowell have ended their ministry here. Fifty years stretch between that wise beginning conviction and determination regarding their day's work and that April day in this year of Our Lord when, clad in the academic hood and gown of the college which trained him and on whose campus he first met Clotilda Lyon, his body lay in state in Foundry Church, Washington. Silently and proudly standing guard at the casket were young ministers craving for some portion of the prophet's mantle, standing in their ministry where he and Bashford stood two-score-and-ten years before. The service that day began with lines the Bishop found in 'The Lady's' desk the day following her going, lines he ever afterward carried on his own person, kept in his Bible and often quoted:

... "Think  
Of stepping on shore and finding it Heaven;  
Of taking hold of a hand and finding it God's hand;  
Of breathing a new air and finding it celestial air;  
Of feeling invigorated and finding it immortality;  
Of passing from storm and tempest into an unknown calm;  
Of waking up and finding it Home."

When that translation service was ended and his colleagues, Bishops Hughes and McConnell, had spoken moving words and the great audience had sung one of the fallen leader's favorite hymns, "Be Still, My Soul," and after in the bright spring sunshine hundreds of preachers had formed a lane of honor from the church portals to the waiting hearse as the throng surged out of the edifice, white folks and colored folks whom he loved and who loved him, many felt and said it had seemed like an Easter Day. There was that note of triumph and assurance. And it was a service for two, William Fraser McDowell and Clotilda Lyon McDowell. For we cannot think of the fulfilled record of those years, of which he and Bashford were dreaming together, without the vision of that lovely girl. Across the years, we see her coming out of a Methodist parsonage home to academic halls and campus in the old college town where now they sleep so close together and where nearby stones are engraven with the names of the revered professors and teachers of those college years. A little later this young minister was to lead Clotilda Lyon back into other parsonages and into the home of the college chancellor, and then into episcopal residences, as they came together through beautiful years meeting with glorious morning face the better and the worse. One dark Christmas, over a score of years ago, the "worse" meant that Olive, the daughter of their love, went on so long ahead of them, leaving them lonesome but never bitter. Then six years ago, at another Christmastide, Clotilda Lyon McDowell breathed "a new air" and found it "celestial air". As a symbol that "Death hides but cannot divide," even to his last Christmas Bishop McDowell, to intimate friends, added the name of 'The Lady's' to the cards and the gifts which he sent.

During his seminary days, by the wise provision of his sagacious layman father, he heard Phillips Brooks more than a hundred times, in the days when Trinity, Boston, was his pulpit throne. Brooks meant as much to him as Boston Seminary. Never could he forget the big, brotherly giant climbing the steep stairs to the bare quarters of those Methodist seminary students and sitting on a chair which the young theologians had buttressed for the occasion to sustain his weight, and pouring out a wealth of counsel which made the evening forever memorable. In that enrapt circle sat one who himself, a generation after Brooks' death, was to exemplify the famous definition of the Boston preacher's Yale Lectures, that preaching is truth through personality, and who himself was to remind so many people, until the day of his own death, in his looks and bearing of Phillips Brooks.

To the pastorate, the college presidency, to the secretaryship of the Board of Education and to the episcopal office, he went in successive steps, and to each of these phases of the one ministry he brought unusual gifts. To every relationship he brought graces of person and personality. As Dr. Marsh, of Boston University, put it: "He looked like a bishop; he acted like a bishop; he was a bishop." Or as Dr. Cherrington, of the Board of Temperance, puts it in his tribute: "He was a courtly gentleman in a civilization where courtesy is all too rare and where gentleness is a

quality of manhood lonesome in a crowd. He was an autocrat of the fireside, gifted with peculiarly engaging social qualities and a glorious sense of humor."

He did everything, in work and play, with a fineness and a finish and a finesse and a dignity which needed no artificial pedestals to support it. This was true, whether he was in some temple, standing in a Gothic stall, or out on the green links swinging at a golf ball. Bishop Burns crams much in a paragraph, as he speaks of the "Celtic Irish depths of his soul; the flashing Damascus blades of his intellect; the Gulf-streamed warmth of his heart; the penetrative sagacity of his Christian statesmanship; the strength and tenderness of his administration; the world-encompassing scope of his thought; his passion for unified Methodism; the deep emotional stirrings of his addresses and sermons; the gallant, warm, personal glow of his writings that outspilled the things that throbbed in his own mind and glowed in his own heart."

His lectures in various educational institutions, including the series by which he often said he would most like to be remembered, the Yale Lectures on Preaching, suggest the ruling passion of his ministry: For he was among the "Good Ministers of Jesus Christ," disciplined "In the School of Christ," practicing "A Man's Religion," interpreting "This Mind" to a bewildered and perplexed day, helping multitudes in "Making a Personal Faith," luring by his winsome appeal many to take their place among "Them He Also Called," relighting his own torch of faith and hope and love by fellowship with the living and the dead, "Creative Men, Fathers and Brethren," and making the major objective of all his ministry that supreme evangelistic goal "That I May Save Some."

As long as any hours of our preaching day remain the members of this Conference, as of many other conferences, will remember such messages as "The Boy With the Biscuits," which like the Loaves and Fishes increased across the years in its power to feed the multitudes, and such stirring classics as the sermon on Job and "The Sower." Forevermore we will hear him saying with characteristic accent, that any great event is at once a fact in history and a great principle running through all life: That the incarnation, the teaching ministry of Jesus, Calvary and Easter, are all facts to be recorded and recounted, but also principles to be worked out and to be interpreted.

Always, wherever the Great Commission to disciple all nations is proclaimed, will we see him and hear him striking that devastating blow at the heresy that perhaps some cultures and civilizations are getting along, after all, in their own way, very well without being disturbed by our Christian propaganda: "No one anywhere is getting along well enough without Jesus Christ."

Bishop McDowell's going was just as he would have wished. No margin of inactivity. Somehow we believe he would have said, Let me go on Monday, after preaching the Word on the dear Lord's blessed day, and with a full week of public ministry back of that. He lived and preached and wrought as a God minister of Jesus Christ, "allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel," and he did it all in the dear Redeemer's name and for the dear Redeemer's sake.

A bishop is seeing the cathedral that he had built over in India, in that gripping story of "The Servant in the House." But it is a cathedral not of stones, but of human souls: "Its spans and arches are the joined hands of comrades. Up in the heights and spaces are inscribed the numberless musings of the dreamers of the world. Sometimes in the silence of the night one may hear the hammerings of comrades up in the dome, the comrades who have climbed ahead." Who can doubt that this workman who needed not to be ashamed is still a workman? Can we not hear the hammerings of this master builder and the other comrades who have climbed ahead, up in the dome of this Cathedral of Redemption which Christ is letting us help Him build?

As we think of him and of his golden, glorious ministry, let us adapt as true of his career words which were originally uttered as a tribute to Phillips Brooks, when he suddenly ceased to live and to work and "was not, for God took him":

"Strong, fearless, tender, eloquent,  
Incapable of meanness;  
Blazing with indignation at all kinds of wrong;  
His heart and mind deep and wide as the boundless sea;  
Simple and transparent as a child;  
Keen with all the keenness of his race."

This tribute is inscribed by his brethren of the Baltimore Conference who cherish his friendship as a treasure laid up in Heaven at the resurrection of the just.

FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS