



of Grapes the Vine

is a new appreci-
value of this pure
Concords, fresh
or in each glass are
giving qualities of
e Welch's daily for

rence to highest
Quality is main-
is the ideal "fruit
e Sacrament.



Company, Westfield, NY

CW
5-23-27

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD
SESSION

MINUTES

OF THE

BALTIMORE ANNUAL CONFERENCE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

1927

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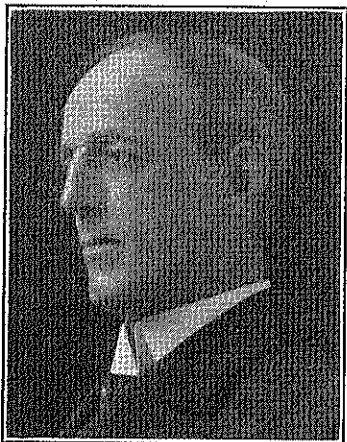
It was on Sunday evening, October 17, the final call came. What a glorious time to die. Millions of voices through the day, around the world, had sent a mighty anthem to Him that sitteth on the throne, and the vaulted skies had echoed back the sweet refrain "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord for they rest from their labors." Our beloved brother caught the refrain and went to join the choir invisible.

His funeral services were held in Garrett Park Methodist Episcopal Church, District Superintendent: H. Wilson Burgan having charge. He was assisted by the following brethren, James McLean Brown of Maryland Tract Society, Don. S. Colt, J. M. Gillum; C. W. Baldwin and N. A. Lineweaver, pastor of the church.

His remains were borne to Mt. Olivet Cemetery, and laid away to rest in that city of the dead where so many of the heroes and fathers of the church he loved so well are buried.

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GEORGE CLARKE PECK



In that superb little poem, "A Grammarian's Funeral," Robert Browning sings of the death and life of a scholar. The friends and pupils of the great teacher are carrying on their shoulders the body of their master—"famous, calm and dead." They are not dejected with downcast faces and streaming eyes, but are "singing together" as they march. Where shall they lay him, where is it fitting that such as he should lie, is the question before them. They climb a tall mountain and at its top, high above the unlettered plain,—

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One cannot think of George Clarke Peck without feeling that in him were those qualities of character that life left forever above the commonplace. He, too, "was for the morning." He sought the

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The levels which men had attained could not satisfy him; he knew them and was glad for them, but he pressed on.

Thursday evening, January 27, 1927, George Clarke Peck, this mountain peak man, was no more, for God took him.

He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, September 13, 1865. A large part of his boyhood was spent in Baltimore, where his father served as minister in Mt. Vernon Place Church, and where as a lad he attended the Friends School. Nurtured in learning and the Bible from his cradle up, he became one of the finest products of a parsonage home. He avoided scholastic narrowness and pedantry by holding literary intercourse with the great periods of the past and their greatest deeds. Bred to a high free idealism of the evangelic spirit, his culture reflected his man-making creed.

Yale University, Union and Drew Theological Seminaries, supplied him with a first rate moral and intellectual equipment. Syracuse honored him with the Doctorate of Divinity. He served with distinction in pulpits of power and left a brilliant record as an inspiring preacher of the gospel. He brought to his task a trained and discerning mind, a courage that never blanched and a sanctified imagination of the first order.

He served the following churches: Westport; Connecticut; Bay Shore, Long Island; First Church, Mt. Vernon, New York; Elm Park Church, Scranton, Pennsylv-

ania; St. Andrews Church, New York City and First Church, Baltimore. He also served for a time as Executive Secretary of the New York City Missionary Society, and in 1919, upon leaving the pastorate of First Church, Baltimore, he became Superintendent of the Maryland General Hospital.

The Maryland General Hospital was taken over by the three Methodist bodies of Baltimore in 1911, and when this Methodist group came into control of the institution it had a mortgage indebtedness of \$185,000, with an additional \$60,000 of floating indebtedness. The hospital at that time was without any particular standing with the medical profession of the city, facing a tremendous financial problem, together with the necessity of building a medical staff and a spirit of good-will for the institution. Dr. Peck plunged into this task with unflinching energy. Today the hospital is out of debt, has a capacity of more than 250 patients and also a beautiful Nurses' Home. Under his keen business management the Maryland General Hospital was the first Hospital in Baltimore to be put upon a self sustaining basis. For a number of years the hospital has earned \$30,000 per year over and above expenses, and this in face of the fact that almost one-half of the patients are free and the other half paying a very moderate rate of from three to six dollars per day.

This was brought about because Dr. Peck was a leader with fine constructive ability. He organized his work. The hospital staff became a regiment. To every man and woman his work. "Stop the Leaks" was the slogan. Genius is the capacity for detail and organization, baptized with the spirit of imagination. He was a man of genius.

Dr. Peck was a man of intense and passionate idealism. He always sat close to the conscience of eternal right. He united in a unique way the imagination of a poet and the sagacity of a keen business man. He excelled in mathematics and prided himself upon his accuracy. His associates bear this testimony that he was mercifully honest and that he loved to be exact and precise in the fulfillment of his promise. His iron will was a striking element in his life. The hand upon the lever was an iron hand. His engine was always under control and he never relaxed his grip.

He wrote much and his writings were characterized by a marvelous sense of the beauty of the world. To him everything appeared to be enfolded in the spirit-white garment of heavenly beauty. Every blade of grass was trying to break into inarticulate speech; every little pool that caught the breath of the wind gave a surface laughing in waves of joy; every bird's song was a note of the spirit that lives at the heart of things.

One of his last essays was entitled "Ashes" and grew out of his seeing three scow loads of ashes being hauled down the Delaware River and out of that "gray obituary of fires" he saw romance and beauty, for to him ashes declared "not the end but the means to the divine end of life."

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His essays were characterized by an incurable idealism, but not only as an idealist but as a stylist is George Clarke Peck worthy of remembrance. He knew that if the arrow has a blunt head the strength of the bowman's arm is vain. The substance and form of vital realities could not be severed in his sermons, essays or addresses. His writings were characterized by clear statement, reasoning efficiency and often moved with the rhythmic swing of a Beethoven Symphony. "Cross Lots," as he titled one book, he walked the way of life and found for himself and shared with others the "Pot of Gold," as he called his last collection of published essays.

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