

**HUGHES, BISHOP MATTHEW S.**

BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON HUGHES.

Matthew Simpson Hughes, D.D., LL.D.; born February 2, 1863, in Doddridge County, Va. Educated at Linsly Institute and West Virginia University; studied law and engaged in newspaper work. Ordained to the ministry in 1887. Pastor in Portland, Me.; Minneapolis, Kansas City; First Church, Pasadena, Cal.; 1908-11, professor of practical theology in MacLay College, University of Southern California. Conference Southern California. Author of Higher Ritualism.

Nov. 10, 1916.

MATTHEW S. HUGHES.-- Became a member of the Iowa Conference in 1887, and was then pastor for a year of Ewart Circuit. The year 1888 - 1889 he served the Methodist Episcopal Church at Malcom, Ia. In 1890 he was at Grinnell, Ia. That same year he was transferred to the Maine Conference, and from that time until the close of 1894 he was pastor of the Chestnut Street Methodist Episcopal Church, at Portland, Maine. Then occurred his transfer to the Northern Minnesota Conference, and from 1895 - 1898 he was stationed at the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church in Minneapolis. Becoming a member of the St. Louis Conference in March, 1899, he was appointed pastor of the Independence Avenue Methodist Church, at Kansas City, Mo., where he is located at the present time. Dr. Hughes is author of "The Higher Ritualism" a book in the "Methodist Pulpit Series", published by Eaton and Mains

May 20, 1908.

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BISHOP M<sup>H</sup>. THOMAS SIMPSON HUGHES

Matthew Simpson Hughes was born February 2, 1863, at West Union, west Virginia, the son of a Methodist preacher of the old school--the Rev. Thomas Bayless Hughes, who was a pastor and presiding elder in West Virginia and Iowa for fifty years.

He studied at Linsly Institute and West Virginia University, and later received the honorary degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Laws from Hamline University. Before entering the ministry he studied law and was engaged for time in newspaper work. At the age of twenty-five he was received into the Iowa Conference on trial.

Until his election as bishop in 1916 he was steadily in the pastorate with constantly growing reputation as pastor and preacher. His appointments were: Grinnell, Iowa, 1888-91; Chestnut Street Church, Portland, 1891-1895; Wesley Church, Minneapolis, 1895-1898; Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City, Mo., 1898-1908; First Church, Pasadena, California, 1908-1916; Upon his election as bishop in 1916 he was assigned to the Portland (Oregon) Area.

His younger brother, Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, had been elected to the episcopacy in 1908.

His death, the result of an attack of pneumonia, occurred April 4, 1920, in Cleveland, Ohio, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He was author of "The Higher Ritualism".

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(Facts taken from Minutes of St. Louis  
Annual Conference, 1908)

May 20, 1908.

## Death of Bishop Matt. S. Hughes

The Church was shocked on Monday morning, April 5, when the daily press announced the sudden death of Bishop Matt. S. Hughes, which occurred at Cleveland, on Sunday, following an attack of pneumonia.

Bishop Hughes came from his home on the Pacific Coast last month, to preside over the Central Pennsylvania and Delaware Annual Conferences. At Harrisburg, on Conference Sunday, he thrilled his congregation with the old power as he buttressed the walls of their faith with his discourse on "Unanswered Prayer. His text was Deut. 3. 22: "Ye shall not fear them; for Jehovah your God, he it is that fighteth for you." It was a magnificent plea for the faith of his fathers, the faith which he had preached for thirty years, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The next week he was in Philadelphia, presiding over the Delaware Conference. The Rev. Robert G. Waters, of Orange, N. J., who was present, reports that on Friday morning, addressing the class of young ministers, the Bishop was at his brilliant best. The next day he was alarmingly hoarse. On Sunday he was too hoarse to preach or to read the appointments. The cold which had fastened upon him gave a foothold to the pneumonia, which proved fatal. He died at the Statler Hotel, in Cleveland, early Easter morning.

Bishop Hughes is survived by his mother, Mrs. Thomas B. Hughes, his wife and three children, Blackney, Esther and Matt. S., Jr., and his brother, Bishop E. H. Hughes.

A memorial service was held at First Church, Cleveland, on Monday afternoon.

### MATT. S. HUGHES.

Bishop Matt. S. Hughes, who has been pastor of First Church, Pasadena, since



Bishop Matt. S. Hughes.

1908, was born in Doddridge Co., Virginia (now West Virginia), Feb. 2, 1863. He attended the University of West Virginia, and in 1896 received the degree of D.D. from Hamline University. This university also conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. in 1909. Bishop Hughes has been pastor of the following churches: Chestnut Street, Portland, Me.; Wesley, Minneapolis; and Independence Ave., Kansas City, Mo. He was Lyceum lecturer in 1906, and is the author of a number of books.

MATTHEW SIMPSON HUGHES was born to be a bishop. We all knew that all the time. His election is not a surprise. It simply has come on schedule time. There was a tumult as of mighty waters when his election was announced. And when he stood on the platform and was introduced, and his hand was grasped by his younger brother, Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, a pandemonium of applause again broke loose.



The years have slipped along since my family first became Dr. Matt S. Hughes' parishoners sixteen years ago, and I for years a member of his congregation. Matt S. Hughes was then but thirty-seven. And already he was known as one of the master preachers of this hemisphere. What impressed me then, long, long ago, was the dependability, not of his preaching power alone, but also the dependability of his judgment. He was then mature as the counselor in a great congregation, careful, comprehensive, foresighted, in advice. Then one could but see a mature brain that rose above those youthful shoulders. And he has increased with the years. It tells its own story that Matt S. Hughes should have had but five pastorates. He began twenty-eight years ago, had a couple of years in Grinnell, Ia., then a career in Portland, Me., and in Minneapolis, then Kansas city, and then Pasadena—and in every place he was a master figure. He is always "prepared."

You can go to your sleep, if Bishop Hughes is the watcher on the wall. He does not pick a combat, nor yet sidestep it, when principle is assailed. His preaching has the logic of a

machine, but it is always shot through with the variation, the poetry, the fire, the crashing climax, that constitute eloquence. He has a superb elocution, but is no elocutor. He abhors a sham. He fears no man, nor set of men. The standard will fly on high that is held aloft by his hand.

Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes was born in 1866; Matt S., earlier, in 1863; both in West Virginia parsonages, where their father, Thomas Bayless Hughes, D.D., was an honor to our itinerancy. These brothers do not need the bolster of any title to elevate them. Their abilities are their real distinction. It is very beautiful as I write these lines to lay aside my pencil for a moment and meditate on the long years of service—of honor and blessing to us all—that await and welcome them.

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## THE GENERAL CONFERENCE IN UPROAR

It is not usual that the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is uproarious, but it broke the bounds of its traditional proprieties on last Friday morning when Matthew Simpson Hughes was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Hughes had been before the Church a number of years. Unquestionably he is among the most able and distinguished preachers of present-day world-wide Methodism. He is a man of superb training, fine poise and sane leadership. He comes from a long line of Methodists, his father, still living, being a Methodist preacher of no mean standing. That Matthew Simpson Hughes was worthy of Episcopal honors none seemed to doubt. That which stood in his way was the fact that the Hughes family had produced two men of rare ability, and one of whom, Bishop Edwin Hughes, had already been elected to the highest office in the gift of the Methodist Episcopal Church. So that there were two camps, though there was no bitterness in the division; some thought that because there was one bishop of a family another should not be elected. Others thought that each man should stand on his merit and not be hindered though his brother was honored. So that when the Presiding Bishop announced that Matthew Simpson Hughes was elected a bishop on the twelfth ballot with 549 votes out of a possible 809, the General Conference broke loose; papers were thrown up, at least one hat went up, there was whistling and cheering which lasted for some time, only to break out again when the chairman announced that Bishop-Elect Matthew Simpson Hughes would be escorted to the platform by the brother, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, and Bishop Burt. The sentiment of the occasion was intense and beautiful, and the greeting of the brothers on the platform, though restrained, was affectionate and in every way indicated the love that each bore for the other.—Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## INTRODUCING THE PREACHER

The first in the series of fortnightly sermons which The Christian Advocate will print this year is by Bishop Matthew Simpson Hughes, D.D., LL.D., of Portland, Oregon.



BISHOP M. S. HUGHES

BISHOP M. S. HUGHES was born at West Union, Va., fifty-four years ago next month. He is the son of a Methodist minister, Dr. Thomas B. Hughes, who is a retired member of Iowa Conference, and brother of Bishop E. H. Hughes, of Boston. Bishop M. S. Hughes received his education at Linsly Institute and West Virginia University. The degrees of D.D. and LL.D. were conferred upon him by Hamline University. He joined Iowa Conference in 1887 and was soon recognized as a preacher of power. He held important pastorates in Portland, Me., Minneapolis, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., and in 1908 became pastor of First Church, Pasadena, Cal., which church he was serving when elected to the episcopacy at the General Conference of 1916. He has been a member of the last four General Conferences. He is the author of Higher Ritualism.

MULLER, L. C. MURDOCK, FRANK MASON NORTH, A. P. STONE, JOHN T. STONE, S. EARL TAYLOR, E. L. WADDORE, W. R. WEDDERSPOON, BENJAMIN YOUNG.

### Methodism in Hawaii

Bishop A. W. Leonard arrived February 2, held the Hawaiian Mission Conference February 19-22, and left the next day. Secretary D. D. Forsyth and W. S. Pilling, of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, accompanied him. This visit determined some vital matters of policy.

On account of the existing educational opportunities afforded in Honolulu it has been determined not to enter the educational field, but to establish homes in which the young people of various races can have all the advantages of a Christian atmosphere and training, while attending the schools already provided.

The Korean compound will be sold and a large tract of ground purchased to establish a center for the various races, namely, the Koreans, Japanese and Filipinos.

In addition to visiting two other islands besides Oahu Bishop Leonard delivered twenty-one different addresses. His brilliant lecture on Bolshevism, given before a great audience in First Church, was the notable event of the conference. The reports show a gain in Sunday school and Epworth League enrollment, though full membership declined, largely owing to Korean political troubles.

The English night school work is to be stressed, as Americanism is now prominent in

### Interesting Autobiography American San Francisco

The autobiography of Charles Francis Adams, just published, is by all odds one of the most interesting publications of its kind ever issued from an American press, and in some particulars it will challenge comparison with the most celebrated productions of the retrospective sort known to the literary world. It is remarkable in this new and democratic country, because it describes the aspirations and accomplishments of a man descended from three distinguished ancestors, who himself achieved distinction.

As every schoolboy knows, two of our early presidents were of the Adams family—John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams. Less familiar is the fact that the son of the latter, Charles Francis Adams, filled an important place in the political life of the Nation in its legislative halls, and as Ambassador to the Court of St. James at the outbreak of the Civil War, perhaps in the most crucial period of the Nation's existence.

Charles Francis Adams, the autobiographer, who allows us to see the workings of his mind in the volume just issued, was the second Charles



THOMAS NICHOLSON is several months the senior of Bishop Welch, albeit both were born in 1862. Bishop Nicholson is fifty-four. One word characterizes him—thorough. He studies before he speaks; speaking, he carries absolute conviction.

In any matter in which he at last expresses himself, he carries as much certitude as any man in the Church. Nobody has done better service than Dr. Nicholson has done as secretary of the Board of Education, to which he came in succession to Bishop Anderson, who followed Bishop McDowell, who came after Dr. Payne and Bishop Goodsell. Dr. Nicholson reorganized and expanded our educational system.

Not only was he a degree by no means negligible instrumental in the securing of between fifteen and twenty million dollars for our colleges, but he has been instrumental in increasing immeasurably the teaching efficiency and prestige of our colleges. He first visited every college and academy; he lingered over its structure, apparatus, faculty, constituency; he made a survey of every factor connected with it; and when he had completed the round he began again, this time to play the part of builder. And look at our educational organization today! And watch his residential area hereafter!

It is unnecessary to particularize. There was a vast reluctance to take him from the Board of Education into the episcopacy. And till the end of time there will remain a question as to its wisdom. It was this question that held him back

office. Doctor, if you hear something like the splash of a mountain cascade, it is the hand-clap of your more than 200,000 readers.

Compliments aside, now that it can be said without semblance of electioneering, there seems a fitness in his return at this time. The territory of the CENTRAL is a land of promise—and of problems. If we have not the shore lines, with their maritime questions, we do meet the immigrant hosts on the second line.

Where the CENTRAL circulates, once marked on maps as "The Great American Desert," is now the great farming area.

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"You would be in favor of the company, would you not?"  
"Yes, sir, and Mike would be testifying here this day!" The jury giggled.  
—Case and Comment.

There's a lot of fun in not having money. You can always sit down and plant what you would do if you had plenty of it.—Detroit Free Press.

lighter  
biscuits

Ste  
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NEW PEARL  
OIL COOL

For Best Results Use Pearl Oil

A good stove is like cooking city gas. haven't a perfection you've broils, roasts, toast

table!"

"You lemme alone! I wants to eat with the fambly!"

The little lad had perched himself in his high chair, at his accustomed place, and was firmly holding on to the table with all his might, while Charlotte had hold of the chair back, endeavoring to drag him away.

"Look out, boy, I'se losin' mah tempah," and Charlotte gave a fierce yank.

Now the chair was an ancient survivor, having done duty for many succeeding generations of parsonage youngsters, and had acquired a weak back, which, after a moment of feeble resistance, meekly resigned itself to fate in the hands of Charlotte, who immediately disappeared with her trophy. An undignified waving of heels in the air announced that she had reversed the natural order of things. At the same time an eloquent flow of language proclaimed the fact that she was unhurt, but exceeding wrath.

There was a shout of laughter from the doorway. The Bishop had arrived in time for Charlotte's impromptu and was giving way to unholy glee, like a ten-year-old boy. The dominie's wife couldn't help joining in.

Charlotte got herself into a sitting posture, adjusted her turban and tried to look offended, but the Bishop's laugh was contagious, so she grinned and said, "Aint dis a regular mess?"

"What's all this?" said the dominie who had just come in.

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S. Harrington Littell, a missionary in China for seventeen years under the Protestant Episcopal Board, described the characteristics of Buddhism in China and Japan.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell of the



# CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER, EDITOR; JOHN D. BATEMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR, THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, KANSAS CITY, MO.

BISHOP E. S. JOHN  
150 FIFTH AVE  
NEW YORK N. Y.

## Matthew Simpson Hughes.

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Born, Virginia, . . . . .	1863
Ordained a Minister of the Gospel . . . . .	1887
Consecrated a Bishop . . . . .	1916
Died, Cleveland, Ohio . . . . .	April 4 1920



Determined to meet his promised engagements to preach daily sermons during Holy Week, in Cleveland, Ohio, and counting a severe cold as an obstacle to be surmounted rather than yielded to, Bishop Matt. S. Hughes, in no little distress, with characteristic tenacity and self effacement, held to the published program, but Friday, Good Friday, he was taken with pneumonia and Sunday morning passed up the mysterious highway of death. The shock felt in this city where he had lived and led for ten notable years, is beyond measurement or description. He was here the center and fountain head of so much that was necessary and good for the community, for his outstanding congregation, for Methodism as a whole; he was so vital, so wise, so capable of handling whatever came into his hand, that he is still a vital force here, though he has been gone for twelve years.

When anyone heard Dr. Matt. S. Hughes for the first time, he concluded that the sermon was one the youthful preacher had prepared especially for some college commencement or other unusual occasion, and waited for the next Sunday to hear the preacher at his common level. To the surprise of the newcomer, the sermon of the day was fully up to that of the preceding Sunday, in penetrating and complete analysis, in logical development of the theme, in historical illustration and incident from common and lowly life, in power of climax, in pathos—in brief in absolute mastery. This was habitual. It was normal. The great congregation came expecting nothing else, nothing less, and when the benediction was pronounced and the congregation was dissolved into its homes, it was to carry back the uplift and strength that comes to one whose wants are fully met, whose intellectual and emotional life has been stirred and filled to the depths. This writer is in the nature of things something as a "sermon taster" from ocean to ocean, and it is his conviction that few preachers in this hemisphere, Sunday after Sunday, met their congregations with a more opulent discourse, more searching or more upbuilding.

Bishop Hughes was self-made. He had a broad, inclusive culture, at home in many fields of thought and always an intellectual comrade of the master minds. And yet he was not a college graduate. What an inspiration, his career must ever be to the youth who has to struggle against odds. The heart must ever beat warmer at the thought of how this son of the parsonage, by sheer will, consecration, toiling in his library when others slept, ever climbing on the stepping stones

of his difficulties, came to the highest honor a mortal may know. He was born in Virginia (mother State of bishops) in 1863, he in one charge, his brother, Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, in another—such is the pathos and glory of the itinerancy his bent was to the law and by way of a variegated experience, he had a taste of newspaper work as city editor. But the hand of God was on him. Just after entering his twenties he was led to consecrate himself to the ministry; he knocked at the wicket of the Iowa Conference, where his father was now pastor, and in 1887 he was ordained. He went from a little circuit to Grinnell, there was married, and in 1890 when only twenty-seven, was transferred to the ancient and important Chestnut Street church, Portland, Maine. He used to smile at thoughts of his youthful appearance and the surprise of the people of Portland when he entered the pulpit the first time. It was the pulpit of James W. Bashford and of others of the denominations' best; but its prestige was enhanced rather than otherwise by his keen rapier-like intellect and tender, human heart. From the first his sermons swept the whole gamut of experience and need; solid, logical, but flashing with epigram and culminating in melting pathos. Five years at Portland and he transferred to Wesley, Minneapolis, for three brilliant years. Then he came to Kansas City at thirty-five, to occupy one of the most difficult of positions, made so by the vast popularity of a wonderful pastorate, the pastorate of William Alfred Quayle.

Dr. Hughes met every requirement. In the pulpit, in the city, in pastoral administration, he was at home, dependable, silent, more than equal to any emergency. One event that immediately established his local fame was when Dwight L. Moody was to preach in Convention Hall and sickness stayed him. Dr. Hughes was picked to fill the breach, and the manner in which he did it is still a tradition and a marvel.

His influence in this city was not more due to his pulpit eloquence than to his solid judgment. This impressed us very much. His judgment was mature, correct, and very dependable. When, after ten years here, he accepted the determined call to Pasadena (California), the city rose and function after function caused him and his family to understand the estimate in which their life in Kansas City was held. At the final gathering before a great audience, addresses were made by former Mayor Henry M. Beardsley, L. D. Rabbi H. H. Mayer, Bishop

(Continued on Page 4.)

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## The Amusement and Other Questions.

We are morally certain that "The Amendment Question" will be one of the outstanding pivots of the General Conference. Bodies of ministers have called for the elimination of Paragraph 280, and other bodies including Annual Conferences have passed the most drastic mandates calling for its retention. Each side is sending up powerful debaters. These will meet in the tourney, and the contest will be at full charge with battle axes rather than with laths.

The fact is, Paragraph 280, with the inevitable debates on Unification (this time), the rule of the Church by its boards, the compulsory payment of a \$1,200 "salary" minimum to the preachers besides parsonage, laymen in the Annual Conference, the removal of the time limit from the district superintendents' office, the election of two negro bishops, the abolishing of foreign language conferences, the licensing of women whatever may be the view of individuals, are certain to make the Des Moines General Conference the theater of the most eloquence the Methodist Episcopal Church has heard in fifty years.

In this connection it is a timely, and indeed absolutely vital suggestion of the committee in charge of the great cavernous room in which the General Conference is to be held, to implore them to attend to the acoustics of the room, soaring on high, gallery on gallery. It will be the disappointment of a life time to thousands and a source of impotency in the General Conference itself, if this matter is not tested, here, there, in every gallery, with reference to the laws of sound, so the speeches can be understood. It will be no time for pantomimes. We had misgivings when we inspected the vast Colosseum the other day. If the acoustics are attended to, the Des Moines General Conference will be the most famous in a half a century—If otherwise? Why then otherwise. If it is necessary some such device as Billy Sunday uses should be suspended in mid-air. And a suggestion: this should be attended to absolutely, before Bishop Cranston or Bishop Berry raps for order. There is too much to be done to allow for an hour's unnecessary delay. If there is a delay in getting under headway, the end of the Conference may see half-baked and dangerous legislation, or a lot left over for four years, which may be a long, long, period of ill starred delay.

### The Babylon I Have Built.

A correspondent many times in Europe, a close observer of life and a very successful business man, not a member of a Methodist Church, but much interested in her aims and successes, chides the CENTRAL a little for the boasting articles about the Church which are in the papers of late.

Our friend calls it "bunk." It may be and sometimes is. There is no virtue in a swelled head. The church in Laodicea which considered that it was "sum punkins," full, complete, wanting nothing, is described as being in the sight of God, wretched, poor and blind. As for Nebuchadnezzar, the very minute he began to tap his chest and exclaim "Is not this the great Babylon that I have built?" he might have heard the bars in his own palace letting down to let him out to eat grass like an ox.

The only strength Methodism has is in God. The only beauty Methodism has or can have is humility and holiness.

### "Confusing the Issues."

The Central Christian Advocate of Kansas City, one of the official organs of the Methodist Episcopal Church, although approving the effort to unify Methodism, criticises the plan submitted, and offers an ingenious amendment the only effect of which can be to confuse the issue and defeat ratification by the Northern General Conference. As the questions raised concern his own Church, we shall not attempt to discuss them, but leave that for his own colleagues. However, if Unification fails everyone will know where the responsibility rests. We need only say in answer to his criticism that we of the South propose to make every present member of the Methodist Episcopal Church who may fall into a Southern Region, feel that he is among his real friends. If we unify, we shall really unify.

Two observations:

First, will the *Arkansas Methodist* from which the above is taken frankly state in what particulars the editorial in the CENTRAL disparages or confuses the issue? It is our opinion that we have stated the issue. It is our opinion that the editorial castigates places the facts before the Methodist Episcopal Church so its delegates will vote with their eyes open, and not in an ecstatic bit of self hypnosis as at Saratoga Springs.

Second, Will the *Arkansas Methodist* put into a sentence or two what it means when it proposes to hold the CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE responsible for the defeat of Unification, if Unification is defeated? That ascribes to the CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE all too much influence. Is there in that article a mis-statement, an incorrect deduction? Is not the Church at large entitled to the information? Would the *Arkansas*

*Methodist* have the tragic spectacle of Saratoga Springs repeated.

Third: We are now waiting to see the *Arkansas Methodist* make as bitter a comment as Bishop Denny's article, which stirs up the Negro question, as it has made on our editorial for holding the magnifying glass over the matter of Regional Conferences. For that article by Bishop Denny means business. Candidly, does the *Arkansas Methodist* really believe that the next General Conference of the Church, South, can get the necessary two-thirds majority after it has that article, and if the General Conference votes it that Unification will carry two-thirds of the ministers, and two-thirds of the laity, so establish the principle of a proportional Negro vote amidst Southern Methodism? If the *Arkansas Methodist* does believe it we can only exclaim, "O woman, great is thy faith!"

Seriously we do not think it reprehensible to open shutters into a darkened room.

### Better Than Eloquence.

Was it not Bacon who said that discretion in speech is more than eloquence? Our words are balm or acid; they heal, they compel trust, respect, friendship; or they alienate, and leave a lingering wound.

Why, if we wish to win our cause, do we use words that sting and smite, and drive? Real men scarcely respond to force, to ultimatums, insinuations, bombast, phariseism.

First, we can find a common ground of mutual trust; that is more than eloquence. Then we can ask the other's mind; that is more than eloquence. Then we can suggest our ideas as between man and man; that is more than eloquence.

### Nullification by Appointment.

One way to nullify any good law is to appoint men to attend to its execution who in their secret hearts are opposed to the law, and quite ready to be lenient with such as trample the law under their feet. There is an illustration of this right here in Kansas City in the case of the police commissioners and wide open gambling. We have the proper laws all right, but if a policeman undertakes to apply the law to this protected vice, he finds himself, when he comes to, out in some undesirable beat, or otherwise penalized, so he learns to have a blind eye towards the doors of the gamblers' lair. This is so frequent as to be trite.

But it is a most serious matter when we look higher up and observe who is being appointed to enforce the Constitutional Amendment enforcing prohibition. There the American people should stand on guard, ready to challenge the appointment of any man as federal prohibition director, who is "wet" at heart, and who will have convenient methods for bringing the law into contempt by reason of the impossibility (?) of enforcing it. We have information that fills us with alarm. Somebody should take that matter in hand in every State in the Union and "page" every man appointed to enforce prohibition as to his antecedents and what is to be expected of him. He might treat the American people to an occasional surprise.

### The Great University of the Mountain Land.

The University of Denver has 1,800 students now in residence. One-third are Methodists and two-thirds come from other communions. The larger groups in the order of numbers represented are: Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics, Jews, Episcopalians, Disciples, Baptists, Congregationalists, Christian Scientists, and Lutherans. They come as many smaller groups with one small group of those who have no religious affiliation.

To secure a correct religious census three forms of cards are used: One card asks for the student's church affiliation. Another card is used to secure the names of those who are committed as Christian workers. A third card is constructed for the signatures of all who care for the welfare of man in this world. It is characterized as "The Dedication to Personal Service for Others."

In the College of Liberal Arts 441 students have signed the pledge of dedication to personal service, as follows:

"I dedicate my life to service for others in harmony with what shall appear to me as the clear indication of the will of God."

One hundred and eighty-five of these are Methodists, fifty-four are Presbyterians, thirty-nine are Catholics, thirty-five are Episcopalians, twenty-five are Jews, seventeen are Baptists, seventeen are Christian Scientists, sixteen are members of the Disciples Church, and fifteen are Lutherans. The others are members of other communions.

Thirty devoted young men are associated together as a gospel team for the purpose of holding evangelistic meetings.

# THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

JAMES R. JOY, Editor  
H. E. WOOLEVER, Assistant Editor

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## Bishop Matthew Simpson Hughes



It is a mysterious Providence which takes from the Board of Bishops in this quadrennium two of the men who were chosen at the last election, and they the two who had senior blood-brothers on the Board. To the name of Bishop FRANKLIN HAMILTON, who died two years ago, must now be added that of Bishop M. S. HUGHES, whose sudden death from pneumonia occurred on Easter morning in the Statler Hotel in Cleveland, Ohio.

Bishop Matt. S. Hughes—for though he was named for Bishop MATTHEW SIMPSON, he preferred and used the abbreviated signature—was the son of a Methodist preacher of the old school, the Rev. THOMAS BAYLESS HUGHES, who was a prince of preachers and presiding elders in West Virginia and Iowa for fifty years, and who, with his gracious wife, lived to rejoice in the distinction of having two sons elected Bishops of the Church to which he had dedicated his all. He died at Pasadena, Cal., three years ago in his eighty-second year.

Matt. Hughes was born in the spring of 1863, when his father was serving the scattered mountain circuits of Doddridge County, and living on almost nothing a year. Though unschooled himself, father Hughes had ambitions for his sons, and the lad with the name which marked him for pulpit eloquence attended Linsly Institute and West Virginia University. He began to study law, and plunged into newspaper work for a few years, but the home prayers and the heavenly influences drew him strongly toward the career which his parents coveted for him, and in 1888 he presented himself at Oskaloosa, applying for admission to the Iowa Conference. He was sent to Malcom Circuit. From the college town of Grinnell, where he had succeeded his father as pastor, and disclosed a brilliancy as a preacher that sent his reputation far and wide when not yet thirty years of age, he was transferred in 1891 to Maine, and stationed at Chestnut Street Church, Portland. Those were the days of pastoral time limit, and long transfers of men of great preaching power. Accordingly, in 1895, he went to Wesley Church, Minneapolis, to repeat his success, adding 600 members in three years. His next pastorate was at Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City, Mo., where he followed Dr. WILLIAM A. QUAYLE, not the lightest assignment in the world. But Dr. Hughes made it one of the longest and greatest pastorates in Methodism (1898-1908). Thence he went to Pasadena, Cal., where the spacious church was not large enough to accommodate the throngs who came to listen.

Always a pastor, and holding no other office, he was repeatedly elected to the General Conference, and usually at the head of his delegation. In his first General Conference (1901) there were twenty-three delegates who supported him on the first ballot for Bishop. In 1908 he had forty votes on the first ballot. It was at this time that his younger brother, EDWIN HOLT HUGHES, was elected. In 1912 he was very strongly favored, having third place on the first ballot, with 299 votes, rising on the second and third ballots to 369 and 372 votes, respectively, and never receiving less than 135 votes on any one of the twenty-six ballots which were necessary.

At Saratoga Springs in 1916 he had 333 votes on the first ballot, and was elected on the twelfth, having received 519 votes. He was the fourth of the seven Bishops elected on that occasion, Bishops WELCH, NICHOLSON, and LEONARD being the first three. He was assigned to the Portland, Oregon, Residential Area.

Bishop Matt. Hughes was a preacher of brilliant parts.



BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON HUGHES, D.D., LL.D.

Born, February 2, 1863, West Union, West Virginia.  
Died, April 4 (Easter Day), 1920, Cleveland, Ohio.

He was the son of the Rev. Thomas Bayless and Louisa (Holt) Hughes. Studied at Linsly Institute and West Virginia University, and received the honorary degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Laws from Hamline University. Studied law and was city editor of the Daily State Journal. Entered Iowa Conference on trial 1888, was pastor at Grinnell, Ia.; Chestnut Street Church, Portland, Me.; Wesley Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City, Mo.; Pasadena, Cal. Member General Conferences of 1904, 1908, 1912, and 1916. Elected Bishop 1916 and assigned to Portland (Oregon) Area. Author of "The Higher Ritualism."

Presence, voice, vocabulary, temperament, education, reading, human contacts produced a combination of qualities which made him a pulpit orator of exceptional power. He spoke with ease of manner and grace of diction. His illustrations were from life as well as from books. His reasoning powers were strong, and when in full career there were lightning flashes of wit and thunders of passionate utterance that laid the hearer under a spell. His success in the pulpit and on the platform assures him a rank among the most eloquent preachers of his generation. It is a heavy loss to the Church to have that clear voice fall silent now.

### From Easter to Pentecost

That there still lives in the marrow of Methodism that zeal for evangelism which was once its distinguishing quality, has been proved by the Easter accessions to the churches. It is already assured that the numbers will

surpass those of any recent year, and will more than offset the slump of 1919. There is danger that efforts may be relaxed now that Ingathering Day has passed. It ought not so to be. The interest that has been aroused should be fostered through the coming weeks. May 23 is Pentecost Day in the calendar of the ancient churches. What more inspiring epoch in a revival than that historic hour? The leaders are summoning the Official Board members and Sunday school officers and teachers of Methodism to give themselves unsparingly to the support of the pastor and to personal effort in bringing people to Christ in the coming fifty days. A leaflet full of helpful suggestions is now available.<sup>1</sup>

### Ensmalling a World Opportunity

(Notes on Bishop Quayle's article, "Ensmalling a World Church."  
See Page 488.)

Bishop QUAYLE comes to the help of the Southern reactionaries who seek the life of the Plan of Unification. On page 488 he has his say in his own coruscating way. In the interest of accuracy, however, attention must be directed to certain points at which, as we believe, he is in error as to the content and meaning of the document.

The Bishop explains that he has been compelled to coin the word "ensmall" to describe what the Commission proposes. Yet a glance at a dictionary would have spared his mint, just as a closer reading of the Plan would have saved him from more serious misconceptions and misstatements. "Ensmalling a World Church" is the bad name he gives to a Plan whose major recommendation is that it organizes Methodism for its nation-wide opportunities, an ideal which can never be consummated unless these two churches speedily get together here in order to work together everywhere.

For the rest his observations may be considered seriatim:

1. The Commission must not be blamed for "insincerity of announcement" if newspaper dispatches and headlines misrepresented its action at Louisville, as doubtless some did. THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE of January 29, 1920, page 150, carefully announced the action in the exact words of the resolution of transmission. Bishop Quayle is incorrectly informed as to the language. He professes to quote the Minutes as saying that the Constitution was "the best we could do." But the official text reads "the best we have been able to agree upon." Furthermore, though there was no formal vote to approve the Plan, except for transmission, it is a matter of common knowledge that three fifths, at least, of each Commission were favorable to it, and were willing to recommend it.

2. In charging the Commission with transcending its powers the Bishop "ensmall" the instructions of the General Conference, which expressly approved "unification by the method of reorganization." The Commission obeyed orders. It is not guilty of "operative insincerity."

3. The Bishop says that the Commission, which was to have made *one* Church, has made "seven distinct Churches in America alone." This statement is grossly opposed to the facts. It obscures the fundamental truth that the report plainly provides for *one* Church, the Methodist Church. It is *one* in name, and *one* in government, through a single supreme law-making body, the General Conference, in which every element in the denomination throughout the world has voice and vote. It has *one* Board of Bishops, regionally chosen but confirmed and ordained by the General Conference and subject to retirement by it. It has *one* Judicial Council, to which all appeals run. It has *one*, and only one, system of benevolent Boards, for the administration of missionary and all other connectional enterprises. If the United States is

a nation, one and indivisible, and not forty-eight distinct nations, then the Methodist Church which is to be is one denomination and not seven.

4. If "people outside are laughing at us," it may be because they do not know what is proposed. If the Plan were what Bishop Quayle conceives it to be they might well laugh. The vast majority of intelligent outside opinion commends the healing of the old breach in Methodism and hails it as an omen of a better day for American Protestantism.

5. The Bishop is right if we understand his phrase about "the world having gone world-wide." That was the compulsion which wrung this agreement from the Commission. They could not take the responsibility of delaying further the consummation of the long-hindered hopes of a world-wide Methodism. What the Bishop misconceives as "fragmentation" and "demolition" is constructive reorganization for world-evangelism.

The government of Methodism in other continents presents a problem by itself. The existing method, formerly adequate, now satisfies no one. The expense of bringing the foreign delegates to the General Conference already exceeds the total traveling expense of all the American delegations. When the Mass Movements and the Centenary agencies bring in their millions of converts our own General Conference will be swamped with numbers and expense. We are no more fit to legislate for Asia's local needs than is Asia to legislate for us. Some form of Regional Conference is essential in a world Church. The Central Conference of Southern Asia has already declared in favor of the Regional Conference plan! Our present Methodist Episcopal Constitution is workable only for an American Church with numerically feeble missions. It is already outgrown. Not to see the dimensions of this problem is to declaim about "world-views" without having glimpsed the meaning of the phrase. The new Constitution is needed for world-wide Methodism even more than for a nation-wide Church.

6. "The Plan," says the Bishop, "sets on the Church a perpetuated caste system." Granted that the Plan is not all that it might be on the race question, and that the Methodist Episcopal Church has conceded ground at this point in order to come to agreement with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which has yielded even more. Nevertheless the Plan, as it stands, guarantees more to the Negro than our Church has ever done for him, with all its boasted "color-blindness." It assures him Bishops of his own choice, the type of Bishop which he has heretofore asked of us in vain. There is no word of "inferior races" in the instrument. It is contrary to the fact to say that "The Negro has been told to get out and to hurry up about it." On the contrary he has been given a dignified place where he can develop himself under leaders of his own selection, and has been guaranteed a voice and a vote in the government of the whole Church. To say that "he is admitted to what he already belongs to on a ratio below the whites" is a perversion of the truth. The present Negro membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church forms one twentieth of the united Church. They will have that proportionate representation in the General Conference. The limit of one twentieth - five per cent - which has been fixed upon the Negro representation in the General Conference is a discrimination more apparent than real. For the Negro membership has never exceeded five per cent of the two Churches, and there is no reason to expect that it ever will. Furthermore, under the provisions of the document for the protection of minorities, this Negro representation is insured against reduction. Having said this, let us say again that it is at this point of racial adjustment that the Plan is most capable of improvement. It remains for the General Conference to decide whether the conces-

<sup>1</sup>ON TO PENTECOST. Fifty days of United Effort. Department of Spiritual Resources, Centenary Conservation Committee, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## THE GENERAL CONFERENCE IN UPROAR

It is not usual that the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is uproarious, but it broke the bounds of its traditional proprieties on last Friday morning when Matthew Simpson Hughes was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Hughes had been before the Church a number of years. Unquestionably he is among the most able and distinguished preachers of present-day world-wide Methodism. He is a man of superb training, fine poise and sane leadership. He comes from a long line of Methodists, his father, still living, being a Methodist preacher of no mean standing. That Matthew Simpson Hughes was worthy of Episcopal honors none seemed to doubt. That which stood in his way was the fact that the Hughes family had produced two men of rare ability, and one of whom, Bishop Edwin Hughes, had already been elected to the highest office in the gift of the Methodist Episcopal Church. So that there were two camps, though there was no bitterness in the division; some thought that because there was one bishop of a family another should not be elected. Others thought that each man should stand on his merit and not be hindered though his brother was honored. So that when the Presiding Bishop announced that Matthew Simpson Hughes was elected a bishop on the twelfth ballot with 549 votes out of a possible 809, the General Conference broke loose; papers were thrown up, at least one hat went up, there was whistling and cheering which lasted for some time, only to break out again when the chairman announced that Bishop-Elect Matthew Simpson Hughes would be escorted to the platform by the brother, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, and Bishop Burt. The sentiment of the occasion was intense and beautiful, and the greeting of the brothers on the platform, though restrained, was affectionate and in every way indicated the love that each bore for the other.—Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Matthew Simpson Hughes.

(Continued from Page 1.)

E. R. Hendrix, Dr. James L. McKee and Dr. E. V. Claypool. The farewell message of the church congregation was delivered by Judge John G. Park.

Matthew Simpson Hughes was born to be a Bishop. His election came on schedule time as by the law of survival of the fit. He was elected in 1916 at Saratoga Springs. His episcopal residence was fixed at Portland, Oregon, in a situation not a little trying. His administration was steady, his influence cumulative, his discourses and lectures thrilling to better things; so that he came to the end of the quadrennium with a degree of unanimity and enthusiasm as to his Episcopal work which must have been deeply gratifying.

As bishop he had not yet given the Church a full measure of his Episcopal potentialities. We are told that his Conference presidency in Iowa and Nebraska was really memorable. Even whilst these words are being written, a learned caller, a world traveler and just critic, comes in to sorrow over the loss to the Church and to speak of Bishop Hughes' remarkable administration at the Iowa Conferences. His conference sermons are uniformly spoken of as gripping. He has always pleading for a deeper accent on evangelism. However, generally speaking, he was biding his time outside his own area whilst "learning the trade." It was observable that in the General Committees, however, he was coming out into a distinct leadership. Particularly at the general meetings last November, and especially at Philadelphia, we observed with gratification how his opinions, leaping like a rapier from its scabbard when prompted by conviction, won in several emergencies.

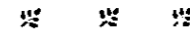
He was not one to trim his sails. Sham privilege, posing, shriveled under his sarcasm as under acid. That was a trait from the first. His address as fraternal messenger to the General Conference of the Church, South, at Oklahoma City, had that same independence of spirit, but it was so clear and so fraternal in its expression of hope that the Churches would come together that in truth it accentuated the currents leading to that open and shoreless sea. Great is the sympathy for Mrs. Hughes and the three children.

Bishop Matthew Simpson Hughes has fallen in the very meridian of his powers. The sun has darkened at noon. The loss is great. But though the standard bearer fall, the great host will not halt, except to pay its respects to one it had chosen to lead. Onward, onward, and still onward must be the motto of the Bride of Christ! Onward into the future onward to make good the purposes of God.



Bishop Matthew Simpson Hughes, one of the newly elected members of the episcopal body, comes to this highest office in the gift of the church directly from the pastorate. He is a brother of Bishop Edwin H. Hughes. He was born in West Union, Virginia, in 1863. He attended the University of West Virginia, and holds the degrees of Doctor of Literature and Doctor of Divinity from Hamline University. He was ordained to the ministry in 1887, and was for five years pastor of the Chestnut Street Church in Portland, Maine; five years at Wesley Church, Minneapolis; three years at Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City, Mis-

souri; and later of the First Church in Pasadena, California. For several years he held the professorship of practical theology in Maclay College of Theology, University of Southern California. Bishop Hughes is an ardent patriot, and for some time served as chaplain of the First Minnesota Regiment. He is the author of a book of sermons entitled "The Higher Ritualism," and is very popular as a lyceum lecturer. He is the second candidate from the Pacific Coast elected bishop by this Conference.





would be in favor of the company, would it not?"  
 "Yes, sor, and Mike would be testify-  
 ing here this day." The jury giggled.  
 —Case and Comment.

There's a lot of fun in not having money. You can always sit down and plant what you would do if you had plenty of it.—Detroit Free Press.

Jersey, the Puck of politics. He is a kind of now-you-see-im and now-you-don't. Says the *Times*: "His talent for making other people uncomfortable is wonderful. After Vice-President Marshall and Mr. McAdoo have entered into a gentleman's agreement not to file petitions in Indiana, Edwards suddenly files one on the last day, and the Vice-President has to gallop to get his own petition in. Mr. McAdoo also gallops, but does not arrive in time, the list being closed. Then Mr. Edwards suddenly withdraws his petition, and the Vice-President, with impaired dignity, withdraws his."

Do not from this draw the inference that Mr. Edwards is galloping out of politics. Scarcely. He is simply galloping full swing around the hurdles instead of taking them. Mr. Edwards knows who his friends are. He knows the telephone numbers of the New Jersey brewers and the whole national whisky plutocrats. As a candidate for the presidency, he simply is undertaking to be fashionable by going up to the national convention after uninstructed delegations. He is a joke so far as the Presidency is concerned. But he will represent the wet clique. He intends, Constitutional Amendment or no Constitutional Amendment, to "make New Jersey as wet as the Atlantic Ocean" and to make the United States a seething tub of beer and wine. He is a high class and dangerous tool of the liquor element which is determined to control one of the great parties and elect a Congress which will practically nullify the Constitution of the United States by providing for the manufacture and shipment and sale of wine and beer, and then nullify enforcement in the states by having the gaff in the cheek of those who make and execute the prohibitory laws.

#### Aut Caesar Aut Nullus.

Do not issue an ultimatum that it is this plan or no plan; that this plan must be adopted as it is or there can be no unification of American Methodism. That is inconsistent with either charity or humility.

The Methodist Episcopal Church can speak for herself whether the plan transmitted, but not recommended, by her Commission is exactly the plan in which she wishes to lose herself in the structure of a new Church. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, can do the same; she can say whether this is the plan on which she wishes to merge her historic personality into a new Church. And each one must be allowed to speak her mind without prejudice or diplomatic shifting to put the other in the hole.

Bishop Denny has brought a weighty argument against the transmitted plan on the basis of race differentiation; a

prayers were offered, and Dr. Goucher came forward to read the report. It was received with universal approval. He spoke in its support, giving a careful analysis of its content.

"Believing that the United Church will have greatly increased power in its conflict with evil in all lands; that it will be able to lay a more effective emphasis on the fundamentals of Christianity; that it will be more potent in developing the higher loyalty to the supremacy of our common Lord and Master, Jesus Christ; and that such a union will hasten the development of a truly world church, which will make for the rapid advancement and final triumph of the Kingdom of God in the world; the Committee on Unification makes the following recommendations:

matter was reported upon, and it will be voted upon any legal basis, the delegates of this Conference will vote to meet again in 1918.

When this paper reaches its constituency on Thursday, May 25, a new editor will have been elected to take charge of the Western during the next quadrennium. He will be introduced in our next issue by the facile pen of Dr. Gilbert. Let us pray that whoever he may be God in his wise provi-

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**MATT. S. HUGHES.**

Bishop Matt. S. Hughes, who has been pastor of First Church, Pasadena, since



Bishop Matt. S. Hughes.

1908, was born in Doddridge Co., Virginia (now West Virginia), Feb. 2, 1863. He attended the University of West Virginia, and in 1896 received the degree of D.D. from Hamline University. This university also conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. in 1909. Bishop Hughes has been pastor of the following churches: Chestnut Street, Portland, Me.; Wesley, Minneapolis; and Independence Ave., Kansas City, Mo. He was Lyceum lecturer in 1906, and is the author of a number of books.



MATT S. HUGHES



**MRS. LOUISE HOLT HUGHES**

The widow of the Rev. Thomas B. Hughes and mother of Bishops Edwin Holt and Matthew Simpson Hughes

One of the affecting incidents of the General Conference at Des Moines, Ia., took place on Monday, May 9. Mrs. Hughes had come to the city to attend the memorial service for Bishop M. S. Hughes on the previous day. She was escorted to the platform by Bishop W. F. Anderson. Her son, who was presiding, kissed her tenderly and presented her proudly to the Conference.

## Interesting Autobiography of an American San Francisco

The autobiography of Charles Francis Adams, just published, is by all odds one of the most interesting publications of its kind ever issued from an American press, and in some particulars it will challenge comparison with the most celebrated productions of the introspective sort known to the literary world. It is remarkable in this new and democratic country, because it describes the aspirations and accomplishments of a man descended from three distinguished ancestors, who himself achieved distinction.

As every schoolboy knows, two of our early presidents were of the Adams family—John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams. Less familiar is the fact that the son of the latter, Charles Francis Adams, filled an important place in the political life of the Nation in its legislative halls, and as Ambassador to the Court of St. James at the outbreak of the Civil War, perhaps in the most crucial period of the Nation's existence.

Charles Francis Adams, the autobiographer, who allows us to see the workings of his mind in the volume just issued, was the second Charles

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JOHN T. JONES, for thirty-eight years a missionary in India, and the author of several authoritative books on India's people, life and thought, described the conditions in the Hindue world.

S. Harrington Littell, a missionary in China for seventeen years under the Protestant Episcopal Board, described the characteristics of Buddhism in China and Japan.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell of the

## Confere

(EDITORIAL CO

THE presence of Dr. Buckley was the occasion of an ovation that must have gladdened the heart of this venerable leader of the Church. There is a limit to a body's demonstration, which the Conference quite reached as the little giant stood before them. His words, spoken in hardly audible tones, were repeated to the Conference by the stenographer upon request from the floor. Dr. Buckley is the recipient of every attention possible to be paid. He is emeritus of all that lies about.



DR. ILIFF AND DR. VAN ORSDEL

DRS. T. C. ILIFF and W. W. Van Orsdel, the "heavenly twins," as they are often called, are here with all the vim of old-time days. These two men are inseparable. Their destinies have been cast in the same great Western land, their age, their genial dispositions, their calling, are strikingly similar. The other morning Dr. Van Orsdel brought the General Conference to a state of religious exaltation at the hour of devotion by singing "Palms of Victory," and

marking down the aisles. There were a few shouts before the close. A General Conference shouting isn't bad. We had no sooner snapped these two with clasped hands than we had more applicants for duplicates than we cared to attend to. They are the two most popular men

the nervousness which always seizes the body in the closing days, and Dr. HINGELEY essayed to cool the fever by assuring the delegates that they had time a-plenty. To add to the confusion the rear-rank delegates were suffering because the sounding-board, which had been placed on the non-effective list during the consecration service, had not yet been lowered into position. The Bishop had to megaphone his decisions to get the range. The presentation of Commander-in-Chief DAN M. HALL and other officers of the Grand Army of the Republic, by L. W. MUNHALL, relieved the tension. The Bishop's ruling that delegates might change their vote on the question of Saturday was the signal for another loud demonstration of approval and dissent. Dr. BARTHOLOMEW thought "a word from the chief justice of this supreme court" (Judge ROGERS) would help matters. The Conference was not of that mind. The parliamentary tangle was made more complicated by motions and points of order until the situation was hopeless, though E. H. CHERRINGTON and others brought their parliamentary manuals into action. H. P. SLOAN (New Jersey) thought he could cure the ail, and was cheered all the way to the platform—and all the way back, for the chair ruled him off without a word. Judge DRYDEN (Nebraska) got a little farther. "Edmund Burke once said"—he begun; but what Burke said the Conference will never know. Then W. H. VAN BENSCHOTEN (New York) leaped into the breach. "Isn't it about time," he cried, "that we stood steady?" and he was making fair progress toward order, when the chairman discovered that it was 10:30 o'clock, the hour of recess, and the gavel fell.

After recess, D. G. DOWNLY (New York East) stilled the tumult. He moved that Saturday's ayes and noes should be printed, and that on Tuesday morning any so desiring might change their votes. Consent was almost unanimous, and this storm center passed—at least for this day.

The subject of the unification of Methodism, which had been looked forward to as a focus of trouble, aroused no discussion. A representative committee, after studying the suggested plan for three weeks, brought in a report recommending that the plan and all related matters be referred to a large joint constitutional convention in which both churches should have equal representation. The Conference listened in silence, applauding sparingly as the reading clerk finished. Bishop McDOWELL, for the committee, briefly stated the grounds of the report, especially the opinion of the committee that to press the present plan for amendment and adoption would have been to imperil the Union. There were cries of "Vote!" The previous question



MEMOIR OF  
Bishop  
Matthew Simpson Hughes,  
D. D., LL. D.



BY  
WILLIAM WALLACE YOUNGSON, D. D.  
*District Superintendent*  
Portland District, Oregon Conference

Received by  
L. J. ...  
1920

[Read at the MEMORIAL SERVICES  
of the  
Puget Sound and Oregon Conferences, 1920.]

MEMOIR OF  
Bishop  
Matthew Simpson Hughes,  
D. D., LL. D.



BY  
WILLIAM WALLACE YOUNGSON, D. D.

## Bishop Matthew Simpson Hughes

**G**REAT and good men never die; they belong to all time. In human thought, labor and development they are ever present. The greatest fact in the Universe is personality. We are not able to imagine anything that can transcend it. Its dignity is lofty. Its assets are large. Its fellowships are noble. Its range is immense. The study of character is therefore most interesting and profitable.

### A Pilgrim of the Infinite

When Chancellor Day, at a railway station, asked the philosopher, Borden P. Bowne, if he ever had a doubt of the "conscious personal immortality of the soul," Professor Bowne answered: "I have not a doubt. But for the grief it would bring to my dear wife and the sorrow that would come to my friends, if I knew that I were to die to-night, I would go bounding into the adventures of the future life as a boy goes bounding out from school for his vacation. Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure that life gives us."

"Are there not  
Two points in the adventure of the diver,  
One—When a beggar, he prepares to plunge,  
One—when a prince, he rises with his pearl?  
Festus, I plunge!"

Matthew Simpson Hughes is a pilgrim of the infinite. He has taken a great leap into immensity. He has gone to see where the stars are and how they live. Immortality is an attribute of personality.

"Go where he will, the good man is at home;  
Where the good spirit leads him, there's his road,  
By God's own light illumined and foreshown."

This man, four cubits high, became tall enough to touch the third heaven. A pilgrim of the infinite is he; and the old hymn, familiar to his childhood, sings on in our souls today:

"Thus onward we move and save God above  
None guesseth how wondrous the journey will prove."

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### Birth and Coronation

The subject of this sketch, eldest son of the Reverend Thomas Bayliss Hughes and Louisa Holt Hughes, was born in the Methodist parsonage at West Union, West Virginia, February 2, 1863, and went to his coronation the early morning of Easter Sunday, April 4, 1920, from Cleveland, Ohio. His pulpit was expectant, his friends were impatient for his arrival, but word reached the waiting congregation and the world that

“—like the hand that ends a dream,  
Death, with the might of his sunbeam”

had touched his flesh and his soul had waked. We stood with bowed and uncovered heads while a storm, like a tempest at sea, swept across our hearts. These dates represent the earthly beginning and end of an extraordinary life worthy of study and permanent record.

### Boyhood and Student Days

Boyhood days in a Methodist parsonage were followed by student days in the University of West Virginia. An attractive personality, remarkably alert, with a clear grasp of truth and unusual facility in happy expression, he was assuredly popular among the students—a leader, well-known and beloved.

The end of his student days found him interested in politics and journalism. He became city editor of the Parkersburg Daily Journal. He was a brilliant writer. There was no mistaking his attitude toward state and national and international affairs. It is not at all strange that, under these circumstances, with his remarkable natural gift of oratory and grasp on current events, he was invited to active participation in the discussion of the issues of the national election of 1884 in West Virginia. When he was scarcely beyond 21 years of age he entered the campaign with his brilliant platform abilities, and became better known throughout the little mountain state than any other young man of his age in the history of that commonwealth. It looked then as if he might turn to politics or journalism, in either of which fields he would no doubt have attained wide distinction. What a lawyer he would have made!

The life these avenues opened to him was rich in excitement. It made a tremendous appeal to his mind, which was both brilliant and aggressive. He ranged it as an open field with no bounds for his enthusiasm. It was the world of men, where talent met talent and competition ran fierce and strong. It was the realm of conflict and triumph. His versatile powers and facile pen made him

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one to be taken into account by the leaders in state politics. He flew forward in his course as one dazzled by a vision that held his eyes, so he could not see the direction he was taking. But intercession impeded him. Suddenly he awakened to the consciousness that he was going wrong. Could he turn back to his father's way? If he should, the tempter suggested he would have to enter the Christian ministry. That he would not do. No, never!

### Conversion and Call to the Ministry

Then came the inner struggle that made him miserable. His friends found him fighting against Christ. The crisis came at the old Loveland Camp meeting in southern Ohio. Learning that his father was there he was impelled to go and see him, leaving his work in Parkersburg. Under the appeal of a sermon, preached by his own father, Matt presented himself at the altar. What a moment for father and son! He was powerfully converted on Tuesday night. Immediately all bridges were burned. He preached his first sermon the following Sunday morning. In less than thirty days he had received at the hands of the Bishop his first appointment to Ewart Circuit, Iowa. Thus began one of the most brilliant careers in the pastorates of our Church.

He was ordained in 1887. On October 24, 1888, he was married to Miss Harriett F. Wheeler of Grinnell, Iowa, who, with Esther and Matt Jr., survives him, residing at 687 East 16th Street North, Portland, Oregon, while Blakeney, practicing law, resides at Fresno, California.

From that little circuit of four points he went to a station called Malcom. From Malcom he followed his father at Grinnell, Iowa, an important educational center. It was an unusual thing for a son to follow his father immediately, and follow him so successfully. He was now rated as a remarkable preacher, a powerful and persuasive personality. Quickly he passed forward to the most important churches of the denomination, for he was a man with a world vision and a world outlook—an ardent advocate of evangelical Christianity.

His next appointment was Chestnut Street, Portland, Maine. From Maine he went to Wesley Church, Minneapolis; from there to Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri; thence to our great First Church at Pasadena. Thus it will be seen that by one bound he entered the prominent pastorates of the church. In twenty-six years he served only four charges—a most remarkable record. During those thirty years in the pastorate, he gloriously fulfilled the prophecy of the name given him at birth—Matthew Simpson!

West Virginia may boast his beginnings, and Cleveland his

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valedictory; California may claim the honors of his greatest pastorate, and our "Rose City" may treasure his sacred dust; yet Kansas City will always claim that his greatest work was wrought there. From the pulpit of Independence Avenue Church he flung his evangel across the Methodism of a continent, and made his name a synonym of evangelistic power.

There for ten glorious years he poured out the treasures of his mind and heart in golden streams to enrich the community and the world, which became the example and inspiration, as well as the despair, of those who followed him in that pulpit. His sermons exhibited erudition, his style was clear and impressive. He had a luminous faculty for delineating men, movements and events. He was a philosopher and theologian, preserving an admirable equipoise in his discussions of the different schools of thought which Christian preaching exemplifies. There was spaciousness of background, catholicity of outlook, clearness of prophetic vision, fervor of apostolic grace, hospitality of mind and heart, and a crystal depth of conviction, which stamped his pulpit work as the princely art of preaching.

### Preacher by Nature's Own Appointment

He was a born preacher. God fitted him by mind and heart, presence and voice, to be a preacher to his own and succeeding generations. His logic was as keen as the thrust of a rapier in the hands of a soldier trained to battle. He was gifted with a clear and swift-cutting intellect. He analyzed with the skill of a master. It is not too much to say that as an analytical preacher he had few equals in the church he loved. He found the scriptures as fruitful as a vine, and when he was through with a text its purple clusters hung in the sun to the enjoyment of all. His interpretations and characterizations were marked by historical insight, by keen sense of preaching values, by firm grasp of the fundamentals of the Christian message, and by catholicity of conception of the preacher's task. He portrayed the inspired seers of Christianity, the sources of courage and devotion, of new faith, unfathomed strength and exhaustless consolation. He believed that doctrinal preaching is the best antidote against the errors that invade the church with insidious subtlety, which are all the more damaging because clothed in pious phrases that disguise paralyzing impieties, and he presented those doctrines with the unction of authority, the conviction of certainty, and with vital persuasiveness. His belief was right. For when people are out of touch with the tenets of historic Christianity they are subjected to the shiftings and catchwords of the hour. Only a fully equipped preacher can influence

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for good the virile people and movements of his time. He always respected the dignified procedure necessary to devotional gatherings. He imparted to their ministrations that indefinable attraction of bearing, which is to worship what perfume is to the flower. He was always careful to consider all the elements of our complex and embarrassing situation in a clear-sighted and forceful manner, with intense conviction, directness of purpose, originality of treatment, and Christian optimism concerning the functions, possibilities and duties of the preacher of the blessed evangel.

From him great sermons came with the ease that reverberant waterfalls leap from rocky shelter in the fastnesses of the mountains. He was a master of assemblies because his thought ran in advance of men, and helped them up the toilsome ascent whither they could not have gone without his aid. He spoke to their cravings, to their aspirations, to their hopes as well as to their sorrows and pains. They will always be able to recall Bishop Hughes—his heart, his voice, his mien, his accent. They will always think of him as a man of genius, a man of spiritual insight, of scholarship, style, and keen intellectual power. For years to come his memory will refresh weary hearts, as the dew refreshes the flowers. It is no extravagance to say that thousands of souls have been lifted to unwonted heights of intellectual and spiritual illumination by his ministry. In his sermons, which were the refined product of faith and reason, he unveiled the inner shrine of his own spiritual life—the legacy of his soul to his people. He did not aim to be academic or formal in argument, but to create a cumulative and, if possible, convincing impression—a substantial foundation for faith. By the unanimous vote of the Board of Bishops he was appointed fraternal delegate to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which met in Oklahoma City in May, 1914. The effect of his address at their General Conference was electric and overwhelming. He was known and loved and honored by both great Methodisms of the United States.

### Bishop of the Church

In 1916 came his election to the Episcopacy. He had been the recipient of a very complimentary vote in 1908, at the time of the election of Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, his younger brother. At the psychological moment the elder brother stepped forward to the platform, asked for the opportunity of a privileged statement, and in the most manly way, which commanded the admiration of the General Conference, asked that he be considered no longer in connection with the Episcopacy. But four years ago the church gladly honored him. By his own merits, special fitness of character and sheer

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ability, intellectual and spiritual, he rose to this highest office in the gift of the church.

Men asked, "Is he an administrator?" For it is not always that men with such oratorical gifts have also the poise of judgment and administrative balance which will make them conspicuously useful in practical affairs. But you may follow his record in these four years, whether it be in the east or in the west, wherever he presided, and you will find it was done in faithfulness, in brotherly devotion and with keen insight into administrative problems. This fact marks him a man of the first rank, not only a gifted and eloquent orator, but a wise, careful, and conscientious counsellor and administrator, always revealing a fine sense of adaptation, and genuine power of leadership. He decided all questions on their merits. He was possessed of rare and undaunted courage. His organizing ability was unusually marked.

His all too brief record as General Superintendent was brilliant and most promising, but that short period gave him ample time to impress his Christian spirit and sacrificial nature on the Methodism of the Portland area. It had confidence in him and love for him. He is "our Bishop" in a very special sense. He could hardly speak above a whisper when he came. His first round of conferences was made without his having delivered a single public utterance. Matt Hughes, the eloquent, thus became Matt Hughes the administrator. We marvel at the transformation wrought in four years. We thank God for the delightful fellowship, spiritual power, and strong, wise administration of this dear man. So much has been accomplished and with so little friction. The Portland area was his only area. How he loved it! How proud he was of it! How devoted to his men! How loyally and royally he supported his district superintendents! What clarion notes he sounded for "connectionalism among our churches and mutuality among our people." He took this great Oregon country on his heart—its vast possibilities, and Methodism's opportunity. He knew the preachers by name; his intuition was sound; his observation keen; his sympathy heart compelling. Here his last work was done and here his body sleeps.

"Who answers Christ's insistent call  
Must give himself, his life, his all,  
Without one backward look.  
Who sets his hand unto the plow  
And glances back with anxious brow,  
His calling hath mistook.  
Christ claims him wholly for His own—  
He must be Christ's, and Christ's alone."

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## Cultured Christian Gentleman

Matt S. Hughes, a great man, a commanding personality, a famous and effective preacher; a magnetic orator, with forensic power and clarity of thought; a pungent writer, with incisive and expressive diction; a systematic student, steeped in the choicest books and finest literature; unusually familiar with the inside of current Methodist activities; clear and forceful in debate, with a sense of repartee that was like a bath in the waters of Lethe; and yet, withal, such grace and geniality, that, always and everywhere, he was the cultured Christian gentleman, with the courage of his convictions, which he was always expected to express with the utmost frankness; a distinguished citizen of the Republic; servant of God; friend of Humanity; Bishop of the Church; in the very zenith of his fame and power Matt Hughes is fallen upon death!

In form Bishop Hughes was slight; in features handsome. In disposition he was gentle and most lovable. He was clean as a sunbeam and true as steel. His attire was faultless. His courtesy was chivalrous. His culture was profound. He was fearless and straightforward. His moral courage was most charming. He possessed an imperturbable coolness. In his home he was affectionate, amiable, always kind, social and hospitable. He loved deeply, though he once confessed to me that he was the poorest man in the world to show affection, but his very simplicity made the rest of us fondly love him. Our affection was not misplaced. Few men ever responded so fully to appreciation and devotion as did he. His home was a constellation of light and love and these sweet influences were the inspiration of his masterful achievements.

To analyze a character like that of Matt S. Hughes is not easy. He could, as a Methodist preacher, rebuke, refute, contradict, challenge and defy. He had a magnificent capacity for indignation. With clenched fists and eyes flashing he could demonstrate that which he believed to be error. And yet, as a Bishop, he would consult, defer, inquire and show a humility that captured all within his range. He talked but little in his cabinet work, but when he spoke it was with manifest frankness. His words never had any presumptuous or boastful sound. His methods in conducting a Conference were those of his own. As this was the only Episcopal area he served it may be proper for one who was in his cabinet at the Conferences to say of him that, like Lincoln, up to a certain point, he let every one do as he pleased; but all realized that somewhere behind that gentle manner was a heart of flint and a nerve of steel. His election to the Episcopacy did not spoil him. He was the same simple, modest gentleman. He had a passion for facts—a memory like a day book—disciplined until it was a regular card

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index. His independent and fearless style of preaching awakened from slumber a vast deal of dozing intellect among the strong men who heard him. His mind was of a high order—rapid and clear in its operations—inventive and illustrative. He was possessed with unusual versatility. Whatever he attempted was well done. He could hold high fellowship with the greatest minds the world has produced.

## God's Finger Touched Him

Something beautiful has passed our way and we are glad that we have seen it. Such as he cannot be where God is not. The wave of feeling, deep, widespread and sincere, which his sudden passing evoked, found a fitting and impressive consummation in the memorial services held in Cleveland, Kansas City and Pasadena, and in the funeral service in First Church, Portland, Oregon. It was more than the funeral of a private citizen. The people of this area, and in a very particular sense, the people of this state and city, had come to realize that while he was essentially and devotedly a world possession, in a very real sense he was our own—"our Matt." That is why an air of genuine and affectionate sorrow pervaded our midst when he left us. It is fitting, too, that his treasured dust repose within the area to which he gave his full measure of devotion. The body lies in a vault in the Portland Crematorium in Sellwood, Portland.

Bishop Hughes died at 57—twenty years too soon. He had not reached the summit of his intellectual and spiritual power. His next twenty years might have been of untold value to mankind. With public speaking in behalf of the church and the nation, united with supervisory work and undivided responsibility, the tax was too heavy. His body began to lag behind. It was no match for his restless, dauntless spirit. Willing moral leaders, generously endowed, are led in ways too strenuous. We exact too much. We have need for quite as able moral leadership now as we had in the war. Men of high ideals and big brain, who have been trained to inspire multitudes with tongue and pen, are rare. There never has been a time when this nation needed so many as now.

His going to Cleveland, Ohio, for a series of addresses during Holy Week was the last undertaking. In the course of Providence he went back to the state where he had found Christ and made his consecration to the ministry. Here the last week and the last hour of his life were spent. He spoke daily of the sorrow and suffering and death and resurrection of his Lord.

Early in the morning, before it was yet day, when all believers in Christ were preparing to celebrate the Easter Sabbath, when the gates of immortality are unbarred and faith walks through into the

[Eleven

light of an eternal morning, he closed his eyes in death. Without a struggle, or paroxysm, unexpectedly to himself, he passed away as gently and confidently as a tired babe would slumber in the arms of its mother. "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

### The Easter Glory

It was an opportune time to demonstrate to the world how a Christian can slip away into the realm of endless day amidst the blooming Easter lilies, and the songs of the birds of spring. What more could a man ask for his crowning than a sudden departure on Easter morning?

"What do I owe  
To this dear land of ours?  
—All of my best:  
My time, my thought, my powers.  
All of my best  
Is yet too small to give  
That this our land  
May to Thine increase live.

What do I owe  
To Christ, my Lord and King?  
—That all my life  
Be one sweet offering;  
That all my life  
To noblest heights aspire,  
That all I do  
Be touched with holy fire."

Matt Hughes! Strong, brave, modest, righteous, unswerving and absolutely uncompromising; a well-bred, well-trained, courteous Christian gentleman. He was great not by caprice or accident or environment, but by the nobility of his superb character. Such a man is great whenever he appears and wherever he appears. In solemn awe we pronounce the name of

### Matt S. Hughes

and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on, for,

"When a good man dies,  
For years beyond our ken  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men."

Twelve]

With such a noble example before us, Brothers, let us answer our Saviour's command and Methodism's call! Summer is coming!

"Out of the shadows of the night  
The earth rolls into the light;  
Soon it will be daybreak everywhere."

Thank God for Christian Faith! Thank God for the Immortality of Love! May He bless those who remain to register their loss in daily prayers in his own family circle—and his mother, his brothers and his sisters! May He comfort them and us all with a great hope!

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Photographs from this  
file have not been  
included but are  
available upon request.  
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