

Methodist Ecumenical Council and Its Components

LONDON, Aug. 14.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The first week in September will be a memorable one in the religious life of London and to at least one body of religionists it will be memorable throughout the world, for it will witness the home-coming to this city of the forces of world-wide Methodism and the gathering together in the very church in which John Wesley himself used to preach of those 100 ministers and laymen, 300 from America and 200 from this side, whose honor and glory it will be to represent the twenty or more branches of this numerous family in what, after fourteen days of fellowship and counsel, will pass into history as the third Methodist Ecumenical conference. The first of these conferences was held twenty years ago. That also, as the present one will do, had its habitation under the historic roof of Wesley's own chapel, but the second found its fitting place of assembly in the capital of that new world in which Methodism has had its greatest expansion. It was held ten years ago in Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church, Washington, D. C.

A fortunate circumstance in connection with the first home-coming of those who represented world-wide Methodism was that at that time a Methodist held that civic position in London, which is second only in authority and honor to that of the sovereign. At the Mansion House in the lord mayor's seat was Sir William McArthur, the son of a Methodist preacher and himself a Methodist of the fervid, old-fashioned kind, as the thousands of Americans who saw him will readily recall. It was a wonderful thing for the English followers of John Wesley to have one of their own faith in a position of supreme dignity such as that and when it came about that during Sir William's term of office John Wesley's chapel in City Road happened to be the gathering place of the first Methodist Ecumenical, British Methodism, it may well be supposed, was in high feather. Here was a chance to let the country in which Methodism was born see in the strongest possible light, under the glare of the highest civic patronage, what Methodism had grown to be both in the method and in those lands across the sea where this simple form of worship has found a wider field and altogether easier conditions.

Lord Mayor in Evidence.

The Methodist lord mayor of London met the occasion in a really magnificent way. A delegate to the conference, he was always present when his higher civic duties would permit, but his greatest service—one for which America no less than English Methodism must always honor his memory—was in rendering to the conference itself and all foreign visitors to it a formal reception at the Mansion House. No circumstance of civic state was lacking at this memorable function. Sir William McArthur was so determined not to slight his co-religionists that he did not diminish by even so much as a single variety the seven kinds of wine that are provided at Mansion House receptions. These products of the finest vineyards of Europe were all present on the beautifully laid refreshment tables, with each of the different colored glasses in which they are served, and the American delegates, despite their advanced temperance sentiments, were at liberty to share in these stimulating beverages, had they chosen to do so, equally with their brethren of the Methodist churches in England, who, it is well known, are not so self-denying in such matters. But they didn't and at first some of them seemed to resent the social comradery which had compelled them to even look upon the wine when it is red and when it moveth itself aright. But good feeling triumphed before long, as it could hardly help doing under the genial, whole-souled influence of such a host as Sir William McArthur proved himself to be.

One recalls this Methodist lord mayor as a

fat, jolly looking Irishman, with all the wit and good nature of his race. His features were rosy and full. He was hearty in manner and there was a sort of unctuousness about him which was more suggestive of a Methodist class meeting than of the mayoral dignities of a great city like London. In all the splendid regalia of his office did Sir William receive the thousands of distinguished Methodists who that day thronged the Mansion House and when this imposing formality had ended he proceeded to do something which made the ministers from America fully forgive him for having, in the true British style of hospitality, put the temptation of wine before them. What he did, in fact, considering the place and all the circumstances, was something which ought to be commemorated by every Methodist historian on both sides of the Atlantic.

100 years ago used to meet in an old foundry at 5 o'clock in the morning, have now grown until in actual membership they exceed 7,000,000 and have probably a constituency, counting members and adherents also, of more than 20,000,000. At the first ecumenical twenty years ago the figures were not, of course, so great as these, but even then the Methodist churches combined had a membership of more than 5,000,000 and it was the thought of this wonderful growth which at that lord mayor's reception swept over the assembled guests in such a genuinely Methodist wave of power and emotion. By a happy chance, too, the words of the hymn were eminently fitted to give momentum to this wave of power, for it was one of the early Wesleyan hymns, which must have been sung at first mostly on faith, but which

Bishops O. P. Fitzgerald, J. C. Granbery and C. B. Galloway, the latter of whom, at 10 a. m., Wednesday, September 4, will preach the opening sermon, in being chosen for this honor Bishop Galloway follows in the wake of two illustrious predecessors. At the first ecumenical the opening discourse was by Bishop Matthew Simpson. At that first coming together of the divided hosts of Methodism the preacher's theme would naturally be "Christian Unity," and this theme the bishop treated with his characteristic fervor and eloquence. This was a memorable occasion in Bishop Simpson's life. He seemed to plead for toleration and good fellowship with the consciousness that his last opportunity had come, and it had, for his death occurred two years later. So, too, has the saintly and seraphic William Arthur gone now to his

of his and come again to find gift where there had been whitewash, beauty where there had been homeliness and luxury in place of the old-time evidences of poverty and inconvenience? This is the question some visitors will ask, but all the same there will hardly be one of the 500 delegates to the coming conference who will not be glad that the pews in this ancient meeting house are not so high nor so straight-backed as they were twenty years ago, not to speak of what they used to be in Wesley's time, and who will not feel a thrill of denominational pride at some of the other improvements.

Coming events cast their shadows before and the approaching ecumenical, I found, was casting a shadow of a certain kind, if one might call it a shadow without offense, over the congregation in John Wesley's church that very Sunday morning when I happened to be worshipping there. One contracts here after a few months the English habit of getting to church in good time. Hence it was that on this occasion I had leisure before service began to look around a little and read the signs, both printed and human, in the vestibule. One of the printed signs informed me that if I desired I could rent a sitting on the ground floor of that historic church for as low a sum as from \$2 to \$4 a year. It also informed me that if that exorbitant amount was beyond my means I could find good accommodation in the gallery for \$1 a year. This was a reminder that City Road chapel has to make its appeal today to the class who haven't much money to waste and that it has long ceased to be self-supporting, being kept up now at the expense of the Wesleyan connection at large.

Colored Section is Strong.

It was while I was looking at this statement and reflecting upon its significance that the coming ecumenical cast its shadow over the place and to me it was a very comely and welcome shadow, for it consisted of about a dozen as fine looking, well-groomed colored men as one ever sees at home or abroad. They were part of the delegation from the African Methodist Episcopal church who had taken time by the forelock and, like myself, had come around to see that this dear old church of Wesley's was in spick and span order for the great gathering that was to be held in it a month from that time. In the sermon that morning I had little interest. What I eagerly awaited was the benediction, for I was sure that after that there was a great religious treat in store for me. The result showed that there was, and it consisted in the rare enjoyment of witnessing the still more rare enjoyment of those dozen or more honored representatives of a race which owes so much to John Wesley and his followers as they went around, under competent guides, to examine for the first time the various busts and memorials in that time-honored shrine, and then at last, one by one, climbed the circular stairway and stood in Wesley's own pulpit, each of them evidently feeling as he did, so that the moment occupied in this new and high experience was the proudest of his life. As well they might, for the late Dean Stanley said once that he would give £100 to preach from that pulpit, and Dr. Joseph Parker, in preaching the re-opening sermon of Wesley's church two years ago, said that Wesley's pulpit was one of the most illustrious in the world.

What will be the chief features in the program of this third ecumenical conference, in what points it will differ from the two conferences which have preceded it, what is thought over here as to the probable results of it, what the arrangements are for taking care of so large and representative a gathering and in particular what the king and queen may possibly do to show their interest in so important a body—these are matters which I cannot treat fully until next week. HENRY TUCKLEY.



GOVERNOR SHAW AND STAFF REVIEWING THE IOWA TROOPS AT CAMP DODGE.

The era of flashlights had not dawned twenty years ago, otherwise the camera surely would have caught Sir William in this act and posterity would have been the richer for it. Just as ten years later it caught Bishop Hurst in the act of welcoming that second ecumenical at Washington.

Lined Out a Hymn.

What the lord mayor of London did that day, after formally receiving his guests, was first to put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles and then to take out of the inside pocket of his mayoral robe a well-worn Methodist hymn book. Then, mounting a canopied pedestal, he called the meeting to order, preliminary to the speech-making, by opening the book and announcing a hymn. This writer recalls these circumstances and the scene which followed as one of the most impressive occasions in a life that has certainly not lacked in the opportunity to see things. The hymn was "lined," as the early Methodists used to call it; that is, it was read between the singing two lines at a time. The lord mayor himself rendered it in this old-fashioned manner, taking us back by this old-time touch to the period when Methodists, whose representatives were now guests of honor in London's Mansion House, were nearly all either too illiterate to read or too poor to buy books. O, how those Methodists sang that day, the lord mayor who lined out the words being just as hearty in carrying the tune! Many were the voices that trembled and many the eyes that were wet, for it was an occasion when memory was obliged to bring up the struggling past and hold it in pathetic yet triumphant contrast with the bright present and the still more promising future.

The world's Methodism, when its 500 r. p. representatives shall be called to order in John Wesley's chapel on the 4th of next month, will unroll before the gaze of men and angels a stational table which will show that the handful of despised folk, who

the followers of Wesley can sing today with a fuller realization of what it means, the first lines being:

So is how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace,
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

Times Have Changed.

There is no Methodist lord mayor at the Mansion House today and it is certain that the delegates to the ecumenical which convenes in Wesley's church next month will not be greeted by any dignitary in House reception. Next in civic dignity to the lord mayor of London are the two sheriffs, but though one of these, Mr. Horace Marshall, happens to be a Wesleyan Methodist, he cannot be relied upon for any social attentions. How could one expect this when he has not himself been honored with an appointment as delegate to this body? Sheriff Marshall is a large publisher. He it is who publishes the Methodist Times, that lively and really radical journal whose gifted, plain-spoken editor is Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. This reminds me how deeply regretful it will be to all who know what a genius Mr. Hughes is and what a prominent and popular part he had in the two former ecumenicals, that the coming gathering is likely to miss him on account of broken health. And another prominent minister likely to be absent—quite as much of a genius as Mr. Hughes and almost as well known in America—is Dr. W. L. Watkinson. In both these cases it is the old, sad story of burning the candle at both ends—too much work, too little play and at last the inevitable collapse, from which there is hardly ever any recovery.

But there will be no lack of distinguished and influential men in this gathering. Amongst the 120 delegates sent by the Methodist Episcopal church will be five bishops—J. F. Hurst, J. H. Vincent, D. A. Goodsell, J. W. Hamilton and J. C. Hartzell—while the Methodist Episcopal Church South in its delegation of seventy will send

long rest, he who, ten years ago, was the opening preacher of the second ecumenical. Many Prominent Methodists.

The list of delegates from this side contains the names of nearly all the leading ministers and of some men who are exceptionally prominent in political and social life. Amongst the latter are two members of Parliament, Rt. Hon. Sir H. H. Fowler and Mr. Robert W. Perks. Mr. Perks is one of the most active and able of the Methodist laity. It is largely through his zeal that the Wesleyan church of Great Britain has made such excellent progress with its twentieth century fund. The amount sought was \$5,000,000. In subscriptions there have already been raised more than \$4,500,000 and at least \$3,000,000 have been paid in. Mr. Perks is a liberal in politics as is also Sir H. H. Fowler, who in political life is much the more prominent of the two. Sir Henry Fowler has served with distinction more than once in the cabinet of a liberal government. But these two Methodist M. P.'s are alike in one particular, for each has bolted the party whip on the subject of the South African war. They opposed the war at the start, but now that the country is in for it, they are in for it, like Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith and many other liberals.

Mindful of what Wesley's chapel is to world-wide Methodism, at once its cradle and its cathedral, with vivid memories of the conference held there twenty years ago and with thought just as lively in regard to the coming conference, I sacredly, two Sundays back, paid a visit to this City Road shrine. Within two years this historic temple has been thoroughly renovated and beautified. It still looks plain almost to ugliness on the outside, but within one finds a scene of tastefulness and decorative art. But what would Wesley say, he who always pleaded for a plain house of worship, were he permitted to leave his earthly resting place at the back of this old church

Uncommon Events and Episodes Noted in the World

PROF. DICKSON of Yale, camping on Indian creek, has demonstrated the possibility of welding two snakes together so that the two bodies would unite and continue to grow as one, says a dispatch from Seville, Colo.

While it was admitted that human parts could be made to grow together, it was contended that the sluggish circulation of the reptiles would militate against success. A rattler was extended with an iron hoop circling his head. An adder was obtained and cut in two. The rattler was treated in the same way. The rear half of the adder was then sewed to the front of the rattler with strong thread and after twenty-four hours the iron collar was removed and the composite reptile was placed in a cage, where he squirmed around with every evidence of vitality in his nether end.

The absence of the customary rattle and warning puzzled the rattler when a rabbit was shoved into the den. His supply of voice, however, was not diminished by his excitement, for when he struck the rabbit it began to swell and in an hour was dead. The metamorphosed rattler will be kept under scientific scrutiny for the next two months.

An interesting illustration of Hungarian enterprise is furnished in the systematic experiments now being made in that country with the object of introducing the cultivation of the cotton plant. Although the

climate leaves only five months (from the middle of April to the middle of September) for all the necessary operations from sowing to picking, it is calculated that by special measures the usual seven months can be shortened by two. These consist of a special preparation of the seeds by the addition of certain ingredients to the soil. The advantages to the country would be so great that the government ordered a thorough investigation and as this proved favorable agreed to support the project. Large tracts of land, otherwise valueless, owing to the periodical inundations, might be devoted to this culture. The experiments have thus far been kept very quiet, but the final results will be made public in the autumn.

An enthusiastic golf player says that "vultures" are becoming thick on the links about Chicago. By "vultures" he means the men and boys who make a practice of going over the course looking for lost balls. They hover over marshy ground, generally, and when the caddy can't locate the ball and is told to give it up the vultures swoop down. A good golf ball costs 30 cents. Some of the caddies may develop into vultures themselves. It is an open secret among golf players that a dishonest caddy, while pretending to be looking for a lost ball, will tramp it down into the earth with his heel. Then after you have exhausted your patience and put out a new ball he makes a mental calculation and

that night or early the next morning he goes and digs it up. There are men who deal in second-hand balls, doctor them up and make them look like new.

Among Kaiser William II's little peculiarities is that of pulling his right ear lobe when annoyed or worried. Apropos of this an amusing anecdote is told. It happened during his recent visit to England at the time of Queen Victoria's death. The Kaiser was lunching at the duke of York's when a telegram was handed in and its contents being far from agreeable, his majesty mechanically seized hold of his auditory organ. The action did not escape the notice of bright little Prince Edward, the duke's youngest son, who, staring at the Kaiser with wide-open eyes, posed the question:

"Say, unky, why do you pull your ear?"

"Because I am annoyed, my dear."

"And you always do that when you are annoyed, unky?"

The little chap was still for a minute, then he continued:

"And when you is very, awfully much annoyed, unky, what is it you do then?"

"I pull somebody else's ear," was the immediate reply.

Dr. Woodward, who has been excavating at Pikermi on account of the British museum natural history department, in conjunction with the Athens university, has

finished his work for this season and will return home shortly. Thirty-eight cases of bones will be shipped to London.

The British government paid all the expenses and what finds were unique were handed over to the Athens university; the duplicates were retained by Dr. Woodward for England. A complete skeleton of a lion and a peculiar head of a giraffe, horned, have been kept in Athens and were the most precious finds. The British government has done an excellent stroke of business, for, at an expenditure of about £300 it has a collection of Pikermi bones worth many times that amount.

It is a curious coincidence that the bones of a horned giraffe should be excavated in Greece contemporaneously with the discovery of a new species of African horned giraffe recently reported by Sir H. H. Johnston from Uganda.

Returning from a fishing expedition, the general manager of one of the largest railways in England, dressed in tweed suit, with rods, net, etc., alighted at a small country junction station. The porter was very attentive, removing his traps and taking care of them until the departure of the branch train, inasmuch that the general manager handed him a tip, which was accepted with gratitude. After a little while, accosting the porter, he inquired: "Do you know who I am?"

"Indeed I do not, sir," replied the porter.

"Well, I'm the general manager of this railway and I suppose you know there's an order in your rule book against taking tips from passengers?"

"Beggling your pardon, sir, it says we are not to take gratuities from the public, but there's nothing against our taking one from a fellow servant."

That porter was set down for promotion.

The old gentleman had returned to the home of his boyhood for the first time in ten years or more and, as on the last occasion, he had written "and wife" after his name on the hotel register. Of course, the keeper of the hotel was glad to see him and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Ain't grown a day older than when you was here last," he said.

"No," said the old gentleman, half inquiringly.

"Not a day," returned the tavern keeper, emphatically. "Your wife seems to have changed more'n you."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes; leastways she does to me. Looks thinner than when you was here last."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. She ain't near so fleshy as she was, accordin' to my recollection. Seems like she's taller, too, an' her hair don't look just the same to me, an'—an'—"

"And," put in the old gentleman, softly, "she's not the same wife, you know."