

11-3-1920

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Recommended Citation

Clinkscales, John G., "The Presiding Eldership from a Layman's Standpoint" (1920). *Historical Society Addresses*. Paper 31.
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AN ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

Historical Society

OF THE

Upper South Carolina Conference
Union, S. C.

AND

South Carolina Conference
Georgetown, S. C.

NOVEMBER 3, 1920

NOVEMBER 23, 1920

By JOHN G. CLINKSCALES

THE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP

FROM A LAYMAN'S STANDPOINT



IT WAS in the lobby of a hotel west of the Mississippi. Three of us, all laymen, somewhat worn by the day's work, were enjoying an after-dinner smoke. One of our party was a Baptist, one an Episcopalian and the other a Methodist; the Baptist was a physician, a country practitioner; the Episcopalian a lumber dealer, and the Methodist, a teacher.

We were joined after a while by a preacher, a Methodist preacher, an A. M., a D. D., an LL. D., withal a scholarly man, perhaps the most scholarly preacher in the Southern Methodist Church.

After "passing the time o' day," as Uncle Remus would say, the Baptist layman, a very intellectual, though not highly cultured man, said to the preacher:

"Doctor, I'm a little curious to know where you've been. I used to know you years ago when we were both younger, but I lost sight of you. What became of you—did you crawl into a hole?"

"Yes, figuratively, I did crawl into a hole: I was sent by the Bishop to a church down south of us, and after four years to a church in another state; after four years to another, then to another, and then here to this city; what'll become of me after my time is up here, only the Good Lord knows. O, if it were not for this abominable four-year limit to the pastorate, this miserable fetish of the Methodist church, a man might accomplish something. As it is, he can do but little."

"Pardon me, doctor," said the physician; I am a Baptist, but I know intimately very many Methodists, and am sure I know as much about the machinery of your great church as I know about my own. I have

been practicing medicine thirty-seven years—I have practiced in the homes of one or two Methodist preachers, and have the honor of numbering not a few of the reverend gentlemen among my closest personal friends. Through them and through their books I've learned a great deal about Methodist preachers and Methodist usage. I want to say this, Doctor: In the candid judgment of a Baptist layman, that very thing that you deprecate so earnestly, is one of the very finest things in your polity. And to that one thing, I think, the phenomenal growth of your church is largely due."

"No, sir, no, sir; you are mistaken, badly mistaken. It is a fetish—nothing but a fetish. It's the greatest stumbling block ever put in the way of a great church."

Deftly flipping the ashes from his cigar, the Baptist pill-roller said with a significant twinkle in his eye:

"In matters theological, Doctor, I might let you have your way, but this thing is too practical, it appeals too strongly to one's common sense for me to let your statement go unchallenged.

"I am a Baptist by birth and by training and expect to die one, but I want to say there have been times, more than one, when I wished most heartily that we had a Bishop to move our pastor and give us another. Anybody can stand a poor pastor one year. Now, with you, if you get a poor preacher you just grin and bear 'im until the next conference; ask your Presiding Elder and Bishop to shuffle the cards and give your deuce to somebody else, and it's done. With us it's different. When we get a poor one, we must grin and bear it year after year until the Good Lord intervenes by calling him higher, or until we make up our minds to ask him to resign. He leaves us then sour, or almost broken-hearted. In either event, great harm is done."

"The doctor is right," chimed in the lumberman. "I belong to that church which is proud to be known as the mother of Methodism—I am an Episcopalian, but

I must confess that frequently we get rid of our rectors only by burying them. Our churches sometimes die of 'dry rot,' simply because the death angel comes so slowly to our relief. My friend here was right when he said, 'The machinery of the Methodist Church was the finest ever devised by mortal man.' That supervision furnished by the Presiding Elders is just the lubricator that my church and the doctor's never get. John Wesley was the greatest ecclesiastical general the world ever produced."

By this time that Methodist preacher was fairly bursting to get something off his chest. The Baptist and Episcopalian had both talked very rapidly and had persistently shut him off whenever he tried to interrupt.

Now, having expressed very emphatically their opinion of John Wesley, and having expressed their great admiration for the Methodist machinery, especially the presiding eldership, and the four-year limitation of the pastorate, they waited the final shot of the preacher.

They got it. He gave it with great earnestness, not to say vehemence.

"Gentlemen," he said, pounding the arm of his chair, "gentlemen, I have a great message to deliver, and I can't deliver it in four years. I must have a longer time."

"But, Doctor," said the physician, "I beg to remind you that the greatest preacher the world ever saw delivered that message in three years and the world had to kill him to get rid of him."

I myself constituted the audience, and, in the judgment of the audience, that debate was ended right there, but that preacher died game and fought determinedly—almost furiously—though the props had all been knocked from under him.

That debate was to me intensely interesting and instructive—interesting because a time-honored Metho-

dist usage was being assailed by a distinguished Methodist preacher, and intelligently and persistently defended by Baptist and Episcopal laymen.

Thirty-five years ago the late Col. James Henry Rice, then Superintendent of Education for South Carolina, said to me, while we were discussing the changes necessary in the public school law :

“The best machinery ever devised for the development of a people is the machinery of the Methodist church. And if I were allowed to wipe out the public school law of South Carolina and build a system patterned after the Methodist machinery, we would have the most efficient in America.”

That may have been an exaggerated statement, but before he had finished outlining his plan I was thoroughly convinced as to the wisdom of the change.

“No great enterprise,” said he, “can succeed without proper supervision and that, I’m sure, is the feature of prime importance in the machinery of your great church. The checks and balances are admirably adjusted and I’m persuaded that in educational matters we could learn a great deal from it.”

“I am a Presbyterian, but married the daughter of a Methodist preacher, and know as much of your church as I do of my own.”

I have mentioned for a purpose, rather in detail, these two incidents, the interesting debate in a Western city and the conversation with Colonel Rice.

I want my young brethren, when tempted to criticise the mother that gives them sustenance, to know what intelligent members of other denominations think of the church of their fathers.

“The Persiding Elder is a useless article,” said a young preacher within earshot of me one day; “there ought to be no such animal.” The poor fellow was just repeating what he had heard an older preacher say; he didn’t know that he was advertising his own ignor-

ance as well as the meanness and ignorance of his older brother.

And then there are some laymen who believe, or claim to believe, that the presiding eldership is a useless fifth wheel, an unnecessary ornament, and altogether too costly for the beauty that it adds.

I am persuaded that in every such case, the objection is not to the presiding eldership, but to some presiding elder who has declined to adopt his suggestion or subserviently yield to his dictation.

As dear old Uncle Tom Jeff Clyde of precious memory used to say, "There's a lot of human nature in man," and that is particularly true of laymen.

I agree most heartily with those Baptists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians who believe the Methodist machinery the best known to man, and that the presiding eldership is by no means a small part of it. It is not a useless fifth wheel but an absolutely necessary and powerful part of the machinery when properly functioned. That some nondescript presiding elders have been astride the black horse is no more certain than that there have been some worthless preachers twisting the front end of a Ford machine.

There have been dead flies in the ointment, of course; but your business and mine is to get rid of the flies, not of the ointment.

May I discuss, if you please, some phases of the presiding eldership as it appears to one layman?

The office, as we know it today, is a growth, a development, an evolution.

In the early history of the church, the trials of the presiding elder were much greater and his opportunities for service much fewer than those of the presiding elder of the twentieth century. Then his district covered hundreds of miles and he traveled on horseback: today, the farthest appointment is not distant a day's journey from the district parsonage, and he travels, or

may travel, in a Hudson Super-Six, or in a Pullman car such as the fathers never dreamed of.

Was the presiding eldership as desirable and as much sought after in the long ago as it is today?

And has the progress in the efficiency of the eldership kept pace with that in other things?

I make no charges—I'm simply asking for information.

"At the General Conference which assembled in Baltimore, November 1st, 1792," says Bishop McTyeire in his History of Methodism, "The name of presiding elder appears for the first time in the Discipline and the office is defined. It had grown up out of the elders, sparingly elected in 1784, whose duty was to give the sacraments to the churches and to supervise, in a general way, the circuits among which they moved. A doubt had arisen as to the extent of their powers within their districts, and whether a Bishop could appoint or remove them. Their designation to their respective sections had been without respect to time. O'Kelley had traveled the same district in Southern Virginia ever since his ordination, and had preached these several years before. It is supposed that disadvantages resulting from his case led to the present limitations of the office. The new law provided that the Bishop should appoint the presiding elders, not allowing them a longer term than four years on any one district."

"The presiding elder," continues Bishop McTyeire, "was a sort of diocesan Bishop, holding his four Quarterly Conferences for each circuit, and then, if the general superintendent be absent, presiding at the 'Yearly Conference.' It was a great step forward, in efficient and thorough organization of Methodism as an Episcopal Church, when this officer's place and powers were defined."

"'Methodism,' said one of its earliest and best expounders, 'is union all over; we must draw resources

from the center to the circumference.' As the general superintendent unifies the connection, taking the oversight of all the churches, and transferring preachers from one point to another as they are needed, without regard to conference lines, so the presiding elder unifies the district, with its various circuits, stations and missions."

And here the Bishop quotes from the records: "It is his duty to travel through his appointed district; in the absence of the Bishop, to take charge of all the elders, deacons, traveling and local preachers, and exhorters in his district; to change, receive, and suspend preachers in his district, during the intervals of the conference in the absence of the Bishop, as the Discipline directs; to oversee the spiritual and temporal business of the societies in his district; to take care that every part of our Discipline be enforced in his district; to attend the Bishops, when present in his district, and to give them, when absent, all necessary information by letter of the state of his district."

Then he adds: "Such officers are the supplement of the general itinerant superintendency; without them it would be impracticable on a continental scale. They complete the local supervision and make the general one possible. Being selected for experience and ability, they make a large amount of ministerial talent in young or untrained men available, who otherwise could not safely be intrusted with the pastoral care. By their help, advice, and direction, the feeble parts are strengthened and temporary vacancies supplied. They restrain the erring, encourage the despondent, plan for improvement and progress, maintain uniformity and continuity, and, being appointees of the Bishop, work with him to connectional unity."

Our fathers builded wisely.

In the passages quoted both from the records of long ago and from Bishop McTyiere, the duties and prerog-

atives of the presiding elder are very clearly stated.

That was a long and rather bitter debate which preceded the withdrawal of O'Kelley from the General Conference of 1792.

Poor O'Kelley. "What fools we mortals be."

When I think of O'Kelley and his terrific fight for the right of appeal from the appointment of the Bishop, I am reminded of a remark made by a good and useful man who is now in heaven. He had been presiding elder more than a dozen years. One day, while I was riding his circuit with him after he had been returned to the pastorate, he said with a sigh: "Once a presiding elder, always a presiding elder." He could never readjust himself to the harness, which he wore so finely before he was ever made presiding elder.

"I have the profoundest respect for that old tree-dwelling ancestor of mine who first said, 'This old tree is very good, but it isn't good enough for me.'"

That remark was made by somebody and it is very suggestive.

The conservatism of "Let well enough alone," is responsible for much of the lack of progress in church as well as in civic affairs.

The blessings that we as a church enjoy today were made possible by the efforts and sacrifices of our fathers. What our children shall enjoy depends upon what we do today.

The duties of presiding elders more than a hundred years ago were clearly defined by the fathers and later by Bishop McTyiere whom many of us saw in the flesh and loved. But, brethren, it seems to me, a layman, that the exigencies of the times demand a re-statement. That, of course, I would not presume to do, but, at the same time, I would not allow my loyalty to the church and profound respect for the wisdom of the fathers to blind me to the defects in our polity.

Nowadays, one hears the word "unrest" so often that

it makes him almost sick to think of it. But we must use it.

In these times of unrest, of uncertainty, of doubt and fear, these times when men are standing on tip-toe, peeping over into the morrow, in these times when in the minds and hearts of Christian men and women the question uppermost is, What next? In these times that rob good men of sleep, can the church afford to be quiescent? Can she afford to fold her arms and take her ease when all about her the world is astir?

The world calls today for leadership as never before. If the church would be true to her mission, if she is worthy of the high calling to which the God of our fathers has called her, then she should show all the snap and vim and ingenuity and wisdom that the devil or angels can stir up in the minds of men in the development of worldly enterprises.

The world cries out for leadership, trained leadership. Can the church do less?

Padon me, brethren, this is a layman talking to you. He may not be orthodox according to your standards. I promise you he shall at least be honest.

From his standpoint, the Methodist Church needs today a new evangelical program, a new financial program, a new educational program. We would not throw the old to the scrap heap; no, no, but, grateful for what they've done for us, we'd build better and broader and stronger.

Our presiding elders are our recognized leaders. Do they touch with a master hand every nerve of the district over which they preside? Again, I ask for information: Are they digging ceaselessly for the hidden potentialities of their districts?

Are they as concerned about results as is the superintendent of that cotton mill?

Said a cotton mill president to me one day: "That mill yonder is doing finely; I have a first class superin-

tendent and every department well manned. It pays a good dividend. That mill over there robs me of sleep: I am unfortunate in my superintendent. He is a good fellow, but can't get results. He can't get the best out of his help; he rubs men the wrong way. I have had him twelve months, the mill is steadily losing money and this morning I told him we would kiss him good-bye at the end of the month."

That's the way with the world. He couldn't deliver the goods—he couldn't get results. He had to go. But the president said he was "a good fellow."

Really, brethren, you are saying mighty little for a man, if "he's a good fellow" is the best you can say. He may be all that, but good for nothing.

The world asks what can he do? And then sometimes, maybe, "What is he?"

The church asks first, "What is he?" And then, "What can he do?" The times demand that she still ask first, "What is he?" but that she emphasize the second question, "What can he do?" more than ever before.

There was a time when I thought a presiding elder ought to be by all odds the biggest preacher in his district. Not so now. If he is a strong preacher, well and good, but that's not by any means the first qualification.

He ought to be a man of clear head, good judgment, great energy, lots of back bone, plenty of courage, and, next to thorough consecration, and above all things else, he ought to be an efficient organizer.

Indeed, it is possible for him to have all these other qualifications and break down just here. If he is not an organizer, he is out of place, he's a misfit. The district waits on him; he must lead and he must drive.

The quarterly conference occasion ought to mean more, I think, than it has ever meant.

How is your presiding elder getting along? I asked once of a loyal Methodist layman.

"Very well, very well, I guess," was the reply. "I've heard 'im preach three times and he done purty well; not quite as good as my pastor does, but he done purty good considerin'."

Now, just what that brother was considering, or wanted me to consider, I don't know, but he added:

"When he comes to hold quarterly meetin', he don't stay long enough fur us to git acquainted with 'im."

"Ah, he doesn't stay two or three days in the community?"

"No, sir; sometimes he spends Saddy and Sunday 'mongst us, but most ingenerally, he axes them questions, rakes in his share o' the change, preaches to us, jumps in his machine and scoots."

A cultured lady said to a college student who was within two weeks of his diploma: "I suppose, Mr. Blank, that you will teach school a few years after you leave college, won't you?"

"No, ma'am; no, ma'am; I'm not fitten—I'm not fitten to teach."

That good woman said with a sigh:

"My dear friend, you are right; you are exactly right. No college bred man who would use such language as that is 'fitten' to teach. Don't you try it."

I want to say in all seriousness, I have seen some presiding elders that were not "fitten" for the job they were trying to hold down.

A great preacher once said that ninety-eight per cent of the failures in life were due to misfits; to the fact that so many men are trying to do that for which they were not fitted either by nature or by training.

It is no reflection on a man's character or worth to say that he is not the man for a certain kind of work. There are men within the sound of my voice, good men, strong preachers, who, as pastors, are loved and admired. Those same men, if appointed presiding elders, would simply mark time, drift with the tide, and in the

end prove to be utter failures. They are popular, they talk well, they preach well, they eat well, they sleep well, but they can't organize anything. They are utterly destitute of executive or administrative ability.

In all seriousness, brethren, is such a man "fitten" for the presiding eldership?

Some men have more heart than brain. Their great sympathy blinds them to the importance of saying no, however or wherever it may hurt.

Now, let us not mince matters, or cover up facts. No thoughtful man of intelligence will deny the fact that we have in our conferences too many unequipped men. For this, who is responsible? All of us, laymen as well as preachers; but, most of all, the presiding elders. Every man admitted into the traveling connection must come through some presiding elder's hands.

We get chesty sometimes and say, "O, we Methodists demand that before a man can have the seal of the church put upon him as a preacher, he must have gifts and graces." And then we turn right round and admit men that have no graces at all and whose gifts amount to ability to look pious and eat always with a comin' appetite.

I submit that candidates for the ministry ought to be thoroughly and severely tried out before they are recommended by the presiding elder. No elder ought to recommend for admission a candidate whom he has never heard preach. That has been done, I think, and more than once.

Nor is that all. Something more than ability to preach well ought to be expected of a Methodist preacher. What of his life? O, let him be a local preacher long enough to test him thoroughly.

But, you say, we get our preachers from you laymen.

Right, brother, and there are so many trifling laymen that you should make assurance doubly sure by

being very careful before you lay your hands on one of them.

I said, a presiding elder ought to be both cautious and courageous. He should have lots of backbone. He should thoroughly know a candidate before he recommends him, and if a mistake has been made by himself or by some other elder; if, after thorough testing, he finds that a young preacher can't "split wood," that he is absolutely unadaptable, that he has some defects of disposition or character that absolutely disqualify him for becoming an effective, itinerant Methodist preacher, he should have the courage to tell the Bishop and conference of it and move the brother's location.

A few times since I've been old enough to take an interest in conference affairs that has been done by courageous presiding elders, and, in nearly every case, the elder has been squashed by the conference, he has been bound hand and foot and gagged and told to keep quiet.

It is no reflection on a man's character or worth to shove a brother off on another elder, or move him from one charge to another in his own district rather than wound the brother by meeting the issue squarely and bravely and advising him to locate.

I submit, brethren, in all candor, that it's a sin and a shame to treat a brother as some preachers have been treated. It isn't kind and it isn't Christian to kick a brother around over the conference or over a district like a foot ball, when it is well known that he can never make an effective, acceptable, useful Methodist preacher. An old wet log must be cared for until a supernatural power decomposes him; a young wet log can be dried out and utilized in another factory.

My contention is that when a brother demonstrates beyond the shadow of a doubt that he can never adapt

himself to the itinerant ministry, he should be located, nolens volens.

“Crush him?” you ask.

Well, yes, if that's the way you look at it. Better crush him than have him crush every charge he touches till he has worn himself out at the crushing. Besides, I submit that it is better for him, it is kinder, it is more Christ-like to stop him now while he is young and can adapt himself to some other work and make bread and butter for his wife and babies. Put a little more business, brethren, in your dealings with one another and you'll find it better for all concerned and for the cause we all love.

But you say: “The Bible speaks of the foolishness of preaching.” Yes, but it doesn't speak of fool preaching, nor the preaching of a fool. You and I have heard all kinds from so-called preachers and from laymen. Laymen may be foolish—they may be fools—but they don't want to listen to fool preachers. Like their Episcopal brethren, they have learned to say often and fervently, “Good Lord, deliver us.”

Brethren, the fight is on. Conditions demand a different type of preacher—men who preach the same blessed old Gospel but preach it in a different way. Our presiding elders must see that we get it or get none. We want a more vigorous, a more viril, a more consecrated ministry.

Now, don't fling into my teeth that we need a better type of laymen. No man knows that better than I do, or feels it more keenly. You need not expect the pew to go ahead of the pulpit.

Yes, the fight is on. Dr. G. Stanley Hall signalizes his retirement from the presidency of Clark University by the publication of a book on “Morale”—it's a new religion, the “religion of science,” which, he says, is the “one and only true religion of the present, and of the future.” It's just anything now to offset,

counteract, destroy, the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Brethren, it can't be done, if you and I are true to our trust. The Master Himself said, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

But that statement, consoling as it is, does not relieve you and me of responsibility; it should only enlarge our faith, and increase our zeal.

Men are now beginning boldly to ask whether preaching is worth while.

John Spargo, the socialist writer, in an article published recently in the "Christian Century," Chicago, expresses his conviction that "the pulpit is the weak spot in the church of today—its Achilles tendon."

He believes that "preaching is not a man-sized job," that the pulpit is "an anachronism." He declares that "the average man in the pew is quite as capable of reading the Bible and interpreting any passage which interests him as the average minister."

Dr. Abbott, editor of *The Outlook*, while he does not agree with Spargo, with his characteristic liberality wishes that the article might be printed in pamphlet form and distributed broadcast. He would have this done "because it presents with great clearness and in an admirable spirit," he says, "the reason why so many men and women of fine ethical ideas and genuine religious spirit do not attend our church services."

"If Mr. Spargo had entitled his article 'The Futility of Some Preaching,'" says the editor of *Current Opinion*, Dr. Abbott would have heartily agreed with him. "He who wants to instruct the public on such social and political subjects as the 'Shantung Question,' 'The League of Nations,' and 'The Danger of Bolshevism,' had better resign his pulpit and enter journalism," says Abbott.

While I do not agree with all that the able Dr. Abbott writes, we must admit that he says some wonderfully strong things and says them well. Listen:

“The two essential qualities of preaching are fellowship with God and sympathy with men. This is a power which has never waned and never will wane so long as God is the universal Father and man is His child. All other elements of power are aids to this spiritual life, but are valueless without it. The preacher may be a Roman Catholic Newman or a Protestant Wesley, a college-trained Phillips Brooks or a self-trained Dwight L. Moody, a conservative Charles Hadden Spurgeon or a progressive Henry Ward Beecher—if he has divine fire in himself and if he has learned how to communicate that divine fire to others, he will never be without power.

“Reading literary essays or sociological editorials in the pulpit is not preaching; it is often futile and sometimes worse. Preaching is interpreting the living God by one who has realized God’s presence in nature, in human experience, and in the Bible, because he has realized that presence in his own soul. So to interpret an ever present God as to inspire the spirit of obedience to divine law in lawless souls, and give peace to restless souls, hope to cynical souls, and love to selfish souls, is to preach, and such preaching is never futile.”

Our own Dr. Weber says: “When a holy man of God, and, withal a man of intellect, culture, power and growth, gives himself without reserve, or counting the cost, to the one work of saving and bettering men, all his other work being subsidiary to this, then it is that you have a great preacher and one that is a preacher of great sermons.”

A number of years ago, while discussing with one of the best pastors I ever had, the possibilities of the eldership, he said with a sigh, “I have been in the ministry now a good many years, and have served under a half dozen different presiding elders, good men all, but only one of that number ever asked me what I was reading or suggested a book that I ought to read. I

was a young preacher then and, if my ministry has been worth anything to my fellowmen, I owe it largely to the guidance and stimulation I got from that Godly man and his library."

Brethren of the presiding eldership, if you don't direct the efforts of your young preachers and inspire in them a love for good, helpful books, you miss perhaps your greatest opportunity. If that young man was born right, if he is teachable, if he is capable of development, your business is to develop him.

A wise, discreet, useful presiding elder was visited by a committee of three earnest laymen to protest against the return of their pastor, a young man who had ministered to them only one year.

Said the discreet elder with knitted brow: "Brethren, that young man is worth saving. He certainly has brain, and he has had splendid educational advantages. Let's find out where the trouble lies and try to get him to remedy the defects. Now, Brother A, what are your objections to him? What are his defects?"

Brother A mentioned what seemed to him insuperable difficulties in the way of the young man's ever becoming an acceptable Methodist preacher. Brother B also stated his objections very candidly, and then the elder turned to the third layman.

"Brother C," he said, "let's hear from you."

"Well, sir," said Brother C, "that young rooster was hatched at the wrong time o' the moon. He never can become a preacher. He's got too many pin-feathers."

Brethren, if you have in your district a young man who has too many pin-feathers and you can't pick 'em, he's in a bad fix, and so are you until you get rid of him.

It has been my purpose to discuss the district meeting, but already this paper is too long. Let me say, however, that I deprecate the tendency I notice to curtail the work of the meeting. On the laity of the church the moral influence of a hurry meeting is bad.

Fewer statistical reports and a freer, fuller discussion of the many problems that confront the church would, I'm sure, mean much more to the cause than what we now get. The camp meeting served its day and passed. The district meeting, as run, has served its day, I think, and ought to pass. If made an occasion for discussing problems and informing and developing laymen the district meeting can be made the means of immeasurable good to the church.

More of that later—not here and now.

What I have read is meant for the prospective presiding elders. And that means all the younger members of the body. Every man of you expects to become a presiding elder; some of you, bishops.

Nothing wrong about that—there is Scriptural authority for the statement that he who desires the office of bishop, desires a good thing.

Among the papers of a Methodist preacher, after he died many years ago, was found a single sheet that was very interesting to those closest to him. It was written in his own hand, a page of contents of the autobiography the aspiring young man proposed to write later if he had been spared.

This is the way it read:

- Chapter I.
Tommie's Parents.
- Chapter II.
Tommie's Childhood.
- Chapter III.
Tommie's Primary School Days.
- Chapter IV.
Tommie As a College Freshman.
- Chapter V.
Tommie as a Senior.
- Chapter VI.
Tommie As a Young Preacher.
- Chapter VII.
Tommie As a Station Preacher.

Chapter VIII.
Tommie as Presiding Elder.
Chapter IX.
Tommie As College President.
Chapter X.
Tommie As Delegate to General Conference.
Chapter XI.
Tommie As Bishop.

Brethren, Tommie was never a Bishop, nor even a Presiding Elder, but Tommie hitched his wagon to a star, and his life, all too short, was far from failure. Verily, I believe, tonight Tommie sits at the right hand of God, the Father.