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The Life of
Arthur Thomas Guttery

D.D.

BY

JOHN G. BOWRAN
"RAMSAY GUTHRIE."

London :

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RPR

DEDICATED
TO
MRS. A. T. GUTTERY

10, DOWNING STREET,
WHITEHALL, S.W.1.

FOREWORD

BY

RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE,

The Prime Minister

The tragic and premature death of Mr. Guttery came as a heavy loss, not only to his own denomination but to the Free Churches of England, in which, by his strength of character and his outstanding personality, he held a distinctive position. Our friendship, which I greatly valued, extended over many years. I believe he owed his wide public influence in a large part to his natural gift of oratory. As a platform speaker he could grip the attention and arouse the enthusiasm of large audiences. As an ally, he counted as a great asset; as an opponent, no one could afford to disregard him. The services he rendered the religious and social life of this country were inestimable. His voice was like that of a Prophet's—an inspiration for great causes—and rang like a trumpet call for the furtherance of national righteousness and justice.



David Lloyd George

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1862. June 15th : Born at Birmingham.
- 1871-1879. With his parents in Toronto, Canada.
1879. June : Returned to England.
1879. July, to December, 1880. Student at Elmfield College.
1881. January : Matriculated at London University.
- 1881-1883. Assistant in Mr. Birch's School, Sunderland.
1883. April 10th : Accepted for the Primitive Methodist Ministry.
- 1883-1887. On Probation in Oldham Second Station.
1887. May : Ordained at Ashton-under-Lyne.
1887. June 30th : Marriage at Bury to Miss S. B. Alford.
- 1887-1889. Ministry in Newton and Hyde Circuit.
- 1889-1895. Ministry in South Shields.
1894. June : Attended his first Conference at Chester.
- 1895-1908. Ministry in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
1903. June : Designated Vice General Missionary Secretary at Newcastle Conference in Central Church.
1904. March : Elected to the Executive of National Free Church Council.
1908. July : Became General Missionary Secretary.
1913. July : Began Ministry at Prince's Avenue, Liverpool.
1915. September : Visited Troops in France.
1916. June : President of Conference at Nottingham.
1918. July : Visited American Troops in France.
1918. August 31st to November 29th : Visit to America with Bishop Gore.
1918. November 18th : Received "D.D." from Wesleyan University, Middletown.
1919. March : President of National Free Church Council at Sheffield.
1920. April 25th : Unable to preach ; five days later the first operation.
1920. June : His Hartley Lecture on " Christian Conversion," delivered at the Conference at Hull.
1920. December 17th : Peacefully passed away.
1920. December 21st : Interred at Toxteth Park Cemetery, Liverpool.

CHAPTER I.

A SON OF THE MANSE

“The parsonage and the manse have sent into the world a goodly share of its brightest men and women.”—F. W. MACDONALD in *Recreations of a Book-Lover*.

ARTHUR THOMAS GUTTERY, the only child of the Rev. Thomas and Emily Guttery, was born in the city of Birmingham on June 15th, 1862.

Thomas Guttery was one of the most eloquent and popular ministers of the Primitive Methodist Church. He was born at Brierley Hill, near Birmingham, in 1837. His father, John Guttery, was an Irishman. He was a builder, carpenter and cooper, and was known as “The Irish Cooper.” He wore his hair in long curls down his back. The family were Congregationalists. Thomas was educated in a private school, and afterwards learnt his father’s trade. When twelve years of age he was converted under the influence of Primitive Methodism, in one of the re-

vivals which were frequent in those days. It was in Round Gate Chapel. By his side at the penitents' form Joseph Ferguson knelt. When Thomas Guttery was at the height of his fame, Dr. Joseph Ferguson was, also, one of the denominational orators. As a boy, Thomas Guttery was drawn to Primitive Methodism by its evangelism and its opportunities for service. At seventeen years of age he became a local preacher and, two years later, he was received into the ministerial ranks.

From the beginning he was distinguished. There was a gentlemanliness and courtesy in his bearing which won all hearts. Throughout his life and in every place he was esteemed and loved. His remarkable preaching gifts gave him supremacy. He was a natural pulpit orator. Thousands still remember the witchery of his speech and the fascination of his personality. The crowds waited on his ministry wherever he "travelled." All his gifts were consecrated to the supreme work of winning souls for Christ—his imagination, his wit, his dramatic power, and the unction and style of his speech. It was an experience unforgettable to hear him. His speech was lucid and alluring.

There was nothing loud in his manner. Quite quietly he spoke. His sermonic art, his vivid language, his musical voice, his fervour and abandon, all created interest and sustained attention.

He was equally famous as a lecturer. Without a note, for a couple of hours, he could hold an audience spellbound, as he described David Livingstone, General Gordon or Cardinal Wolsey, or told of "The Lights and Shades of London Life." As a feat of memory each lecture was a marvel. In word-painting and in soul-moving speech there were few to equal him. He was a great gift of God to Primitive Methodism and to the Non-conformity of England.

He ministered at Oswestry, Tunstall, Dawley, Birmingham, Leominster, Shrewsbury, Wolverhampton, Toronto (Canada), Sunderland, London, Southport and Sunderland, a second time. As a special preacher and lecturer he was in great demand, and at District Meetings and Conferences he was heard at his best. At the Sunderland Conference, in 1890, he was the last speaker at the great public meeting in the Victoria Hall. The miners of Northumberland and Durham were there,

and, as he sympathetically described the white-washed cottages of the pitmen he had seen from the window of the railway carriage and spoke of the piety which beautified many of these simple dwellings, he excited the crowd to rapture.

When he went to Tunstall—the mother circuit of Primitive Methodism—he was only twenty-one years of age. There he served two of his probationary years. His superintendent was the Rev. Philip Pugh, and his junior colleague the Rev. William Jones. His salary was £9 10s. per quarter. There is a minute in the circuit book to this effect: “That Brother Guttery be allowed to order a book-case, and the maximum price be ten shillings.” William Jones, also, was a rising orator, which explains this resolution in the minute book, dated December 15th, 1858: “That Bros. Jones and Guttery be allowed one Sunday each next quarter for foreign engagements.” There were many applications for Thomas Guttery’s services for “specials” in other circuits, some of which were granted by the Quarterly Meeting, but quite a number were “turned down.”

His Wolverhampton ministry (1868-1871) was wonderfully successful. He

joyfully accepted the conditions of the Primitive Methodist ministry of those days. The Rev. Silas L. George, a native of Wolverhampton, and whose father was a close friend of Thomas Guttery, says :—

“ Thomas Guttery came to Wolverhampton Circuit in 1868. He was then in the early morning of his great ministry, but had already made for himself a name for his magnificent preaching. . . . The salaries of that time were poor; the houses were small and meagrely furnished. At Wolverhampton, Thomas Guttery had £76 a year and lived in a house at four shillings and ninepence per week, which included rates, but the Gutterys never allowed their struggles to be known. They always put the bright side out, though it is to be feared they knew what it was to economise severely. I remember my mother saying that the Gutterys always laid the dinner-table fully, and, if there was nothing to put into the dishes, hot water was put in. They were never sure that they would be free from callers, for, besides being at the head of a big circuit, Mr. Guttery was much in request for public services of all kinds. No Primitive Methodist minister for the last fifty years dominated the life of the

town as Guttery did. His departure for Canada was a most serious blow to the circuit."

While in Wolverhampton he received an invitation to the pastorate of another Free Church at a salary of £400, but the offer was no temptation.

For eight years (1871-1879) Thomas Guttery was in Canada, at the special request of the Conference. At once he took a foremost place. His first church, Alice Street, Toronto, was burnt down. The congregation then built the church in Carlton Street. Afterwards he was in charge of the church in Yorkville, Toronto. He was equally popular with the Canadians. For seven years he edited *The Christian Journal*, the organ of the denomination, in which particularly he fought the liquor traffic.

Returning to England in June, 1879, he was left unstationed for twelve months, during which he preached and lectured in all parts of the United Kingdom. In July, 1880, he was stationed at Sunderland, and began the ministry which made his name a household word. He was a member of the School Board and an active leader of the Liberal Party. His name was a name to

conjure with on Wearside and, indeed, throughout Durham and Northumberland. His firm political convictions, expressed in attractive speech and with dramatic power, made him a valuable ally to Liberal candidates and members. His church, too, at Tatham Street, was at the height of its prosperity.

In London, at Caledonian Road, and in Southport, where the Cambridge Hall had to be rented, he also ministered, and returned in 1894 to Sunderland. In 1892 he had been designated Vice-Connexional Editor, and, if he had been spared, would have come to the Editorial Chair in 1897. His biography of William Clowes, one of the founders of Primitive Methodism, showed his literary insight and skill. But his health failed. In the March of 1895 he was obliged to seek rest and change. He went to Ilkley, but nothing could combat the dreadful disease which had seized him. He died, at the age of fifty-eight, of cancer of the liver on June 14th, 1895, the day before his son's thirty-third birthday. Earlier in the month of June his son had presided at the Quarterly Meeting of the Sunderland Second Circuit by reason of his father's

illness. The Annual Conference was in session in Edinburgh at the time of his death. His son telegraphed the news: "Father ascended at two this morning." He was interred in the Sunderland Cemetery, Ryhope Road, on the following Tuesday. On his tombstone are inscribed the last words he breathed: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

The pathos of his passing has never departed. Thousands who knew him and came under the spell of his matchless eloquence speak of him to-day with admiration and affection. He was a unique personality in the Primitive Methodism of his day. He had qualities in common with many of his brethren, but he was as one apart and above, in the charm of his nature, his mastery of men, his unfeigned piety and the singular brilliancy and excitement of his speech.

Emily Guttery, the mother of Arthur Thomas Guttery, was in every sense the fitting consort of her husband. All who knew them recognised what an ideal pair they were. Holland was her maiden name and Thomas Guttery met her first at Burslem. She attended the "Salt Box," as the

old chapel in Burslem was called. She was a teacher in the Sunday School and was known, too, for her gift of song. There was a fine blending of qualities in her. Her piety was sincere and attractive. She was gentle and wise, prudent and far-seeing, always on the look-out for souls. In every circuit she sought out the young people to woo and win them to the Saviour.

She was proud of her husband and proud of her son, but she would never admit that Arthur was equal to his father.

Everywhere she was admired and loved. This is the testimony of the Rev. S. L. George :—

“Mrs. Guttery was a lady of great charm, of deep spirituality, and wielded a great influence in the Church. Certainly I, for one, loved her with all the romance of youth. Just as Thomas Guttery filled my early ideal of all that a minister of Jesus Christ should be, so Mrs. Guttery was my ideal of truly noble womanhood. . . . I had left home for business when the Gutterys left for Canada, but I wanted to see them again, and especially Mrs. Guttery, before they went, and I tramped the thirteen miles from Stourbridge to Wolverhampton in order to say good-bye.

How well I remember that parting! . . . It was in the street, near my home. As Mrs. Guttery held my hand she looked at me with intensest concern, and I saw the tears in her eyes as she made a last strong appeal to me to give myself to the Saviour. She said she was sure that the Lord had work for me to do for Him and that some time she hoped to see me in the ministry. Her appeal did much to decide my future. . . . It was typical of her. She was ever trying to win the young people to decision for Christ."

During A. T. Guttery's Newcastle ministry she was resident in the city and regular in attendance at the Central Church. All Mr. Guttery's colleagues speak of "Grandma Guttery" in terms of affection and reverence.

The Rev. F. Hobson, who served with Mr. Guttery as an evangelist before entering the ministry, says: "Nor can we forget the part played by Grandma Guttery. It was a benediction to see her and to hear her in the prayer-meeting. She was a saint. How anxious and solicitous was her concern for 'Arthur'! How quietly she would remind him that 'his father' did not do this or the other which he did! With

the merriest twinkle in his eye he would receive her advice and reproof."

The Rev. J. W. Clifford, M.A., who was Mr. Guttery's colleague for five years in Newcastle, pays this tribute:—

"I remember his mother—she died just before midnight on 31st December, 1902, when I had been about six months in Newcastle. She was a gracious lady; her husband was her ideal, both as a man and as a minister. She could pray in a prayer-meeting to the good of all present. She was proud of her gifted and successful son and glad to share in his ministry. I remember that she was clear and resolute in her thinking, and he was only like his 'little mother' in fearless speech, joined with natural courtesy. She was buried at Sunderland—it was a bitter winter's day. Mr. Guttery said that, after doing all possible to ensure her recovery, he felt defeated for the first time. 'I don't like to be beaten,' he said. He had hoped to save her for she was not old."

To such parents A. T. Guttery was born and, during each of their lives, he was beloved and tended. Often in Thomas Guttery's sermons he referred to 'my boy.'

Arthur supplied him with frequent illustrations.

Arthur was six years of age when his parents removed to Wolverhampton. He is remembered among other things, for the black velvet suit he wore, the work of his mother's skilful fingers.

"The little boy was bright and bonny and intelligent, but not precocious. He was never a 'spoiled child,' as is too often the case with an only child. While there was never any harshness, there was always firmness in dealing with him. . . . He always behaved well in church."

When he was nine years of age he went with his father and mother to Toronto. The eight years spent in Canada, in the most important senses, determined his life. He was a pupil at the Modern School. Two letters written when he was thirteen years of age are distinctly revealing. They were addressed to one of the daughters of his father's friend in Wolverhampton:—

TORONTO,

July 8th, 1875.

" . . . We have just finished our handsome church, which cost £10,000, and

bought an organ worth £1,000. We pay our organist £60 a year. We are staying at this church another year. I am now having my vacation. I am getting on very well at school. I won the First Prize in English, which includes: Reading, Spelling, Grammar, History and Geography. I rise a section each session. Last session I was in the Senior Section, Second Division, where I learnt Natural Science, Mathematics, etc. . . . You must excuse me not writing to you as I am so busy at my studies. . . . I am quite a big boy now, wear long pants, and have just passed my 13th birthday. . . . Give my love to all. . . . Ma and Pa send their best wishes to all their old friends. Good-bye.

From your Loving Friend

Who wishes you the blessing from
Heaven you need,

A. T. GUTTERY."

Dec. 15th, 1875.

CANADA.

" . . . I feel very great pleasure in writing to you. Things seem to have changed since I left. Who would have thought,

when I left, of you being an organist in a big church and Silas being a minister? By-the-bye, Silas looks quite clerical when he has his theological neck-tie on. . . . I am now having my examinations in the First Division. I am No. 4 in my Section. I am very happy. I wish you were here. I could show you some experiments in Chemistry. I have a box and everything complete. . . . We are having splendid sleighing now. . . . I was glad to find that you were at the head of the Missionary List. Send lots of news. Answer soon. We all wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

From your Friend,

A. T. GUTTERY."

He had already made the great decision of his life. When twelve years of age he was converted. His father, it will be remembered, was converted at the same age. In his Hartley Lecture on *Christian Conversion* he tells the story in his own inimitable way:—

"I never knew what it was to be quite unconscious of the presence of God and the realities of religion. I was trained in

a home where the family altar was a daily incident, piety was simple and unaffected, and the gracious life of father and mother made faith as inevitable as breathing. I was told from my earliest days that I had been consecrated to God from my birth. I had the inestimable privilege of living in an atmosphere sacred and merry, holy and wholesome. At the age of twelve years I became conscious that religion must be my own, rather than the furnishing of a hallowed home. I was restless with ambitions to really know and follow Christ. I felt unworthy as I heard Methodists speak of their knowledge of the grace of God and their glad submission to Him. One Sunday night, after my father had preached in his Toronto pulpit, I made my life decision, believed in Christ and accepted 'His finished work.' I knew I was converted. I was only twelve, but I was as truly accepted into God's favour as if I had emerged from a long course of passionate and rebellious sin. It was the hour to which training had brought me, but it was the supreme crisis that has shaped all my after days. My life since has been marred with many a fault. I have contended with many doubts. It has been my task to strug-

gle with inward impulses and outward temptations. I have been in many controversies, and there has been much which I have repented and questioned, but I have never doubted the reality of my Conversion, and my introduction to a new relationship with God. After a lapse of forty years I crossed the seas and preached in the old church, and was as truly sure of the certainty of my early Conversion as I was at twelve years of age."

(Christian Conversion, p. 211.)

He was seventeen years of age when he returned to England with his parents. One of his closest friends declared that "the influence of Toronto was persistent through life." In a letter, three years afterwards, to a college chum, he said: "I have had experience of Colonial life, and success means real hard work, coupled with a willingness to turn to any employment, however distasteful, allied with an indomitable perseverance."

His eight years in Canada were among the most impressionable years of his life. The most important lessons he learnt there. The free and vigorous life of Toronto could never be forgotten.

In his earlier years he had been frail and

weakly. As a boy he was treated as an invalid. Canada cured all that. He came back built up in physique. Canada had been a great experience for his father and mother. It was an even greater experience for their son. "A.T.G." delighted to recall his Canadian days. It fitted him in many ways for his strenuous and successful career.

CHAPTER II.

STUDENT AND TEACHER

“ His from youth the leader’s look
Gave the law which others took.”

R. W. EMERSON.

IN July, 1879, he entered Elmfield College, York, as a student, and was there until December of the following year. This was a middle-class school, which had been opened by the Conference of 1864, “for preachers’ children and the children of members.” When it was opened “boys only” could be admitted, and it has been a boys’ school ever since. Elmfield has had an honourable history. There was a period when it fell on evil days financially, and a resolution to sell the premises was accepted by the Conference of 1906. Then the old boys came to the rescue, generously and wisely led by Mr., now Sir Dyson Mallinson, the school was reorganised and began a new era of scholastic proficiency and prosperity. “A.T.G.” took a leading

part in the reorganisation, and was invariably present each year for the Speech Day. His portrait hangs on the wall of his old college.

Arthur was an eager pupil. One who knew him well says: "He was an omnivorous reader and was hardly ever seen without a book. He had apparently a double consciousness. He would have his book, and be apparently absorbed in his reading, yet, all the while, he would be listening to the conversation that was going on, and would now and then break in upon it with some remark that showed that nothing had escaped him." In the later months he was an usher at the College.

The Rev. Thomas Gough, B.A., who was the Headmaster at the time, says: "I have a very vivid and lasting recollection of the fact that, as a schoolboy, A. T. Guttery was possessed of character and ability in an outstanding and most unusual degree. I remember, also, that he was ambitious of scholastic success and gave promise, even at that date, of achieving results, in whatever career he should choose, that would place him in a leading and influential position in life."

It was while at Elmfield that the call

came to him to be a preacher of the Gospel. It speaks volumes for the religious atmosphere at Elmfield when such results can be recorded. We are indebted to the Rev. Edwin Dalton, D.D., for the complete story.

Dr. Dalton says: "My knowledge of him and acquaintance with him dates a long way back. It was when he was resident at Elmfield College, and I was the Superintendent of York Circuit. Elmfield College was always regarded by me as a very important part of my circuit, and, among all the societies in the circuit, supplied me with the greatest opportunities. Religious matters among the young gentlemen were always carefully attended to and enthusiastically worked for by both the Principal and the masters. Among the most active was Mr. A. T. Guttery. His devotion and enthusiasm very greatly impressed me. In him I saw special promise and was clearly convinced that he was intended by God to take a prominent and influential position in the Christian ministry. After considerable thought and prayer, with very great confidence and hope, I suggested his name as highly suitable for a place on the preachers' plan. The Quar-

terly Meeting heartily and unanimously accepted my suggestion. After due consideration, he accepted the decision, and regarded the call of the Church as the call of God. He admitted that he had unquestionable drawings in that direction. . . . He discharged the duties of the preacher's responsible office with universal acceptance in the Circuit. At that time he was troubled with a slight impediment in his speech and found it difficult to pronounce certain words, but he ultimately and completely mastered the impediment and converted a disadvantage into an advantage. There was never a doubt but that, in time, he would take a front and very effective place as a minister. The results have more than confirmed our most sanguine expectations. Our decision to give him an opportunity to exercise his gifts was highly approved by his dear mother and, among my sweetest memories, is that of her glistening eyes and beaming countenance when she personally expressed her sense of gratitude. She said that she 'could not have lived in vain if she had given to God and the Church one who would follow in the steps of a sainted father.' I have always regarded my proposal to give him a place as a preacher

as one of the most important and satisfactory pieces of work in my ministry.”

The Rev. J. T. Wardle Stafford, D.D., D.C.L., Ex-President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, complements the narrative from a chum's point of view:—

“ I first met Arthur Guttery in the early months of 1880. He was then a pupil at Elmfield College, York, where I spent four and a half years of my school life. In point of fact I had left Elmfield, and, after an absence of one year, I returned for a few months' further course of study. I had not been long back before Guttery and I fell into each other's company. We were almost equal in age as well as equals in attainment; if not the seniors of the school, we were certainly among them. We had many similar tastes, and our hearts were even then turning towards the Christian ministry. We began to preach together, and used to go out in each other's company to the villages of the York Primitive Methodist Circuit. We had a few sermons and we heard each other so frequently that each could have repeated his comrade's sermons as easily as his own. I well remember the first sermon that I heard Guttery preach. It was on 'Love is the ful-

filling of the Law.' It was well expressed, delivered with great animation, virile and effective. I also remember his second sermon on 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' That text was, in my judgment, better suited to the preacher's genius than the first, and I had henceforth no doubt that Guttery had a pulpit future before him.

"There was a debating society at Elmfield in those days and the debates were usually of the political order. Guttery generally led on the Radical side and I on the Conservative. When Guttery won the vote, which he not infrequently did, he was very pleased, but he was never mean in the hour of his victory, and he would try to cheer me by saying that I had made the best out of a bad case. In those days I thought him very smart as a debater; his logic was not faultless, but he scored his points with great dexterity. I thought then, as I have thought since, that Guttery excelled as a debater, and, indeed, in all platform efforts. He preached well but the platform was his throne.

"Between the years of seventeen and twenty Guttery and I saw much of each other. He was a frequent visitor at my

father's home, as I was at his. I had long letters from him which revealed the serious purpose of his life. He was a loyal friend and he possessed the power to appreciate the gifts of other men that I have not often seen excelled. He was pardonably proud of his own achievements but he never belittled the achievements of others, and he was especially glad when his personal friends succeeded.

“He was a force at Elmfield, a leader among the boys, and his influence not merely dominated his fellows but was felt in the government of the school. He did not hesitate to speak out concerning any master whom he thought to be a bully or a tyrant, and there were not wanting, during my time at Elmfield, instances of a changed policy in the school owing to Guttery's action and influence.”

In after years Guttery used to speak of the “Elmfield type.” He was perfectly justified in so doing. All over the land and, indeed, all over the world, there are men who were tutored and disciplined and inspired at Elmfield and who remember the old school with longing and gratitude. The scholastic was emphasised and sought after, but there was a fine blending with the

religious, and the religious was always evangelical and evangelistic. "A.T.G." was one of the proudest of Elmfieldians. At the January examination of the London University in 1881 he matriculated in the First Division.

After leaving Elmfield he became assistant in Mr. Birch's school in Sunderland. His father was in the midst of his great ministry at Tatham Street and his wider activities in the town and district. In the life of his father Arthur saw the possibilities of a Primitive Methodist minister's life. He had been credentialled as a preacher "on trial" from York to his father's circuit, and was thus received on March 7th, 1881. At the June Quarterly Meeting he was received on full plan, after preaching his trial sermon at Mainsforth Terrace Church.

Happily we have letters of this period written to one of his friends, Mr. R. Lawrence Work, now of Cricklewood. The correspondence reveals the intimacy of their friendship and Guttery's passion for its continuance. The letters are prophetic of his future. They show the bent of his mind and the interests which were beginning to possess him. They also reveal his early

powers of speech. Some of the most important events of his life are here stated. It was while in Sunderland that he decided to follow his father in the Primitive Methodist ministry. His father had offered him the choice of the professions: the Law, Medicine, and the Ministry.

Sunderland.

No date. Probably December, 1882.

“ Dear Bob,

As you will perhaps know, the Circuit at the December Quarterly Meeting strongly and unanimously invited me to enter the Ministry. I did not feel at liberty at once to comply, but asked until March to consider. I have not fully made up my mind, as yet, but somehow I feel as though the Divine finger was pointing me to this sphere of duty. It will be some financial loss to me. It will be entirely unsought but, if the work calls me in a way I cannot mistake, I must yield. Shall I not be doing right?

Pa has been elected on the School Board without a contest. The Unsectarian Party have a majority and can carry all before them. The Conservative candidate for the

next General Election has withdrawn his candidature, feeling, I fancy, the absurdity of trying to woo a Radical constituency like Sunderland.

Write soon! Your letters are eagerly welcomed.

Your devoted friend,

ARTHUR T. GUTTERY."

March 3rd, 1883.

"I have been thinking of you much of late because I have been near some of your old haunts. On February 18th I was preaching African Missionary sermons at Tyne Dock Chapel, and on the Monday evening delivered an address. . . . Last Sunday I was preaching all day at Greenbank, Darlington. . . . I admired the chapel very much; at night the building was well filled and from the pulpit presented a most impressive sight. . . . Things are progressing very favourably. Our circuit will, I believe, report a substantial increase, with a solid reserve. A canvass of the town is being taken up in favour of a Sunday Closing Bill. The result I will send you when announced. I believe there can be no doubt as to the result."

Three days later he writes this significant note to his friend :—

“ Dear Bob,

I yielded last evening to the reiterated wish of the Circuit, and shall devote myself to the Ministry. . . .

Yours in all sincerity and haste,

A. T. G.”

The following is a copy of the official document recording his acceptance for the ministry :—

Theological Institute, Sunderland,

April 10th, /83.

To the Authorities of the
Sunderland Second Station :

Dear Brethren,

The following resolution was passed in Committee concerning A. T. Guttery, whom you recommended for examination :

“ That, having examined Arthur Thomas Guttery, of the Sunderland Second Station, we find him very ready in educational matters, and possessed of a fair amount of Scriptural and theological



Rev. Thomas Guttery.

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knowledge, and we can cordially recommend him for the Reserve List.”

On behalf of the Committee.

Yours Respectfully,

THOMAS GREENFIELD.

In those days it was not considered necessary for all candidates to enter the Theological College. Having gained a position on the Reserve List, he was sent to the Oldham Second Circuit to begin his four years' probation. He had now reached his twenty-first year.

We can see that from childhood he had been trained for this hour. His parents, his home, Canada, Elmfield, all the associations and friendships of his life, had conspired to this call and his consecration to it. The call of God had been confirmed by the call of the Church. There was the greatest interest in Primitive Methodist circles in his candidature and in his acceptance. For his parents' sake he was welcomed as well as his own. He had already excited the highest hopes. None could, however, foresee the mastery to which he would come and the fame he would achieve.

His friend, the Rev. Dr. J. T. Wardle Stafford, expresses the truth :—

“When he entered the Ministry I was a tutor at Grove Park School, Wrexham. My own future was uncertain, but he had made up his mind to be a Primitive Methodist minister. He did not conceal his disappointment when my career shaped itself in other directions. He earnestly desired that the comrade of his youth should be his comrade in the Ministry. That chapter in my life’s history is not worth re-writing now, but my admittance into the Wesleyan Ministry in no way quenched the ardour of my affection and admiration for Guttery. This much must be said of him : He was a loyal Primitive Methodist to the day of his death. I do not think he could have settled in any other Church. Anglicanism had no voice for him; the Free Churches outside his own did not quite supply him with the opportunity which suited him best. He was essentially modern, but he had the old Primitive Methodist passion for the salvation of souls. He was political, but politics did not meet the inner craving of the man. The Primitive Methodist Church, with its democratic programme, its comparative

freedom from restraints, its insistence on the foundation truths of the Christian faith, was the Church which permanently met his needs and from whose platform he achieved his greatest triumphs. Guttery was not blind to the fact that few, if any, Primitive Methodist ministers had ever achieved a national reputation, and, in a perfectly honourable way, he set himself to the task of overcoming that limitation."

"A.T.G." was never ashamed of being a Primitive Methodist minister. He gloried in it, indeed. In all societies and from all platforms he was glad to be known as a minister of the Church his father, too, had loved and served. We remember when, in the City Temple, he was elected to the Presidency of the National Free Church Council, he accepted the position with pleasure, not as a personal favour, but as a compliment to the Primitive Methodists, who, he playfully added, are "the salt of the earth."

CHAPTER III.

PROBATION AND MARRIAGE.

“ I cannot recall ever having had any hesitation as to being a minister. It seems to me it must have been simply taken for granted by my father and mother and myself; it just had to be.”—ALEXANDER MCLAREN.

GUTTERY was fortunate in beginning his ministry at Oldham. He liked the town and he loved the people. On their part they responded to him in every way and all through the years.

His Superintendent, for three of his probationary years, was the Rev. Edward Alford and, for the fourth year, the Rev. Frederick Smith. As a probationer he was in lodgings at Lees, a suburb of the town, a mile and a half away.

The circuit chapel was Lees Road, then, and ever since, distinguished for its capable lay leaders and its vigorous church life. Mr. Guttery's first Sunday, as a minister,

was at Lees Road, and it is a remarkable and pathetic coincidence that the last Sunday but one of his ministry was spent there. Every year, since his probationary days, with one exception, he had returned to Lees Road for the Sunday School Anniversary, and he preached the sermons at the Anniversary of 1920.

It is said that he visited Oldham more than any other town in the country for services and meetings of all kinds. It was not only that his own people were eager to hear him, but that the people of all the churches and the multitudes apart from the churches, claimed him as their own.

Nor can this be wondered at. We think of him at twenty-one. He was ardent and keen and ambitious to do well. His father was winning the people in Sunderland and active in the social and political life of the North. His father was his ideal. He meant to do in Oldham what his father was doing on Wearside.

He had everything in his favour. His personality was arrestive and attractive. It was recognised immediately that his speaking gift was beyond the ordinary. He had style and distinction, power and convincingness. It was a pleasure to listen

to him. The announcement that he was to speak or preach was enough to ensure a crowd. His influence grew and spread, even as he grew in knowledge and came increasingly to the consciousness of his powers.

He was unique—sensitive to the movements of the hour, but loyal to the evangelical faith and the traditions of Methodism. His gospel was a programme, a policy to be applied in every sphere of human life. He loved the Church, but he believed in the Kingdom, the rule of Christ in industrialism and politics and in the international range of life. And, always he was an evangelist, preaching the Gospel in the conviction that it was “the power of God unto salvation.” He was happiest when souls were being saved and the Lord was adding to the Church daily.

People knew that a live man was in their midst. He projected himself everywhere. And all his gifts were utilised—his vigorous and fresh mind, his imagination and his wit, his courage and his devotion. In his first circuit he gave proof of all that the after years were to reveal. And his people helped him. They believed in him. His “Supers” trusted him and gave

him encouragement. Even when he provoked antagonisms and aroused critics, by his public actions and words, he was sure of the hosts behind him, his own people, who believed in him thoroughly and could be trusted to defend his name.

A Methodist probationer, in addition to his pulpit and pastoral work, has extensive studies to pursue and stiff examinations to pass. Most men find it enough, even more than enough, to do all this. A.T.G. was in the thick of the political fray almost from the start of his ministerial life. He could not keep off the platform. Once the public of Oldham had heard him deliver his political faith and his social creed they were clamorous with invitations and open-hearted in their appreciations.

The political events in the country conspired to his development. During his years in Oldham there were two General Elections, the Election of 1885 and that of the following year. The franchise had been extended to the counties, and everywhere there was throbbing political interest and activity. Egypt was troubling the politicians. Khartoum fell on January 26th, 1885. The death of Gordon provoked fierce passions. Ireland, too, was to

the fore. Mr. Gladstone was making a bold bid for the settlement of the Irish problem. The 1885 Election was a triumph for Mr. Gladstone, but the Unionists in 1886 secured his defeat.

We can conceive how all these affairs stirred the heart and mind of Guttery. All his sympathies were with the masses. He loved the people. He believed in the fitness of the people for the highest life. He was a foe of all privilege, whether in Church or State, in school or college. He hated landlordism and priestcraft, the drink traffic and the sweater. Mr. Gladstone was his hero. He was convinced that he was furthering the Kingdom of God by helping on the people's enfranchisement on Liberal and Radical lines.

It was while a probationer that he began his travelling career. For the National Reform Union, the Liberation Society, and the temperance organisations he was an accredited advocate.

He never allowed anything to interfere with his ministerial and circuit duties. The first things were kept in the first place. It is the unanimous testimony of his people that he never neglected an appointment. And the churches prospered. Together

with his colleagues and their co-workers, they saw steady advance in spiritual things. But, whenever his nights were free, he was moving about the country, speaking and lecturing in the cause of social redemption and political reform.

From the outset he was troubled with a stammer. In the early years it was very pronounced. It made him wonder whether, indeed, he was called to the ministry. To overcome this hesitancy, he used to beat time with his hand on the reading-desk. Apart from the stammer, which he largely overcame, he had difficulty in speaking certain words. It has been best explained by one of his earliest political friends:—

“The slight impediment which interfered with his articulation, was made to serve as a kind of accentuation of what he was saying. It usually occurred as he approached a word beginning with ‘s,’ as, for instance: ‘We want to go s . . . teadily forward as s . . . peedily as we can.’ The sound of it was like a subdued whistle. When he got over it, the rest of the sentence came with a rush, as if to make up for lost time. The effect was by no means unpleasing, only a little disconcerting to those who were not used to it.”

In regard to this stammer, it was remarkable how rapidly he could substitute another word for the one which gave him difficulty.

To this day his early triumphs in the pulpit and on the platform are recalled. He had the marvellous power of arousing audiences. He could appeal to the popular imagination and intelligence and emotion. When he pleaded for religious equality and the disestablishment and disendowment of the State Church, when he championed the cause of Irish freedom and justice, when he urged that educational opportunities should be freely given to the children of the poor, and, when he denounced the liquor traffic, he spoke with the passion of conviction and seldom failed to lay his mind on others and make them believe in his beliefs. He had the rare art of convincingness and, even when people did not agree with his contentions, they admired his spirit and speech, his certitude and cleverness, his charm and power. Oldham claims a great share in the making of Mr. Guttery. They gave him welcome and they never withdrew it, rather in warmth and co-operation it increased through the years.

It was in Oldham, also, that he found his wife. "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." That was never more true than in Guttery's case. It is certain that he could never have done the national work he did throughout all the years but for the home service and the devotion of his wife. We shall have more to say about Mrs. Guttery as we proceed. Miss Sarah Biggs Alford was the daughter of his first Superintendent, the Rev. Edward Alford. She was in Oldham in her father's home when A.T.G. began his ministry. Of course, they had abundant opportunities of seeing each other and love came to each of them.

We are glad to quote two of the letters of this period. They were written to his friend, Mr. R. L. Work. They are of interest, not merely for their relation to immediate events, but as prophetic of his future.

Lees,

Jan. 23/84.

"Dear Bob.

. . . In addition to my own special work I have been away from home, preach-

ing and lecturing a good deal, including my Liberation Society work. . . . We are having a gracious work on the Circuit, souls being saved and societies being strengthened. In these few months I have learned that the supreme joy of the ministerial life is seeing your words made, in God's hands, the instruments of leading men and women into a nobler and purer life.

“As you know, in North and N.E. Lancashire the cotton industry is almost paralysed. I am glad to say that state of affairs does not extend to Oldham, owing to the fact of our having here the newest machinery and the best constructed mills in the world, and, also, to the fact, that nearly all the mills are run on the ‘co-operative’ and ‘limited liability’ system, which, as the shares are mostly owned by the operatives themselves, gives them a direct interest in the success of the concerns where they work. Again, Oldham has three great staple trades, Coal, Cotton, and Iron, so that I am glad that this pinch does not affect us, though most certainly it is spreading this way. I was down in the Potteries the other week and found things very bad, men out of work by hundreds; indeed, I fear that in that trade,

at least, foreign competition will be felt even more severely still. . . . I went home at Christmas and took Mr. Judson with me. We had a jolly time.

Yours in all faithfulness,

ARTHUR."

Lees,

January 9th, /85.

" . . . I am very happy and busy here. I am now a recognised lecturer for the Liberal Union and have been very full with engagements on 'Present Politics,' 'House of Lords,' 'Gladstone,' 'State Churches,' etc., which have entailed a great deal of labour and study. I took a great deal of work at the Autumnal Agitation meetings, spoke with Arch and several M.P.'s. Of course, my action has aroused a good deal of opposition. For about a month anonymous scribblers have been attacking me in the local press, while other writers have defended me. I have let them go their own 'gait.' My own people, however, are exceedingly true and enthusiastic in my support.

"Our Circuit is doing well. We are having conversions and, at the end of the

year, shall have, I believe, a respectable increase. This quiet growth is my preference, because it pre-supposes stability and firm endurance. Churches, as well as plants, that grow very fast usually die as quickly. . . . I am looking forward to the General Election to crown our G.O.M., whom the Tories have insulted, reviled and maligned, with the splendid crown of a glorious victory.

Yours heartily,

ARTHUR."

The only letters we have of A.T.G. to his parents belong to this period. Unfortunately we have no copy of any letter written by his parents to him. That they were in constant communication is clear.

Lees,

December 16th, /84.

" My Dearest,

I was informed yesterday that the Lees Road Sunday School had decided to invite Pa to preach the Anniversary sermons in April. I do hope very much he will accept.

He is first on the list. Indeed, the

supers had quite a joke at the friendly rivalry which, they say, existed at the meeting for father and son. Pa had nineteen votes, I had fifteen, and . . . came a long way behind. Everybody is anxious that Pa should come. I well know how busy he is, but I trust, for my sake, he will arrange matters and bring Ma with him. . . . *Don't say no!*

I am getting on. Hugh Mason, the M.P. of Ashton, has sent to ask me to give them a few lectures in his borough this winter.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to my week's visit home, with absolute rest, for my life here, while happy and busy, is full of wearing excitement. The week I return I lecture at Mossley in the Town Hall on "The Drink Traffic: Its Horrors and Cure," and the same week I am asked to deliver the Annual Address to the Oldham Co-operative Societies. . . . The work of the Circuit is progressing well. True quiet remains and spiritual power is increasing. I give Lees Road another week's Revival Services next month. All is well. I trust Ma is better.

Your loving son,

ARTHUR."

Lees,
January 24th, /85.

“ Dearest,

. . . Last Sunday I preached three times and every night this week at Lees. We have had good and increasing congregations and some souls, I believe, soundly converted.

To-morrow morning I preach in a large Congregational Church. The minister said his deacons were anxious that he should arrange for an exchange. . . .

Next Saturday I speak with Hugh Mason, M.P., at the opening of a Liberal Club in Ashton. He supports one motion and I the other. How full of exciting work life becomes, and yet it is full of joy!

I am glad to hear of your success in the special mission. It is a glorious work, full of dignity and royal comfort. . . . I know no grander satisfaction than to find one's preaching winged to the hearer's heart, to find that blessed consciousness of divinely given power stealing into the heart. I pray and believe for you. “Fear not! Be of good courage!” The abiding presence of the Master is your heritage.

Your loving son,

ARTHUR.”

Lees,

February 4th, /85.

“ My Dearest Parents,

. . . On Saturday I had a capital time. I was somewhat late and received quite an ovation on entering the room. Mr. Summers, M.P., followed and warmly congratulated me. I did wish Dad had been there. He would, I know, have felt proud. . . . On Sunday we had very good congregations at Bardsley, and one adult saved in the evening. I want above all to keep spiritual power, and am thankful to say that preaching is more than ever a joy to me. . . .

I had a letter from . . . It is true he is engaged. He writes me full particulars. . . . As for me, I am too full of exciting work to bother about girls. I suppose my fate will come some day, then “ farewell to all my greatness.”

I am rejoiced to hear of the good work on your station. May the tides of grace flow with fresh increasing power upon your people !

Accept my love,

ARTHUR.”

Either his father or mother had been speaking words of warning to him. He thus replies on February 21st, 1885 :—

“ I thank you for your wise advice. You need not fear, however, that I shall ever forget that my chief work is to preach the Gospel. My most powerful motive for entering so largely into Temperance and Political work is that it increases the audiences and influence of my church.”

The political references in his letter of April 9th, 1885, are interesting. They are in a letter in answer to one he had received from his mother :—

“ I am glad that the dispute between England and Russia is in a fair way of settlement. We are having enough war, Heaven knows, without another Crimea on our hands. It certainly would have been the most terrible struggle of the last half century. Would that the Gospel of *Peace* were universally received !

“ Lord Randy has returned. Let us hope he will put a little vigour into the opposition ranks. They are disorganised enough now, in all truth, and I hold that a healthy opposition is a very important desideratum in Parliamentary life.

“ I am quite well and working away. I

fear Pa will over-strain himself. Shall I write him some of the admirable advice he writes me?"

His father had visited Oldham and preached the Sunday School Anniversary sermons at Lees Road. His mother had not been well enough to accompany him.

"My Dearest Parents," he wrote on April 29th, 1885, "I trust that when you met again yesterday you would both be gladdened by Ma being better. . . . Pa's departure home made me quite home-sick. I felt an almost irrepressible desire to come North, owing, I suppose, to the fact that I have been longer than usual prevented from seeing you, but I found the best antidote in work. I returned to Oldham early in the afternoon, did some visiting, preached in a square to a large number of folk, then again indoors. We had a powerful meeting, and the Lord helped me very graciously."

His father had been invited to speak at the Missionary Meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle in May. His mother was going up to London with him. Thus Arthur writes:—

“ My Dearest Parents,

My heart is with you in London, but I am securely fastened. . . . I must submit with the best patience possible to the inevitable. . . . I am delighted to hear that Ma is so wonderfully better. I trust she will thoroughly enjoy her visit to the mighty city. I want to ask you to be of good courage. The Christ, Who has been so long the joy and inspiration of your life, will be with you. I hope and pray that you may have a grand meeting at the Metropolitan.”

This was not the first time that Thomas Guttery had been honoured by being one of the Metropolitan Missionary speakers. In *Unorthodox London*, or “Phases of Religious Life in the Metropolis,” written by the Rev. C. Maurice Davies, D.D., there is quite an eulogistic account of Thomas Guttery’s speech. “Tabernacle Ranters” is the title of the sketch. The writer begins: “It was under this undignified title—against which I desire to protest—as applied to the Primitive Methodists, that I was counselled to adjourn to Mr. Spurgeon’s Tabernacle, to witness the proceedings of that body, at whose disposal the

building is annually placed for their missionary meeting. Accordingly, I set out one May evening to see the Tabernacle 'on the rant,' expecting something very grotesque indeed. Something very strange and foreign to my ordinary experiences I did witness. . . . The Primitive Methodists, or 'Ranters,' as they are opprobriously termed, represent more truly the original genius of Wesleyan Methodism than any of the various bodies—and their name is legion—into which the original secession from the Church of England has split up."

A graphic description of the proceedings follows. Mr. Guttery, it seems, was the last speaker. This is what the writer says:—

"Hereupon, the last speaker, the Rev. Mr. Guttery, of Wolverhampton (described by the Chairman as a 'foost-rate star') got up. . . . This gentleman, I must admit, possesses great elocutionary powers and far exceeded the other speakers in culture. . . . Speaking of the growth of the Connexion, he said—and the idea of the estimate was original—'Once in every six hours the pearly gates of heaven are thrown back for a Primitive Methodist to pass behind them.' Then he waxed political. 'Politics

are not to be left to Church parsons. . . . I have great confidence in Gladstone and so I have in him from Birmingham—him with the broad shoulders. . . . I want to see the Church freed from the State.’ . . . He concluded by comparing his own orders with those of the Church of England. ‘They love to trace theirs, link by link, back to the Apostles, but there’s only one link in my chain. I derive my orders, as Paul did, straight from Christ, not from the fat palm of a bishop’s hand.’ Amid the storm of plaudits that followed this speech I came away, after having sat for four hours; and, passing amid the crowd of Chick’s vans and light carts outside the Tabernacle, could not but feel I had seen strange things that night, and that there was a good deal of ‘method’ in the ‘madness’—even if madness it were—of the Ranters of the Tabernacle.’*’

In May, 1885, Thomas Guttery had another good time, greatly to his son’s satisfaction.

The following month Thomas Guttery was a delegate to the Conference which

* *Unorthodox London*, p. 42-48.



Mr. A. T. Guttery,
taken before his Probation began, when twenty-one years
of age, 1883.

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met at Reading. Arthur wrote to him there :—

“ Dearest Pa,

I was glad to hear from you this morning. The Conference seems to have opened auspiciously, and I trust that the best blessing of God will rest upon your deliberations. There are at least, you know, two hearts praying for you.

Even at Conference the defeat of the Cabinet will, I doubt not, be a leading theme of conversation. I am not sorry. . . . It means a long electioneering campaign. The people have yet to speak and I, for one, do not think they will desert the greatest Statesman of the age. . . . The weather is glorious. I am busy. Last night I preached in the open air, same to-night, and same on Sunday afternoon. I am quite well. Have just written to Ma.

With fondest love,

ARTHUR.”

This reference in a letter to his mother to his future father-in-law is amusing :—

“ Yesterday Mr. Alford and I were making the plan. We finished it at one sitting. Mr. Alford said he never had such a

fast worker with him. Mr. Alford, I am glad to say, is evidently waking up to a new vigour. I have talked to him very seriously about us making this last year a bright and successful one. He is now commencing to take open-air work, as well as myself, and I am very hopeful that we shall see more abundant success. We shall need the Lord's help. . . . Have had a paper from Pa."

It would seem that he had addressed his father as "Dad," and that his father had not been pleased.

"Dearest Pa," he says, "I have omitted the word 'Dad,' as you will see. It was from no disrespect I used it, but it was the most endearing epithet I had. I confess I don't think of you so much as Pa, for it seems too juvenile, or father, for that sounds to me formal, but as a jolly, true, grand Dad, but I won't use it again. . . . I am proud to read and hear of the prominent and successful position you are taking. . . . The whole Conference, I should judge, is a successful one. Your boy, Arthur."

He was full of evangelistic zeal.

"My Dearest Parents," he writes, on June 23rd, 1885, "on Sunday morning and

afternoon I led the Camp Meeting at Copster Hills and had large numbers with us. In the evening I preached at Lees Road. I had a very happy and profitable day. To-day I preach in the open-air at Waterhead, to-morrow at Copster Hills, and on Thursday in Lees Square. I believe we are doing right in leaving our chapels and taking the Gospel to the people. They must be reached somehow. Oh, that the Lord will bless our efforts is my earnest prayer!"

That Guttery had attended to his probationary studies is shown by his position in the examination lists. For the first year he gained 87 marks out of 100, in the second year 82, the third year 88. In the last examination he took the premier place with 95 marks.

At the Manchester District Meeting of May, 1887, held at Ashton-under-Lyne, he was ordained, the Ordination Charge being delivered by the Rev. William Goodman and the Charge to the Church by the Rev. J. P. Langham. His wedding took place on June the 30th. The ceremony was at Bury, Lancashire, whither Miss Alford's father had removed the previous year.

Their first home was at Hyde, Cheshire,

his superintendent being the Rev. Joseph Squires, who says that Mr. Guttery "was the most popular preacher and lecturer in the town and district." I am glad to confirm that because I began my ministry there in succession to him in 1889. He was only there for two years, but he left an abiding impression. Hyde, indeed, was a centre from which he carried on his wider ministry. He was in constant request for political meetings and temperance demonstrations.

It was in Hyde that their first child was born, and there, too, that they had bereavement. A son, Thomas Arthur, was born to them on April 4th, 1888, but died on January 29th, 1889. Often in after years, when A.T.G. was anywhere in the neighbourhood of Dukinfield, he went to see his first child's grave.

On 4th July, 1889, Norman Arthur was born. Mr. Guttery had accepted the invitation of the South Shields Circuit, and was due there on July 18th. The coming of the little one detained the mother for some weeks with friends. A.T.G. went on alone to begin his Northern ministry.

It was during his first winter in Hyde that I came into friendship with him. I was

a candidate for the Ministry and he came to my native town, Gateshead-on-Tyne, for the Church Anniversary services. He was to be the guest of Councillor T. J. Robson, by whom his father had often been entertained. I recall the interest in the church and in the town at the coming of the great preacher's son. I was commissioned to meet him at Newcastle. It was late when he arrived on the Saturday night. Two things I have never forgotten. We were in the cab, and the horse was pulling hard up West Street. It is a very steep ascent. A.T.G. was impatient. "I think this horse ought to be s . . . uper-annuated!" he exclaimed.

He wanted a black tie, and, catching sight of a draper's shop, he ordered the driver to stop, and ran in to make his purchase.

I remember the text from which he preached the following morning, and the suppressed excitement the sermon created: "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." I did not hear him in the evening because I was preaching elsewhere, but I joined them later for supper and singing.

In the spring of 1889, when I was in Col-

lege, I "supplied" for him one Sunday at Hyde, and was his guest for the week-end. I recall the old hymns and tunes we sang, his wife playing the piano and he singing with great gusto. The old-fashioned things were dear to his heart.

CHAPTER IV.

SOUTH SHIELDS

“Declare yourself! Devote yourself! Fulfil yourself!”—SIR GILBERT PARKER.

IN every sense South Shields was an admirable appointment for Mr. Guttery. For many years it had been one of the most aggressive of the Northern circuits. This was shown by the strategic positions of the churches, the excellent properties, and the spirit of evangelism and enterprise which was everywhere displayed. A.T.G. found himself at once in a most congenial atmosphere. There was heartiness in the praise, an eagerness to hear the word of life, a broad-mindedness to perceive the social and political bearings of the Christian Gospel, and a great desire for spiritual advancement in the churches and in the town.

From the beginning of his six years' ministry he was heartened by the ready response of the officials and members, and the response, too, of the public to his message and appeal.

During the first three years he was the third preacher of the station. The Rev. Arthur Ward was the Superintendent. The second preacher had his home in Jarrow-on-Tyne. The Rev. Joseph Reavley was Number Two the first year and the Rev. Emerson Phillipson for the other two years. Mr. Ward and Mr. Guttery resided in South Shields. The venerable Thomas Southron was spending the evening of his life in the town.

In 1892 the Circuit was divided, Jarrow-on-Tyne becoming an independent station, with Mr. Phillipson as its superintendent and the Rev. G. J. Lane as his colleague. Mr. Guttery became the superintendent at South Shields, with the Rev. Jackson Harding as his colleague for two years, and the Rev. T. E. Currah for the final twelve months.

The division of the circuit was a proof of progress. They divided to multiply. His colleagues and he had thrown themselves into the work of the churches, and they were rewarded by visible successes.

In everything Mr. Guttery took a prominent part. One of the officials of the station (Mr. T. Elstob) says: "From his first coming amongst us he was a felt force; his

pulpit and platform utterances were such that people flocked to hear him. . . . A thrill of enthusiasm went through the whole circuit, which put the churches on their mettle, reviving and invigorating the various agencies which were at work. . . . His work as superintendent cannot be overestimated. Whether in the church services or in the business meetings, his was the master mind. Whatever difficulties were encountered in these latter, Mr. Guttery, by a wise discrimination, could invariably solve them to everybody's satisfaction. . . . The calls upon him were many, but there was no neglect of his own parish. In our homes he was a frequent visitor. . . . His was a kindly, genial disposition, with a bright and hopeful outlook. . . . In prosperous or adverse seasons it was always safe to consult him. . . . We shall never forget him."

Arthur Guttery loved Methodism; he gloried in Primitive Methodism. All the old Methodist ways he cherished. Modern as he then, and always, was, he ever responded to the beloved procedures identified with his own Church. He was quite at home at camp-meetings and he never preached with greater verve and power than

when he was on a waggon with a crowd around him. He was "in his element" in street processions, which were quite the order of the day. He sang his heart out in the streets and exulted in exhortations at street corners or other halting places. He enforced the value and importance of Church membership, and made a great point of the Quarterly United Class Meeting, when the tickets were renewed. It was held on a Sunday morning, "and woe betide the member who did not respond to the call," Mr. R. Walker reports.

The South Shields years were important years in his life. He came more and more to the realisation of his gifts, and he was maturing them in every way. They were years of constant reading and thought, even though, on the outward, they were years of incessant movement. He made his way by sheer force of character and ability. All power is self-revealing. It cannot be hid. He was a leader in the pulpit and a master on the platform. Nothing escaped his vigilant eye. He was sensitive to all that was proceeding in the life of the nation. All his sermons and speeches were new. He was constantly preparing. Everything

he uttered had the breath of the immediate upon it.

It is impossible to exaggerate the influence of such a mind and such a voice and heart in the continuous round of a Methodist circuit. He was surrounded by local preachers, class leaders, Sunday school teachers, workers in every department of the churches, many of whom were as keen as he. He was the colleague of gifted and devoted men. There can be no astonishment that the churches prospered and that young and old were inspired in the religious life.

In his home he had happiness and peace. Two daughters were born in South Shields—Dora Emily and Winifred Sara. His wife was his unfailing counsellor and helper. There was everything in his home to quicken him to the noblest and best. Best of all, he had the incentives in his own soul, a keen ambition to realise himself to the uttermost, and a passion of longing to speed on the Kingdom of God.

In the life of the town he took a foremost part. The Temperance forces found in him a ready and valiant champion. He was the friend of the Y.M.C.A., and it is easy to understand his popularity with its

members and with the hosts of young men in the town. In politics he was a true leader. He never failed to rise to the greatest occasions. He was often on the platform of the Liberal Member, Sir William Robson, afterwards Lord Robson. His rising was invariably the signal for an outburst of welcome, and, at the close of his address, the cheering proved the pleasure he had given. In these ways his ministry became known and people, who were not accustomed to attend the worship of the churches, were drawn to hear him preach in one or other of the Primitive Methodist churches of the town. He was ever reaching out to the crowd, and few men were so richly and abidingly rewarded by the attendance of outsiders as he.

All through these South Shields years, also, he was travelling about the country on preaching and lecturing tours. It was wonderful how he fitted these engagements in with the manifold calls and appointments on his own station. There was no neglect at home, and yet there was extended service in all parts of the land. I remember his coming to Hyde one Thursday in a wild November. He was billed to lecture under the auspices of the Liberal Party. He had

visited three other towns that week and reached Hyde on the Thursday morning. He spent the day with me, and lectured with amazing freshness and energy and power in the evening. I begged him to stay till the following morning but, he explained, that he was the Secretary of the Ministers' Fraternal in South Shields, that the Fraternal was to meet at his house the following afternoon, and that, therefore, he must travel through the night. I recall how he went off, near midnight, in the cold train, chatting to the last and gay as ever.

It was in these years that he became known as an agitator. Indeed, he proclaimed that fact on every platform. This was his confession to one of his South Shields colleagues. "I was born to declaim. Declamation is the breath of my nostrils." It was not his business, he said, to propose schemes of redress or to suggest legislative measures. That was the duty of Statesmen and of Cabinets. It was his business to stir up the minds of the populace, to create a healthy discontent, to denounce abuses and wrongs and shams and inequalities, to make men feel that some things ought not to be tolerated, to incite the people to insist on justice and freedom

and right. Of course, he was denounced in many quarters and criticised in others. He never minced his words. All the battery of his satire was often turned on his political opponents. He was vigorous in denunciation, scathing in many of his attacks, and he expected and received no quarter from those he assailed.

He hated the Liquor Traffic. He never lost an opportunity of pleading for sane and drastic licensing reform. One illustration is typical of his constant action. The Rev. F. Hobson writes :—

“The first time I ever heard him was at a temperance gathering in Darlington. . . . At that time he was not widely known. When the principal speakers—Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. W. S. Caine—had finished their speeches, the audience seemed as though it would rapidly diminish. But, when the last speaker, the young Primitive Methodist minister from South Shields, rolled forth his eloquence, people dropped back into their places and the meeting was simply fired with enthusiasm. I heard him on many occasions, but never to such advantage. For sheer eloquence, delightful humour and powerful presentation of a case, it reached the high water mark.”

I have before me a circular concerning his lectures at this period. His photograph appears, showing him with the short, well-trimmed beard. He wore the narrow, black, folded tie we knew so well. A synopsis of each lecture is given. There were Biographical Lectures on "W. E. Gladstone : Statesman and Patriot," "Wilberforce : The Slave's Friend," "Chinese Gordon : Hero of the Soudan," "Wycliffe : the Morning Star of the Reformation," "Stephenson : The Sire of Railways," and "Spurgeon : Preacher and Philanthropist." He had a course of lectures on "Christian Socialism," dealing with (1) "The Centre of Social Conflict : or Greed for Gold"; (2) "Labour and Leisure"; (3) "The Good Time Coming," to which was added a fourth : "A Man's a Man for a' that."

His General Lectures included : "Queer Folk : A Character Study," "Street Scenes : Sunshine and Shade," "Poverty : Its Humour and Pathos," "Shams," and "Democracy : Its Powers, Perils and Prospects."

Who that ever heard his lecture on "Shams" could ever forget it? The inimitable word-play, the lightning character

sketches, the uncontrollable mirth, the flashes of moral passion and sound good sense—it was a marvel of speech and of human influence.

It was then, as now, the fashion throughout the villages of the North to have frequent week-day services of a special order, and into these villages A.T.G. used to come for sermons and lectures. His name became familiar in all the Northern counties. His repeat visits were eagerly anticipated. No sooner was one engagement over than the next was booked. He had regular rounds of week-day engagements, and it is the simple truth that he was always fresh and surprising and vital.

It was in 1894 that he attended his first Conference as a delegate. It was held in the George Street Church, Chester. He preached in the Conference Church on the Sunday morning from the text Acts xi. 26 : “And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.” To this day the sermon is spoken of. In the debates of the Conference he took an active part. That was the beginning of a long and honourable Conferential experience. There were some who prophesied then that he would come to great distinction. None could have

guessed, however, that a day would come when his would be the master mind of Conference, when, indeed, the Conference would be hushed to hear his faintest whisper.

We cannot do better in closing this chapter than to quote the prescient tribute of the Rev. T. E. Currah, one of his South Shields colleagues. Nothing could be truer than these words, and the reader will acknowledge the felicity of their expression :—

“ I first met and heard him preach in the Methodist Free Church at Seaham Harbour. That must be forty years ago. He appeared youthful but his style in the pulpit was grave, earnest and marked by great self-confidence. There were none of those sparkles and flashes of wit which marked his speaking in after years. He emphasised greatly the needs of Africa, and appealed to the church in an urgent way for help. In thinking of my old friend and colleague, I like to link the memory of his words that night with that of his great work as Missionary Secretary, when he did so much for Africa.

“ It was in the year 1894-5 that we were colleagues in the South Shields Circuit.

Of our personal relations, both in a private and public capacity, nothing need be said beyond this, that they were of the most friendly and unreserved nature and were never clouded in any way whatever.

“At that time he was in the full swing of lecturing on all sorts of subjects, but mainly political and social, and in all parts of the country. Every night, when not employed in the circuit, he appeared to have an engagement to lecture somewhere. The strain must have been great, but he had resources of an uncommon order; his powers of recuperation and the ease and facility with which he acquired material for his work and utilised it, just the right and telling thing at the right time, were abnormal. Points of view and conclusions about a subject that for most require prolonged thought, he saw by intuition, or something very near to it, seizing at once the essential features of a subject with the greatest ease. Without this gift or acquirement it would have been impossible for him to have done more than a fraction of the work he accomplished.

“His ever-ready humour, broad, good sense and sympathy, nimble and kindly wit, made him a great manager of men;

they never failed him. In public and private alike his high spirits seemed inexhaustible; there was always a radiant confidence in Christ, in humanity and in himself. This warm-hearted optimism, too, I never knew to fail him.

“Every day, every experience and every incident brought grist to his mill. He harvested in all seasons and in all places, and sowed at once what he had gathered. This, too, always made him fresh. His quick perception of what would serve his purpose doubtless saved him much anxiety and close thought. I never knew him nor heard of any occasion to which he did not rise with the greatest ease, and giving one the impression that he was immensely enjoying it. This sense of happiness he seemed to me to carry into all his work. Whether preaching, lecturing, visiting, in business meetings, or in the private intimacies of his colleagues, he was ever a bright and joyous spirit.”

CHAPTER V.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

THE CENTRAL CHURCH

“It was not long before he came to be known as ‘Matheson of Innellan,’ and by the close of his ministry there his name was as closely identified with the place as Frederick William Robertson’s was with Brighton.”—*The Life of George Matheson.*

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS throughout the Northern Counties in the latter half of the last century were all familiar with the Nelson Street Chapel in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Justly famous it had been in its day. Then, for years, there had been a gradual decline in numbers and influence. The people began to move out to the suburbs, and Nelson Street became almost entirely a business centre. There were faithful families who clung to the old and sacred building and found in the services the richest means of grace. Recalling Nel-

son Street, we think of the Stokoes, the Stewarts, the Robsons, the Handysides and the Mortons. The membership of a man like Robert Foster would give any church distinction. He was the friend and bosom companion of the most intellectual of the ministers. He came to the Vice-Presidency of Conference in 1901, and was one of the most thoughtful and spiritual preachers of his day. Mr. John Hewitson was a noble soul. He was in the front rank of Connexional laymen and the Treasurer for many years of the Connexional Orphanages. A great heart he truly was, full of kindness and zeal. It is delightful to recall their names and to remember all that these generous men and women and their families did for the cause of Christ in this hallowed building.

But there was the decline, and Nelson Street was a problem and a challenge. Could anything be done to restore the former glories of the venerable place? If not that, then what was the way of wisdom for the remaining congregation?

When A.T.G. accepted the invitation of the Newcastle-on-Tyne First Circuit, it was felt in Northern Primitive Methodism that something would be attempted and some-

thing done. No one imagined for a moment that he could ever be content to mark time. His going to Newcastle was accepted as the pledge of a new enterprise, a real adventure in the life of the Church.

The unsuitability of the Nelson Street premises was apparent. "The schoolroom was underground and badly lighted and ventilated; there was no class-room, save for a space partitioned off on one end of the schoolroom. The infant scholars met in a room under the high pulpit in the chapel."

For some years the gallery of the chapel had been closed, the congregation meeting for worship in the body of the chapel.

Almost immediately after Mr. Guttery's arrival the gallery needed to be opened. Here, as in his former charges, his fame was known and people were eager to hear him. People began to come to Nelson Street from all parts of the Tyneside district. It was an astonishing experience for the Nelson Street Church when the gallery was cleaned and prepared for the larger congregation. In time, the chapel was filled as in its palmiest days. Outside, also, Mr. Guttery preached the Gospel. On summer Sunday evenings, after the ser-

vice in the chapel, he gathered his people in Nelson Street for song and prayer and the publishing of the Gospel.

With true wisdom in his procedures, A.T.G. showed no haste and yet there was no delay. That there had been serious discussion of the problem is shown by the minutes of that period. We are indebted to Mr. William Sanderson for the following record. Six months after Mr. Guttery had begun his ministry in Newcastle, this resolution appears under date January 30th, 1896: "That Nelson Street should be regarded as our home." "The spirit of a great adventure was abroad, but a deep affection for the old place, no doubt, made some of the older members wish that they might end their pilgrimage of faith in their honoured Zion. But, within a brief period, there was this recommendation: 'That we consider the possibility of altering the chapel to meet modern requirements.' No time was lost; competitive plans were asked for; £1,900 being the limit of expenditure fixed. And that 'Mr. Guttery be asked to obtain promises of financial support.'

"Difficulties as to 'ancient lights' cropped up; it was found not so easy to convert the old building in the way thought

of. In June the matter was no further forward, but, in September, it was recorded that 'we are not prepared to proceed with this large scheme owing to the high amount of the tenders.' . . . Events moved rapidly. Within a month the suggestion was made (October 8th, 1896) of a site in Northumberland Road, and a week later it was agreed to purchase it, subject to legal matters being found in order."

We know all that lies behind this series of resolutions, the prolonged debates, the natural hesitation, the reluctance to part with the chapel, which had meant so much to all these families, and yet the desire to meet the modern need and to provide a meeting-place worthy of the denomination, worthy of their brilliant minister, and worthy of the city and of the Kingdom of God.

And, now, that they had decided to arise and build, no time was lost. The old chapel was sold for £7,500. The tender for the erection of the new church was placed in January, 1898, and the Foundation Stone Ceremony took place on Whit Monday, May 30th, 1898.

In May, 1897, the last District Meeting was held in the Nelson Street Chapel. This

was a fitting recognition of its honoured history and fame. Mr. W. Sanderson well describes it: "Enthusiasm ran high; recollections of old times and all the power of old associations swayed the people mightily."

The new church was opened on October 4th, 1899, the preacher being the Rev. John Smith, ex-President and ex-Missionary Secretary. The first Sabbath sermons were preached by Mr. Guttery himself, and he, also, took Sunday, November 5th.

"The total cost of the new buildings was £15,563 8s. 10d. Towards this, including £7,500 realised by the sale of the Nelson Street Chapel, the total amount raised since the inception of the scheme was £11,063 8s. 10d., leaving a debt of £4,500."

This was a great achievement, from every point of view. There was a comparatively small membership, and the ordinary expenses of the circuit fund in themselves were considerable. There must have been the most generous giving for this fine result to be obtained.

We have the full statement of accounts before us and we see how handsomely all these families subscribed, not once, but

again and again, in the repeated efforts which were made, and throughout this financial crusade the minister led the way. His personal liberality is most observable. His salary on going to Newcastle was £160 a year, and it remained at that figure until 1902. Yet his name appears for the most generous donations. That was characteristic of him in all his ministry. He taught the people to give. He himself found real joy in giving. In every financial appeal he headed the list.

The erection of the Central Church marked an epoch in the history and development of Primitive Methodism in the North of England. From an architectural point of view the premises are excellent. The site is commanding, convenient and accessible, and the buildings are in all ways adapted for the work of an aggressive and ambitious church.

The Central Church will always be associated with Mr. Guttery's name. It was commonly spoken of as "Guttery's Church." In all the after years he spoke of it with pride, and his love for its people was unbounded. It is impossible to say all that he did for the project. It was his vision and wisdom and courage and gener-

osity that made it possible in the first instance and carried it through to its triumphant completion. In succeeding years, twice he raised £1,000 for debt reduction. Before leaving it was reduced to £2,500, quite a manageable obligation for a large and generous congregation.

He always acknowledged with gratitude the services of those who co-operated with him. Special mention must be made of Mr. Charles T. Stokoe, who was the Financial Secretary of the Building Committee. He gave himself with much devotion and skill to his task, and the organ in the church was built to his memory. Nor can the services of Mr. John Hewitson ever be forgotten. His practical knowledge and experience, his driving power, his enthusiasm and his loyalty to his minister were all revealed during these busy and anxious months and years.

At once the Central Church became worthy of its name. It proved to be the Central Church of Primitive Methodism in the city, and also of the Sunderland and Newcastle District. It has been called "The Cathedral of Tyneside Primitive Methodism."

From the opening Sunday, when Mr.

Guttery preached, the congregation increased, until in a very short time the beautiful edifice was well filled, sometimes quite crowded on the Sunday evening.

On going to Newcastle, A.T.G. wisely insisted that he must be allowed to concentrate, first at Nelson Street, and then at the Central Church. There were two other churches in the Newcastle First Station, those of Derby Street and Gosforth. To meet the needs of these churches an evangelistic fund was opened, and a lay helper secured. Mr. Richard Hall, Mr. Richards, and Mr. and Mrs. Clegg were among those thus engaged. It is interesting to find, also, that two ministers, who are now rendering fine service in our churches, were lay helpers with Mr. Guttery, before entering the ministry. Mr. A. E. Reavley was with him for four months in 1896, and Mr. F. Hobson for the year 1897-8. This arrangement led eventually to the calling out of an additional minister. The Rev. Ernest Lacey was the first probationer. He served for two years. The Rev. J. W. Clifford, M.A., served his probation and a further year on the approved list. During Mr. Guttery's thirteenth year the Rev. Albert Lowe was his colleague.

The Central Church became increasingly popular and powerful. With the growing fame of its minister in the national life, the people were more and more wishful to hear him. He revelled in preaching. His greatest delight was in making and preaching sermons. And all his sermons were carefully written out. His memory was an extraordinary endowment. From brief notes he could recall what he had penned. He gave of his best, Sunday by Sunday, in the pulpit which was peculiarly his own. He never enjoyed preaching so much as in the church he had done so much to build and to the congregation he had had the joy of gathering. The Rev. Albert Lowe says: "I was much struck with the fact that, whilst the 'Super' was always willing to discuss his pulpit themes with his colleagues, he seldom would have anything to say about his addresses and lectures. It was the pulpit, not the platform, that had his first loyalty."

He dealt with public questions in the pulpit. Everything that affected the Kingdom of God was of interest to him as a minister of the Gospel. One, who was always in attendance, testifies to the attention he secured and the value of his broad-

minded and large-hearted discourses. When John Morley's *Life of Gladstone* appeared he preached "three excellent sermons" on it. One summer, when he was having holiday with his family at Cullercoates, he preached four sermons on Sunday evenings in the Central Church on Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*. There were large congregations of men to hear him, and many acknowledgments he received of guidance and help he had given to real truth seekers. "It was interesting," Mr. Lowe says, "to see the great congregation in the Central Church when some question was agitating the public conscience. If he aroused antagonisms, and he did, he also created and sustained great and unselfish loyalties to righteousness in the souls of many."

Busier than ever he became in the social and political and Nonconformist movements of the times. He was constantly travelling, and yet he never missed an appointment at home. One of his colleagues declares: "He never spared himself. He would travel from one end of the country to the other to attend a Committee or a week-night service. Though so busily occupied with outside public work

there was no neglect of circuit duties. To these he attended most assiduously." Another affirms: "He was a prodigious worker. . . . As he put it one day, 'I don't believe I have an idle bone in my body!' So he kept fresh in his ministry to his own people. His preaching grew upon them to the very last. . . . His advice, which he said he handed on from his father, was 'To treat a week-evening congregation as you would a Sunday morning one. Give your best, and you will get them there!'"

Through Mr. Guttery's influence many of the foremost preachers were heard in the Central Church pulpit. Dr. Clifford, Dr. R. F. Horton and the late Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., came at his request.

He was equally interested in the other two churches in the Circuit. Mr. James Gow, so long and honourably connected with the Derby Street Society, testifies to the value of the services the "Super" gave to them. At the first Annual Trustees' Meeting at Derby Street attended by Mr. Guttery, Mr. Gow had suggested the adoption of the envelope system of weekly offerings, and, with Mr. Guttery's co-operation, the new method was initiated, and with marked and lasting success. During Mr.

Clifford's ministry there was a gracious revival, and sixty converts were won to the Church. None rejoiced more than A.T.G. in this real spiritual prosperity. "The Gosforth Church," Mr. Clifford says, "was practically restarted by him, and has prospered ever since." This is now one of the most flourishing Methodist societies in the North of England.

All his colleagues and officials speak of the remarkable efficiency of his business methods. The Quarterly Meeting is the most important gathering in a Methodist circuit. Everything in circuit life is determined there. A.T.G. was an expert in the preparation of his agenda and in the management of these quarterly assemblies. Mr. W. Sanderson bears this testimony. "In his Quarterly Meetings Mr. Guttery never allowed affairs of public importance, having connection with the spiritual and moral well-being of the community, to pass unnoticed. . . . He would bring resolutions ready drafted and hand them to one to move and another to second, thus affording the younger men especially a chance of proving the gift within them. At least, it gave them the opportunity of showing what they could do in the way of impromptu speech."





Mrs. T. Guttery.

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The Rev. Albert Lowe confirms this. "His management of a Quarterly Meeting was a revelation to me. It was prepared for down to the last detail. They were never dull. He managed to get 'sparkle' into routine business. He always had the windows of the Quarterly Meeting open upon the life of the nation. Public questions were discussed and resolutions carried. The Prime Minister, and those with him responsible for the government of the realm, often heard from the Newcastle-on-Tyne First Circuit Quarterly Meeting during the days of Mr. Guttery's superintendency."

These features of Mr. Guttery's circuit management equally impressed the Rev. J. W. Clifford, who had five years' experience with him. "No wonder he was swift in getting through a heavy agenda, for discussion only arose on important points. He was always anxious to do right, and strong in dealing with difficult business. . . . His advice to me, golden in its value, revealed his ideal. 'When you've carefully come to the conclusion that a course is right, go straight ahead.'"

Amid all this he was not neglectful of his pastoral obligations. Especially attentive

he was to the sick. One of his members tells how that Mr. Guttery arrived at his home one morning before nine o'clock, having heard that the mother of the family was ill. His presence in a sick room was help and healing. Sometimes he would take a cab when he had a round of visits to pay.

All through these hard-driven years his heart was at rest in his home. Two sons and a daughter were born in Newcastle: Arthur Edward, Eric Percival and Marion Laura.

All who write and speak of Mr. Guttery delight to tell of his home. His colleagues were welcomed there and appreciated its true home atmosphere and fellowship. Mr. Clifford says: "Being a probationer, I lived in lodgings, but my 'Super' did not like to think of my having my meals in loneliness on Sundays, so, he said, that, when I preached in the Central Church in the morning, I had to go to his home for dinner, if not booked elsewhere, and one of his children always came to make sure that I kept the promise he got me to give. . . . Great everywhere, he was greatest of all at home. His devotion to his wife and children was beautiful."

Mr. Lowe says: "I never admired my 'Super' more than when I saw him in his own home, in the midst of his own family. I often found myself wishing that those, who were antagonised by his bearing in public, could have seen him in the privacy of his home. He was easily the youngest member of his family. The goodness and gaiety of his great heart made frequent festival at home."

Mr. Hobson's testimony is the same: "The secret of a great deal of his success can be attributed to Mrs. Guttery. How ideal was their partnership, and how beautiful their home life!"

Those who knew A.T.G. intimately will appreciate Mr. A. E. Reavley's memory. Writing to Mr. Norman Guttery, he says: "Has your mother ever told you of our musical attempts? We had one song and one duet between us—'Anchored' and 'Larboard Watch.' They lacked nothing in sound and fury. Those were gay times and much enjoyed by us. In his off hours your father was a great mirth maker."

We are glad to record these personal tributes of his colleagues. They had every opportunity of knowing what manner of man he was. Mr. Hobson tells of his first meeting with him.

“I was a raw, inexperienced and diffident youth, preparing to be a candidate for the ministry, and yet had never been away from home. It was with considerable trembling I went to meet the minister, whose eloquence was winning him such fame. . . . Instantly he put me at ease. He laid before me the great task he had set himself in the city of Newcastle and made me feel what a great help I could be to him. . . . It took some courage to venture alongside such an eloquent preacher as his colleague. Whether it was my simplicity and earnestness or some other quality I cannot say, but he took me into his large, warm heart, and was to me the kindest and most generous of friends. Never once did he make me feel any sense of inferiority but, rather, he was most lavish in his encouragement. . . . I never met anyone with a larger spirit of genuine generosity.”

The Rev. E. Lacey gratefully recalls his first superintendent's kindness: “Mr. Guttery had a great fund of human nature and was the most companionable man I ever knew. He possessed a personal charm, which was, I think, his greatest gift. I soon came under its spell and its influence never left me.”

Mr. Lowe expresses the truth in admirable words :—

“ His brotherly kindness never failed. He never domineered. His courtesy was constant. Surely no Primitive Methodist minister was a better ‘Super’ than he ! To work by his side was to become more than an admirer. . . . He inspired a great loyalty in his helpers for he himself was the very soul of loyalty.”

CHAPTER VI.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

(Continued)

WIDER ACTIVITIES

“If our religion is not a conventional sham it is as suitable for Monday and Saturday, as for Sunday. The ethical teaching of Christ is applicable to business, pleasure and politics, as well as to prayer-meetings and sacraments.”—HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

ALL through the thirteen years of Mr. Guttery's residence in Newcastle his own church was the centre of his life. At first in Nelson Street, and, then in the Central Church, he truly cared for his people. To feed the Church, to give it a worthy and abiding home, to increase it and to magnify its powers, these were the ideals which held his mind and filled his heart. And his own people gratefully admitted then, and have ever since proclaimed, how much they owed to him, to his tireless and wise

activity, to the charm and effectiveness of his preaching, and to his bold and resourceful leadership. These things would have made a full life in themselves, nevertheless, he was engaged throughout these years in many other ways, in the District and Connexional life of his own Church, in the movements and propaganda of the Free Churches, and in the social and political upheavals of the British nation and Empire.

A.T.G. took a very active part in the district life of Primitive Methodism, and for five years (1898-1903) was the Secretary of the Sunderland and Newcastle District Committee. This is a body composed of all the ministers and lay representatives of all the circuits and supervises the business of the whole district. Many important denominational affairs have to be considered, and under skilful and sagacious guidance it can give the lead in the wider movements of the Kingdom of God. Mr. Guttery proved to be one of the most efficient secretaries. As in his Circuit Quarterly Meetings, so in the monthly meetings of the District Committee, his agenda was always carefully and fully prepared, and he kept the Committee in touch with every affair of

national importance. To supplement the aid of the Connexional Funds to trustees he raised a fund of £1,000, and went about preaching and lecturing on its behalf.

On many occasions he was the spokesman for his brethren. The address he gave at the funeral of the Rev. W. R. de Winton is still recalled. One who was present has described the scene and the effect of his speech:—

“I shall never forget the funeral of the Rev. W. R. de Winton at Hetton. (He was killed through a falling chimney in a night of terror in February, 1903. The gale was awful; sleepless folk rose from their beds and dressed in many homes, fearing the collapse of their houses). A thin layer of snow covered the ground in the large pit village and, melted by the sun, became black, thick mud. The scenes are fresh as if recent—the crowded chapel, into which at least fifteen hundred people were ‘got,’ the streets outside lined with thousands unable to get in, and the tense atmosphere of the service. But the address given by Mr. Guttery was a revelation. He was a close friend of the deceased minister, and he sketched his career and character with

insight and appreciation, but also with genius of phrasing and deep emotion. The audience commenced to murmur their approval and, at last, as the speaker passionately declared 'We shall see him again,' the optimism of the mighty Christian hope swept all before it, and a fervent shout of answering faith revealed how completely people and speaker were one. The thrill of that time often comes back to me, and I am sure that God made immortality real in our hearts. Such a memory is unspeakably precious now."

One of his duties as District Secretary was to preside at the Yearly Examination of the Probationers in the District. We cannot do better than quote from the record of one who was present: "Young men found him accessible. One recalls the Probationers' Examination in March, 1903. . . We appreciated his kindness in many ways. (There were fourteen men sitting that year in the Sunderland and Newcastle District). He arranged for us to dine in a body at a café run by a lady who was a member of his Church. He presided over the meal and drew us on to debate, thoroughly enjoying the pros and cons and the wit, as well as the wisdom, which

emerged. Then, in the middle of the session, he would allow a ten minutes' break for biscuits and tea in the morning and an orange in the afternoon. One has learned since that these 'extras' were his generous gifts to us, and yet never was exam. carried out more perfectly. There was no slackness allowed anywhere."

At the District Synods he was ever welcomed as a leader. He was great in debate and the debates were often "full-dress" in this powerful District of which he was Secretary, and he was equally great on the public platform. *The* event in a Primitive Methodist District Synod is the Monday night public meeting. The crowds are always there, enthusiasm runs high, the people come for a good time and we can never remember a time when their expectations were disappointed. A.T.G. was invariably the last speaker. How he thrilled the people! His subject was always "on the dot," as an old pitman once expressed it. It was timely and pungent and enthusiastic. Denominational loyalty was always quickened. He magnified his own Church and inspired his own people. "If a man is not proud to be in Primitive Methodism he should clear out of it!" he used to say,

and, under the sway of his eloquence and in the glow of his denominational passion, people were prouder than ever of their connection with Primitive Methodism. To this day people in all parts of Northumberland and Durham recall his Synod speeches. He made them laugh; he made them shout; he alternately subdued and excited them. He was a true prophet of righteousness, a hater of war, and an agitator in the interests of the Kingdom of Christ.

In June, 1903, the Annual Conference of the Primitive Methodists was held in Newcastle and in the beautiful Central Church. A.T.G. was the General Secretary of the Conference Arrangements Committee. Though so often off the ground while the arrangements were proceeding, he had all the threads in his fingers, and startled the sectional secretaries by his queries about forgotten things and by suggestions for increased efficiency.

It was at this Conference that he was designated as Vice to the General Missionary Secretary. In Primitive Methodism, Connexional officers hold their posts for five years, and the Conference, which appoints a man to an office, elects at the same

time the man who will succeed him five years later. The Rev. James Pickett at that Conference became the General Secretary to the Missionary Committee, and A. T. G. was appointed "Vice." We remember the excitement of the election, and the brief speech he made in acknowledgment of the honour and trust. It was, he said, a great gratification that his election should take place in his own church. His references to his mother and father touched all hearts. His own people were elated. They were proud that he had been chosen for Connexional office but glad, at the same time, that they had a respite for five years before the change took place.

The following year the Annual Assembly of the National Free Church Council was held in Newcastle. It met in a crisis of Nonconformist history. The Education Bill of 1902 had roused the Free Churches to bitter resentment. None felt more keenly the injustices and the disabilities of the Act than A. T. G. It was at this Assembly that he was elected to the Executive of the Free Church Council. In every succeeding year he was similarly elected.

That was the beginning of his distinguished and honourable career in connec-

tion with this great movement. Year by year, he rose in the confidence of the leaders until he ranked with the greatest. At each succeeding Annual Assembly he took a prominent part, speaking at the public demonstrations with Dr. Clifford, Dr. Meyer, Dr. Scott Lidgett and others of the Council chiefs.

We have but to remember all that happened in the life of the nation and of the world during these thirteen years of Mr. Guttery's ministry in Newcastle to see how inevitable it was that he should be in the thick of the fight and come to power as a Nonconformist and Liberal leader.

In was in 1894, the year preceding his coming to Newcastle, that Mr. Gladstone retired from Parliamentary life and Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister. In A.T.G.'s first year in Newcastle, 1895, there was the Jameson Raid. South African affairs were immediately in the public mind. The Liberal Government fell on August 11th on a snatch vote on "cordite." The Liberal Party was destined to go into the wilderness for nearly eleven years.

From 1896 to 1899 the conquest of the Soudan was proceeding. Lord Kitchener defeated the Khalifa and the Soudan was

brought again under subjection to the Khedive of Egypt.

On October 11th, 1899, the Boer War began. We quote this brief summary of the events. "Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking besieged by the Boers. In one week in December three British reverses—at Stormberg, Magersfontein and Colenso. Lord Roberts, with Lord Kitchener as his chief of staff, now took the chief command. In 1900 Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking relieved; Cronje surrendered with four thousand men at Paardeberg; Bloemfontein and Pretoria entered by the British Army and the Boer Army broken up. A guerilla war ensued, and, for eighteen months longer, the stubborn struggle went on. Meanwhile, Lord Roberts returned to England, leaving Lord Kitchener 'to fight to a finish.' The end came on May 31st, 1902, when peace was signed at Pretoria."*

In 1900 an event occurred which had much importance to A.T.G. A British Protectorate was established in Nigeria, the territory being taken over from the Royal Niger Company. It was in Nigeria where

* *Pannell's Reference Book*, p. 639.

most of the missionary extensions took place during Mr. Guttery's missionary administration.

It was in the latter months of this year that Parliament was dissolved and the "khaki" election was fought. The date of the dissolution was September 25th, and the new Parliament met in December.

In 1901 Queen Victoria died and Edward VII. began his reign. In 1902 Mr. Balfour became Prime Minister. The Education Bill was introduced on March 24th, and the third reading was carried on December 2nd. The relation of this to the "Khaki" election is well expressed by Herbert du Parcq in his *Life of David Lloyd George* (Vol. II. pp. 334-5):—

"The Bill was the best commentary upon the General Election of 1900. The excuse for that election was that the Government needed a 'Mandate' to carry on and complete the South African War. Liberals had sought to point out that Ministries in this country cannot limit an election to a single issue, and that it was too much to expect that a Tory Cabinet would consider itself in honour bound to introduce no Tory measures. Conservative candidates, taking the lead from Mr. Chamber-

lain, had refused altogether to discuss details or principles of domestic policy. They had done their best, and with enormous and flattering success, to turn the General Election into a Referendum on the single question, 'Are you a pro-Boer?' Nonconformists who approved of the war had contributed in their thousands to the overwhelming victory gained at the polls. It was one of the misfortunes of alliance with a party, which had clerical friends to propitiate, that Mr. Chamberlain was driven to consent to a course which was a gross repudiation of his pledges. He, at any rate, saw its dangers and knew its unpopularity; many of his colleagues seemed to have regarded the votes they gained in 1900 as the expression of a rapturous enthusiasm for Tory rule, which would applaud reverently any measure they might choose to introduce. The introduction of the Bill showed quite conclusively that the Opposition had been right in warning those who gave their votes to the Government, upon the faith of pledges that the war was the only issue, that they were being tricked and deluded. For the Bill was a party measure if ever there was one."

In the midst of the education imbroglio came the Tariff Reform campaign. On September 18th, 1903, Mr. Chamberlain resigned from the Government and unfolded his Tariff proposals in a speech at Glasgow on October 6th.

To make confusion worse confounded, Mr. Balfour's Government introduced its Licensing Bill in 1904, "The Brewers' Endowment Bill," as temperance reformers properly called it.

In the light of these facts it can be no matter for surprise that the Free Churches and the Liberal and Labour Parties were roused to increased and intense activity. On December 2nd, 1905, the Government resigned and, nine days later, Sir Henry Campbell - Bannerman's Cabinet was formed. Mr. Lloyd George entered the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade. The General Election took place in January, 1906. The fight with the House of Lords began, and on June the 20th the Prime Minister tabled his resolutions in regard thereto. In Mr. Guttery's last year in Newcastle the Liberal Government had introduced their Licensing Bill, and Mr. Lloyd George his scheme of Old Age Pensions.

This summary of the political happenings in the nation brings at once to mind the subjects in which A.T.G. was deeply interested, and which he expounded on platforms in all parts of the country. Whilst the Liberal Party was in the wilderness he was denouncing and agitating and kindling the hopes of a better and a brighter day. That he and many others agitated to some purpose was proved by the overwhelming defeat of the Unionist Party, and by the return of the Liberals to carry through great measures of reform. He was especially active in the General Election of 1906. It will readily be believed that he was in great request. Candidates in all parts of the land were anxious to have the vigorous and eloquent support he was able to give them. This election was no mere play of dialectics on his part. The deepest convictions of his life were at stake. In fighting clericalism in education, the Jingoism and the Breweries, he knew that he was helping on the cause of freedom and justice and the true interests of the Kingdom of God. Politics were part of his religion. As he prayed so he voted, and, because he was a Christian minister, he was a political advocate and a temperance reformer.

On educational questions he took the line of the National Free Church Council; indeed, that line was largely of his shaping. He did not favour the secular solution, the abolition of the Bible from the day schools. He pleaded for simple Bible teaching, with hymns and agreed prayers, but the elimination of everything sectarian. He opposed the destruction of the School Boards and the setting up of authorities with denominational majorities and with sectarian tests for teachers. It must be acknowledged that, among the Nonconformists, and even among his own people, there was not universal agreement. A keen discussion took place at the Synod of the Sunderland and Newcastle District, held in the Glebe Church, South Shields, in May, 1907. A clever and courageous group of the younger ministers moved for the secular solution in its entirety, as the only possible settlement of the question, and, in their view, the only just settlement. A.T.G. protested against the exclusion of the Bible, the finest and richest literature in the world. After a long contention and a sharply divided debate, he carried his view.

He was one of the first to declare for

Passive Resistance to an Act which put the clerical schools on the rates. He was a passive resister in Newcastle. One of his officials gives this account :—

“The Passive Resistance Movement had Mr. Guttery’s whole-hearted support. He was the leader of those in Newcastle who refused to pay their Education Rate. Our friend was ready to go to prison for conscience sake, and a most touching gathering for prayer was held in the Central Church one morning, prior to the Resisters appearing at the Court, when it was expected Mr. Guttery would be committed to gaol. But someone—‘not a friend’—declared Mr. Guttery, paid the rate on this and on subsequent occasions. The Magistrates strongly opposed any speeches being made, when the protesters were before the Court, but Mr. Guttery generally managed to get in something forceful and to the point. On one occasion, I remember, two very unsavoury cases were put down for hearing prior to the Passive Resisters, and Mr. Guttery voiced an indignant protest against refined gentlewomen and influential Free Church citizens being compelled to listen to such degrading evidence as had been given. A warm passage-at-arms with

the Court officials ensued but, needless to say, there was no further cause for complaint on that score."

One of his colleagues writes about a great meeting in Newcastle in connection with the Annual Assembly of the Free Church Council :—

"On the day after the Free Church Congress had closed in March, 1904, a Passive Resistance Meeting was held in Olympia, a huge wooden structure situated opposite the Central Church. It would seat three thousand people or more, and it was packed out, for the question was then acute. Some of the greatest speakers of the Free Churches took part. Dr. Clifford had a great reception and all the rest did well. Mr. Guttery was called upon last and at a late hour, but gripped the meeting with his first sentence, 'I am on my own pit-heap to-night.' Then followed a magnificent speech. . . . It was the crowning speech of a great meeting."

In the interests of Passive Resistance he visited many parts of the land. One illustration must suffice. An unprecedented case occurred at Newcastle-under-Lyne. We quote from *The Staffordshire Sentinel* of December 9th, 1905 : "A great Passive

Resistance Demonstration took place on Friday night in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, under the auspices of the North Staffordshire Federation of the Citizens' Leagues, the occasion being the release that day of the Rev. Robert Curson, Primitive Methodist minister of Newcastle, after serving a month in Stafford Gaol 'for conscience sake.' The great hall was crowded and the proceedings were of the most enthusiastic character. It was, indeed, one of the most magnificent meetings held in the Victoria Hall."

The Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., and Mr. James Everett, the Secretary of the National Passive Resisters' League, were there to speak along with Mr. Guttery. There were certain local circumstances which gave piquancy to the proceedings. Mr. Rhodes, a Primitive Methodist Councillor, and a local preacher, had been asked by the members of the Town Council to accept the Mayoralty of Newcastle-under-Lyne for the following year. He had consented and had asked his minister, the Rev. Robert Curson, to be his Chaplain. It was whispered abroad that the new Mayor would invite the Council

to his own church on Mayor's Sunday morning, and that there would be no intoxicants at the luncheon, or, indeed, at any Mayoral function during the year. When, however, November 9th arrived, the Council refused to confirm the arrangement they had made and, for some days, the town was without a Mayor. On the same day, the Rev. Robert Curson was committed to gaol. A.T.G. was aware of these local facts and "No teetotaller need apply" was the burden of his speech. We have heard this meeting described by more than one who was present. The position was unique in its bigotry and injustice. The crowded audience was inspired to purify their local Council, to see that public-spirited men took the place of the sectarians and the brewers' henchmen. That Mr. Guttery's appeal was not without effect is proved by this statement from one who knew: "The General Election was impending and the 'case' and meetings influenced the voting all over North Staffordshire tremendously. Mr. Enoch Edwards was candidate for Hanley. He was in the meeting and said it was worth a thousand votes to him. All

five North Staffs seats were won with huge majorities, Hanley nearly 5,000, Newcastle-under-Lyne and Stoke both over 3,000, and the two County Divisions good four figure majorities."

A.T.G. hated Jingoism. He denounced war and the war spirit. Everything that savoured of injustice and cruelty he abhorred and denounced in the most vigorous language he could find. How he scorned the employment of the Chinese coolies in South Africa! When this subject was uppermost he roused his audiences to fury. Sometimes by an apt phrase he poured ridicule on his opponents. Speaking after the South African War, he said: "Mr. Winston Churchill says it is a terminological inexactitude to call this horrible policy 'Chinese Slavery,' so perhaps we may be allowed to call it 'Celestial Servitude!'"

In politics he was a convinced Liberal, with a strong leaning to the Labour policy as advocated in those days by men like the Northern miners' leaders, Thomas Burt, John Wilson and Charles Fenwick. When just a youth in Sunderland, before entering the ministry, he had been the leader of the Liberal Party in the Sunderland



Rev. A. T. Guttery,
When thirty-seven years of age.
Superintendent of Newcastle-upon-Tyne First Circuit.
1899.

Debating Society. He had breathed Liberalism just as he had breathed Primitive Methodism. It was his vital breath, his native air. Liberalism never had a more passionate devotee or a more eloquent advocate than A.T.G.

More than once he was urged to abandon the ministry for the House of Commons. Several invitations came to him to stand as Parliamentary candidate. He could never see that that was the will of God for him. The ministry held his soul; the preaching of the Gospel was the one thing he desired most to do. He could serve the political cause best by remaining in the ministry of the Church. There can be no doubt, that, if he had become a Parliamentarian, he would have come to power and fame. To the end of his life he was increasingly proud of being a Primitive Methodist minister. He could not conceive of any position higher or nobler.

In his ministerial life in Newcastle there was a great deepening of his experience. In later years, also, he matured and mellowed. His nature deepened and his message became more gracious and spiritual. In Newcastle this sanctification began. He

read widely and deeply. The Rev. Albert Lowe says: "About this time there was observable in his ministry a deepening and an enrichment of the spiritual note. I well remember his introduction to the teaching of Dr. Forsyth. The book was *Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind*. There was something in Forsyth that gripped Guttery from the first. One thing was Forsyth's glorying in the Cross, another his ethicising of dogma, and another his insistence upon the sacramental value of true preaching."

His name and fame were now widespread. There were few towns or villages in England where he had not spoken. In the Colonies, too, his name was known. In 1903 he was invited to visit the churches and colonies in Australia and New Zealand, but the pressure of his home work made the voyage impossible.

The Tyneside city will always be proud of his connection with it, and more than Primitive Methodists are thankful for his long-continued ministry there. He saw that in a true man there can be no divorce between religion and politics. First and foremost he was a preacher of the Gospel, yet many called him a "demagogue." "a

platform agitator." Some said that he "played to the gallery," though this was in reality but a tribute to his gift of arresting and enthusing the multitude. He was a real master of assemblies. He swayed them at his will, but always to noble ideals and for great and unselfish causes. At the end of his Newcastle ministry he was known as a national leader of the Free Churches and a competent political guide.

CHAPTER VII.
GENERAL MISSIONARY
SECRETARY
(1908-1913)

LONDON

“The scars of high secretarial office in a religious organisation like a Missionary Society . . . are (1) a tendency to deal with men as pawns in its campaign, (2) a secretiveness and reliance on the defence of precedents in the conduct of policy and in the guidance of Committees; and (3) the very dreadful leprosy of dealing with sacred things as a matter of tired routine. The most desirable and most difficult quality for a hard-driven official to retain is freshness. . . . Throughout his official life Thompson retained this freshness and simplicity.”

Life of Dr. Ralph Wardlaw Thompson.

IN July, 1908, Mr. Guttery went to London to take up his duties as General Missionary Secretary. He had just attained

his forty-sixth year, and was in the fulness of his strength.

The General Missionary Committee is of the utmost importance in Primitive Methodism. In many senses it is the most important of all the Connexional Committees. It touches the denominational life on all sides. A strong, competent and daring Missionary Committee sets the pace for the whole of the Church's life. If weakness obtains there, or ineptitude or faintheartedness, the effects of this would be disastrous.

The concerns of this Committee are very varied and numerous. One Committee has the surveillance and guidance, both of the Home Missionary operations of the Church as well as of those abroad. The accounts of the two sections are kept separate, but there is unity of management. In this regard Primitive Methodism is different from the other Churches. In one of his reports to Conference, Mr. Guttery refers to this unification of control. He says: "We continue to treat Home and African Missions as one enterprise, and in this fact our society is almost unique. In essence, in purpose and in the Evangel proclaimed, they are one. No Missions

are foreign, for the Empire of our Lord has no frontiers, just as no distance is admitted in the sweep of His love."

Under the head of Home Missions a great many types of Christian service are included. There are the London and other City Missions, as, for example, the Mission at Whitechapel, the South-East London Mission, with its headquarters at St. George's Hall, Old Kent Road, the Mission at Clapton, and those in Edinburgh, Bradford and Birmingham. These are all centres of aggressive social and religious work.

The Missionary Committee is, also, the Sustentation Fund Committee, which supervises and assists the circuits and churches which are unable to be self-supporting. It is admitted that there are societies and stations which never can be financed without outside aid; churches and circuits in rural areas, where the population is limited, scattered and generally decreasing. It is a Connexional obligation to see that these churches are maintained. Primitive Methodism is largely a Church of villages, and the villages are all the while pouring their youthful manhood and womanhood into the towns and cities. It would be a crim-

inal thing for these village causes to be abandoned or even supported with half-hearted interest. A.T.G. knew the importance of these village societies, and all through his term he championed their rights and needs. We can hear him speaking in these words taken from successive reports to Conference. In his very first report he refers to this: "On the Home Missions the year has been full of movement and cheer. Several of the Stations represent the cause of Nonconformity and Methodism in parts of rural England where loyalty to the chapel requires real heroism and self-sacrifice. We dare not, and we will not, weaken in our support of village Methodism. There may be no thrilling statistics to report, but there is being accomplished a work that is necessary to the freedom and progress of our country."

In his second report the villages are again in his mind: "On our village stations the work has to be done amid depressing and even hostile conditions, but our missionaries are resolute, and they must be retained and encouraged to make their protest and to declare a Gospel that will mean the salvation of rural England."

This is what he says in his report for

1911: "The problem of the village taxes the resources of the Church, just as it tests the wisdom of statesmen. We dare not, and will not, abandon the villages, and, while we preach to them the Gospel of individual conversion, we shall not forget to support all movements that make for rural emancipation. We will resist the injustices that tend to depress and depopulate the English countryside."

The villages are to the fore in his fourth report. "The work in the villages would often discourage any but the bravest men and women. Bigotry and oppression still shadow rural England; the wages are scanty and the conditions are hard. The emancipation of the villages is one of the most urgent problems of the hour. We must keep the village chapel open as the citadel of liberty as well as of faith."

In his last Conferential report he is still the champion of the villages. "In the villages we face depopulation that is the result of scanty wages, social oppression and even religious persecution. We must hold our post in rural England in the interests of Protestant and economic freedom. Many of these stations can never become self-supporting, but they are maintained with a

heroism and devotion that are an inspiration to the whole Church."

As a further means of Home evangelism special evangelists were employed. Throughout Mr. Guttery's secretaryship the Committee had the valuable and faithful services of Miss M. J. Perritt and Mr. J. B. Bayliffe. It is impossible to speak too highly of their long-continued and successful evangelism. Miss Perritt was expressly set aside for work among young people, the children in particular; while Mr. Bayliffe proved himself one of the finest evangelists we have known. His services were such that, in later years, he was welcomed into the ministry. For some years the Rev. Joseph Odell, who all his life had been an evangelist, gave gratuitous service to the Missionary Society, and the Rev. James Flanagan, a prince of evangelists, rendered similar service. In Mr. Guttery's last year the gifts of the Rev. Herbert Coulbeck were requisitioned.

As a further aid to Home Missions there were six Mission Vans, in different parts of the country. Mr. Guttery called this "The Gospel on Wheels," and in his last report he commends this form of advocacy: "The report of our six Mission Vans is

full of cheer. Excellent work has been done among the villages, where feeble churches have been strengthened, and, in some cases, new causes established. Thousands of services have been held, much good literature distributed, and hundreds of conversions are reported. Four Vans have been attached to the new extensions in South Yorkshire and South Wales, and have proved to be of immense value. Seaside missions are being held in the summer months, and we hope to see the day when the great fairs throughout the country will be evangelised by our Van Missioners. Our gratitude is due to faithful men who serve our Church with a roving commission."

The Missionary Committee was, also, the Committee for the Church Extension Fund. By means of this Fund trustees, in growing neighbourhoods and in holiday resorts, were encouraged and aided in the purchase of sites and in the erection of church buildings. The scheme was initiated by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Mitchell and Sir W. P. Hartley. A.T.G., in his final report, thus speaks of the value of this Fund: "The value of the Church Extension Fund is more appreciated than

ever. Assistance has been continued to more than two hundred Trust Estates. . . . Through the agency of this Fund two hundred and fifty new churches have been erected, at an aggregate cost of over £400,000. With the movement of populations into the suburbs of the great towns, and the opening up of new districts like the South Yorkshire coalfields, the value of this Fund is inestimable."

Many fine projects will always be associated with his name. The church at St. Annes-on-Sea was built and paid for during his term. The Rev. George Bicheno was the pioneer of this brave enterprise. He went to the town with his wife and children and, with a few Primitive Methodists who had come from other places, purchased a site and began to build up a church. The cause has been successful from the beginning. In his first report Mr. Guttery says: "A new mission has been established at St. Annes-on-Sea, where a wonderful success has been realised worthy of the romance of our early days." In his last report there is this significant statement: "St. Annes has added to its triumphs by clearing its entire debt. As a financial achievement St. Annes is the biggest thing in our history."

At Eastbourne a site was bought and a commodious property erected. At Letchworth a beautiful building was put up, and a movement initiated for advance in Cambridge. In Birmingham there was fine progress. In 1912 he was able to report: "Birmingham has seen marvellous things, and in three years has grown from nothing to four thriving churches, with splendid properties, and it is now one of our most successful Home Mission stations."

His wisdom was never more clearly revealed than in his quickness to seize the opportunities in the South Yorkshire and South Wales new coal-fields. New populations were springing up, many of them Primitive Methodists from other coal-mining districts. The Mission Vans were sent, agents were appointed, sites of land were secured, and buildings began to arise. The wisdom of this prompt action has been abundantly justified. His successors in the Missionary Office, the Revs. Samuel Horton and J. T. Barkby, together with their colleagues the Financial Secretaries, the Revs. J. Mayles and A. Baldwin have splendidly developed and extended these great and important schemes.

It will be seen how very varied and

manifold were the Home Missionary operations of the Missionary Society. The Home Mission Stations are under the direct supervision of the Committee, and form one of the Districts of the denomination. The Missionary Secretary is the General Superintendent of these Home Mission Stations.

The Foreign Missions of Primitive Methodism are confined to Africa, and these may be divided into four groups. There are the missions on the Island of Fernando Poo, on the West Coast of Africa; the missions in Southern Nigeria; the greatest circuit in Primitive Methodism at Aliwal North in South Africa; and the group of Missions in South Central Africa.

When A.T.G. came to the office there were some who feared that he might fail on the administrative and secretarial side. All were agreed that in advocacy he would succeed, but some doubted whether he would give the time and the attention required to the details of supervision and correspondence.

In every sense his secretaryship was an unqualified success. He proved as capable and versatile at his desk as on the plat-

form, in Committee as in the pulpit, with his pen as with his voice.

The General Missionary Committee is thoroughly representative of the whole of the Church. Each district has its spokesmen, the various denominational interests are represented, and the London officers are *ex-officio* members. The full Committee meets quarterly in different parts of the country. The Executive meets each month.

It was soon found that Mr. Guttery was the master of his work. The skill, which he had shown in his Circuit Quarterly Meetings and in the Sunderland and Newcastle District Committee, served him in good stead in this wider sphere. Nothing escaped his vigilant eye; there were never any loose threads of organisation. His promptitude in dealing with his correspondence became the wonder of his brethren, both at home and abroad. No one ever had to wait for a reply to any communication. If a full answer could not be given until his Committee had been consulted, a note acknowledging the enquiry would be received, with a promise of a complete reply in due course. This was appreciated at home, but more especially

by the missionaries on the African field. It is the unanimous testimony of the African missionaries that he never failed them. How he managed all this and, with such promptitude, was one of the things in which his friends were always astonished. Travelling about the country as he did, busy day by day, he wrote his letters in the trains or in the homes where he was entertained. Each day he dealt with the letters to hand.

It was a matter of pleasure, as well as of duty, to him to keep constantly in touch with the men and women who were doing the Church's work in Africa. When he went to London, one of his friends asked him what his policy was going to be. "To help and encourage those who are doing the work," was his reply, and the reply was so ready, that his questioner knew that his mind had long since been made up. It is the fact that each week he wrote personally to each of the African missionaries. What that meant to the men and women, often toiling in loneliness and danger, may be imagined. No wonder they loved him and that, when they met or whenever his name was mentioned, they spoke of him with wonder and gratitude and praise.

During his term he lifted the whole subject of Missions in the estimation and support of Primitive Methodism. He had vision, statesmanship, confidence in the men who were doing the work. He trusted them, inviting and respecting their confidence. Moreover he had courage, was prepared to take risks, and to advise, even urge, his Committee to make adventures. The result was that at home there were great and important extensions, and in Africa a new station was opened during each of his five years. And, all the while, on Sundays and week-days, he was itinerating in the interests of Christian Missions. We can conceive the enthusiasm there would be in a circuit when the Missionary Secretary himself came as the Missionary Deputation. In this he never spared himself. It was a fortunate thing, at this juncture in the history of Primitive Methodism, that he was in this post, bringing all his resources to the advocacy and furtherance of the direct and immediate missionary work of the whole Church.

A.T.G. was rightly proud of the progress made in Africa during his term. The income for Africa went up from

£8,237 6s. 3d. in 1908 to £12,009 9s. in 1913. And there were wonderful extensions on the field. In his first report he says: "We have entered upon great undertakings, and have framed a policy that will tax our present resources but that, we believe, will vindicate the loyalty and devotion of our people. For years we have been laying broad and firm the foundations of a missionary ministry through which the Christian Evangel will reach many nations." Speaking of Nigeria he says: "No Missionary Society in the world has more reason for gratitude and confidence than we have in Nigeria; our stations extend so rapidly and open doors are so numerous that it strains our resources to meet the ever-growing demands for our ministry." Then follows this hopeful item: "*The Nsit Country*.—Your Committee has taken a bold step in moving into the Nsit Country, that we may pass through it into the vast populations of the Aro Country. The enterprise is full of daring; the people are wild, and heathenism is met in the lowest forms, but God has called and we must obey. The Rev. W. Christie is our pioneer in this venture; he has secured land and established a mission at Ikot-

Ekpene, and waits to be joined by Rev. F. W. Dodds that he may move further into the district. We shall need all our faith and fortitude in this new enterprise, but our leadership is of God."

W. P. Livingstone, in his fine biography, *Mary Slessor of Calabar*, tells that Mary Slessor had meant to begin work at Ikot-Ekpene. The Primitive Methodists were in advance. "Ikot Ekpene was taken over by the Primitive Methodist Mission before she could secure it, but she consoled herself with the thought that it did not matter who did the Master's work, so long as it was done." (P. 262.)

In 1910 a new Mission was opened on the Island of Fernando Poo. This is the announcement: "A new Mission is being opened at Baticopo, under the care of Mrs. Maria Showers, a devoted native teacher. We enter this village at the invitation of the people, who rank among the best of the Bubi tribes."

In the same report he tells of the success of the new mission at Kasenga, on the South Central Field: "The story of the first year at Kasenga is most inspiring. Rev. E. W. and Mrs. Smith have faced all the difficulties of pioneer work with

the greatest courage. Five preaching stations have been established; two churches have been built. There are seventy pupils in the schools. The average congregations at Chitumbi and Shamakunké are over 250 each. Much medical work has been done, and, in the midst of crowded labours, Mr. Smith has translated the Gospel of Matthew into the Ila tongue, which, as a written language, is his own creation."

We see how Africa filled his mind and how the passion to "paint the Dark Continent white" possessed him. In his 1911 report he thus speaks: "To Africa we have been divinely called; the negro problem is tragic, and to save Africa from both paganism and Islam will do much to make safe the civilisation of the world."

Extensions were still preceeding. On the Nigerian field he reports the advance at Bende: "Rev. W. Christie has established this mission. He reports that he is amazed at the possibilities of this great district; it is the strategic centre that, if held, will open for us the highway direct into the hinterland. Several churches have been established, the natives have welcomed our

work, and the authorities have rendered valuable assistance."

At Ikot Ekpene the new mission was prospering: "This new mission, under the care of Rev. W. and Mrs. Groves, promises to be among our greatest. The natives here are a sturdy race, and, when won for Christ, will prove a great reinforcement for our labours in West Africa. Their treatment of women and twin children is cruel, and Mr. Groves has had to intervene on several occasions. A new mission house has been built and the prospects are the brightest."

The 1912 report tells of a fine spiritual work in South Africa: "Aliwal North has been the scene of a great revival that has swept like fire through the district. The work has grown so rapidly that, where three years ago there were two European ministers, there are now four, without additional cost to the Society, and a fifth minister is required on the same terms. The year has seen an increase of over two hundred members, and many new churches, schools and preaching stations have been opened."

A new mission was begun that year on the South Central field: "*Kampilu*.—This new station has seen remarkable advance;

good buildings have been erected; preaching places have been secured over a considerable area. Industrial and medical work have been pursued with diligence, and Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Kerswell will return in a few months for a well-earned rest."

In his final report there are many cheering facts to recount: "The marvels of the Mission Field fill us with sacred amazement. . . . The year of the Livingstone Centenary has seen a splendid vindication of the missionary faith. Our Church has felt a deep interest in the world-wide homage paid to a great African missionary, explorer and statesman, for we have centred our distant evangelism in Africa. Our fathers have left us the mission to Africa as a great heritage. . . . We must win Africa from the tragedy of heathenism and the shadow of Islam."

He had a glowing account to give of the Fernandian stations: "We hope during the year to open a new mission on the island. Our industrial operations in Fernando Poo are so important that it has been decided to unify them and appoint a General Superintendent. This will make for economy and efficiency. We are delighted

to report that three of the Fernandian Missions have become self-supporting and will need no grant this year."

He speaks with pride of the Educational Institutes in Nigeria: "The Educational Institutes at Oron and Jamestown have had a successful year. At the former, Rev. C. P. Groves, B.D., has developed the training of native youths as teachers and evangelists. The school has gained a wide influence throughout the country. At the latter, cultured ladies, like the Misses A. Richardson, G. S. Fisher and R. Elkins, have toiled to fit the girls for Christian womanhood. Some of the girls are getting ready for Christian work. Miss Fisher retires from the staff on her marriage. We owe her our gratitude, and are glad to learn that the vacancy will be filled by a gifted and trained worker, Miss May E. Roberts." Miss Fisher became the wife of the Rev. F. W. Dodds, and continued to serve in Africa.

Mr. Guttery had many fine trophies to record. It was during his term that the native ministers, John Enang Gill, Ben T. Showell, John Mahou and I. Lepotane, were received into the ministry. The visit of John Enang Gill to this country, for the

celebration of the Jubilee of the African Missionary Society, will never be forgotten by those who saw and heard him. There was grief throughout the whole of the Church in his death so soon after his return to his native land.

On all sides during Mr. Guttery's secretaryship there was growing missionary fervour and increased missionary education. He was always proud of the Ladies' Missionary Federation, which was inaugurated during his term. This is one of the finest movements in Primitive Methodism. He constantly acknowledged his indebtedness to Mrs. J. E. Leuty, the first secretary of this important movement. By means of Auxiliaries in the circuits and churches, the claims of missions have been brought home to the women of Primitive Methodism. In his last report he stated that there were 127 branches, with over 5,000 members, and that they had contributed to the African Fund £1,700. The Laymen's Missionary League was also established. More important still was the missionary enthusiasm of the students in Hartley College. Some of the most gifted of the men offered themselves and were specially trained for the African field. It is quite

impossible to tell all that that has meant. These young and gifted and eager souls have, by God's blessing, done wonders on the different fields. The Girls' Institute at Jamestown, also, was opened during his term.

He took a foremost part in the Centenary Celebrations of Primitive Methodism from 1907 to 1910. Who can ever forget the scene on Mow Cop when he preached? The Rev. J. Day Thompson, in *The Church that Found Herself*, recalls it in this sentence. Referring to Arthur Guttery's "ever ready and powerful eloquence," he puts this in parenthesis: "(It was he who held 20,000 on Mow Cop while the rain beat down upon the crowd)." Later Mr. Thompson refers to the motor tours which did so much to bring the inspiration of the Centenary into the rural parts of the Connexion: "The suggestion was due to the ready brain of Arthur Guttery, and he did much also to carry it through." (Pp. 81-82.)

From the beginning to the end of the Centenary Celebration A.T.G. was at the heart of it, and it was all to him missionary propaganda. With the Rev. George Armstrong, the Secretary, he toured the

country in its interests. Primitive Methodism meant advance. Primitive Methodism had always been missionary. To him the Centenary Festival was a call to consecration.

His London colleagues were the Revs. Edwin Dalton, D.D., Joseph Ritson, John Welford and Thomas Mitchell, D.D., and these were succeeded by the Revs. W. A. Hammond, J. Dodd Jackson, J. Day Thompson and H. J. Taylor. During the whole of Mr. Guttery's term the Rev. John Hallam was the Connexional Fund Treasurer and lived close by. Mr. Hallam was one of his father's friends, and was an ardent admirer of A.T.G.

The London Officers are members of the General Committee and have many Connexional affairs under their joint supervision. Mr. Guttery's home was at Stroud Green and three others of his colleagues were resident in the same neighbourhood. At Christmas and other festive seasons the officers and their families met in each other's homes, and A.T.G. was ready for games and full of jokes and pranks. We have often heard his colleagues speak of the good, glad times they had together. Their families attended the church at Har-

ringay. During Mr. Guttery's years the Rev. James Pickett was the pastor. Occasionally he occupied the pulpit at Haringay, and always to the pleasure and profit of the congregation. His immediate colleagues in the Missionary Department were Sir W. P. Hartley, the General Treasurer, and, for one year, as Financial Secretary, the Rev. Dr. T. Mitchell and, for the other four years, the Rev. Henry J. Taylor.

In Connexional administration A.T.G. won the true respect of his colleagues. We are pleased to record Dr. Dalton's tribute. It must have been an immense gratification to Dr. Dalton that he should be so closely identified in official life with the man whom he had called to be a preacher of the Gospel. Dr. Dalton says: "It was my joy and privilege to work with him as a colleague in Connexional office. I greatly admired his exceptional ability in public appeal, either in the pulpit or on the platform. I was surprised with his exceptional aptitude in Connexional administration. He faced difficult and perplexing problems with a confidence and certitude that were simply admirable. I was greatly impressed with his daring and dauntlessness. He was always charmingly fearless, when he was

convinced of the right step to take. He knew how to stand alone with dignity and confidence. When he fought a battle, he fought keenly, but never knew a grudge. Differences in debate were never allowed to interfere with sincere brotherliness. He was a great man."

There were two great days in the Missionary Secretary's year. In May the Anniversary of the Missionary Society is celebrated in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The meetings cover the day, beginning with prayer in the morning, demonstrations morning and evening, and a ladies' gathering in the afternoon. This is the greatest day of the year in London Primitive Methodism, and a glorious day it has been for years. Many provincial Primitive Methodists make a point of joining with their London friends that day. A.T.G. revelled each year in the Anniversary. He was a natural leader and his spirit was contagious. Many distinguished speakers of the other Churches were heard in connection with these Anniversaries, in addition to representative Primitive Methodists from the missions at home and abroad. The other eventful day was Missionary Day at Conference. This was

greatly developed during Mr. Guttery's years.

The developments on the South Central African field led the Missionary Committee to decide to send a deputation to visit the stations. A.T.G. was invited to be the ministerial member of the deputation. Unfortunately he found it impossible to undertake this duty. His place was, therefore, taken by his colleague, the Rev. H. J. Taylor, who was accompanied by Mr. Albert Shaw, J.P. These brethren rendered most valuable service by their visitation of these far-off stations.

As General Missionary Secretary, Mr. Guttery was a member of Conference for each of his five years. It was during these years that he strengthened his position as a Connexional leader. His readiness and resource in discussion, his marvellous speaking gifts, his wit and humour, his zeal for all good causes, his loyalty to his own people and his passion for evangelism all contributed to give him favour and power. He came to a commanding place in the counsels of the Church. The days at Conference were crowded with work. There were the sessions of the full Conference, the innumerable committees, the task of

stationing, in which, as Missionary Secretary, he was compelled to take a foremost part, and the public services, for which he was always in great demand.

He was a member of the Commission appointed to consider the state of Primitive Methodism in London, and he was a member, also, of the Methodist Concerted Action Committee.

At the Conference of 1910 he was chosen as one of the Primitive Methodist delegates to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, which was to assemble in Toronto in October of the following year. To his great regret he found himself unable to attend. At the Conference of 1913 he was appointed a Hartley Lecturer.

During his years in London he was able to help many interdenominational movements. He accepted the Presidency of the London Federation of Christian Endeavour Societies, and gave many addresses during his year of office (1912-1913).

He took an active part in the political movements of these years, supporting the Liberal Government in its struggle for the rights of the House of Commons in legislation, and to secure the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England

in Wales. On the Temperance Question and in the continued struggle for educational freedom and justice he was constantly speaking.

The success of his term as General Missionary Secretary was gratefully acknowledged by the Conference which met at Derby in 1913, in the following resolution which was placed on the Conference Journal :—

“That, on the retirement of the Rev. Arthur T. Guttery from the office of General Missionary Secretary, the Conference desires to record its profound sense of the inestimable service he has rendered to the Missionary Department and to the Connexion. It gratefully recognises in Mr. Guttery the possession of unique gifts, which have been placed without stint at the service of our Church. By his breadth of knowledge, strength of conviction, and statesmanlike sagacity, he has done much, at critical junctures, to shape and guide our Missionary policy, and to safeguard our interests and institutions; and, in the executive work of this great department, he has shown a consummate mastery of the principles and details of administration. Throughout his term of office he has main-

tained a lofty and vigorous impartiality and a generous temper, and by his zealous and minute oversight of affairs, as well as by his wise direction and constant encouragement of the missionaries, he has won the admiration and affection of the missionary staff, the Committee and the Church as a whole. To his personal interest and enlightened policy is to be ascribed the remarkable development of our Missionary enterprise during the past five years; while his brilliant and strenuous advocacy has succeeded in creating a more profound, sustained, and generous sympathy with the extensions of Missions, especially in the dark places of the earth. This Conference desires respectfully to tender to Mr. Guttery its heartfelt congratulations on the completion of so distinguished a term of service, to assure him of the continued confidence and esteem of our people throughout the Connexion, and to offer its earnest prayer that he may be with us in the counsels of the Church for many years to come."

He was the youngest man who had ever held Connexional office, and no man had been more successful. On his retirement he had just completed his fifty-first year.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIVERPOOL

“ I have learned to believe in the great importance of preaching—the effect it has on men’s lives and thoughts; their need of it; their pain and loss when it does not help and reach them.”

Dr. James Stalker.

IN July, 1913, he began his ministry at Prince’s Avenue, Liverpool. Here the Primitive Methodists have a fine suite of church and school buildings on an excellent site. For many years the Church had prospered under the successive ministries of the Revs. James Watkin, Henry J. Taylor and Henry J. Pickett.

There was the utmost enthusiasm in regard to Mr. Guttery’s appointment, not only among the people of his own denomination but in the Free Churches generally and the Christian and philanthropic forces of the city.

At once he took a foremost place. From

the beginning his Liverpool ministry was an acknowledged success. The members of the church and congregation rallied to his support, and the Sunday audiences increased week by week. Whenever it was announced that he would speak on some public question the spacious church was crowded. Non-churchgoers were attracted by his character and eloquence. Applications for sittings and for membership poured in, the weekly collections increased and the whole life of the community felt the impact of his strong and inspiring personality. He began with a membership of 335. At the Conference, immediately after his breakdown, it stood at 448. The Church Anniversary was the one great financial appeal of the year. This went up by yearly advances to £455 5s. 6d.

His loyalty to his own pulpit was most observable. He never took more than the two Sundays per quarter, to which he was entitled, for outside engagements. Even when he was President of Conference, his own pulpit claimed him on the Sundays. Wherever he might have been during the week, and busy as he was all the days of the week, preaching and lecturing, he always returned to his own people

for the Lord's Day. To them he gave his best. Week by week, he composed fresh sermons, giving to each service, in its selection of hymns and lessons, the most devoted care. It is a perfect marvel how all this was done, but it is the simple fact that he lived for his pulpit as though he had no other concern.

Throughout he was loyally supported and royally rewarded in the affection, confidence and pride of his people. Whatever he desired they were keen to fulfil. It had only to be known that he wished a particular sum for some hospital or philanthropy or for some Connexional enterprise, and the amount was always exceeded.

To cultivate the social side of the church's life he instituted a monthly social hour after the Sunday evening service. Refreshments were provided and a happy hour was spent in the singing of Gospel hymns, a brief talk about the church's work and in friendly conversation. He moved about shaking hands with everybody and enquiring about their homes and families. When the War came, and the men were with the Colours, this hour gave him the opportunity of reading the soldiers' letters and in bracing the hearts of all through the long

ordeal. The people loved these social hours and, most of all, because of the chances it gave to them of speech with him.

He was specially fortunate in his colleague, the Rev. T. Herbert Barlow. Able and gifted, he was more than a colleague, he was a friend and brother. When the need arose, Mr. Barlow was able to relieve him and became, in fact, the actual superintendent of the church and circuit. Mr. Guttery trusted him completely, and was ever eager to speak his thanks and praises.

Equally devoted were his officials, Mr. W. D. Pugh, Mr. W. E. Woodhall (who has since been called home), Mr. E. W. Thomas, Mr. Edward Davies and many others. Before entering his pulpit, one of his officers would pray with him in his vestry. In all the services he rendered he was surrounded by the spiritual atmosphere of love and faith.

The young people flocked to hear him and became his faithful friends. Often he preached especially to them. They remember now a wonderful service on the last Young People's Day he conducted, when he made a tender and bold appeal for immediate decision for Christ. There was a crowded congregation and about fifty stood

up, in the time of silent prayer, to confess their acceptance of Christ and their allegiance to His cause. I have before me the MS. of the last sermon he wrote, which, alas! was never preached. It was written on April 24th, 1920, and was entitled "The Great Choice." "For Young People" is in brackets beneath. It was based on the texts, Proverbs ix. 3, 4 and 16. To the end his thoughts were centred on his young people. He coveted the highest for them, and rejoiced in their ardour, fidelity and love.

In the public life of Liverpool he took a leading part. The Free Church Council naturally looked to him for guidance and support. The temperance societies found in him a zealous advocate. In all interdenominational movements, so happily increasing, he was to the fore. The War, with its services of intercession, and the Armistice, with its gatherings for thanksgiving, were great civic and religious occasions, in which he represented, not only his own Church, but all the Free Evangelical communions. His marvellous powers of speech and his gracious spirit were of untold value in the city's life. He became widely known in all spheres of the

city's interest, and his name was held in the highest honour.

The Bishop of Liverpool, the Right Rev. Francis James Chavasse, D.D., LL.D., in a letter to the Rev. T. H. Barlow, expresses his appreciation of Dr. Guttery's gifts and spirit:—

“ My Dear Mr. Barlow,

It is a subject of real regret to me that I saw very little of the late Dr. Guttery during his time in Liverpool. Twice he came to this house to confer on the subject of religious teaching in our elementary schools, and on three or four occasions we met at United Services for Thanksgiving and for Prayer after the Armistice. On one occasion he was good enough to invite me to preach in his church. This invitation I was unable to accept, as the interchange of pulpits, although recommended by the Lambeth Conference in certain cases, had not at that time received the approval of the Convocations of Canterbury and York.

What struck me most about him was his undaunted courage and complete absence of self-consciousness. When I knew him he had lost his voice, and yet he stood up before a crowded congregation in St.

George's Hall, Liverpool, noted for its poor acoustic properties, and spoke with power and emphasis to all who could hear him. The addresses which he delivered on such occasions were always full of thought, of terse and epigrammatic statements, and of true Christian spirit.

In Conference he had a robust tenacity in holding to what he believed to be vital principles, a clear head and great lucidity in the expression of his own views.

But, above all, I was attracted by the real kindness of heart which seemed to irradiate the whole man, and to light up his words both as preacher and as counsellor.

Yours ever faithfully,

F. J. LIVERPOOL."

His ministry in the nation was vigorously maintained. At the National Free Church Council meetings, held in Norwich, in March, 1914, he took an active part. He spoke also at the Passive Resistance Meeting held in connection therewith. Sir William Robertson Nicoll was in the chair, and Dr. Clifford and Mr. Guttery were the speakers. That week in *The British Weekly* Sir William Nicoll paid tribute to Mr. Guttery's remarkable powers of

speech. He says: "The annual Passive Resistance meeting at Norwich was outside the Council programme, but we have never seen a more animated, resolute, and enthusiastic gathering. The place of meeting was packed to the door, and the audience included a very large number of young men. Dr. Clifford and Mr. A. T. Guttery were at their very best. Mr. Lloyd George has spoken of Mr. Guttery as one of the first platform orators in England, and he assuredly lived up to that reputation. It was evident that the great assembly were fully alive to the fight in which the Government are engaged, and determined to back them. . . . Of other questions that which roused the audience was the Land question, particularly as it concerns agricultural labourers and their wages. On that subject Mr. Guttery spoke with specially intimate and personal knowledge, and his burning words stirred the audience to its depths."

Mr. Guttery had just completed his first year in Liverpool when the War broke out. On Sunday, August 2nd, 1914, in the Winter Gardens at Blackpool, he delivered an impassioned address on "The Madness of Europe." This speech appeared as the

leading article in *The Primitive Methodist Leader* on the following Thursday, August 6th. For the views expressed in this address he was severely and persistently criticised. It is enough to say that he was but expressing convictions he had uttered countless times. These views, also, were the views of the great majority of Liberals and Nonconformists. It was not until the day after the speech, Monday, August 3rd, that Germany invaded Belgium. It was the day after that, August 4th, that Britain declared war on Germany. Both the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, and the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, had made their statements in the House of Commons, and the country knew that Germany was the aggressor. The revelations of the British Government entirely changed Mr. Guttery's position, as, indeed, they changed the position of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. It was unfortunate that the speech should have appeared as an article after the whole position had been fundamentally altered by the advance into Belgium. It was further unjust that afterwards he should be taunted with the Blackpool speech.

We quote from the address, which was

one of the most brilliant he ever delivered.

“Civilisation stands on the brink of ruin. A wave of madness has swept over Europe and Britain is invited to plunge into a fury that is insane. We are urged to wreck our commerce, endanger our Empire, and to abandon all our dreams of social progress that the Slav may conquer the Teuton and Russia may dominate the Continent. . . . It is the policy of Bedlam and it is the statecraft of hell. . . . The Christian Churches must plead for peace and for the neutrality that makes peace possible, if they are not to be craven in the hour of crisis. It will be too late when war passions are aroused. We shall not be heard when the Jingo Press has fired a lust for blood. Europe crucifies the most sacred ideals; it nails the Christ to a modern cross, and we will not share the infamy and crime. The decisive word rests with England. . . . Britain can save Europe from ruin by avoiding its madness. Great is our opportunity and greater will be the judgment that will fall upon us if we allow passion to make us disloyal to the Prince of Peace.

“The struggle that may drown civilisation in blood shows how crime breeds crime. The tragedy begins with Servia,

whose dynasty rests on murder, whose history is unclean with intrigue, and who shattered the finest opportunity that ever came to the Balkan peoples by an infamous betrayal. . . . Austria had flung away a good case by her haste, her restless ambition, and an ultimatum that placed brute force above justice and reason. . . . To avenge the murder of an Austrian Prince, by the horrors of a European war, is sheer lunacy, and England should avoid the infection.

“ In this awful crisis the peoples are helpless and democracies seem impotent. This war is loathed, and, yet, the supreme issue is settled by a few highly placed and professional politicians, whose decisions are reached in secret. . . . The appeal is made to honour. What honour can there be in defending the life of murderous Serbia? What glory shall we find if we follow Russia, the most barbarous and selfish of the Great Powers? . . . The duty of the Church is plain. It must declare the will of God, which is brotherhood, the gospel of Bethlehem, which is peace, and the evangel of Calvary, which is the domination of love. . . . The duty of England is clear; it is to strive for peace, to localise the conflict, and to refuse to share an international infamy.

Britain is called to a great mission; she will need the highest and most sacred courage to do her duty. She may have to stand alone; but better that than blindly plunge into a war that is born in crime and that our children will condemn as a colossal wickedness. The words of the great Canning are still true: 'The position of this country is one of neutrality, not only between contending nations, but between contending principles; in the position of neutrality alone can we maintain that balance, the preservation of which, I believe, to be essential to the peace and safety of the world.' "

We are not surprised to know that the address was applauded to the echo. If Britain could have been neutral she would have been neutral. When Mr. Guttery knew the facts, as they were unfolded on the following day by the Government, he saw that neutrality would have been criminal; that, hateful as war would be, to permit the invasion of Belgium, the violation of sacred treaties, and to admit the right of might would be to believe that "vice and virtue differed but in sound." His whole soul rose in protest against the spirit displayed by the Germans and, thereafter, he was consumed

with desire for the triumph of the Allies as a real victory of freedom and justice. We heard him speak shortly afterwards on "Britain and the War." "The unexpected has happened," was his dramatic opening sentence, and he explained at once his change of view and gallantly championed Britain's feeling and purpose. In September, 1915, he went to France at his own expense to visit the British troops.

All over the country he went stating the case for Britain and her Allies, and almost week by week in the *Primitive Methodist Leader* and in other journals he counselled and guided the people in the terrible experience through which all were passing. His wisdom and courage were revealed in many of these burning papers. In July, 1916, at the time of the great Allied onslaught on the Somme, he wrote a passionate article, entitled "No Second War":—

"The War approaches its climax. The thunder of the guns makes a continent to tremble in the doom of tyranny and the travail of freedom. The Grand Alliance presses upon the Central Powers from all sides, with unity of strategy, co-ordination of command and combination of effort; the

fate of Prussianism is being sealed. In ten days the entire scene of war has changed. The hopes of the Allies have become a certainty and the boasting of our foes has been chastened. The new volunteer armies of Britain have pushed back the seasoned and desperate legions of the Kaiser; clerks and workmen, local preachers and Christian Endeavourers, have broken the pride of the Prussian Guard. . . . Victory is in sight and we are confident that our armies and incomparable Navy will save Europe for a new and finer civilisation. The day goes well for freedom.

“ There has been a swing from the depression that was unreasoning to the exhilaration which may be just as foolish. . . . The end is not yet, though the glory is assured. . . . Premature talk of peace is just as perilous as the courage that knows no caution. Correspondents have appealed to me to join various committees that would prepare a programme of European settlement. The time for such discussion will come when the war is won and the Central Powers are in a mood that will make a second war unthinkable. We have but one task at this hour—to smash Germanism as

a military force. We have not even time to agitate for conscientious objectors. . . . We must win this war thoroughly or our sacrifice has been in vain. . . . With equal emphasis we refuse the counsel of those who preach an eternal hatred between ourselves and the foes of to-day. We deny the dismal doctrine that forbids the possibility of reconciliation. . . . Germany must be humbled and repent of her crimes; she must be so weakened and, for a time, so impoverished that she cannot endanger our peace for years to come. When a new Germany has been born out of blood and fire, civilisation must welcome her into the comity of nations. The Teutonic race has gifts which the world needs for its fullest life. . . . Conciliation will be as necessary as courage in building up the new world. Perpetual hate would be just as fatal as a premature peace. Both would involve us in a second war. . . . The motto for Britain shall be "No Second War." For such a goal we can pray as well as fight."

In the highest political quarters his services were recognised. Confidential information was given to him so that in his public work he might be able to speak the word of wisdom in the hour of need. The

War was in everything he did. All his sermons had relation thereto. Sometimes he was expounding the ideals for which it was undertaken; at other times he was concerned to keep up the morale of the people. Again he was seeking to comfort the bereaved and to cheer the anxious. All who heard him knew how he mellowed through the agony, and how in the darkest days he found refuge in trust and prayer. His Liverpool pulpit became a national pulpit. Sunday by Sunday he poured out his heart. He was obsessed with the passion for victory.

CHAPTER IX.

PRESIDENT OF CONFERENCE

“ My brethren gave me their crowning token of love when, in 1913, they elected me President-designate of the Wesleyan Conference.”—DINSDALE T. YOUNG.

AT the Conference of 1913, at Derby, on the completion of his missionary secretaryship, he had been nominated for the Presidency of the succeeding Conference. The honour, however, was conferred on the Rev. George Bennett, the Editor of *The Primitive Methodist Leader*. The following year, at Middlesbrough, there was a dramatic scene, when he was nominated for the second time. I submitted his name to the Assembly, and the Rev. J. Dodd Jackson, the Connexional Editor, put forward the claims of the Rev. John Day Thompson, who was retiring from the General Secretaryship of the Church, after five most successful years. The scene will never be forgotten. Excitement was at its height.

The Conference was on the point of voting, when Mr. Guttery ascended the platform. With an eloquent gesture towards the Chair, and addressing Mr. Thompson, he exclaimed: "Your Chair, sir!" and in a few brief sentences he admitted the elder man's right to precedence. At the Conference of 1915, at Reading, he was unanimously designated for the Presidency of the following Conference, which had been appointed to be held at Nottingham.

The Conference of 1916 assembled in the spacious and beautiful Canaan Church, on Wednesday, June 14th. Strange to say on the preceding Sunday the trouble with his voice began. He had preached in his own church, and an unusual hoarseness had affected his speech. This was most observable in all the sessions at Nottingham. He joked about it and carried through the extraordinary programme assigned to him. Never before and, never since, had a President so much to do at Conference in definite public speech. Everybody marvelled at the time at the brilliance, power and timeliness of each address. There was a unique conjunction of circumstances which made *his* Conference quite remarkable. Within a few days he de-

livered a series of magnificent orations. There was his Presidential address, which was at once challenging and uplifting. The Conference at Nottingham synchronised with the Centenary of Primitive Methodism in the city, and a great Centenary meeting was held, at which he was one of the speakers. The Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., visited the Conference to plead the cause of the Federal Union of the Free Churches, and the President replied for the Denomination. A memorial service was held to the honour of the men who had made the great sacrifice in the War, and to this pathetic gathering he spoke his heart. The Conference, also, was the occasion of a Connexional gift to Sir William and Lady Hartley, in recognition of their golden wedding, and the President's speech in making the gift was one of the most successful of his many successful speeches. In addition, he preached the Missionary Sermon on Missionary Day. The hoarseness in his voice continued, but he faced each audience with courage and cheer. His gifts and power were never more obvious. There was universal pride in his Presidency.

He was welcomed to the Chair by the

Press of the country. The following is typical of much that appeared in the religious weeklies and in the daily newspapers. In the issue of *The Christian World* for June 8th, 1916, an article headed "Guttery" appeared. The writer evidently knew his subject well, and in glowing terms hailed him to the seat of honour:—

"Since a five minutes' intervention in a National Free Church Council discussion, in the heat of the Education fight, some fifteen years ago, Rev. Arthur T. Guttery has been one of the elect who are known throughout the Free Churches by his surname. He is 'Guttery' pure and simple. That five minutes brought him into the front rank of leadership. 'Guttery' has a gift of mordant, epigrammatic phrasing. He hits the bull's eye with every sentence. He was 'ever a fighter,' and loved the field of battle. To say the least, he never went out of his way to avoid a fight. During the last three or four years, his friends think they have detected a softening of his manner. Still, he is the fighting man where Free Church principles, civil liberty, the rights of conscience, the cause of the 'under dog' have to be defended, but

'Guttery,' like Isaak Walton's angler, with his tender young frog to be impaled, deals with the enemy in as gentle a manner as is consistent with effectively disposing of him. No Free Churchman knows better how to handle a democratic audience. He was not for nothing on many a platform the companion of Charles Silvester Horne, between whom and himself there were considerable intellectual and even physical resemblances. Indeed, on the last occasion on which 'Guttery' spoke with 'Horne,' 'Guttery' told how, on his railway journey, a gentleman had been conversing with him, and, when 'Guttery' got out, the gentleman warmly shook hands with him, and said: 'Very glad to have had such an interesting talk with you, Mr. Horne. I much prefer you to that confounded Guttery.'"

In the Press of his own Church his Presidency was acclaimed. In *The Primitive Methodist Leader* for June 15th, 1916, the Editor says:—

"The new President of Conference takes his place among those who move forward swiftly. Indeed, swiftness is strongly marked in all his mental qualities. From



**Central Primitive Methodist Church, Northumberland
Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.**

(Mr. Robert Foster and Mr. John Hewitson in the
foreground.)

the beginning of his ministry, thirty-three years ago, until the present, his career has been a processional triumph, marked by only a few halting-places, and, halting only, not to change the road or re-arrange the programme, but to recuperate, then, refreshed, to resume the progress at a greater pace. Thus has Arthur T. Guttery come to the Presidency of the Conference. Of no one in the ranks of the ministry could it have been predicted so certainly that the Presidency was his from the start. He came to it, as he has come to most of his possessions, with the gate wide open. He came to his own, and his own received him with a loud-voiced welcome. It was among the inevitables, and no one would have had it otherwise."

None who were present when he was inducted to the Chair will forget the sight of the crowded chapel and the animation of the proceedings. The retiring-president, the Rev. J. Day Thompson, warmly greeted him. With witty words Mr. Guttery thanked Mr. Thompson. "All things come to him who can wait," he laughed, adding, "To patient faith the prize is sure." He reminded the Conference that his father had been a member of the last

Nottingham Conference, and that that day was the anniversary of his death.

His Presidential address was one of the most telling ever delivered from the Chair. His theme was "The Church and the New Prophecy":—

"Dear Fathers and Brethren," he said, "With a full heart I thank you for the great honour you have put upon me. I am a child of this Church, and have ever sought to be its loyal son. Parental influences, most sacred and precious, have enriched me and made me sensitive to the family altar and public worship. Primitive Methodism has been the most radiant fact in my life, its ministry has welcomed me into a great brotherhood that has been my pride and joy; its circuits and churches have been my spiritual home, and its activities have captured me, because they contribute to the triumph and glory of the Kingdom of God. If I had to commence life over again, I would choose to labour in this Church and ministry. Science and literature, commerce and politics, make imperious claims upon men. I honour sincere obedience in any walk of life, but, as for me, my ambition covets no higher calling than that of the Methodist ministry.

. . . This Presidency seems to me to be a summons more than a reward; it lays upon me the task of urgent appeal to the heart, conscience and intelligence of the Church. . . . I am more and more convinced that we need a re-birth of the prophetic power and appeal. The age calls for men of vision, daring and authority."

The address made a profound impression, especially when he pleaded for a new vision of the relationship between Britain and the Kingdom of God.

His Conferential colleagues had been chosen that day. The Vice-President was Mr. Albert Shaw, J.P., of Quarry Bank, Cradley Heath. The Rev. G. G. Martindale was the Secretary, with the Rev. J. W. Venables as his assistant.

In the evening of the President's Day the great Centenary Meeting was held in the Albert Hall. It was marvellous how virile, alert and mighty he was, even after the strain of his Presidential address and all the excitement of the day, and even though his voice was still hoarse.

"When Primitive Methodism entered Nottingham," he said, "Britain had just saved Europe from military domination, and it is doing the same again. A century

ago Britain was faced with economic exhaustion, and the pessimists say the same peril faces us again. . . . A century ago Britain was saved by a new spiritual force, learned at the Cross of our Redeeming Lord. The same message was needed today. There were the same resources, and, if we were the true sons and daughters of the men and women who came to Nottingham a hundred years ago, their triumphs would be repeated and eclipsed.

“The men of the past were great adventurers. They broke ecclesiastical boundaries, dared mobs and ruling classes, invaded cities and villages, and planted their standards in the Colonies of Africa. . . . The men and women of the past, too, had a wonderful faculty of spiritual measurement. Their camp meetings were revolutions and their chapels temples. They founded a society and it was a Church. They builded better than they knew, but they never failed in their vision, and, because of it, they attempted mighty tasks and accomplished colossal wonders. This faculty was being awakened in us. . . . Let them face the future with daring and nerve, with devotion and vision, and, above all, in the glad assurance that God had willed for

them all the morrows of light and power, and their heritage would be larger for the children yet unborn, whose final verdict should decide our place in the history of the world.”

On the Friday afternoon the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., spoke to the Conference on his proposals for a United Free Church of England. At the Assembly of the National Free Church Council, when Mr. Shakespeare had expounded his scheme, he had made an unhappy reference to the debt on a Primitive Methodist chapel. There was no disguising that, throughout the Primitive Methodist Church, there was sharp resentment. It left the impression that debts were the distinction of Primitive Methodism. Mr. Guttery was well aware of this, and there was much amusement in his reference to this. Mr. Shakespeare had given a lucid and persuasive speech, and the Conference afterwards declared its adhesion to the project and appointed its members to the Committee. This is what the President said :

“My dear Mr. Shakespeare, we have been delighted to hear you to-day. We are delighted with your courage, and that you have dared to say to us some things that

to some of us were a little needful. But, when you dealt with the question of overlapping, you touched a little spot that, with some of us, was a sore one. It was quite true that some of us would have to go, but who was it? Some of us feel that we are divinely called to stop, and we are not going to clear out of any village for the Baptists, still less for the Wesleyans. The question would never find solution if it meant one denomination clearing out of the way for another. . . . Now we have got you here, Mr. Shakespeare, we want to tell you that we did not like the reference you made to the little chapel in the village that was burdened with debt. All denominations have their little difficulties. Some have debts, some have deacons. They can get rid of debts by human agencies, but . . .” The rest of the sentence was lost in the laughter, in which Mr. Shakespeare heartily joined.

That evening in the Conference Church a solemn service was held in memory of the fallen soldiers and sailors. The President’s words sank into every heart:—

“This service is unique in the history of our Conference. I wish that I could assure you that it would be the last. We

need to tread a path that we have never trodden before, a path we have not chosen or designed—the way of the Cross, but by another route to that by which our fathers came. I bid you find this truth of comfort, that in this service we see death robbed of all shame and defeat. The thought of mortality is not the chief thought in this service. There is rather the thought of the immortal things—great sacraments, supreme sacrifices. They died, thank God! not because their bodies were wasted with sin, nor enfeebled with self-indulgence; they did not even pay the inevitable price of mortality. They died under oath, willing captives of a great ideal. They have entered into the passion of self-devotion that will save the world. I put it to the fathers and mothers throughout this Church. After all, bitter as is the loss, and fell as is the tragedy, and desperate as is the wickedness that has made this sacrifice necessary—of these boys we are proud. I ask you not to go through this service haunted by the sense that young lives have been wasted. They have made a contribution the preciousness of which shall be seen in after days. The keynote of the hour is this note of loyalty to great ideals at any

cost. Great multitudes are willing to make the sacrifice, for, when this land is in danger of its life, who would live were England dead? Who would be afraid to die that liberty here may live?

“ I think of the home. I am sure that the heaviest sacrifice is borne by the women and children. I think of a son fallen at Ypres. He was in British Columbia, gave up everything, came to Liverpool, and has fallen regaining lost trenches. Thank God for his gift! I think of a home in Liverpool—five bright sons—four of them have fallen. Sacrifice! Sacrament! Cross! I think of a home in Warrington—six sons, four killed, the fifth wounded. A member of this Conference, father of a bright son, missing for eleven months, has just heard that he has made the great sacrifice. God help us! These sacrifices will not be wasted. These boys of ours shall not die in vain. Don't think bright young lives are cut off as if they were lost! They have made their contribution to an eternal interpretation of the sorrow that now afflicts the world. We keep them on our rolls of honour. Never let them get dusty or be forgotten! Treasure and support those who have been left! There must be no repe-

tition of national penury for the dependants of the fallen heroes. Thank God for these boys who have been up against ultimate things! Their spirit will dwell with us. They will leave behind them a fragrant witness. We will keep it fresh. I want this service to be a consecration. God helping us, we will carry on their endeavour, so that their children's children will never have to make this sacrifice and offer this sacrament. We mourn, but we are proud in our grief. Never before have we thought of the Army as we think of it now. Never before have we had captains and chaplains of the Army with us. Those who have died have consecrated the Army in our thinking. Let us go with them the way of the Cross!"

On the Monday afternoon, in the Canaan Church, the presentation was made to Sir William and Lady Hartley. They had celebrated their golden wedding, and the whole denomination desired to be associated with this most happy event. It is impossible to tell of all that Sir William and Lady Hartley and their family have done for Primitive Methodism, and of the esteem and gratitude with which they are regarded. The scene in the Conference

chapel has left an ineffaceable impression. The gift consisted of a silver casket, with gold ornamentations. An illuminated address was the permanent expression of the good wishes and prayers of the hundreds of subscribers. The Rev. M. P. Davison, the General Secretary, aptly summed up the wonderful scene. "The address," he said, "had been prepared and was read by one of the greatest scholars of the country, Professor A. S. Peake, M.A., D.D.; the gift was presented by one of the finest orators of the land, the President; and the recipient was the Prince of Philanthropists."

The President was never heard to better advantage. We recall the subdued excitement and the joy with which all his good points were seized. He thrilled the audience again and again with his felicitous phrasing and happy eulogies.

"My dear Sir William and Lady Hartley," he began, "Might they not be Methodistic and say, brother and sister? This was a great occasion for them all. They reached that moment with thanksgiving and loving pride. They were proud of Sir William, and, he would not be misunderstood when he said that they were prouder of him than

of the gifts which he had lavished upon them, for, after all, the finest gift was a consecrated personality, and that Sir William and Lady Hartley had given. Their names had created an era in Primitive Methodism; their gifts, their counsel, their personality, had created for them institutions, which they would not, humanly speaking, have possessed but for them. They regarded Sir William as the statesman of their Church, thinking often and ever of the future possibilities of their Israel; they hailed him as a leader; they honoured him as a philanthropist, whose gifts knew no limitations of party or of sect. He was a Primitive Methodist in his doctrine and in his ecclesiastical outlook. He was 'a son of man' in his deeds of mercy. While many men were talking about social reform, Sir William was accomplishing it. He was about the wisest and most practical socialist with whom he had come in contact. He was helping many to solve the problems that existed between Capital and Labour. He was a great citizen and a great Englishman. They were proud of his kind in the land they loved. The enemy said that the English people were a nation of shopkeepers, but, if all

shopkeepers spread *sweetness* as Sir William did, then life would be a gentler and sweeter thing. He was a citizen, although he could not say to which party he belonged, but he did know that, when the Crown honoured him, it was not because he was a party hack, or in order to win from him subservience to the party whip; it honoured him because he was a friend of the poor and the sick.

“He knew no man who embodied more fully the Connexional spirit. He was a Methodist indeed; he judged his Church as a whole; he had done very much to assist them in the solution of those wider problems which had helped to solve their difficulties—the Chapel Aid Association, the Church Extension Fund, the Hartley College, which bore his name worthily and would carry it on for generations to come, and Holborn Hall, which they had heard that day had paid its way and more, even in days of War. What an interest he had taken in Missions! He remembered how, many years ago, when he was a prospering tradesman, Sir William had come to the help of the late Missionary Secretary, the Rev. John Atkinson, with a noble gift, to encourage the wiping out of a debt in the

mission funds. He had loved their chapel debts, and had taken them to his heart. He had helped them to get rid of them, and some other denominations wished they could only discover a Sir William to help them in other directions. He did not use the word charity in an invidious sense. There was no name more honoured in Liverpool for his compassion for the suffering than the name of their distinguished philanthropist.

“Then, the local preacher had found in him a friend. He had made it easier for many a local brother to reach his appointment, and he had made their old age a little sweeter and a more comfortable thing. They represented a great host that day. He thought of ministers, who had had to face prolonged illness and doctors’ bills, which could never have been met without immense struggle and sacrifice. He thought of ministers’ children, who had been helped in ways too numerous to mention. Sir William had come to their help. God bless him!” To which from all parts of the chapel there were fervent Amens! “The number of loans that he had made, that had turned out to be gifts, could not be told. He sometimes

wondered how Sir William had retained his faith in human nature, but, after all, it was a means of grace to be compelled to go the other mile.

“ Then he desired to say, with all affection and pride, that he had avoided the pitfalls of wealth, and they were serious. He only knew of them by repute. He confessed that he had never stood as near so much congealed wealth for one moment as he did then. There was the moral danger of aloofness. Wealth so easily led to excessive domination and became a barrier between man and his brother. But Sir William had avoided the error of masterfulness and his heart had kept sound. He had kept his eye on the unseen values. It was so easy for men who had grown prosperous on the material side of life, to grow suspicious of the spiritual, but this could never be said of their dear friend. It was so fatally easy to grow mistrustful, but Sir William was a brother and a comrade. Some of them had not always agreed with him but they had always retained his love. Of that they had never doubted. They thanked God for his noble services.

“ Some of the old folk told about that wedding fifty years ago. They had legends

about it. Some day they hoped that some members of his family would allow the little harmonium on which he used to play to be placed among their relics at Holborn Hall. . . . Together they had struggled, together they had served, together they had prospered, and they had kept alive their fund of romance.

“It was his joy, the proudest moment of his Presidency, to hand to them the free expression of their love and, in doing so, he wished to say that it was no farewell and no treaty for further gifts, for, if he gave Methodism nothing more, they would ever thank God for them, their gifts and their life. They prayed that God would bless them and their family, and in days to come grant that the casket might be a reminder to them of the deep affection in which they were held by the whole Church.”

His Presidency of the actual Conference was a conspicuous success. He proved, indeed, a master of all the assemblies. His versatility, his readiness, his genius for the apt word and the reconciling suggestion were never more apparent. His very presence created interest and his every movement was watched.

He and Mrs. Guttery joined the Christian Endeavourers for their holiday tour at Scarborough, greatly to the delight of young and old.

Being determined that his Presidential duties should not necessitate his absence from the pulpit of his own church at Liverpool, at a time when some hundreds of the sons of his people were at the War, he had planned for his year of office great district mid-week conferences, for the consideration of the problems of the hour and the duties of the churches. With fine skill he had secured the co-operation of the district leaders and courts and everything that organisation could do was done to ensure success. There were meetings for ministers and for church officials and members. All these conventions were carried through but, unfortunately, he was unable to attend them all. By October the trouble with his voice had increased. The strain put upon it, day by day, made it impossible for the mischief to be corrected. In that month a Liverpool specialist ordered rest, and he was obliged to cancel most of his engagements for many weeks. I have his diary before me, and it is pathetic to see against his full programme for many weeks the

words "Illness," "Cancelled." The trouble persisted into 1917, and it was arranged that he should have a course of lessons in voice production by Miss Hicks, of London. Her tuition had been of the greatest value to other famous men, and Mr. Guttery, also, found it a great help. The Connexional and District leaders eased his burden as much as was possible but there is no escaping the fact that his absence robbed some of the Conferences of their greatest charm. It was wonderful, when he was able to be present, with what ease and power he guided these great gatherings.

One of the most telling features was his recitation of his creed. This was his confession of faith to his brother ministers:—

1. I believe in God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost; the one, true and living God.

2. I believe in the Atonement and redemption of man from sin accomplished in the life, death and risen life of Christ our Lord.

3. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the witness of God in history and in the soul; the Revelation of Grace, the Light in darkness, the Comforter in sorrow, the Power

in weakness, for all who walk in the testimony of Jesus.

4. I believe in the Holy Catholic Church and the spiritual community of all who accept Christ as their Lord.

5. I believe in the Holy Scriptures, as containing the historic and inspired revelation of the will, law and love of God.

6. I believe that man can be saved from sin, however deep his pollution and shame; that he can be saved immediately, fully and for ever, through the power of Jesus Christ.

7. I believe the doom and loss of persistent sin to be so awful as to make the call to repentance urgent and tragic.

8. I believe our children are born into the Kingdom of Grace, and that they can be so trained in the home and Church that they need never go out of it into the shame of wilful sin.

9. I believe in Immortality and Heaven.

10. I believe that the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of God and of His Christ.

He was busy during his year, also, with many Connexional things. He was one of the Committee drawing up a new Deed

Poll for the Church. He was one of the Commission appointed to gather information relative to Methodist Union. His interest in the work of the Missionary Committee and Executive never abated. The Denominational year of 1916-1917 was a full year for A.T.G., and throughout his voice troubled him. His many friends were greatly distressed, and whenever he spoke there was instant silence.

The Conferential thanks were accorded to him at the Assembly of 1917, which met at Holborn Hall, under the Presidency of the Rev. J. Tolefree Parr. The day left a tragic memory, because, when Mr. Parr was delivering his address, the German raiders bombed the City. Bombs fell close to the Hall and many lives were lost in a school near by. The Conference thanks were in the following terms:—

“The Conference tenders its hearty thanks to the retiring President for his valuable services during the past year, and places on record its high appreciation of the way in which he fulfilled the manifold duties of the office. His masterly management of the Conference assembly, his remarkable aptitude and versatility and his absolute impartiality have added to the

prestige of the office in a unique form. His outstanding gift of eloquence found full and free expression in his Presidential address, and in his replies to various Conferential deputations. He was, indeed, a Master of Assemblies. The Conference is grateful for his leadership in great District Conventions, which have done much to foster and strengthen the spiritual life of our people in these days of strain and stress. It cannot forget that much of his work has been done under physical conditions that have severely taxed the strength of our President, but we greatly rejoice that he has recovered strength, and we earnestly pray that his life may long be spared to render continued powerful service to our Church."

CHAPTER X.

VISIT TO AMERICA

“ God’s swords are men, spirits breathed upon by His Spirit. They come forth armed with His inspirations, bringing with them new ideas, new hopes, new outlooks for men ! ”—*The Shaving of Shagpat.*

MR. GUTTERY made no disguise of his concern about the War and his prayer and passion for victory. His own sons were in the Army and two of them had been wounded. In his own heart and family he knew the experience through which thousands were passing. The sympathy of the Prime Minister was shown in a letter dated November 5th, 1917 :—

10, Downing Street,
Whitehall, S.W.1.

“ My Dear Mr. Guttery,

I have just learnt of the wounds which your two sons have received, and write to say that you have my deep sympathy in your anxiety. I hope, however,

that by this time you have better news of your gallant boys, and that they will have a speedy recovery.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

D. LLOYD GEORGE."

In January, 1918, there came the sad news of the death from wounds received outside Jerusalem of his eldest daughter's fiancée, Sergeant Norman Shepherd, the son of Alderman J. and Mrs. Shepherd, of Harrogate. This tender letter was written by Mr. Guttery to his daughter:—

Oxford,

Jan. 8/18.

" My Beloved Daughter,

I have just come in after lunch and have learned the dreadful news about Norrie. It has knocked me over and it will have stunned you with a sense of irreparable loss. I feel that, though as your father I would help you, I can only leave you to bear your sorrow and with all tenderness bid you trust still in the love of the Divine Father. All we can do is to stand round you and love you more than ever. We shall put you in the very centre of our

family loyalty, because to you has come the greatest of all human sorrows.

You are face to face with intolerable mystery. I should fail utterly if I tried to write words of common or, even, religious consolation. The wound is too deep, but do believe your old Dad, who would have shielded all his children from trouble, that there is an interpretation that will be made plain some day. As one gets older, one does learn that our deepest troubles do somehow or other fit into the plan of life. I had real affection for Norrie, as you had deep love for him. Your womanhood will always be the richer and sweeter for having had his love, but I cannot talk. All I can do is to tell you we love you more than ever and shall put you in the very heart of our home.

I feel helpless and, in such a moment, Mother and I, your brothers and sisters, can only stand by and pray God to be to you what we cannot be.

Your loving

DAD."

By speech and pen he was heartening the nation in the long and bitter struggle. From his own pulpit and in many another

pulpit and on countless platforms he nerved the people to endurance and hope.

In July, 1918, he paid his second visit to France, but, on this occasion, he went primarily to see the American troops. This proved the way of wisdom, because, when he visited America in the autumn months, he was able to tell the American people what he had seen and heard from their sons in the trenches.

He had been invited, together with the Right Rev. Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford, to make a tour of the American States, under the auspices of the "National Council of Churches and Moral Aims of the War." On both sides of the Atlantic it was felt that much good would accrue if the British position in the War and the policy of the Allies could be vividly and powerfully presented. No finer choice of a truly representative Churchman could have been found than in Dr. Gore, and, in the complete newspaper report which is to hand, furnished by the British Bureau of Information, there is abundant evidence of the tremendous effect of Bishop Gore's speeches. It is equally certain that no better choice of an outstanding Free Churchman could have been made than Mr.

Guttery. His personal persuasion of the righteousness of the aims of the Allies in the War, together with his well-known gifts of popular and pungent speech, made him an ideal exponent. The only misgiving that was felt was in regard to his voice. Was it wise to take such a risk? That it was a risk he knew full well, and his family and friends were equally aware of it, but neither he nor any of his friends had any conception of what the actual strain would prove to be. The tour was one of the most exhausting that any man could have attempted. The strain on his voice was greater than anyone would have thought. He regarded the invitation as a patriotic call, and, he accepted it, with the ardent hope that his advocacy would do much to remove prejudice and to bind together more closely the American and the British peoples.

His church at Prince's Avenue released him from his circuit duties and his colleague, the Rev. T. Herbert Barlow, was left in full charge.

The voyage itself was known to be full of danger, for the enemy submarines were doing their fell work, in spite of the excellent convoy arrangements which were

then in force. The greatest secrecy needed to be observed as to the movements of all vessels. The landing-stage at Liverpool was closely guarded when the *Lapland* sailed on August 31st, 1918. As may be imagined, his family and friends knew no peace until they heard of the vessel's safe arrival.

Fortunately, he kept a diary of the voyage and of the tour. The entries are characteristic of his style and spirit. We quote from the days when he was outward bound :

August 31st. Got on board. Found luggage in cabin 119. Have whole room (for four passengers) entirely to myself. . . . Made acquaintance with bedroom steward and bath steward. Nice fellows. Bath steward has been torpedoed three times already. Wrote a line home. Cabled New York. . . . Received ticket for lifeboat. (No. 4.) Had first muster roll.

Sept. 1st (Sunday). No services to-day. Nobody in mood. Woke at 7.15. Found we were still in the Mersey. Sailed out of river at 8.30. Cold, blustering wind and high seas. Convoy escorted by destroyers and patrol boats. . . . Had lifeboat muster in morning. Don't envy sliding down ropes in high seas. Warned to have

life-preservers always with us and not to undress much at nights, while in danger zone. . . . Had long talk with Gore to-night on Church Re-union; he very friendly but evidently afraid of it.

Sept. 2nd. This is Dora's birthday. God bless her! . . . Convoy still with us; S.W. of Ireland; a perfect day; sea like a pond. Lifeboat drill. . . . Made new outline on "Democracy and Freedom." Getting through the worst zone. . . . Spent much time promenading deck.

Sept. 3rd. Our convoy has scattered through the night. We are all alone. Nothing in sight but sea and sky. . . . Saw them change Look-Out on "Crow's Nest." It is a dizzy business. . . . Finished new outlines of two addresses. . . . Barometer falling. Bad weather expected.

Sept. 4th. A storm arose in the night. . . . Had some little discomfort but no sickness. Had my bath and faced all the meals bravely. . . . The white crested waves were a grand sight, but, God help us, if we had to launch our boats! . . . We were startled this morning by the blowing of the siren. Everyone was nervy but nothing came of it. . . . Each night in smoke-room, ginger ale and sandwiches. Good idea!

Sept. 5th. Woke to find glorious weather. . . . Had a chat with a naval officer. He had been torpedoed four times and makes nothing of it. Says "it is quite monotonous."

Sept. 6th. A glorious day! Spent most of the morning on the top storm deck basking in sun and reading. Started article for the P.M.L. (*Primitive Methodist Leader*) on "Sea and Sky." . . . Played two games of chess and won one. . . . Piano for first time. Several came out in evening dress. Courage rising!

Sept. 7th. Still in a heat-wave; somewhere in centre of Gulf Stream. . . . We are surrounded by shoals of flying fish. Quite a tropical scene. . . . Played chess twice and was badly beaten.

Sept. 8th (Sunday). A brief service this morning. Prayer Book used. Singing very poor. The Bishop was very gay in his robes and orders. He preached fifteen minutes on "The Fatherhood of God."

Sept. 10th. Woke to find a grand morning. . . . Expect this our last day on board. . . . All heavy luggage to be ready by 9 to-night. Have got packed; plenty of room in trunk, etc. . . . Suppose this is last

night on the good ship *Lapland*. She has done well for me!

Sept. 11th (Wednesday). Awoke to find a keen wind but bright sun. The river was crowded with shipping. . . . Met by Geoffrey Butler and Atkinson's party. . . . Interviewed by Pressmen on the deck. Motored to the Yale Club, our headquarters; a huge sky-scraper; most luxurious building I have ever seen; 24 floors. . . . Party of 40 at lunch at 1.15. Guests with Massey, P.M. of New Zealand, Sir Jos. Ward, Finance Minister of New Zealand, Bishop and self. Speeches galore. . . . Interviewed by Pressmen at four. Found invitations I cannot possibly accept, as far away as Winnipeg. Got an hour to myself till 7 p.m. The racket will be tremendous. Almost covet repose of *Lapland*. . . . Entertained to dinner at the Century Club. The Club is the centre of Art in N.Y.

He was in America for ten weeks and fulfilled a far-spread and exciting programme. At a few meetings Bishop Gore and he spoke together, but, for the most part, and, in order to reach the largest possible number of places, separate routes had

been marked out for them. There were gatherings of ministers and great mass meetings. The Liberty Loan had been launched and advantage was taken of the presence of these two distinguished speakers to give a fillip to this financial appeal. Thousands and thousands of miles Mr. Guttery travelled, and very largely through the night.

From the typed programme given to him on his arrival, with full instructions as to trains and hotels, and, from his pocket-book, which contains his notes of the distances travelled, we can gain some idea of what this tour meant. The first two days were spent in New York, with interviewers and meetings of ministers. On Saturday, September 14th, he journeyed to New Bedford, 300 miles, for the Sunday and Monday. On the Tuesday a 70 miles' run brought him to Laurel. He was back to New York for a banquet on the Wednesday. On the Thursday he was at Hazleton, Pennsylvania, a run of 160 miles, and back again to New York for the following day.

On Sunday, Sept. 22nd, he preached at 11 a.m. in the Church of the Divine Paternity, and at 4 o'clock addressed the Brook-

lyn Y.M.C.A. An All-Day Inter-church Clerical Conference was held on the Monday. At 10.30 a.m., in the Aeolian Hall, he spoke on "With the American Boys in the Trenches," and at 2.30, in the Baltimore Hotel, he gave "A Greeting from Great Britain to America." Three hundred and fifty miles on the Tuesday brought him to Washington. Chicago (905 miles) claimed him for three days. On the Saturday (400 miles) he went to Cleveland, Ohio. He was there for the Sunday and Monday. Forty miles on Tuesday brought him to Norwalk, 100 miles on Wednesday to Lima, 100 miles on Thursday to Hamilton, 30 miles on Friday to Cincinnati, and 800 miles on the Saturday to Atlanta, Georgia. That week he journeyed to Columbus, 230 miles, Albany 100 miles, and to Macon 110 miles. Two meetings the following week were cancelled because of the influenza epidemic, but he was at Brunswick 115 miles, Savannah 110 miles, Augusta 140 miles, and Charleston, South Carolina, 150 miles. Two meetings the following week were also cancelled for the same reason, but he was at Richmond 400 miles, Washington 140 miles, and New York 350 miles, for Sunday,

October 27th. On the Monday 300 miles took him to Boston, Mass. He was back the next day in New York. On Wednesday he was at Binghamton, 210 miles, Hornell, on the Thursday, 110 miles, and again in New York for the Sunday. He journeyed to Exeter, in New Hampshire, on the Monday, 360 miles, to Rome, on Tuesday, 390 miles, 800 miles to Chicago on Wednesday, for Thursday, Madison, Wisconsin on Friday, 150 miles. Sunday, November 10th, found him again in New York and attending a banquet on the Monday. Seventy miles on the Tuesday brought him to Newburgh. He was back in New York for a meeting with the Union Theological Seminary on the Wednesday, and on the Thursday set off for Toronto, 750 miles. Again he was back to New York for Sunday, November 17th. On Monday he was at Middleton, Conn., receiving the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and on the Wednesday he sailed for home. The journeys total to nearly twelve thousand miles.

The American Press gave the widest publicity to the movements and speeches of the British representatives. Everywhere

they were welcomed by all sections of the Churches and by the American people.

I have read the mass of newspaper reports and tributes, and it is evident that Mr. Guttery's mission was warmly acclaimed. His wonderful gifts were recognised, and his power of rousing audiences to unanimity and enthusiasm was revealed wherever he went.

His impressions of his journeys and meetings are most interesting. In his diary he penned his thoughts and verdicts. He was especially interested in meeting with the Primitive Methodists of the States and in preaching in their churches. Wherever he journeyed he found friends who had known and heard him in England, and many friends, also, of his father made themselves known to him. It is significant, also, of his method that notes of good stories abound in his journal. Obviously he meant these for future use. Reading these notes we see how alert, eager and appreciative he was. And, all the while, his heart was at home and with his loved ones. He was well aware of the strain on his voice, and frequent references are made to its condition. The following extracts will be read with interest :—

Sept. 13th. Woke up to find it pouring with rain, like dear old England. It afterwards cleared up and became fine and hot. . . . Had another photographer. There is no end to them. . . . Went to the office and settled more details. Then gave interview at Methodist Central Buildings. Dr. North (Foreign Missions), Dr. Rees and Dr. Joy (Editor). Wonderful premises. Missions organised to increase revenue by 18 million dollars. Dr. Joy became my guide into the city. . . . Was guest at dinner given by Dr. Wm. Adams Brown; all the guests were doctors of divinity. They plied me with questions for over two hours, and I tried to restrain their pride in U.S.A. All confessed that U.S.A. should have fought earlier. Brain feels well tapped.

Sept. 14th. 10 a.m. train Grand Central to New Bedford. . . . Arriving was struck with number of cotton mills. It has a population of 110,000 and is, in spinning, a rival of Ashton. Was met by my host, Dr. Humphries; minister here a second time. A family of four (two sons and two daughters). I was pleased to show them photos of my dear crowd.

Sept. 15th. A gloriously fine day! A Sabbath-keeping city! . . . Preached this

morning in the North P.M. Church, motored at noon to the South P.M. Church, and addressed a great rally. Met many people who had heard me in England, especially Lancashire. . . . One lady told me I had baptized her. She would be too heavy now to lift. . . . Both our churches seem healthy and have good buildings, but there is no room for Primitive Methodism here. . . . Enormous meeting (2,000) in the High School Auditorium. All churches closed that congregations might attend, spoke an hour and had a good time. They wanted to call for personal gifts for me, but I declined. Never shook hands with so many people in one day. A levee after each meeting. . . . One old woman baptized by my father. . . . Tired but happy!

Sept. 18th. A change in the weather: wet and cold. People here call it an "English day." The rain quickens the landscape into a lovely green. . . . Left Laurel at 9.48 for Boston. . . . Wrote home and to Mallinson and Barlow. . . . Booked seat for New York. Left at 12 noon, due at 6.7. . . . A great dinner at the Yale Club; ministers, bankers, judges and politicians of New York. Bishop spoke well. I am said to have had a great time.

Sept. 20th. Received a remarkable letter from an Irish Hotel proprietor, thanking me for speech last night. (Hazleton). . . . Had a chat with Ministry of Information. On 'phone with Atkinson and several who are urging their claims to a visit. I cannot do all. . . . Motored to station for New York. . . . It is a pouring wet night, so I stayed in and read a novel. . . . Shall not have many quiet evenings, so had better make the best of them. . . . New York looks fine from my 17th storey windows. All ablaze : so different to London now.

Sept. 22nd (Sunday). Preached this morning in the Church of Divine Paternity, West Central Park, 76th Street. A gorgeous building; no choir but famous organist and soloist. Service hearty but lacks our Methodist fervour. . . . Addressed the Brooklyn Y.M.C.A. in afternoon. A big crowd, many ministers present, including our own, Rev. John Proud, a native of Halifax. He knows Brearley well.

Sept. 23rd. A glorious day; filled up with Clergy Conference at Aeolian Hall. Lunch at Baltimore Hotel; biggest hotel in the world. Five hundred guests; shook hands with all. Never heard so many speeches in one day. This is a nation of

talkers. Received my first home letters; Dora and Winnie. All seems well. . . . Want to hear soon from sweet mother.

Sept. 24th. Rose at 6.30 and had usual cold bath. Eight o'clock train to Washington. . . . Arrived 2 p.m. . . . The town is disappointing for a capital city. Addressed in the afternoon the Commission of the Churches on the War. A fine gathering! Meeting was held in the church where Abraham Lincoln worshipped. In the evening spoke at a great mass meeting and also at an overflow. Secretary Daniels of the Navy, and Fosdick, the author, also spoke. It was an exhausting day. Prices are awful. Over ten shillings for a plain dinner. . . . Never saw so many motors in one city.

Sept. 25th. I received a negro deputation; their story of their treatment in the South is brutal and pitiful. . . . Then the Federal Council Secretary brought a motor and drove me through the city. . . . Started at 11.40 a.m. and am not due in Chicago till 8.57 in the morning; 900 miles. . . . This is one of the great trains, the "Pennsylvania Limited."

Sept. 26th. Woke up in sleeper to find a gloriously fine morning. . . . Arrived at

Chicago at 9 a.m. At once booked for Cleveland; was brought to the Hotel Sherman, a great place; found a budget of letters from home and one from Meyer on F.C.C. Secretaryship. Then gave interview with Bishop to Pressmen. . . . After lunch received Rev. Hardcastle, President of the P.M. General Conference, and Hon. Dawson. They are two splendid P.M.'s, but such men are lost in U.S.A. . . . After dinner motored with Dr. Lynch to a lovely suburb for a meeting in the 1st Methodist Church. . . . The wealth here is enormous. In the basement a monstrous saloon. All the middle an ice floor, on which Swiss and Norwegian girls do the ballets for every meal. A loud Vanity Fair. . . . Bed is very welcome.

Sept. 27th. Rev. Hardcastle, Hon. Dawson and partners called for me with an auto at 10 a.m. and gave me a three hours' drive about the city. . . . I have had enough sight-seeing for a bit. Liberty Loan begins to mount. America is wild about it. Attended Conference in afternoon. Was guest at public dinner in the Auditorium Hotel, then spoke with Geoffrey Butler and Bishop at huge meeting in Auditorium. Some 4,000

present. A very great success. . . . After a hurried supper at hotel, drove to La Salle Station, left at 11 p.m. in sleeper for Cleveland. . . . Got report of Wilson's speech at N.Y. It is fearless and straight.

Sept. 28th. Arrived Cleveland at 7 a.m. Was met by escort of Mounted Police and guarded to hotel. . . . A band of Boy Scouts called at hotel and escorted me to a great meeting at the Opera House. They gave me a Cleveland yell. GUTTERY!! Awful! Eighty per cent. of Cleveland of foreign birth. . . . Addressed a great crowd of leading citizens at a city club. The excitement was immense. Then conveyed to a fashionable suburb and spoke to a thousand women in a Jewish Synagogue. I never saw so many motors together as brought the women to the meeting. . . . Quiet evening for rest. I need it for my voice is very dicky to-day.

Sept. 29th (Sunday). Preached this morning at Calvary Presbyterian Church. A great building, quite full; held a levee of English folk. . . . I must have a bit of quiet. I have caught a nasty cold. . . . Took part in the greatest demonstration I ever saw. The Bishop and I, with Mayor

of Cleveland and Governor of Ohio, headed a procession and received salute at base of over 100,000 people. All nations and flags and bands of every kind. We followed Sousa's band of over 300 instruments. I stood bareheaded at attention for nearly two hours and the procession was only half-way through, then I escaped away to hotel, dead tired. The city is in a frenzy over the Liberty Loan. . . . We were cheered as representatives of Britain. . . . Electric auto took me to Pilgrim Congregational Church to preach. Ornate service, processional, etc. The usual levee.

Oct. 1st. A new month has begun and I feel fit for my work. . . . Left Cleveland for Norwalk at 11 a.m. . . . I have as my companion Mr. G. Nasmyth, a member of Government in Washington. He is a fine type of advanced Radical. . . . Norwalk is the prettiest city I have seen thus far in America. . . . A really great meeting; the biggest M.E. Church crowded. Band and choir did famously.

Oct. 2nd. Indian Summer has come. . . . Journeyed to Lima, then by open tractor to Fremont. . . . Fremont is a beautiful old town; famous for the stand of New Englanders against the Indians. It was

the exit for the "underground railways" for the negroes of the South. . . . Passed through an oil district, saw for the first time natural oil wells and refinery. . . . A mass meeting at night. . . . To bed early
Chest is sore with cold.

Oct. 5th. Had a splendid sleep in train. . . . Travelled out of Ohio through Kentucky, Tennessee, into Georgia. It was quite a new world to me. . . . Saw some genuine cowboys, in picture dress, big saddles, etc., rounding up cattle. Had my first view of cotton fields. The plant is not a big bush, as I expected, but quite a small plant. Saw the reapers—it is back-breaking work. South not as progressive as the North. Stood a long time on platform of observation car. . . . Arrived Atlanta one hour late. . . . Gave an address to about 150 ministers. . . . Coloured ministers attend Conference but do not lunch with the Whites. A shame! A negro choir sang outside the hotel for Liberty Loan; very fine!

Oct. 7th. . . . "Spanish flu" is so bad that all picture shows and theatres are closed. In some English towns we should have begun with the churches.

Oct. 8th. . . . War news still good. Germany is beaten. . . . Glad to get to hotel and went to bed for an hour's sleep. I ache all over like "the flu." . . . All the folks about are darkies. . . . Had to put watches forward an hour on journey, which shows the distances we travel, and make nothing of it. . . . Spoke in the College Auditorium. A splendid audience and fine meeting.

Oct. 9th. . . . Wilson's reply to Germany has been published. It is very clever and puts the Chancellor in an awkward position. . . . Dr. Jenkins and his wife bade me farewell. . . . They are a splendid couple, devoted to public and educational work. . . . Returned to Atlanta. . . . Train for Columbus at 4.5 p.m. Dr. Wilmer travels with me for two weeks. . . . More darkies as we move South. Segregation is more strict, separate entrances to restaurants, waiting rooms, separate coaches on trains. . . . Columbus seems a fine new city. My cold is much better.

Oct. 11th. Left by the 9.50 for Albany. Still going South. . . . One of the best Conferences of the War. Had a long motor drive through the country; corn, cotton, yams and sugar cane. Capital public

meeting. Slept to-night for first time under mosquito net.

Oct. 12th. Rose at 4.30 for 5.30 train. . . . Saw sun rise; a glorious sight. . . . Submarines are getting busy. Wonder how it will affect my voyage? . . . A splendid home mail met me. . . . Had a very good Conference in the Presbyterian Church. I miss the coloured people and must somehow get in touch with them. . . . Great news to-night. Germany accepts Wilson's terms for Armistice. If true, the end is in sight. The Kingdom of God will come swiftly. Went to the "movies" with Dr. Wilmer as a sort of thanksgiving. . . . A good day, made happy by letter from home.

Oct. 13th (Sunday). Macon, Georgia. Preached Christ Church in the morning. Wore surplice and cassock, took part in processional, etc. A great mass meeting in Grand Theatre in the afternoon; a fine crowd. Preached in Baptist Church in the evening.

Oct. 14th. At 9.30 I had a Conference with coloured ministers. Full of interest and a revelation of the real cleavage between white and black. . . . Travelled through what is called "the black belt."

Cotton everywhere! Heat simply tropical! Saw tropical plants in profusion.

Oct. 17th. . . . Savannah is a lovely old town. . . . Opposite my window is the old church where John Wesley was Rector and also George Whitefield. Great excitement over rumour that Kaiser has quit. . . . Quite fallen in love with Savannah. Held Negro Conference in church with 6,000 members.

Oct. 19th. . . . Dr. Wilmer parts company to-day, returns to Atlanta: has been a pleasant companion. . . . Leaving Georgia after two busy weeks in this blackest of all negro States. . . . Arrived Charleston 9.30. City like fairyland with electric stars festooned across streets. . . . My trunk is missing. I am in a fix.

Oct. 20th (Sunday). . . . Dr. Way went to depôt and found trunk. I am wonderfully relieved. I can now change linen, etc.

Oct. 23rd. Bishop McDowell met me at British Embassy. . . . Went to White House. Saw President's Secretary. It is Cabinet Day. Went to Senate and had dinner in the Senate dining-room. Washington is crowded. All are waiting President's further reply to Germany. Reply just out. It is good and direct. . . . Am

invited to open Senate with prayer to-morrow.

Oct. 24th. . . . Dr. Pretyman, U.S. Chaplain, called for me at 11.30 and we went to the Senate. I opened the Senate with prayer; the petition will be inscribed on the records of the House. I was given a seat on the floor of the House and introduced to many of the Senators. . . . The discussions are so free and easy as to be almost informal. . . . I go to Boston on Monday. White House has fixed up an interview for me with the President to-morrow at 2 p.m. . . . The trunk is lost again. Cannot be found at depôt. It is quite a nightmare to me. Once I get it to New York shall not move it till I go to the ship.

Oct. 25th. . . . Bishop McDowell . . . is a strong, charming man. Hopes to come to England in 1920. I must show him hospitality. We went to White House. No soldiers, only police. We were expected and warmly welcomed by President Wilson. I read him a greeting I had prepared which he was good enough to admire. He gave me a formal reply for England, pleading for spiritual co-operation. Then we had a long, personal chat. . . . He fears mischief-makers in England, is afraid of

producing anarchy in Germany, with chaos, such as is seen in Russia. . . . He would prefer Kaiserism (beaten) to a Government such as Bolshevism. He wished me to lay private and personal views before Lloyd George, to whom he sent kindest greetings. He distrusts — and extreme Labour equally. . . . I reached the depôt early and found my trunk. Hurrah! Left at 4 p.m. for New York by one of America's greatest trains, "the Congressional Limited." . . . I arrived at 9.15 and drove to Yale Club. It is quite like home. . . . Found an invitation from Dr. Parkes Cadman.

Oct. 27th (Sunday). Preached at a very fine M.E. Church, a splendid service. . . . Several English people came to me. A son of the Rev. A. Jones with his three boys. He used to be music-master at Elmfield. . . . Addressed 152nd Anniversary of John Street Wesleyan Church, the Mother Church of American Methodism. Many P.M.'s and Britishers greeted me. Some heard me at Mow Cop. Went to Brooklyn for evening and preached at St. John's Avenue M.E. Church. A great building, big crowd, Choir and processional, etc. Oh, these Yankee Methodists! A regular

levee afterwards. I hope practice never spreads to England. . . . Caught midnight train to Boston.

Oct. 28th. Awoke to find myself in Boston. . . . At 11 a.m. addressed the famous Boston Meeting at Park Street Church. At least 1,000 present. . . . Spoke afterwards at public lunch of "The Brotherhood of the Kingdom," and answered questions for an hour. . . . In the evening addressed the Congregational Club. . . . There are fine reports in the Press. Unitarianism very strong in Boston. A very different thing to what we see in England. . . . Returned to New York by the night mail.

Oct. 29th. . . . Arrived New York at 8 a.m. . . . Had interviews. Am beginning to fancy myself as important. Took night train to Binghamton.

Oct. 30th. Stayed with the Rev. Lawrence. They have a good home and a splendid family. All are keen on the War and utterly British. Conference at 1 p.m. . . . A good meeting at night in spite of floods of rain.

Nov. 1st. This is the month of my return. Hurrah! . . . Cold bath was a stinger but very bracing. I caught the 10.10 train

to Binghampton. Winnie Lawrence met me. Had a good look at city, and Mrs. Lawrence helped me to buy some things for mother and the girls. Then some Lancashire hot pot, and I got on board the sleeper for New York. Lawrences are very good people. I hope in Liverpool to make some return for hospitality.

Nov. 2nd. Woke to find myself at Hoboken. . . . Yale Club at 8 a.m. A splendid mail from home. Love affairs going strong. . . . I had lunch with Dilmot of the *Daily Chronicle* on the national position. I expect substance of talk will be cabled home.

Nov. 3rd (Sunday). A great day. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman called for me with motor at 9.30 and drove me to his home in Brooklyn. I stayed the day as his guest. The morning service in his church was a triumph; 2,000 present. Cheering and enthusiasm knew no bounds. . . . The evening service in the Presbyterian Church as big a success. Our flag and our National Anthem sung. . . . I find a letter from Dr. North offering me a degree from the Wesleyan University. A big honour and I shall accept. My own folks will be proud. God is good to me. . . . It has been my best

Sunday in America. Voice a bit strained but it holds out. I go by night mail to Boston for Exeter. Oh, for a week without a night train! I have written home. God bless my dear ones!

Nov. 4th. . . . My voice is pretty bad this morning. Must go steady. . . . One of America's big public schools in Andover. Spoke to the faculty and boys. . . . Returned to Boston by the 5.42. Caught night train for Rome via Albany. It is very wet. Great excitement—elections tomorrow.

Nov. 5th. Gave interviews to Pressmen and spoke at mass meeting at night. . . . Austria's collapse puts all in good spirits. . . . Started long journey for Chicago 10.32 p.m.

Nov. 6th. Had a splendid night's sleep though in a train. Woke up near Detroit. Learned we had been four hours in Canada. . . . Had passed Niagara and had not known it. . . . Rushed through great bush fire; most impressive and a little awful.

Nov. 7th. ARMISTICE SIGNED TO-DAY. GLORY! HALLELUYAH! NOV. 7TH ALWAYS BE A GREAT DAY! . . . Rumour denied. City has gone mad. Sirens and

everything that could make a noise in full blast. Hotel a Vanity Fair. Families dining; all in Liberty Caps.

Nov. 8th. Rumour of Peace yesterday was false. Perhaps only premature. . . . Had a splendid Conference (Madison) at 7.30, clergy and ministers; at 8.30 motored to a big armoury and spoke to several thousands of people. . . . At 11.30 entered the train and shall be travelling till 9.40 Sunday morning. It is my last very long trip before my voyage.

Nov. 10th (Sunday). At 4.30 preached at Jowett's former church. A fine building and great service. They burst into cheers; most unusual there. At 8 I preached at Madison Avenue M.E. Church. The usual levee.

Nov. 11th. GREATEST DAY IN HISTORY. Wakened early by din of whistles. etc. Armistice signed. War ended. Germany beaten. New York wild with joy. Streets crowded from morning till night. Fifth Avenue and Broadway impassable. . . . At 11 addressed 250 Methodist ministers. At 12.15 addressed over 100 Congregational ministers. At 1.15 entertained to lunch by the Federal Council of Churches at Cosmopolitan Club. At 6 guest at Public

Banquet at Hotel McAlpine. Had, I am told, the best time while in America. Three hours and a half solid speech-making to-day. Voice has done fine. Happy soon going home. . . . No taxi could bring me to club after the banquet, so walked through the crowds. No drunks but plenty of horse-play. Crowd may well cheer. Freedom for the common people is secured. Now bed and dreams of home.

Nov. 13th. . . . Lectured at five o'clock to the Union Theological Seminary on "The Religious Reactions of the War." Hugh Black, Johnston Ross and others present. . . . In the evening was entertained by the Faculty to dinner. It was a delightful affair, a sort of last "bust up." Everybody made a fuss of me. My voice still holds. I shall not fear now till the end.

Nov. 14th. Went to office and dictated letters and straightened finances. . . . Addressed the Clergy Club, some 500 of them, for an hour, on the "Problems after the War." . . . Travelled to Toronto by the night train, leaving at 6.45, due arrive at 8.53.

Nov. 15th. Arrived in good time. . . . Addressed Empire Club at 1 o'clock. A great affair; some 600 there. I was given

a great ovation. Spoke an hour and, when finished, they stood and raised the roof. . . . A host greeted me, Dr. Chown, Dr. Briggs, etc. Rev. Trevor Davies, of Southport, is here at the Metropolitan Church. He took me to his church and home and then to the old home in Bond Street. It looks very different to me now. . . . At 6.30 I was entertained to lunch by a party of citizens. At 8 was motored to the Convocation Theatre of the University. An immense crowd, all by special ticket. I was given the biggest welcome of my tour. Spoke 75 minutes on "The Church and Peace Problems." They wanted an encore. Held a reception of old friends. . . . Went to bed, happy, excited and tired.

Nov. 16th. Spent some time at Book Concern. Had a talk with Drs. Chown, Manning and Adington and others, a fine group of Methodist statesmen. . . . Went to see old Miss Davison (92), the granddaughter of William Clowes. . . .

Nov. 17th (Sunday). There was a big crowd (Carlton Street Church) and a great service. . . . They were pleased I had chosen to preach in the old church. . . . At the University for tea. . . . The Committee

and Dr. Stephenson took me to the station; 7 p.m. for New York. It is a relief to be quiet and to know that my strain is over. General health good; voice feeble. Soon for home! Canada has raised Victory Loan.

Nov. 18th. Caught 12 o'clock train for Middletown. Was received by members of Faculty, driven to Home of President. The Wesleyan University is one of the oldest in America. President Wilson and eminent men have been on staff. Was escorted to the College Chapter and Chapel. A great host of Dons, Professors and Alumni, all in academic robes. Ground floor covered with students (600), impressive in khaki. The gallery full of visitors. All stood as professors, etc., walked in state, wearing robes. I in cap and gown. A fine service. I spoke for an hour and had a good time. Then Professor Westfield introduced me to President Shanklin, who conferred on me the degree of D.D., and the Dean of Faculty placed on me the Hood (Scarlet). Then the whole crowd broke into cheering, the College gave its yell and I was a D.D. . . . My dear ones will be proud and I must try and prove worthy.

Nov. 19th. Busy packing. Worrying about tickets, insurance, labels, etc. . . . Went to the office. . . . Received a splendid home mail and letters from Mallinson, Brearley and Barlow. . . . Was entertained at Club by the Committee. Complimentary speeches were the order of the day. . . . I must now cease to be a millionaire. . . . I start early in the morning. Boat sails at 10. Wrote an article for *Christian Advocate*. Went to the pictures in Broadway. My last view of the busiest road in America. . . . Tired! All ready for home!

Just the briefest extracts need be given of the voyage home:—

Nov. 20th. Left Yale Club at 9.15. It has been a good home to me. . . . Gordon went with me to Cunard Dock (56) and found the *Carmania*. . . . Found my stateroom (all to myself), B.25. We sailed at noon, 12.15. . . . I saw the inspection of shells and depth charges. They mean to run no risks.

Nov. 21st. Had a quiet day. Nothing but sea and sky. Began a sermon for the Avenue. . . .

Nov. 22nd. A rather high wind and sea.

. . . . Before dinner I walked round the ship twenty times. Have got on with sermon. The ship has issued a newspaper. German Fleet has surrendered.

Nov. 28th. We hope this is the last full day on board. . . . In morning the Chief Engineer took me into the depths of the ship to show me the engines and furnaces. The mass of machinery is wonderful. . . . It is doleful to hear the siren going every two minutes. As we are in the danger zone we have put out the mine-sweeper.

Nov. 29th. Pilot came on board. We should have reached stage by 9.30, but it was full. Lay out in river till 1 o'clock. . . . Went to stage by tender. It was a treat to see my loved ones again. Sir W. P. Hartley also met me and various Pressmen. All ends well. A great trip! Home, sweet home!

His wife, his colleague and other friends were waiting for his arrival. It was a wet, bleak and bitterly cold day. There is no need to disguise the fact that they were all shocked at the condition of his voice.

He went with his wife to Southport for a quiet week-end. On the Wednesday they

returned for a welcome reception at the Church. On Sunday, December 8th, he preached at Prince's Avenue and lectured the following evening. The week-end services constituted a record in the church's history.

The lecture on the Monday evening was in the nature of a public reception. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool, accompanied by the Mayoress, presided. The American Vice-Consul, in the unavoidable absence of the Consul, was in the Vice-Chair. Lord and Lady Russell, with representative ministers of all the churches, were on the platform, together with Aldermen and Councillors of the city. Nothing could have exceeded the warmth and honour of his welcome. They were the first to hear of his American impressions. That pleasure many audiences were to share in the after months.

Of the success of his mission there could never be doubt. All that was hoped from his advocacy, together with that of Bishop Gore, was abundantly realised. The Ministry of Information in this country acknowledged the value of the services he rendered.

His own people and the public gener-

ally were gratified that such an honourable degree had been conferred upon him. From his own Church and from the Free Church Council he received the heartiest congratulations.

Many promises he had made with distinguished editors in America for articles in the future, and tentative arrangements had also been made with publishers in regard to books.

Home again, troubled and anxious as he was about his voice, he was quickly in the midst of the national movements and, particularly, in the movement for Methodist Union, which had come rapidly forward.

Within a fortnight of his return from America we heard him give his remarkable address on "The New America" in the City Temple, on Thursday morning, December 12th, 1918. Primitive Methodists, especially, were keen to see and hear him. We were all distressed at the weakness of his voice. Afterwards we learnt that many in the rear had failed to hear him. We never remember a congregation so silent. Even when witty things were said, and applause would have been appropriate, the desire still to hear kept the people at strained attention.

He was warmly welcomed to the famous pulpit by the Rev. Dr. J. Fort Newton, the minister of the City Temple. He had been with Dr. Guttery in America and testified to the impression he had made on his countrymen.

The address was in his vital style and held the meeting even though his voice had not its old-time ring and power. It was afterwards published as a supplement to *The Christian Commonwealth*:—

“It has been my privilege and my duty, in swift and crowded weeks, to visit the great Republic across the seas, that I might deepen and interpret the union between these two great nations. . . . I was allowed to see the great spiritual motive that brought America out of its traditional isolation to help in the redemption of the world. . . . This war has discovered to us a new America. Dr. Fort Newton will forgive me if I say that I went out expecting to find hustle, noise, slapdash, vulgarity, dollars, slang, carnival, boasting and boosting. I expected that and I am not to blame. American journalists are themselves to blame. I found a great idealism, solemn emotion, an intense consecration to the highest and the best.

. . . I found a new America, and, believe me, America has discovered a new Britain. We are not as slow as they thought. We are not effete; we are not worn out; we are not bondsmen. Dr. Newton will allow me to say that we have more liberty in Britain under a King than they have in America under a President. It is a new Britain and a new America. . . .

“America is discovering that British Imperialism rests upon the traditional faiths that were the glory of Washington and Lincoln. I went out expecting to meet foreigners; I met my own kith and kin; it was a family party everywhere. They speak our tongue—with their own accent; but it is our tongue. . . .

“To an Englishman, of course, America, at any time, is full of novelty. Its distances are so vast—I travelled more than once 500 miles to a dinner party—its prospects are so alluring; its freedom so magnificent. Oh! to get to a land where social equality is a reality; where all the churches are free; where national celebrations are without ostentation; to visit the ruler of the greatest power on earth without fuss, and to be able to interview Cabinet Ministers with as much ease as you

can see a chief constable in an English town! . . . But to see America at war is to see the new world in the travail of experience and service unrivalled in the history of man. . . . I found it was the moral appeal that touched America. No motives of self-interest, not even of self-preservation, affected her decision. They have followed Woodrow Wilson, not because he is a politician, but because he is a prophet. In the political sense, Woodrow Wilson at this moment represents a minority of the American people, but, in the moral sense, he represents the conscience of a continent, and must be treated with the homage that a prophet can demand. . . .

“I visited munition factories, aeroplane works, shipbuilding yards, where, twelve months ago, there was nothing but bare earth; to-day they are turning out a 9,000 ton ship every eight weeks. I went to one of these shipbuilding yards at 5 o'clock to see the men break away from work. There would be, perhaps, 4,000 workmen, and, for those 4,000 workmen, there were at least 500 privately owned motor cars to carry them to their homes. I looked in sheer amazement. The mechanic, the workman, going to his work in his motor—

of course, the inevitable Ford—wrapping the radiator in a rug and shawl, “backing” it in the road until he had finished his work at 5 o’clock, jumping into his car and taking his chums home. He could live ten or twelve miles away from his work. I was delighted. It was a Prohibition district. I wish the British workmen would refuse beer and buy motor cars.

“I want you to realise that there is perfect willingness in America to grant to this mother country every homage for what we have done. The Governor of one State, at a meeting, looking at me very significantly, said: ‘I want this British gentleman to remember—I am sure he will—that the coming in of America saved the world.’ When I spoke I said: ‘Yes, thank God, the coming in of America saved the world, but the valour of British lads left America a world worth saving.’ I shall never forget that American crowd springing to its feet, cheering itself hoarse, then singing ‘God save the King.’ . . . With a flushed face the Governor rose and admitted that Britain had left America a world to save.

“Then I think of America as the land of obedience. . . . Millionaire kings and labour leaders do as they are told and are

glad to be told. And the Press regularly must publish on the front page the names of the owners of the newspaper, so that the public may be able to judge what their judgment is worth.

“And now these two nations have won a great victory; they face together the colossal tasks of peace. May I affirm the conviction that their union is as necessary for peace as for war?”

CHAPTER XI.

NATIONAL FREE CHURCH COUNCIL PRESIDENT

“The Free Churches, which have been so largely instrumental in establishing the principle that the final authority in the State is the people, are now concerned to establish the principle that the final authority in the Christian Church is the Christian people.”—C. SILVESTER HORNE.

HE was the President-Elect of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches. The Presidency of this Council is the greatest ecclesiastical position open to any Free Churchman.

At the beginning of the year 1919 he was glad to put himself again under the care of Miss Hicks, the voice-specialist. From January to March she gave him tuition in voice-production, and, for the greater part of the time, was resident in Liverpool to give him the most effective aid. She listened to his pulpit efforts and was able to advise him day by day. With

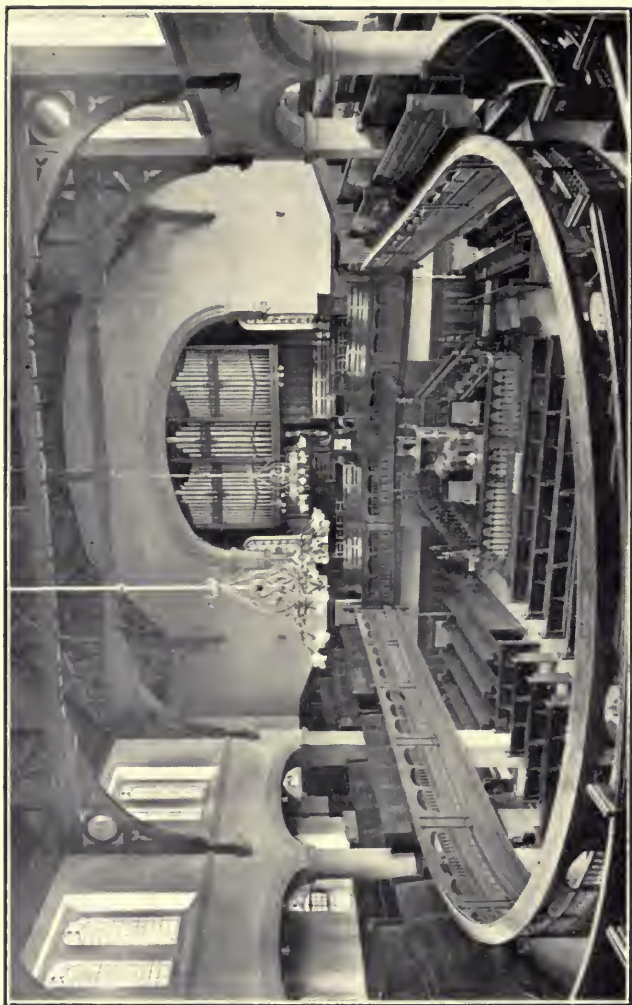
unfailing courage he pursued his way. We can imagine the disappointment he felt in the failure of his voice. It had been a great thing for him to come to the Presidency of his own Church. It was a greater honour and opportunity to come to the Presidency of the National Free Church Council. Just at the time when he needed his voice in perfect form it was weak and feeble.

We recall the moment when he had been nominated for the Chair of the Council. The Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer, one of the Honorary Secretaries, made the nomination in a most felicitous speech. They had all rather feared Dr. Guttery in his earlier days, Dr. Meyer confessed. Now they knew and trusted and loved him.

He made the most careful preparation for the Council over which he had to preside in the Victoria Hall, Sheffield, from March 10th to 12th, 1919.

His Presidential address was a memorable deliverance. All were conscious of the reactions of the war. The problems of the hour were clamant and even threatening. "The Adventure of the Church" was the topic he set himself to expound and enforce.





Interior of Central Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

“Dear Fathers and Brethren,” he said, “We enter upon the deliberations and discussions of this Council with thanksgiving and praise. The darkness of weary years and the nightmare of dread have been scattered. . . . Spiritual ideals of liberty and international right have prevailed over the mightiest massed militarism of the world. The swift and unselfish judgment of Britain has forever honoured our race. The valour of our sons and the devotion of our daughters has won room to live for the soul of Europe. The union of Britain and America ensured frank sincerity and true humanity in future diplomacy.

“The birth of the League of Free Nations gives promise of the New Age, when war shall be regarded as a crime, mad, and impossible. . . . Think what it means for thirty nations to accept the loftiest moral ideals as the basis of future statecraft! Venerable Empires and young Republics, Governments of the East and West, pledge their allegiance to a new faith and combine their resources to build a better world than our fathers dreamed. . . . The people are to judge of all treaties, and have the unchallenged right to decide peace or war.

“ The day of the Crusades has returned, the spirit of adventure fills the air. . . . The Church cannot afford to be dull. It must run risks and welcome them. . . . Only by adventure into the holiest and highest shall we retain leadership of the masses, whose souls are quickened by dreams of a new and better world. . . . We need our sons to redeem our cities and save them from squalor, to evangelise our villages and flood them with social purity and fellowship. They will make our reformers, as they have been our patriots, but the Church must not cripple them with formalities and bewilder them with regulations. Sirs! we are in danger of missing the golden hour of youthful enlistment, and I would plead within our Church to call our brightest, noblest sons to the highest, boldest adventure that ever thrilled the human soul.”

In stirring passages he denounced the self-indulgences which had followed the War, drink and drugs and sensuality. Compulsory military service must come to an end. He pleaded for the closer union of the Churches, and concluded :—

“ It is the marvel of our enterprise that our weapons are spiritual and not carnal.

We are to prevail over dominions and thrones, principalities and powers, in the awe and witchery of spiritual life and in the might of the living witness and evangelical preaching. For our crusade we need saints and preachers."

Crowded months followed. As the President it was his duty to visit the District Federations and many of the local Councils in all parts of the land. Together with Dr. Meyer and Dr. J. Scott Lidgett and other leaders, he met ministers in Conference and the people of all the Churches. Such gatherings were the breath of his life. He revelled in them. Dr. Meyer has told of his mastery on every occasion. He never erred in judgment. His speech was full of wisdom and his counsel sagacious. His friends and admirers marvelled at the heroism he displayed. In the largest halls and churches, in spite of his enfeebled voice, he spoke with eloquence and power. And, all the while, he was fulfilling his ministry at Prince's Avenue, seldom absent on a Sunday, and keeping in touch with his own people. In the work of his own Connexional Committees he took a foremost part. The Missionary Committee and Executive were never forgotten.

To the cause of Methodist Union he gave the most prayerful and detailed interest. In this cause he himself had greatly advanced. He came to disavow many of his earlier contentions. At the Nottingham Conference he had affirmed that they, the Primitive Methodists, would not give up anything that was peculiar to them. The question was freely canvassed at the time. What prospect could there be for Methodist Union if each of the Methodist Churches took up this position? Dr. Guttery was deeply impressed by the attitude of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. It was the Mother Methodist Church who took the initiative in the Union movement. Both in the unofficial meetings of the leaders and, later, in the official gatherings, he acknowledged the generosity and courtesy of the Wesleyan Methodists. The United Methodist Church had already accomplished its union scheme and were prepared to give the most sympathetic consideration to any complete union proposals if the Wesleyans and the Primitive Methodists could come to agreement.

Dr. Guttery became an enthusiastic supporter of this cause. He had been appointed the Chairman of the Primitive

Methodist section of the Committee with the Rev. Samuel Horton as the secretary. He never failed to appear when this subject was under discussion. He became the real spokesman for his own Church, and acquired extraordinary influence with the leaders of the other negotiating churches. He took a very prominent part in drafting the new constitution.

While he was President of the National Free Church Council the Primitive Methodist Conference met at Grimsby in June. The report on Methodist Union had to be submitted. It was known that it would be a critical issue. The other Churches and Conferences were deeply concerned also, because the Primitive Methodist Conference is the first to be held each year. The action of the Primitive Methodists counted for much at that stage and it fell to Dr. Guttery to make the statement. The chapel was crowded and a tense silence was maintained. We were all willing to believe that his voice was a little better. He was heard with sympathy and admiration. His skill in putting the case was recognised by all. His speech appeared as the leading article in the *Primitive Methodist Leader* of June 19th,

1919, and was headed "Methodist Union in Britain."

"We have reached a great hour in British Methodism," he said. "It is a crisis more momentous than any cause of ancient separation, and quite as vital and imperative as the evangelism which gave it birth. . . . Let us be both fearless and wise as we face the issue. It invites us to lay aside some prejudices which are as sacred as convictions. It appears to involve some reversal of our judgments. Loyalties we have prized are to be merged in a larger fellowship. . . .

"The issue we have to judge is this: Are the separations of Methodism so sacred that they must be permanent? Are our divisions so divine that they are eternal? Are our differences essential or incidental? Do we reach constituencies that are vitally separate, and do we declare our evangel with accents that cannot harmonise? These questions involve no disloyalty to the past. We reverence the memory of our fathers. Their protest and witness were needed in their age. They were divinely inspired. They spoke with authority as evangelists and prophets. They were statesmen of no mean order; but is it not possible that their

witness has been accepted and their protest heeded? Is there not a common genius and tradition in Methodism which demands union as its natural expression? May it not be that segregation, the duty of yesterday, becomes aggregation, the task of to-day, so that concentration may be the triumph of to-morrow? We are not asked at this stage to pledge ourselves to any scheme of Union, but, if we are worthy leaders of the Churches, we shall no longer take refuge in genial commonplaces.

“We are bidden to move slowly. Such advice is gratuitous to a Methodist Conference. The Wesleyan Methodist Conference has been actually discussing the question since Plymouth (1913). We have had it before us since Middlesbrough (1914). The United Methodists are fresh from successful amalgamation. Young Methodists throughout the world urge this issue upon us. For a generation past every Ecumenical Conference has declared its devotion to this ideal. The present Joint Committee has reached decisions on controversial questions with practical unanimity. Surely the time is ripe for a further step forward? To halt at this moment is not caution, it is refusal.

“If the time is ripe, the temper is right. . . . The largest, oldest, wealthiest Methodist Church has shown a magnanimity beyond our wildest dreams. When I think of its traditions of the pastoral office and then see its ministry—not of compulsion but freely—surrender the Legal Hundred, the ministerial right to elect the President of Conference, to appoint to stations, to administer discipline and the sacraments unaided; when I see it assent to the Pastoral Conference becoming a ministerial session, existing by election or appointment and not as a right, and its business restricted to purely ministerial questions, I declare that for us to refuse to go further with negotiations so unselfish would be a scandal that would cover us with reproach.

“I would not deny the difficulties in our way. I would deal with them with fearless frankness. But they can be overcome by men of vision and faith. I know that Methodist Union will not bring an immediate millennium. It may mean for many of us sacrifice and anxiety and increased toil. But we think of the future and we dare not refuse this boon to the children who will follow us. Above all, we see in this great attempt at reconciliation the will of our Divine Lord.”

With practical unanimity the interim report was received and adopted, and the Committee reappointed to complete its task. From that hour there was no doubt as to the attitude of the Primitive Methodist Conference on this most important matter.

During this strenuous year, also, he prepared the Hartley Lecture on "Christian Conversion." This lectureship was founded by Sir W. P. Hartley in 1897, and is one of the principal features of Conference. The lecturers are chosen by a Conferentially appointed Committee. Each lecturer receives an honorarium for his MS., which is then published in book form and becomes the property of the Publishing House. The lecture has also to be delivered on some evening during the Conference sessions.

Dr. Guttery had been appointed to give the lecture in 1916, but the War and the national strain made it impossible for him to prepare his MS. In 1919 Professor A. S. Peake, D.D., served the Church a second time as the Hartley Lecturer, Dr. Guttery promising to be the lecturer in 1920.

It was a heavy though a thoroughly con-

genial task to him. The subject of Conversion had been uppermost in all his ministry, but the labour of writing the MS. was enormous. Every line was written with his own hand. It was written in his study, in railway trains, in waiting-rooms and in the homes of friends as he moved about the country. When the MS. came to me I could see where he had left off and where the writing had been resumed. It was understood that the MS. should be delivered to the Book Steward, the Rev. Joseph Johnson, by the end of March, 1920, in time for its publication at the Conference in June. As the Connexional Editor at the time, it was my duty to read the MS. and give a report as to its substance and style to the Book Committee.

Afterwards I learnt of his immense relief and joy when his labour was done. He had been busy in his study with the final pages. Coming downstairs to where his wife and family were seated, he could not disguise his jubilation. He got his wife to turn to the piano, and together they sang something of his triumph and peace.

Within a few days the blow fell upon him. It was known that he would not be able to speak the lecture at Conference.

The pathos of this was felt throughout the Church and far beyond the bounds of Primitive Methodism.

The Conference that year was to meet in the Clowes Chapel, Hull. It was a strange and pathetic coincidence that at the previous Hull Conference in 1902 the Hartley Lecture had to be spoken by another. The Rev. R. Graydon Graham had been appointed to lecture on "The Sabbath: its Grounds, Obligations and Benefits." Death came to him on February 19th, 1902, and upon Mr. Guttery devolved the task of the oral delivery of the MS. Mr. Graham and he had been close friends in the Sunderland and Newcastle District. I remember with what grace and feeling he fulfilled his difficult task.

On April 30th he dictated a letter to me, asking me to deliver his lecture. Many letters passed between us. I recall his gratitude and his far too generous praises.

I prepared a synopsis of his book and presented the thesis, as far as possible, in his own words. There was a large congregation in the Williamson Street Chapel, a striking testimony to the place Dr. Guttery held in the affections of his own people.

Some idea of the lecture will be gathered from the review I wrote for the *Aldersgate Magazine* for August, 1920:—

“The lecture divides itself into four parts: the fact of conversion, the psychology of conversion, varieties of conversion, and the call for conversion. Conversion is the evangelical watchword. It is rooted in spiritual realities, and is the response to the appeal of a divine revelation. It is the basal fact of Christian experience.

“The Bible is the text-book of conversion. The Evangel is in the Old Testament, which is really a series of calls. In the New Testament we find a truer perspective. The personal touch is here. Jesus is the central factor in conversion.

“Conversion is the verdict of experience. The relation of conversion to the Church is that of cause and effect. Conversion created the Church by inspiring the instinct of spiritual kinship.

“Psychology throws floods of light on the fact of conversion. We owe a great deal to men like Hamilton, Starbuck, Professor W. James, Dr. Steven and Dr. Stalker. Christian Psychology regards Jesus as its greatest teacher.

“In the study of the soul we find the

power of reason, the gift of imagination, the place of memory, and the sovereign power of will. Behind all is the awful fact and mystery of sin. Men never realise sin until the Christian revelation shines. To the slave of sin it speaks of the great Liberator, to the sin-sick soul of the great Physician.

“The varieties of conversion are finely explained by Dr. Guttery. There is conversion by crisis. Among the first believers conversion was almost always sudden. That was proved in early Methodism and in the Salvation Army.

“There is conversion through culture, as in the case of thousands of young people who have never been beyond religious influences. We owe a great deal to Dr. Horace Bushnell, who, in *Christian Nurture*, emphasises the beauty of conversion by the process of education. In the case of the adolescent there is a vague discontent, a restlessness, a yearning, and a weary sense of failure. Dr. Guttery, in a moving paragraph, tells of his own conversion when a boy of twelve. He quotes, also, the experience of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, who was converted at the same age. Such conversions are best described as illumina-

tions, as in the case of Hugh Price Hughes, of whom it was said that his conversion was 'the prelude of a singular bursting forth of his mental powers.'

"There is conversion by suggestion. The supreme organ of suggestion is the Holy Spirit, Who quickens our best desires and brings to us the true knowledge of Christ. The Church, too, is an organ of suggestion.

"The call for conversion is imperious and clamant. The coming revival will be shaped by modern conditions, and will solve problems which have baffled men for generations. The evangelist must ever pay homage to the greatness of human nature."

At the request of the Conference I prepared the resolution of thanks to be inscribed on the Journal. It was sympathetically and heartily endorsed.

"That we express our cordial thanks to the Rev. A. T. Guttery, D.D., for his Hartley Lecture on *Christian Conversion*. We are glad that he selected this theme, recognising its timeliness and urgency, and we are delighted that he has given to our Church and the world such a masterly, complete, bold and persuasive pronounce-

ment on this most important subject. We acknowledge the devotion with which he has discharged his task, the extensive reading he has given to it, and the skill with which he has marshalled his facts and arguments. We rejoice that the printed volume throbs with his personality. In the lucid phrase, the skilful epigram, the amazing wealth and variety of idea and illustration, and the full-hearted conviction revealed on every page, we see the notes of the style his brilliant years have ever revealed. His volume is in harmony with the central teaching of the New Testament, and with all our history and traditions. The book is a most valuable addition to this famous series of lectures. We deeply regret that he was unable to give the oral lecture at the Conference, and assure him once more of the increasing sympathy, confidence, affection and prayers of the whole Church."

The book will long be treasured. It is the only volume we have from his pen. He will be seen and heard again wherever and whenever it is read. One of his old colleagues thus writes: "The Hartley Lecture is a veritable tonic. Again and again I take it down for the sheer pleasure of hearing his voice. In that book he speaks."

CHAPTER XII.

HIS PLACE IN CHURCH AND NATION.

“ This is a world worth abiding in while one man can thus venerate and love another.”—GEORGE ELIOT, *thinking of Carlyle and Emerson.*

(I) THE REV. DR. JOHN CLIFFORD'S testimony :—

It was the controversy concerning State Education that brought me first of all into fellowship with my dear friend. We travelled together, and often spoke from the same platform, on behalf of a national system of Education, freed from statutory sectarian privilege, just to all citizens alike, and carried to the maximum of helpfulness and efficiency for every child in the land. He saw that the nation lives in the home, and that its well-being depends upon the training of the child ; and he was prepared to make any sacrifices he could in order to reach that goal. His convictions were

strong, and he was absolutely loyal to them. With ringing and incisive eloquence, he denounced the system that exposed the child of Primitive Methodist parents in the villages of England to the scorn of other children, and affixed a stigma on the conscientious parents who stood fast by their faith. For this cause he wrought nobly and long, undeterred by repeated defeats, and unmoved by continuous opposition from those in high places.

I need hardly say that his antagonism did not mean that he did not believe in instructing the child in real religion. He did with all his soul. He was a firm and vigorous upholder of Sunday Schools. He sought to train teachers; but, as I heard him say again and again, Real religion must be taught by really religious teachers. It is the personality saturated with faith in God and in His Gospel, that really tells; and it is outside the province of the State to undertake to secure that.

He was a Liberationist. He held that the Churches are responsible for the bringing of the soul of the child into fellowship with God in Christ, and he protested against a system, which involved ecclesiastical tests for teachers, and favoured one

Church at the expense, not only of all the rest of the Churches, but, also, of the whole citizenship of the country. It is impossible to estimate the good services he rendered in cleansing and guiding the thinking, and quickening the conscience of the nation on this matter and, though no change was effected in the laws of the land, owing to political conditions, yet he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had wrought for justice, fair play and efficiency.

It was at these gatherings that I saw his wonderful powers as a platform orator. How he could rouse an audience! With what care he prepared his argument, and how convincingly he carried his listeners on, from point to point, until he reached his conclusion in a frank and cogent appeal, which, in the speech of the crowd, "brought the house down"! How carefully he carved his phrases! Again and again, he must have polished and furnished them with his pen, cutting out everything that enfeebled them and adding whatsoever gave them increased strength.

I used to tell him that his was a Demosthenes style of eloquence rather than a Ciceronian; and, as with Demosthenes, so with Dr. Guttery, he made his hearers say :

“ Let us go and fight against this and that evil, against injustice, against impurity, against the drink.” He did create emotion, intense and deep; but he also stirred the will. He was a captain, who led his soldiers to fight. He confessed to me that he owed no little of his power to his writing in the *Primitive Methodist Leader*. I read his illuminating and quickening articles regularly for years. He was a trained journalist, and wielded the pen of a writer who had made himself “ ready ” by toiling terribly. Those papers form a fine memorial of the movements of his mind; they range over a wide field, deal with “ live ” topics, go straight to the mark and never miss it; and must have yielded a fruitful harvest of thought and inspiration to many minds.

I think of him as a choice spirit, always genial, abounding in humour, loyal to great ideals, and obedient to principles of righteousness and brotherhood; a genuine disciple of our Lord; glad to be His servant, and ready to meet any demand for faith, heroism and suffering the service might require. It was this loyalty which kept him at his work when his voice was failing him, and when hundreds would have

taken off their armour and ceased to fight.

He would not give up. His sense of duty was keen. He visited the people of the United States in the interests of peace and unity. He had been called by his brethren to the presidency of the National Council of Free Churches, and he persisted to the close of his year of office in discharging its duties. He fought the good fight to the last. He kept the faith of the Gospel. He has received the crown of life.

In his early departure I have lost a true comrade, a wise and faithful friend, and a large-hearted fellow-worker in the kingdom and patience of the saints.

John Clifford

(2) THE REV. DR. F. B. MEYER'S appreciation:—

It was my happy lot, towards the close of his life, to be in close touch with Dr. Guttery. In earlier years we frequently met on the same platforms and in committee-work, and I had a profound admiration for his irresistible eloquence, his burn-

ing passion for righteousness, and his statesmanlike diplomacy, but, I confess, that I had never realised the charm of his nature, and the consecration of his spirit, till we were thrown into intimate relations, before and during his Presidency of the Free Church Council. The planning of his tour, the policy of the National movement, his visit to the United States, the subject matter of his addresses, his outlook on the future, provided constant material for conversation and conference, and revealed the wealth of his many-sided heart and thought.

What struck me most was his passion for Righteousness. The mantle of one of the old Hebrew prophets seemed to have fallen upon him. Anything mean or false shrivelled before his scathing invective. Whether in private or on the public platform, it was the same. A flash or two of forked lightning, and then the sky immediately cleared. But how tender and chivalrous to his friends! No one could be overtaken by sudden calamity or sorrow without the kind word or letter and proffered help. He was a charming companion. What humour there was in his descriptions of his experiences in the

United States, the companionships, the voyage, and the transformations of criticism and misunderstanding to enthusiastic applause and confidence! But he could turn with equal power from the political platform, or the Free Church gatherings, to an address to the ministers and representatives of the Churches. Those addresses were absolutely surprising to people, who were only acquainted with the platform orator. They revealed an inner knowledge of religious experience, which was worthy of a mystic.

In my capacity, for ten years, of Hon. Secretary to the Free Church Council, I have heard many of our foremost speakers, but never anyone so felicitous in his replies to questions or answers to interrupters and obstructives. A gathering storm would instantly subside before a humorous sally or unanswerable reply, flashed out in a second, and absolutely final. Whatever the question of public policy that might be proposed, whatever address of welcome might be offered, whatever national issue was agitating the minds of his compatriots, he seemed to know by swift and sure instinct what to say and how to say it.

The last year of his life was over-

shadowed by the darkening menace of voice failure. We did not guess the nature of the disease, which threatened his throat, and reduced that ringing voice almost to a whisper. We thought that it was the result of overstrain, and that with care and skilful treatment, the vocal chords would yield the old music. That he felt keenly his increasing disability was clear to those who watched him closely, but they never heard one word of complaint. There was no symptom of resistance to the will of Heaven. He was a prisoner in bonds, but the bonds were permitted by the hand of the Master, Whose he was, and Whom he served. Often he would say, at the close of a long day of speaking and travelling, "How was my voice to-day?" Could I have done otherwise than speak hopefully and encouragingly? I fear my recording angel was kept busily employed during those days. Often when I was preparing for the worst, I spoke hopefully. Under those circumstances one could be no other than an optimist, at least in speech.

Born of Primitive Methodist stock, and trained for their ministry, Dr. Guttery gave the Free Churches the benefit of the sturdy strength and sagacity of that great com-

munion, but added a halo of fervid eloquence and catholic sympathy which was all his own. It is the glory of our Free Church movement that we are allowed to appropriate the best in each of the federated communions, and, in the innermost circle, Dr. Guttery must certainly be placed, by unanimous consent, as his unchallengeable right.

F B Mese

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS PUBLIC GIFTS

“What he once said . . . of John Bright was equally true of himself. ‘When,’ said he, ‘you listened to Bright you always felt more impressed with the force he kept in reserve than with what he actually used.’ It was this sense of invisible strength and greatness that laid hold of men who came near to Dr. Dale and made them proud to call him their friend.”—REV. G. BARBER.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE used to distinguish between talking men and acting men. His biographer, Mr. Herbert Paul, says: “When at sea, Froude pursued his favourite musings on the worthlessness of all orators, from Demosthenes and Cicero to Burke and Fox, from Burke and Fox to Gladstone and Bright. The world was conveniently divided into talking men and acting men. Gladstone had never done anything. He had always talked.

“‘I wonder whether people will ever open their eyes about all this. The

orators go in for virtue, freedom, etc., the cheap cant which will charm the constituencies. They are generous with what costs them nothing—Irish land, religious liberty, emancipation of niggers—sacrificing the dependencies to tickle the vanity of an English mob and catch the praises of the newspapers. If ever the tide turns, surely the first step will be to hang the great misleaders of the people—as the pirates used to do—along the House of Commons terrace by the river as a sign to mankind, and send the rest for ever back into silence and impotence.’”—(*Life of Froude*, by Herbert Paul, M.P., p. 356.)

His biographer adds: “He never realised . . . the vast amount of practical administrative work which such a man as Gladstone achieved, or, on the other hand, the immense weight carried in Parliament by practical ability and experience. . . . The distinction between talkers and doers is really fallacious. Some speeches are actions.”—(*Life of Froude*, by Herbert Paul, M.P., p. 393.)

It can be truthfully said that Dr. Guttery’s speeches were actions. They conveyed information and created convictions which led to action. Every speech and

every sermon pointed to movement and meant activity.

All who ever heard Dr. Guttery will recognise how superbly he was gifted for public speech. He was easily one of the foremost speakers of his day.

He had a wonderful voice, strong, clear and resonant. It could carry in the largest building. We have heard him sometimes when hearing was difficult in the case of previous speakers. The audience had endured the ordeal patiently. Immediately Dr. Guttery began everybody brightened up. There was an air of expectation. The people knew that they were in for a good time. His voice was one of his most valuable assets. It stood him in marvellous stead through all the strenuous years. He believed that it was invincible, that it could endure any strain. Scarcely any other man in the country used his voice in public speech so constantly and for so many years as he.

He spoke deliberately. There was never any haste. He knew what he wanted to say and he took the time he needed. There were no slurred passages, no indistinct words. Every syllable had its place and weight. Nothing was lost from be-

ginning to end. The people were instantly conscious that a master of speech was addressing them. Whether they believed what he said or not mattered little in the pleasure they had in listening to a really accomplished speaker. It was seldom that his points miscarried. Everything he said was lucid, clean-cut, decisive. There was never any useless verbiage. He was an expert in language and only employed the words which conveyed his ideas. Often he found the gleaming word, the very word which irradiated the theme. Sometimes he fairly scintillated.

And, behind it all, there was immense driving power. People felt that he was not speaking for the mere sake of speaking. He was the enthusiast of causes and crusades in which he believed. He was altogether absorbed in his subject. It was not so much that he had mastered the subject but that the subject had mastered him. He made people feel that the theme was the most important of the hour and that they would disbelieve at their peril and loss.

He had deep convictions. Religious equality, social justice, industrial righteousness, personal purity, the rights of con-

science—these were the breath of his life. Because men were living, they had the right to live and to live in the amplest and purest atmospheres. He was equally insistent on the duties of life. There were duties which were inherent and personal, and duties which men owed to the community of which they formed part. Freedom was his creed, justice was his message, in the love of his fellows he found a perennial inspiration.

His mind was singularly clear. It was marvellous how distinctly he perceived truth. He saw it from every angle, but the subsidiary meanings never obscured the primary meaning.

He had a unique power in stating a case. He was great in pleading. Everything that could be advanced to the contrary was in his mind, and he disarmed opposition as he proceeded. Every ground of objection was undermined as he went on. Whether he had ever read Archbishop Whately's pages on "Of the Favourable or Unfavourable Disposition of the Hearers towards the Speaker or his Opponent," I do not know. I should think he had. Nevertheless, he was an expert in this. He knew all about "indirect self-

commendation" and of how "unfavourable passions can be allayed or diverted." If he had been in the Cabinet he would have been superb in presenting a Bill, or, if he had been a King's Counsellor, he would have served his client well.

From the beginning he had this gift. We quote from a speech he delivered in Essex Hall, Strand, on May 15th, 1889, at the Annual Meeting of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination. He put his points clearly: "I need not say much as to the wisdom or folly of vaccination. If I believed in vaccination, which I certainly do not, I should feel that I was on the right platform in standing here to-night. I oppose vaccination on very much broader grounds; and I think it will be wiser for us to keep upon this broader ground of *compulsory* vaccination rather than of vaccination *per se*. . . . I do not ask you to decide a medical question. I have no fault to find with a man who follows the advice of his physician in the treatment of his own children; but I say it is a monstrous thing, while you tell me you are not able to form a matured opinion upon a medical question, that, by upholding this law, you should insist on

forcing that ignorant opinion upon parents who have studied the question. . . . I oppose compulsory vaccination, then, on this broad ground that it does menace the liberty of the subject. . . . I face this law because it is a menace to domestic sanctity.”—(*The Vaccination Inquirer*, Vol. XI. p. 39.)

Dr. Guttery had a remarkable power of leading to the climax. He knew the end he sought and everything in his argument led to the one conclusion. That was how, almost always, he “pulled the house down.” His arguments were irresistible. By conceding the strong points in his opponent’s case, he, nevertheless, revealed their weakness, from his point of view, and showed the superiority of the position he was called to establish.

He has been called “a wizard of speech.” Once, pleading for land reform, he told of a neck of land which joined some collieries to the railway lines and over which the laden trucks were bound to pass. The owner of this stretch of land received a toll for every ton of coal which went over it. “The Golden Mile” he called it. A little boy of four was present and it was impossible for him to forget it. “The Golden Mile,” he shouted as he went to

bed. "The Golden Mile," he kept murmuring as he went off to sleep. "The Golden Mile" was the first thing he remembered in the morning.

His wit was ever ready and it was always clean. Even when he turned the laugh against an accuser, the latter smiled mirthfully, enjoying the fun. At a political meeting he was speaking of the claims of the landowners and the "bloated aristocrats." He declared that he had claims to distinction himself. "The landowner prides himself on his fields and parks, but I have something to match all that. I have three feet six of front garden and a palisading. 'But,' you say, 'he has a carriage and pair.' Perhaps so, but I have a *perambulator*." The fun was all the greater by the emphasis he put on the first syllable.

At one meeting he referred to the wonders of the telephone. "The other day," he said, "I was three hundred miles from home, and I rang up my wife on the 'phone. She was three hundred miles away but I heard her voice. It is surprising," he jovially observed, "how sweet your wife's voice sounds when she is three hundred miles away."

By his humour he got the truth home far

better than if it had been stated baldly. He was referring to the lazy ways of some in the observance of the Sabbath.

“Our fathers,” he exclaimed, “were always there for the morning service, and there in time. They started the day with ‘My God, the Spring of all my joys.’ But, now, some of the people are never seen until the evening service, and then they want to sing, ‘When the weary seeking rest.’”

Rare courage he had in speech. He had what is not common, a most pleasant way of saying unpleasant things. He knew that in the political arena a man must be prepared for opposition. He never shirked a fight. His weapons were always ready and keen. It was something to see him when the hecklers were in force. Nobody enjoyed the encounter more than he. Even when he was nonplussed, his confusion was seldom discovered. By a gallant front he got through the difficulty. It was a great thing for any cause to have his championship. He enjoyed invading the enemy's territory and was great in skirmishes and guerilla warfare.

He always created the impression of confidence. He was out to win. He never

admitted even the possibility of defeat. His cause was *the* cause, the cause that was certain of triumph. When he stepped on the platform, and especially when he flashed his eyes around the crowded assembly, people felt that he was the leader of a victorious host.

He was never dismayed by special occasions. Very often it was his lot to speak at more than ordinary gatherings. At the great Free Church demonstrations and at important civic assemblies, he was often chosen to speak. The very greatness and importance of the occasion would have unfitted many men. Not so with Dr. Guttery. The greater the time and the more important the issue the better he seemed to speak. The fear of it enthused him. He was magnified by responsibility. We never knew or heard of him failing on any great occasion. On the contrary he was at his best when it was most desired that he should excel.

He was practical in all his public appeals. He meant business when he came to the platform. He had information to give, facts to present, arguments to adduce, and everything was conducive to conviction.

And his sincerity was obvious. One of his colleagues, who had chances of knowing him better than most, affirms: "It cannot be too emphatically stated that deep conviction and the clearest sincerity marked Mr. Guttery's outlook and utterances."

As an Evangelical preacher he will ever be remembered. This is one of the great impressions left on his congregations, especially at South Shields, Newcastle and Liverpool. He gloried in the Cross of Christ. He would have made a most successful missionary. During the Simultaneous Mission, promoted by the National Free Church Council, in 1901, he conducted a series of services which resulted in the definite conversion of four hundred persons. It may be safely said that he was at his best in leading a Sunday evening prayer-meeting. We have heard him plead with the unconverted with tenderness and loving urgency, and nothing thrilled him more than when sinners were seeking and finding the Saviour. Men, who knew him simply on the political platform or in the heat of debates, would have had a different impression of him if they had seen him kneeling at the Communion rail, pointing the penitent to the Saviour and rejoicing

with them in their new experience of forgiveness and peace. Sometimes in preaching he was the very garment of the Holy Spirit. His words were charged with unction; the power divine was felt in all he said. A woman at Derby Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, expressed the truth. "You talk about the power coming down! That man brings it with him!" Hundreds have been conscious of this supernatural influence which sometimes diffused from him. In the glow of the Gospel, when the grandeur of the Evangel possessed him, his gifts of speech were sublimated by spiritual insight, magnetism and persuasiveness.

The same gifts were revealed in his written words. For many years he was a busy journalist. In particular, in the *Primitive Methodist Leader*, for some years he was a regular contributor. Week by week his pen described the events which were uppermost in the public mind. He wrote as he spoke. When people read his articles they could hear him speaking. All the charm and definiteness of his platform and pulpit style were evident in the lines he penned. People could tell at once what was A.T.G.'s.

It is not suggested that he did not make mistakes, neither is it denied that sometimes he gave offence. The wonder is that he maintained such a high ethical level in the midst of his much speaking and writing. He was engaged in many hot controversies and gave no quarter and expected none. Yet no man could have said more truly : " I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue ; I will keep my mouth with a bridle."

He was always conscious of the responsibility of speech. We know how he prayed to speak wisely. Conscious as he was of his unique endowments, he never forgot that they involved a tremendous responsibility. When it is remembered that for nearly forty years he was in public life, active as few men have been, speaking to people of all classes and in all counties, dealing with all varieties of opinion and proposals, we may well magnify the grace of God which made his words to be wisdom and his speech to be full of power.

Throughout his years he established himself in the confidence of his own Church, until he became at last its greatest leader. In his last years there was something pathetic in the esteem with which he was

regarded. Even those who had never "warmed" to him grew to trust him completely. The courage with which he bore himself, when his vital organ was smitten, touched every heart. They knew that he was being sanctified and that vision was his and the wisdom that cometh from above. No man's judgment carried such weight as his. He had an unchallenged place in the affections of his own people. His brother ministers revered and loved him. They were proud of his gifts and proud of the place he had made for himself in the counsels of the Free Churches and in the nation. They knew that his heart had never once turned from them and, for this, and the unselfishness of his life, they gave him an unrivalled place in their hearts. What Hugh Price Hughes was in the Wesleyan Methodist Church and Charles Silvester Horne in Congregationalism, Arthur Thomas Guttery was in Primitive Methodism. No man was more gifted for public service than he, and none served with greater devotion and zeal.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERSONAL QUALITIES

“ I have been reading a new book this week which brings out in a startling light the old distinction between ‘ the ourselves ’ in us and our mere outward talents. Those last were but the Weapons ; the Warrior is within. The Weapons, it says, are but the accidents of birth, and no more to be placed to our credit than gold or clothes or worldly possessions. Yet how often we think the Warrior is well if but the Weapons do their work. . . . The measure of our success in life can only lie . . . in the stature of our manhood, in the growth of unworldliness and moral elevation of our inner Self.”—HENRY DRUMMOND to Lady Aberdeen.

ALEXANDER SMITH, in *Dreamthorp*, states the truth finely: “ Personality, individuality, force of character, or by whatever name we choose to designate original and vigorous manhood, is the best thing which Nature has in her gift.”

Dr. Guttery was far beyond the ordinary in the quality and strength of his manhood. He was distinctive. It was difficult to compare him. In many of his gifts and graces he was like his father, but all who knew sire and son were fully conscious of their differences. A.T.G. was a striking, powerful, assertive, and yet a winsome and charming personality.

In the highest Christian and ethical things he wore "the white flower of a blameless life." He was one of the best known men in Britain, he moved in all kinds of society, yet everywhere and always people knew that he was a man of God. Even when he was engrossed in discussion and in all manner of social and political movements, his heart was on high, his affections were set on things above; he, too, "endured as seeing Him Who is invisible." He had a great sermon on that text and it was the spirit of his life.

He was a truly devout man. He knew the power and joy of the secret life and, busy as he was, he secreted himself with God. Those who knew him best were ever conscious of his deep and real religiousness.

He was a completely devoted man. He

had learnt the art of self-consecration for others. He came, in fact, to his highest because his heart was in love with God and because he was devoted to His will. It has been well said that "Genius is not robbed of itself when given up to the service of God." That was fully demonstrated in Dr. Guttery's case. All his superb gifts as a reformer and pleader and inspirer were brought to their highest excellence and display through their captivity to the service of God. "A man cannot do great things from small motives." That also was true of A.T.G. He did great things; he made great speeches, speeches which were actions; he championed great causes, because, from beginning to end, his heart was held by high and pure and eternal motives.

We love to dwell on the spirituality which became more and more evident in his character and life. He mellowed in the experiences through which he passed. Knowledge made him tender; experience developed the spiritual continuously in him. "A man carries his fortune in his heart" is a wise discovery of life. In Dr. Guttery purity, sincerity and godliness were his truest wealth.

The love of the truth was in him. He was great for facts. Nimble of mind as he was, and special pleader as he often appeared to be, he never trifled with the truth. He dealt in realities. Prevarication was hateful to him. He never indulged in ambiguous phrases. He was true to the truth, as he knew it.

His generosity became proverbial. The love of money had no place in his soul. For a Primitive Methodist minister he made a good deal of money, but no Primitive Methodist minister gave more than he. When he was in Newcastle, an official of a church in the county of Durham complained to one of his Newcastle friends that, on a recent visit, Mr. Guttery had taken too large a fee. The fee in question was three guineas. "Do you know what became of those three guineas?" observed his friend. "I will tell you. Mr. Guttery did not tell me, nevertheless, I know. He put two other guineas to them and gave the five to your minister, who, as you know, has been ill, so that he could take a holiday." That was quite typical of his thoughtfulness and kindness.

In every church there are frequent cases of special need. Very often it is necessary,

privately, to create a fund to meet some domestic or personal emergency. Dr. Guttery was always generous to such appeals. If a brother was in misfortune he was one of the first to proffer secret aid. "He was beneficent to the finger tips," one of his colleagues says. Another writes: "His generosity was unbounded. In his churches no official gave more liberally than he. . . . His sick folk—and he did not forget them—were sometimes of the poorest. I remember visiting a man with him, who was not so deserving as many, and whose life did not stir sympathy so easily. He sent me out somewhere, so that he could leave a gift of money. His remark was: 'Poor chap! I'm afraid he doesn't deserve it, but I could not see him lying there suffering without giving him a bit of help.' . . . Beggars with pitiful stories were seldom refused, though he saw through them more easily than most folk."

Closely allied to this was his sympathy with sorrow and pain and loss. Numberless instances could be given. We quote this testimony from one of his dearest Newcastle friends:—

"His last letter to me lies before me, written in his own hand on July 9th, 1920,

when he was awaiting the call to Manchester, to what was expected to be his final operation. He had heard of my own long illness and that I, too, was to undergo surgical treatment, and it was in his heart to send me a message of good cheer. Amongst other things he said: 'We are companions together in tribulation and we are both possessors of the consolations of our faith. The memory of the old days is most precious to me. . . . Whatever I did for the Central, it did more for me.' . . . His letter I shall always treasure. It was a coincidence that we underwent operation on the same day."

The Rev. T. Herbert Barlow confirms this testimony to Dr. Guttery's thoughtful kindness: "He would make extraordinary efforts to see any of his people who were ill during the brief hours he was in Liverpool, between his excursions to various parts of the country. To anyone who was visited it was a red-letter day. He left behind a sense of enrichment. He was not afraid to speak the tender word and always he seemed to get to the heart. A young lady had to face what was a trying and delicate operation. Shaking hands with her, and calling her by her Christian name,

he said: '... is a brave girl. She will go through it all with great courage.' After he had gone, she said: 'I shall never forget that. It seemed to inspire me with new life and hope at once.'" Mr. Barlow adds: "He had an almost uncanny way of finding out the needs of those who would hide their necessities to the last and an inestimable way of giving them assistance, that made it appear as though it were giving him special honour to receive it. His generosity was remarkable."

The following truly reveals his sympathetic insight of spirit. A Liverpool friend was a witness of this. A civic reception was in progress. Everybody seemed engrossed in the society and conversation of friends. Dr. Guttery was there and eagerly sought after. He had noticed a tiny black boy on the other side of the hall. Dr. Guttery was soon beside him, tapping him on the cheek and supplying him with a cake from the table. In a moment they were chums, and it was difficult to say who seemed the more pleased.

His trustfulness was one of his most obvious graces. He walked by faith, faith in his colleagues and in his officials and people. He believed in them and gave

them the most perfect confidence. It was quite a common thing for him, when he had his officers around him for business, to tell them of the many movements in which he was interested. When the precise business had been transacted they would have a talk. He gave them insight into the implications of many events of which the outsider was probably unaware. Thus they knew the reasons for the line he took in many a crisis. All this endeared him to his men. They never violated the trust he reposed in them.

He never forgot those who laboured with him in the churches, and he was generous in his appreciations and praises, not only in private but in public. He knew how many really contribute to the success of a church. His success would have been impossible but for their loyal and capable co-operation. There was no one more frank and full in the recognition of such services. One of my brothers, Mr. Edwin O. Bowran, was his organist and choirmaster at the Central Church. It was not only that beautiful musical services were arranged, but that at each service on the Lord's Day the music was sought to be appropriate and worthy. Dr. Guttery was

cognisant of everything and seemed to seize every chance of speaking grateful and encouraging words.

His ministerial colleagues all speak to his honour of his treatment of them. "He was most considerate of my personal comfort and reward," one of them says. Paul never forget his helpers and friends. "Paul and Silvanus and Timotheus," we read. Mr. Guttery was Pauline in his determination to make the churches realise that the ministers were partners, co-workers in every sphere of the Church's life.

In the wider brotherhood of the ministry he was just as generous. Probably no Primitive Methodist minister knew intimately so many of his brethren as he. He came to their circuits and churches, often and often he was their guest; they spent hours together. He himself was a brother beloved. He was never guilty of letting a man down on his own ground; rather he was on the look-out to praise him in the hearing of his own people. His references to his brother ministers helped to establish them in the eyes of their own flocks. As a matter of fact no one rejoiced more in Dr. Guttery's coming than the minister and his wife and family. On the platform and in

the pulpit he was famous; in the manse he was a friend, a very welcome guest. For this he will never be forgotten. He magnified the ministry and gloried in the fellowship of his brethren.

He was always particularly interested in the ministry of the men whose candidature he had promoted. There were four: the Revs. F. J. Sainty, M. H. Chapman, John Brewis and William Pickering, B.D. None grieved more deeply than he when Mr. Pickering died in the midst of his brilliant career and when John Brewis had the fatal accident when cycling to his appointment. Mr. Sainty has had a long and successful ministry in Scotland, and Mr. Chapman has done useful and devoted work. These and his own evangelists and probationers were always known as "his boys."

Friendship was the spirit of his life. "Love and friendship are the discoveries of ourselves in others and our delight in the recognition." He had many close friends with whom he had deep and abiding and ever-enriching affinities. For many years Sir Dyson Mallinson and he were on the most intimate terms of friendship. It is difficult, indeed, it is impossible, to tell

of the many ways in which their friendship was shown and of how much it meant to each of them. Sir Dyson was ever on the alert to show kindness, to give pleasure and to speed on the causes in which Dr. Guttery was interested.

The late Mr. John Hewitson, of Newcastle, Mr. Joe Brearley, J.P., of Halifax, Alderman J. Shepherd, J.P., of Harrogate, Alderman Richard Fletcher, J.P., of Silsden, the late Mr. George Tyler, of Muswell Hill, Mr. T. W. Walker, of Leicester, Mr. Weatherburn, of Huddersfield, the late Alderman H. E. Judson, of Oldham, Alderman J. V. Mainprize, of Bridlington, Alderman William Vernon, of Chester, Councillor Henry Speed, of Birkenhead, were, among many others, dear personal friends. Mr. Brearley and Alderman Fletcher and Dr. Guttery attended many Connexional Committees together, staying always at the same hotels. For many years Dr. Guttery had an hotel party at Conference, and great and lively times they had. In the evenings, and especially on the Conference Sunday evening, they had singing, old hymns and tunes preferred, and all were as one in the experience of religion and in the joy of

Christian fellowship. Dr. Guttery was never known to fail a friend. Friendship has its duties as well as its privileges and pleasures and he never forgot the obligations. He kept his friendships, also, in good repair. None of his friends were ever allowed to feel that they were forgotten. On the other hand his life was enriched and his ministry enlarged by their counsel, co-operation and trust.

This letter is proof of much that we have written. The Rev. Henry Pratt has had a long and distinguished ministry in the North of England. This letter was written between the sharp trials of Dr. Guttery's own illness:—

August 24th, 1920.

“ My Dear Harry,

When I was a helpless prisoner in the hands of surgeons and nurses, they kept all depressing news from me. I am not quite free from their control, but am thought to be strong enough to hear the general news and so have learned of your sharp illness. I find it easier to type than write, for my hand is shaky, and at once I want to assure you of my loving sympathy and my prayers for your thorough recovery.

. . . I have learned that, when we approach sixty, we cannot expect to become fully what we were. The new idea of renewing one's youth does not appeal to me. After all, Nature knows what is best for us and the race. As I advance in years I prize the memory of those far off days when you and I were lusty youths, keen with the zest of life and rejoicing in the coming of our children. Our paths have been separate for many years, but I shall always prize our early friendship. . . . You have given to our Church a faithful and successful ministry. . . . I earnestly trust that you may be spared to enjoy the years of rest you have earned so well. We may renew our friendship as Superannuates. Why not? Cheer up! I have proved lately that a stout heart can defy sorrows that seem inevitable. I need not say that my wife joins me in this greeting. We include in our love your dear ones. It is a great comfort that you have them near you.

God bless you!

Yours ever truly,

ARTHUR T. GUTTERY."

There were many other traits in Dr. Guttery's character to which brief refer-

ences must be made. All who shared with him in Circuit and Connexional administration knew of his deference and obedience to the laws of the Church. He knew how to rule because he had learnt to obey. The Methodist Churches are highly organised; there are innumerable regulations and schedules. He was most punctilious in his observance of all these. He had no difficulty in living his life within the laws. Agitator as he was and iconoclast as he often appeared, he loved order and orderliness. He deferred to all properly-instituted authorities.

We have seen that he was strong. He was strong physically. It was not unusual for him in his Newcastle days to travel one thousand miles and conduct twelve services in a single week. His powers of physical endurance were amazing. This is but a hint of the kind of thing he did. Whilst he was in Newcastle he had an engagement at Hull. After an early tea about 3 or 3.30 he took train to Hull and lectured. Travelling back through the night, he reached Newcastle about 4 o'clock, and was out and about the business of the day by nine. In the afternoon there was a Circuit Demonstration in

Jesmond Dene. He was the life and soul of the proceedings. Not a sign of weariness was observable. That indeed was one of the marvels of his career. It was often remarked that he always came up smiling. Perhaps for four days he had preached and lectured each afternoon and evening. On the fourth night he seemed as buoyant and fresh as at the beginning of the week. He had extraordinary powers of recuperation.

He was a tireless worker, as we have also seen. He was a rapid worker, too. "It is the pace that tells in horses, men and books." He not only set the pace but kept it. It has been pointed out that, in the case of a successful minister, he has to work harder and harder as the years go by. His very success makes it incumbent that he must toil more strenuously. He must not only do more but better. He has set a standard below which he must not fall. He has excited expectations he must never disappoint. So, to the last, Dr. Guttery toiled.

He was a joyful devotee of duty. "Duty is so near God that the man who grasps duty grasps God." Duty to him was divine. This explains the earnestness

with which he lived. He was never other than earnest. He could relax. He could throw off care and the immediate concerns of life. But duty was never far away, and on the instant he was earnest, watchful, vigilant and ready. "Earnestness multiplies a man, makes him a tenfold, hundred-fold man; faith puts him in condition to tap the resources of the Infinite." That was the spirit in which he lived. This, too, was true. "A man who aspires to climb the heights of Ambition with an insurance policy against thwacks in his pocket is but one of fortune's fools with whom good sport will be made." Dr. Guttery was quite prepared and, indeed, expectant of thwacks. These came to him in the early and middle parts of his career in abundance. But he was prepared for all that success involved. He found his joy in the struggle; he came to strength through conflict.

He was fond of his pipe and loved a good cigar. His father had been a smoker and A. T. G. began when just a youth. He never disguised his love for his pipe. A good story is told about him at York. He had been travelling home to Newcastle by train through the night and found himself

without a match. When the train steamed into York Station, the guard was startled by a loud, imperative and anxious voice. "Guard! Guard!" was the cry. The guard, thinking of all kinds of misfortunes, ran down the platform to where Dr. Guttery was waving his hand frantically. "Have you a match, guard?" was the astonishing query. The guard smiled, relieved that the matter was nothing more serious, and gave him a box. "Man!" the happy recipient beamed, "you've saved my life!"

He was very gay when the devotees of My Lady Nicotine were together. With his cigars he was generous. He liked smoking best when his friends were smoking *his* cigars and tobacco.

Thus he lived through the years, a bright, happy, eager, busy man, showing himself friendly and winning friends. No wonder his friends never tired of speaking of his personal charm and magnetism.

And these characteristics were seen by those, too, who knew him simply by name and sight. His influence on non-churchgoers was remarkable. He commended the Christian religion by his deportment on the streets and the joyousness of his spirit.

A Liverpool man, not a member of his church, nor indeed of any church, but one who was attracted to his ministry at Prince's Avenue, confessed: "I worshipped him from afar."

These references to personal character would be false if it were not added that, in the deeps of his heart, there was a true humility, a sense of dependence on God, a real trust in the Redeemer of men. Not seldom those in closest touch with him knew how sincerely he was conscious of his faults and failings before God, and how severely he dealt with himself. "Self-criticism is the chief saving grace of life," and Dr. Guttery had a godly self-criticism. "And in my heart I feel the need of Him to be my Saviour," might have been the confession of his need and faith.

CHAPTER XV.

METHODS OF WORK

“It is not surprising to learn from Dr. Benjamin Gregory, who knew him well, that quite early in his ministerial life he (James Egan Moulton) acquired the title of ‘Arrangement Moulton,’ because of his instinct for order and administration.”—*William F. Moulton: A Memoir.*

FROM the beginning of his ministry “A.T.G.” was a prodigious worker, and there is not the slightest doubt that he succeeded largely by the methods and habits he evolved. In many ways the methods became routine, but they kept his mind free. He could never permit arrears of anything to torment him. It was his policy, day by day, to “clear things off.”

When he was at home, immediately after breakfast, he would set to work and he would be in his study until dinner time. He usually slept for half an hour after this meal. It was one of the secrets of his strength that he could sleep at any time and

for as long as he wished. Then he would work till tea time and read until the hour of the evening meeting. He liked a hearty supper and a game before retiring to rest.

All his sermons and lectures and addresses were fully written out. They were written on pages in the form of a book, and his wife completed the MS. by stitching the pages together. Beyond everything else he loved sermon writing and sermon making. Many would regard the mere penmanship as laborious, but it was no labour to him. Right up to the end he continued this minute and thorough preparation. And there was no scamping in the writing. He never used abbreviations of any kind. Each word in each MS. was fully written out. The same course was pursued with his speeches and even for important Committees he prepared in writing what he wished to say. He honoured every congregation by giving the most painstaking care to his MSS. Then, on cards, he prepared his notes, underlining the keywords in red ink. This was the method he had adopted at the start, and it was the method he employed to the end. Nothing was memorised but the notes sufficed to bring everything to his mind again. With

his remarkable fluency of speech many would have regarded these complete MSS. as unnecessary. For him they were absolutely needful. He dreaded the ease of fluency. He knew that each subject had its own vocabulary and that that was best secured by writing the thesis out.

In the case of newspaper and magazine articles, on a sheet of paper he dotted down an outline of what he wished to say, and then wrote it fully out. He could write with great speed, and yet there was never anything slovenly in his penmanship.

He gave the same carefulness to the preparation of the agendas for church business meetings. He knew the importance of the skilful conduct of such meetings. He was familiar with all the business, noted down the items to be attended to, and kept the meetings to the prescribed order. Afterwards, in the carrying out of the decisions of these church courts, he kept all the strings in his own hand. There were never any loose ends in the business which came under his care. He knew the significance of details. Nothing, indeed, was a detail. He set a high example in this regard.

He was especially punctilious with his

correspondence. Every day he dealt with his letters, scarcely ever allowing a day to pass without having them all answered. Often in the railway train he would deal with the letters which had reached him that morning. Arriving at the town where he was to take services, probably in time for dinner, he would at once turn to his correspondence and deal with several letters before the afternoon service. Between the sermon and the lecture he would be busy again, and would slip the letters into a pillar box on his way to the chapel. He was never known to fail in this regard.

He kept letter books, also, putting down each day the names of those to whom he had written, with a note about the subject in each case. Almost to the end he attended to this. I have seen the last letter book he used. It is a pathetic coincidence to me that the last entry is my own name.

He kept registers, also, of his sermons, lectures and speeches. In one was the name of the city or town or village. From this he could tell the dates of his previous visits, the texts from which he had preached, and the lectures he had delivered. Another was a sermon register, with the names of the places and the dates when the sermon had been used.

He was most particular in the selection of hymns and lessons. He had a profound belief in the power of worship and regarded everything as important which contributed to edification thereby.

He knew the necessity of soul preparation as well as the preparation of his MSS. Indeed, it was more important to be fitted in himself than to be fitted in mind and word. He sought quiet times before preaching and his family understood, when on the way to church, that talk was undesirable. He walked in silence to the House of God, deeply thinking and praying, seeking the preparation of his own heart that others might be blessed.

He was scrupulously careful in the conduct of public worship. In the reading of the Scriptures he was devout and earnest. His prayers were designed to bring every worshipper to the throne of grace. He was often very powerful here. To this day people speak of the blessing they found when he led the petitions of the congregation.

He never neglected appointments. Each appointment was a sacred duty. Even when he knew that there would be just a few persons present for a week evening

service, he was there and prepared to give them his best. Once at Derby Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there was such an unusual conjunction of circumstances that only Mr. and Mrs. James Gow were present. Not in the least disheartened, after singing together, he sat down and gave them a twenty minutes' exposition.

He must be described as a very great and diligent reader. Of course, it was necessary for him to see several newspapers daily that he might keep his finger on the pulse of the world's movements. He was, also, a great book-lover and reader. Many of the books he read were made the subjects of sermons. It is astonishing how much reading he got done in the pressure of his life. He read a great deal in the train. He had the art of self-seclusion. He could shut himself in with his books and secure almost the sense of privacy he had when in his own study.

He was never separated from his Bible. Few men knew the Scriptures better than he. More and more as life went on he turned to the Evangelical themes. All who heard him frequently noted the maturing of his convictions and the mellowing of his nature. The Cross came to mean to him

more and more. In the Saviourhood and Priesthood and Kingship of Christ he found his highest glory.

He succeeded in all the diverse tasks to which he put his hand and heart because he deserved to succeed. He meant to succeed and he was prepared for all the toils and travails which success demanded. There was not an idle thing about him. He gloried in work. Even drudgery was welcome since it was the path to usefulness.

His was a singularly alert mind. He had never to look around for subjects. And he was always up to date. In sermons, lectures and speeches by a word he could show that he was cognisant of all that had occurred in the House of Commons the previous night or the themes that were uppermost in the public press.

He kept two diaries, one for his own use and the other for his wife and family, so that they could follow his movements from day to day. His life in its pressure and speed was the astonishment of his friends. People marvelled as he went on from day to day for he really seemed tireless. There is no doubt that his methodical habits greatly helped to the abundance of his service and the seeming ease with which it was done.

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS HOME LIFE

“Stevenson returned to New York on the 28th, and by the 7th June he had reached California. Who, that has read his description of crossing the mountains on his first journey to the West, but remembers the phrase: ‘It was like meeting one’s wife!’ And this time his wife herself was at Sacramento to meet him.”—*The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, by GRAHAM BALFOUR.

“I never like to stop the dear home-noises . . . even when they reach a ‘fair’-like crash and confusion. . . . The row will be over soon enough, and there must be no memories of painful and threatening ‘hushes’ and stoppages of the torrent of innocent childish noise.”—JAMES SMETHAM.

DR. GUTTERY was never seen to such advantage as in his own home. People who knew him simply in public life could form little conception of his simplicity and light-heartedness and the almost boyish joyful-

ness of his home life. By his own fireside he was free and frank, blithe and gay.

He loved his home. Wherever he journeyed his heart was at home. Home was in his breath, in his thoughts and prayers. He was ever eager to return. Happy as he was in public speech and movement, he was happiest of all with his loved ones at home.

It is impossible to state how much he owed to his wife. But for Mrs. Guttery he could never have prosecuted his public career so extensively and constantly. He always knew that everything was right at home. Mrs. Guttery was an expert manager, the true home-maker. "Every wise woman buildeth her house," and Mrs. Guttery had built hers solidly and well. She was the real centre of the family. She shared her husband's zeal and recognised the necessity of his frequent absences. She aided him by the fidelity with which she discharged her duties at home, and kept his mind free from all anxiety. This needs to be stated with definiteness and gratitude.

She was never out of his mind as he moved from place to place and passed from meeting to meeting. Every day he

wrote to her, not merely informing her of his safe arrival but giving her details of all that was happening to him. As soon as he arrived in any town, either by telephone or telegraph, he would inform her of his safe arrival. Through all the years this continued without a break. Every day she heard from him. Even when he was in America he continued this daily correspondence, and long letters they were, giving her insight into the problems as they were seen in America. He was always on the alert for any news of her friends in which he thought she would be interested. If there were relatives or friends of hers living anywhere near the place he was visiting, he would make it his business to call and see them, so that he could report to his wife the latest information. He was ever on the lookout for anything which he thought would give her pleasure. She was the first in all his thoughts. What pleased him best was to have her with him on great occasions. We recall the high times at Conference when he was always the chief speaker. She was usually one of the party at the hotel, and a good place was found for her in the assembly hall. He liked to see her when he was

giving his great orations. Her praise was his best encouragement. She was familiarised with the projects of the hour and was able to look at things through his eyes. She was as loyal to Primitive Methodism as he and prepared for any sacrifices for the Church's good. It is pleasing to write of this, because this phase of their life was never absent from the thoughts of their friends, and Mrs. Guttery has always been honoured for the part she played in her husband's career.

Dr. Alexander McLaren, of Manchester, speaking of his wife, said: "To write of me and not to name her is to present a fragment." Dr. Guttery could have said the same. Through all his crowded years his life centred in the lady who helped him in all his work by tending and watching at home.

No wonder his memory is precious to his sons and daughters! He was an ideal father. They never heard him speak a cross word to their mother nor a harsh word to themselves. It seemed his constant desire to give them pleasure. If he had bought anything—a pencil or a penknife or any little novelty—and one of them expressed desire for its possession, it was at

once handed over and with glee. In the early years of his itinerancy, quite often, when he came back from a week's meetings, he could not rest until he had played the Father Bountiful to one and all. He gave them each the best education he could secure. Everything that they required to help them on in life he joyfully found.

The home itself was ideal in its atmosphere and freedom. When "A.T.G." was there his humour and wit kept things lively, and the other members of the family shared his frolic and fun. To be in the home when they were all together was to see what a perfect home could be. There were jokes and pranks and everything which could contribute to the true home feeling. He loved to play with his loved ones. Draughts, chess and cards he was fond of, but his favourite recreation was auction bridge. He enjoyed a game of billiards. He liked to win but he was a splendid loser. Nothing pleased him more than the sight of county cricket, and he liked football, especially if one of his boys was playing on the field.

In his home there was always "Pure religion breathing household laws."





Prince's Avenue Church, Liverpool.

Always on Sundays after dinner the family would kneel, while he offered prayer for them all and gave thanks. Religion was the inspiration of the home, the atmosphere of the entire family life.

All who came into the home were conscious of this blessedness. We judge that hundreds were in their successive homes and shared their hospitality. They were, indeed, "given to hospitality" and to all types of people. It was not simply that their personal friends were made welcome, but youths and maidens away from home, residing in the city for scholarship or business, and scores of people paying calls, were made to feel at home.

When Dr. Guttery was there it was inevitable that he should be the centre of interest and the leader of the conversation. He had a wonderful knack of making people feel at home. Even the shyest were put at ease. The whole family were given to loving kindness and entertainment, but he was the king in his own home. To his sons and his daughters he was, as they all say, their "best pal," their "dearest chum."

He treated them with the greatest liberality. From their earliest days they were

supplied with money, because he wanted them early to learn its value and use. He never allowed any of them to contribute to the household expenses. That charge he undertook himself. They were permitted to keep their own earnings, on the understanding that they saved as much as possible. It was only towards the end, when the expenses multiplied, that he permitted any of them to contribute to the home exchequer.

He was jealous for their honour. They knew that he trusted them in all things, and they were keen to justify his confidence. When his eldest son left home this was the counsel his father gave him: "Now, my boy, you've got to stand on your own feet. Keep high your respect for women! Never forget your mother and sisters and you'll be all right!" He never preached to his children. His own character, the whole disposition of his life, was the finest incentive they could have had. During the War, when his sons were in the Army, he wrote to each of them every day.

There is no wonder that, often in his public speech, he had many tender references to his home and dear ones. Not that he mentioned them by name, but homes

and families, parents and children, were often in his mind, and his prayers were inspired by what he himself had found in the home of his boyhood and the home he had made with his wife.

His colleagues were all impressed with the beauty and gladness of his domestic circle. They were privileged beyond most others in being admitted to the intimacies of the home life, and all bear testimonies to its graciousness and true homeliness.

Much that has been said of his own home is true of the many homes he had in all parts of the country. Few men were so regularly entertained in other homes than he. In the manses of Primitive Methodism he was an ever-welcome guest. He was so free and buoyant and happy. He knew and addressed all the members of the family by their Christian names. It was a high time for them when he was there. In other homes the same story of affection is told. In the humblest homes he was at peace. From the moment of his arrival to the moment of his departure, the house was transfigured by his presence. His laugh, his jokes, his fun were captivating everywhere. Those families were considered lucky who had the privilege of entertaining him.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH

“ The farewells we bid now, blessed be the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour, are not eternal farewells, but partings for the night, when we retire to rest, and we shall meet at morning to know each other and love each other with a knowledge and love of which the best families of earth give us only faint emblems. The members of the family go at different times to rest, sometimes the youngest first; but the Heavenly Father knows the time for us all, and shall bring us together without one wanting at the happy day-dawn. It can be but a brief separation at best, and then all our farewells shall be changed into rapturous welcomes.”—DR. JOHN KER.

DR. GUTTERY retired from the Presidency of the National Council of the Free Churches at the Assembly in March, 1920. He preached one of the official sermons on the Tuesday, the 16th, and spoke at the

mass meeting the following night. Returning from Leicester he was suffering from a severe cold.

On the Thursday of the following week he was present at the marriage of his eldest son to Miss Elsie Crankshaw, of Southport, and officiated at the service, giving a beautiful address.

He was most anxious to fulfil his engagement at Lees Road, Oldham, on April 11th and 12th. Since the days of his probation he had preached their Sunday School Anniversary sermons. He had always been the guest of Alderman H. E. Judson, but owing to his serious illness he and Mrs. Guttery were the guests on this occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ellis. Mr. Herbert Ellis, as on two previous occasions, presided at the lecture. We have heard from them and from others at Lees Road of the power and yet the pathos of the services. All were distressed by the change in his condition and the weakness of his voice. On the Tuesday he went off to Wellington, Salop, to fulfil a long-standing engagement. Here he gave for the last time his famous lecture on "Happy Homes."

On April 18th he preached at Prince's

Avenue and was prepared for the following Sunday, April 25th. That day the blow fell.

The pitiful story is told by his colleague, the Rev. T. Herbert Barlow :—

“ For some weeks his breathing had become heavy and difficult and it could be detected over a great part of the church, but nothing would make him rest. What was happening was that the growth, which was evidently developing rapidly, was closing up the trachea. He had already acceded to the wish of his doctor to see his specialist, but he would not go till he had preached on the Sunday. I spent an hour with him on the Saturday night and he was wonderfully quiet and subdued, but he had no thought of resting on the Sunday. The morning proved stormy, with a strong wind facing him, and, strange to say, he discovered, after they had got part of the way to church, that they had been a few minutes late in starting. So he hurried for the last part of the journey. Arriving, he was utterly unable to go into his pulpit, but even then he would have attempted it, only that his officials were adamant that he must return home, after he had rested. On the Monday he went to see

a Liverpool specialist, who recommended a journey to London to see two other eminent men there. He had diagnosed cancer, but would not take the responsibility of telling him on his own authority. The London specialists did the same and suggested a possible operation, but were not prepared to undertake it. It was absolutely necessary, however, for an immediate operation for tracheotomy, to save him from suffocation or heart failure or both. And all his breathing afterwards had to be through the tube."

This operation was performed on Friday, April 30th, in a Liverpool Nursing Home.

That very week the Methodist Union Committee was meeting at the Westminster Central Hall, and he—on the way to the London specialists—had said that if he got a good opinion he would attend the Committee. However, that proved impossible and the news of his illness came to the Committee. His absence was keenly felt, prayers were offered on his behalf and the utmost sympathy was felt for him.

For many years he had had a premonition that the fifty-eighth year of his age

would be a critical year for him—probably his last. His father had died at that age. Often he had referred to this feeling, and though his wife and family had tried their best to laugh him out of his fear, it was all in vain. To the end it shadowed him.

On Tuesday, the 11th of May, he returned home from the Nursing Home. In all parts of the Connexion there was the greatest concern and the most earnest prayers. Primitive Methodism was deeply stirred by the news of his grave condition.

He had been invited to be one of the British Representatives to the World's Sunday School Convention, which was to be held at Tokio. He had meant to go and had made his preliminary arrangements, but once more he was disappointed.

It was at this stage that Sir Dyson Malinson effectively intervened. Between Dr. Guttery and he for many years there had been the closest ties of friendship. Sir Dyson is one of the most generous of men. He brought Sir William Milligan, of Manchester, to see him. The growth had struck a vital spot and the risk of such a delicate operation was great. Sir William Milligan could give no assurance, but he was pre-

pared to do his best. Two days later, on May 19th, he entered Sir William's Nursing Home, in Denison Place, Manchester. The day after the operation (radium) took place. He was there till June 5th.

This message came to me from Miss Guttery :—

“ June 6th, 1920.

“ Yesterday we brought Dad home from Manchester by car. He stood the long ride remarkably well, and is now very comfortable. The unhappy part of it all is that he has to return, but we are hoping that the three weeks or so he will be at home will do much for him. There is little improvement in his sleeping, and we shall be relieved when the next operation is over. We have got a very capable nurse from the Royal Infirmary here for nights and are managing very well. Dad is very pleased to be at home again, but the strain is very severe. We can but trust that it will not be in vain in the end.”

Hope and fear held hundreds of hearts.

On the 11th of July he was obliged to return to Sir William Milligan's Nursing Home and a very critical operation took

place on the 15th. He was there till Tuesday, August 10th.

On August 23rd he himself typed the following message, signing his name in his usual style :—

“ My Dear Bowran,

“ I am now able to attend a little to my own correspondence. I want immediately to thank you for your kind concern and for your help in the matter of the Hartley Lecture. . . . I was carefully examined by Sir William Milligan on Friday. He was very pleased with my condition. It is a wonderful achievement of highest surgery, and I am actually bidden to hope for a return of my voice in some measure.”

That week, also, the readers of the *Primitive Methodist Leader* were heartened with this message from him :—

“ I desire, through the *Leader*, to thank the great host of friends who have cheered me in my illness. They are too numerous for me to reach them personally. They hail from all classes and communions. Anglican bishops and clergy, ministers and congregations of the Free Churches, officers and members of the Salvation Army, rich and poor, great and lowly, from the

Premier to the labourer, have made me their debtor. . . . In city and village, in this and other lands, spiritual forces have been mobilised for my recovery. I can never doubt again the power and efficacy of prayer. My wife and children have been helped by invisible ministries of religious fellowship. In such a wealth of affection I can never be poor.

“ In shadowed silence I have discovered the reality of the sacred Evangel which I have tried to proclaim when I had strength and voice. God’s mercy never fails. Christian comradeship is a radiant sanctuary and a mighty fortress. Suffering and the threat of death cannot shatter faith. The soul can prevail when the body fails and the nerve is torn to shreds. These truths give security in the most fiery hours.

“ It is too soon to boast, but, after a thorough examination on Friday last by Sir William Milligan, to whose courage I owe much, I may hope to recover my strength in some measure, and be able, in more quiet ways, to serve my Church, my country and my Lord. . . . My heart is full of the mercy of God and the goodness of His people. Whatever days are given to me shall be filled with labour as a loyal son

of Methodism and a proud citizen of the Kingdom of God. With every fibre of my spirit I thank my comrades in the Faith."

By this time he was rearranging his life. If his voice was silent he could speak through his pen. The readers of the *Primitive Methodist Leader* for September 2nd, 1920, marvelled when they saw his article headed: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." It was read with bated breath in thousands of homes. We magnified the grace of God in him and felt rebuked for our lack of faith and courage.

"Blessed is the man who finds this desperate, beautiful, invincible faith! Usually it is discovered only in the shadowed depths, from which we shrink, till we learn that, in the gloom, there is the certainty of dawn, and in the most cruel terrors there are possibilities of compensation and consolation. It is when we face the probability of death, and, what is worse, the loss of faculty, the denial of ambition and the surrender of unselfish service or loving fellowships, that we may discover within the soul a resilient faith more strong and sure than we had ever dreamed. It is not stoical endurance of the inevitable or buoyancy which is the child of false hopes. It is not

even the bracing of the will to endure pain without complaint and a determination to save loved ones from distress. It is a blessed certainty, that, underneath all that may come to us, there is a holy purpose of good, and the God of Love will not let His concern for His children be mocked by malignant powers, whether physical or moral. It is the assurance that beyond the frontiers of mortality there will be a full vindication of all we hold sacred, both human and divine. . . .

“It is the marvel of this faith that it is more deeply imbedded in the soul than we have ever thought. It has become natural to the spirit. We pray when words are impossible; we worship when book, church and congregation are far away; we rest as sweetly and as unconsciously on the care of God as a child sleeps upon its mother’s breast. It requires no effort. It is no tax upon the man who knows that God is love, and that his life has been in some real measure devoted to high and sacred causes. The very fear of death passes away in face of this wondrous, childlike trust. Life may be spared, and it will always be the richer for the revelations that gleamed through the shadowed hours. We have been afraid

too long to declare the full content of faith. . . .

“I sat at my desk to write upon public events. The world suffers from shell shock. Wars, the war temper, and all manner of hatreds, demand from thoughtful men study and resistance. We may have to struggle in defence of the ballot box and suffer to maintain the British ideal of democratic order. My pen refuses to move in this direction. I am told from above and within that what is required for this generation is that mighty faith in divine government which I have been called to approve when all else had failed.”

On September 8th, among other things, he wrote to me: “I believe I am still improving and feeling that life is deepening in interest and in its call for witness and service.”

It was at this time he went to the Liverpool District Committee, which met at Prince's Avenue Church. His colleague thus refers to it:—

“After returning from his first operation he would walk out, if the days were fine. A few times he attended the morning service at the church, and, nearly three months before he passed away, he attended

a District Committee, where I read a reply from him to a resolution passed in regard to himself. It was the most pathetic picture of all to see him standing mutely by while I read his message to them."

In the *Primitive Methodist Leader* for September 16th, 1920, he had a trenchant paper on the trouble in the mining world. It was entitled, "Is it to be Civil War?" It was in the style of his strongest days.

Two days later he sent me a written letter dealing with several matters. There was an ominous note of doubt about his recovery. "I believe I am still making progress but must not boast too soon."

Only two days afterwards, when Sir William Milligan examined him, he was not so well pleased. On September 25th the X-ray treatment was commenced. This was repeated on the 30th of September and again on October 6th.

It is a singularly pathetic circumstance that two other distinguished Liverpool ministers—the Rev. Alexander Connell, M.A., B.D., of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. George Harford, M.A., Vicar of Mossley Hill, Liverpool, and Honorary Canon of Liverpool—were ill at the same time and from the same

dread disease. The coincidence is the more remarkable because they both spoke at the last Anniversary at Prince's Avenue Dr. Guttery had taken part in. Messages passed between them from their sick beds. On October 5th, 1920, Mr. Connell wrote :

“ My Dear Guttery,

It is good to hear your hail across the troubled waters. I give thanks to God with you—and so many—that you have been so helped through the dark days and have recovered much of your energy. May He complete your cure !

I, also, have much to thank Him for, unspeakably, not least do I bless Him for my friends, trusty and affectionate—like yourself. Your letter has brought me no end of cheer. I think I can say honestly that my flags are all up. A day at a time and keep ‘smiling.’ All is well that is in His hands.

With affectionate gratitude.

Ever yours,

ALEX. CONNELL.”

Later Mr. Connell wrote this glorious confession : “ The ship is sinking but the

flag is flying." The end of the struggle came for him just a month prior to Dr. Guttery's decease. Canon Harford entered into rest on January 21st, 1921, a little more than a month later.

On October 11th Miss Guttery sent me the following letter:—

"I am sure you will be very sorry to learn that Dad has to return to the Nursing Home in Manchester to-morrow to undergo a further operation on the throat. He has not been too well for the last fortnight, and on Thursday we were very dissatisfied with the condition of affairs, and arranged for Sir William to see him again before the scheduled time. The appointment was made for Friday and Sir William was disappointed to see that the cartilage had broken down and must necessarily be removed. There is no alternative to the operation and it seems as though we have no option but to submit. It is very disappointing but we must try and keep our flags flying."

The operation—the fourth—(radium) was performed on the 19th, and on the 30th he was brought home. There was no improvement. It was known that his condition was very serious.

As they were bringing him home he asked that he might be allowed to see the War Memorial which had been erected in the Church grounds at Prince's Avenue. It was at his suggestion that this had been undertaken in honour of the men who had made the great sacrifice. The Memorial had not then been unveiled. Raising himself with extreme difficulty, he passed the Memorial at the salute. It had been intended that he himself should unveil it. Mrs. Guttery afterwards performed this service in his stead.

I have before me the pencilled words she read for him, the last lines he ever wrote. He had begun "My Dear Friends," but he scored out the word "Dear" and substituted the word "Beloved."

"It is a grief to me," he goes on, "that I cannot share in the meeting of our Church and School to-day. I have long looked forward to the time when we should pay our tribute of homage and gratitude to devoted and gallant sons who gave their all for home, church and country. We owe them a debt beyond speech or calculation. They have passed beyond our vision but they are within our reach. Even now they are not unconscious of the gratitude of a

redeemed world, and some day assuredly we shall see them face to face.

“They were our sons, trained for industry, education and social reform. They were no lovers of war. They hated militarism with all it involves, but, when humanity in the stranglehold of tyranny cried for help, these noble pacifists obeyed the higher conscience and took up arms. They were the trustees of our future; we ventured our morrows on their graces and gifts. It came to pass that they must die for us to have a future at all, and they did not fail the terrific mandate. In a real sense they are our Saviours, for they have slain foul torments that harrowed mankind, and they have revived ideals that had almost perished.

“Truly we shall prize the memory of such brave and unselfish men. We will keep fresh their names. We can tell their story to our children, and we must dare to make our Motherland more free and worthy of the blood of the most valiant of men.

“We pray that our future task may be peace and not war, but, in any case, let us emulate the example of those whom we honour to-day with such grateful love.”

We cannot linger on the final weeks. It was known that he was very ill indeed and much depressed. He did not wish to be seen and lost interest even in national affairs. He was up for the last time on December 7th. At 10 a.m. on Friday, December 17th, in his fifty-ninth year, he passed peacefully away.

On Tuesday, December 21st, he was reverently laid to rest. A most impressive service was held in the Prince's Avenue Church. Two of his favourite hymns were sung: "Led by a kindlier hand than ours" and "All as God wills." These were announced by the Rev. M. T. Pickering, the General Book Steward, and the Rev. H. J. Taylor, his old colleague as Financial Secretary when he was at the Missionary Office. The lessons were read by the Rev. George Armitage, the General Secretary of the Primitive Methodist Church, and the Rev. Samuel Horton, his successor in the Missionary secretariat. The prayer was offered by the Rev. Henry J. Pickett.

The Rev. Matthew P. Davison, President of Conference, spoke appreciatively of his services, especially in relation to Primitive Methodism, while the Rev. F.

B. Meyer, B.A., D.D., his successor as the President of the National Free Church Council, spoke of his work and worth in the Nonconformist life of the country and in the wider national interests. None who were present will ever forget the felicity and the exceeding tenderness of Dr. Meyer's address.

Crowds thronged the streets as the funeral procession silently passed to the Toxteth Park Cemetery, Smithdown Road, Liverpool. At the graveside the committal sentences were read by his colleague, the Rev. T. Herbert Barlow, and the Rev. J. G. Bowran offered the closing prayer.

On the Sunday following the Rev. T. H. Barlow preached an appropriate sermon at Prince's Avenue on the text, Psalm cxii. 6, "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." After referring to the spheres in which he had known Dr. Guttery, he said: "We are moved to a new wonder and admiration as we review the extensive fields over which he roamed and the varied tasks to which he put his hand. His versatility was amazing. Men seemed to think there was no subject upon which he was not able to speak, and he justified their con-

fidence by striking at the heart of each question.

“ His was an illusive personality. We could never be sure that we had finally and fully comprehended his character and heart. He was continuously springing surprises. There was such fulness of life in him, such breadth of expression, such variety of poses, such an adaptability to changing circumstances, conditions and demands, that it was impossible to sum him up in a word or phrase. . . .

“ To the end his passion was to preach the Gospel of Christ. . . . A little fellow of eleven years was told that Dr. Guttery had passed away. ‘ I am sorry,’ he said. ‘ He was a good man. *He took up the torch and ran with it.*’ It remained for the genius of a child to put into a phrase the secret of his power. He carried the Cross of the Evangel and his spirit ran to every task with the zeal as well as with the haste of the world’s reformers. . . . I have sat in the little room at the back of the church on week-nights as he has opened unto us the Scriptures. I have seen him turn from the business of the hour to talk on the ‘ Work of God ’ until every heart has been melted and inspired. I think of the first sermon I heard him

preach. It was from the text : ' When thou hearest the sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry bushes ' (2 Samuel v. 24). Then I think of the sermon he preached at the Southport Synod in 1915 from the text : ' And they journeyed . . . toward the sun-rising ' (Numbers xxi. 11). I see in these a parable of Dr. Guttery's life. Always he was marching to battle and he journeyed ever towards the sun-rising."

Many fine tributes were paid to his character and service in the denominational and in the daily Press. The *Times* spoke of him as " a Militant Nonconformist," *The Daily Chronicle* as a " famous Free Churchman and Brilliant Orator," *The Daily Express* as the " Voiceless Orator," *The Scotsman* as " A leader of the Free Churches," and the *Sheffield Telegraph* as " A Free Church Stalwart."

The *Times* said : " It is as a platform speaker that Dr. Guttery will be chiefly remembered. He took a leading part in the controversies which gathered around national education. He was a determined passive resister. A Statesman once remarked : ' So-and-So does not matter, but Guttery has to be reckoned with; he has a following.' Indeed, he had a great fol-

lowing, for he possessed the power to rouse and inflame an audience, especially of militant Nonconformists. Friendly and genial in private intercourse, on the platform he seemed another man, declamatory, sarcastic and even fierce. On any subject on which he chose to speak he was naturally eloquent. Latterly the ringing voice began to fail and became a hoarse and painful whisper. No one could hear it without surprise and anxiety. . . . All who knew him will mourn the loss of a powerful Church leader and a virile Englishman."

The Liverpool Courier contained a fine tribute from the Rev. T. R. Dann, the Secretary of the Liverpool Free Church Federation. Mr. Dann says: "Liverpool has lost one of its great citizens by the death of Dr. Guttery and the premier Primitive Methodist Church of the district its pastor. But the loss is far from being local, for Dr. Guttery was one of the greatest orators in the world, and his influence was not only national but international. Few men anywhere excelled him in the power of capturing and rousing an audience on behalf of a great cause, and his services were in constant request. . . . He was a great believer in the movement to-

wards Christian unity, and was one of the most convinced and passionate pleaders for Methodist Union. . . . One is thankful that he lived long enough to see that his ideal had reached the stage of the practical. . . . He was as free from cant as it is possible to be, yet he was profoundly spiritual in thought and vision."

The Liverpool Post writes: "Dr. Guttery was always a fighting man when Free Church principles were at stake. He had a great flow of language and rarely failed to carry an audience with him. . . He prided himself upon doing well the everyday work of the circuit minister, and his churches enjoyed unusual prosperity."

The Rev. Samuel Horton contributed an excellent tribute to *The Methodist Times*: "In his formative years he posed as an 'iconoclast,' and loved to describe himself as an 'agitator.' He loved to shock the respectable, convention-loving occupants of the cushioned pew. He adopted most advanced political views, and preached them in season and out of season. He was a Radical, denouncing all privilege and patronage. Sometimes his statements were extreme, but those who differed most from him were enthralled by

the force of his oratory. A Lancashire mill-owner said one day: 'I always have a bad half-hour when I read or hear Guttery!' 'Well,' I replied, 'you shouldn't read his articles or go and hear him.' '*I cannot help it!*' was his reply. . . . In later years there has been a mellowing and toning down of his extreme views, and he became a statesman instead of an iconoclast. He has but recently come to his crown even in his own Church. . . . As an advocate of Methodist Union he had no equal in his own Church. . . . How he would have gloried to have given a couple of years of his best to this cause! . . . Because of the demands made upon him by all sorts of social reform movements, Dr. Guttery has been greatly underestimated as a spiritual force. To those who would know the highest and best side of him I commend the reading of his Hartley Lecture on *Conversion*. Among many other vocations, Dr. Guttery was a true pathfinder of the soul."

CHAPTER XVIII,

TRIBUTES

“ I hear that Bro. Pearce is gone to the joy of his Lord. Dear man! I had written a letter ready for him, but shall not send it now. Oh, what a loss the Churches have sustained! His portrait hangs before me, and often renews the remembrance of that sweet friendship which we mutually enjoyed.”—WILLIAM CAREY to Dr. Rylands, on hearing of the death of Samuel Pearce, the Baptist Brainerd.

THE personal tributes were very striking. It is only possible to quote a few, however.

The Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, wrote from 10, Downing Street:—

“ Dear Mrs. Guttery,

I have heard with deep regret of the death of your husband. My wife and I tender our sincerest sympathy with you in your great bereavement. The distinguished and influential position which Dr. Guttery occupied, not only in his own

denomination but in Free Church life generally, was a striking tribute alike to his character and to his ability. The Free Churches have lost in him a wise and valued leader. Personally I feel that I have lost one whose friendship I highly prized. You have the sympathy of a very wide circle of friends, and I trust that this may afford you some measure of consolation in the hour of grief.

Yours sincerely,

D. LLOYD GEORGE."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Chavasse wrote to Mr. Norman A. Guttery:—

"My Dear Mr. Guttery,

I deeply regret to hear that your father has passed away. He will be a great loss, not only to his own Church, but to the cause of true religion in Liverpool. He has not long survived his neighbour, the Rev. A. Connell, and the death of two such outstanding ministers within a few weeks of each other, leaves a great blank which it will be difficult to fill. You and your family have my deep sympathy, for none will feel his loss as you will.

. . . . Ever yours faithfully,

F. J. LIVERPOOL."

Lord Weardale, Chairman of the "Save the Children Fund," wrote as follows to Mrs. Guttery :—

"Please allow me to express the profound sympathy which the Committee of the 'Save the Children Fund' feel for you in the great loss you have sustained. It is a loss which is widely shared and deeply felt, especially by all those who looked up to Dr. Guttery as a leader and guide in the great humanitarian causes of our times.

"It was an inestimable privilege to number Dr. Guttery amongst the Patrons of our Fund, and we shall always feel deep gratitude for his generous interest in our work.

Yours sincerely,

WEARDALE, *Chairman.*"

The tributes from distinguished Methodists are especially valuable, because of their intimacy of knowledge.

The Rev. David Brook, M.A., D.C.L., the Secretary of the United Methodist Church, bears this testimony: "For many years I have admired him as the most powerful of all our public speakers, but, during the last two or three years, I have come to know him more intimately as rep-

resenting the Primitive Methodist Church in the Methodist Union meetings. My admiration became affection and I was amazed by his statesmanship and conciliatory spirit. His loss to all the Free Churches is very serious, but his loss to the Methodist Union movement is great beyond computation."

Professor A. S. Peake, M.A., D.D., in his letter to Mrs. Guttery says: "I am writing to express our sincere sympathy with you and your family in the sorrow through which you are passing. Your husband stood for so much in the life of our own Church and the Free Churches that his removal must leave a large blank; and I have felt, in common with many others, how sorely he will be missed, as, indeed, he has been missed already in the discussions on Methodist Union.

"He did not spare himself in the service he rendered; and his great gifts were used to the full, and I fear beyond the measure of his strength. But he has left a great record behind him, and has made his influence felt by vast multitudes.

"For his own sake I can only be glad that his sufferings are ended and that he has gone to his reward. One could not

wish him to go on living in such conditions. But I realise how you must feel the loss of him, by this premature bereavement, and trust that you will be very graciously helped in this dark hour."

Sir Dyson Mallinson pays grateful tribute to his friend:—

"My friendship with the late Dr. A. T. Guttery will ever remain one of my priceless possessions. The sphere of our activities lay in different planes, his in the Church, and mine in Commerce. It was a personal attachment to our *Alma mater*, Elmfield College, York, which largely created for us a common and intensely genial interest.

"When negotiations were proceeding for the Old Boys to take over the school, we had frequent opportunity for intercourse, which, for each of us, became increasingly welcome and self-revealing. As the days went by we found ourselves walking in friendship's avenue, reciprocating an ever-deepening intimacy, loyalty and affectionate regard. In the strong bond of mutual confidence, we freely took counsel of each other, when important decisions had to be made.

"One of my unspeakable pleasures was

to go on holiday with him. He was a charming companion, and sought to fill the hours with radiant laughter, sparkling humour, and high converse on the things that matter. He was a delightful talker. His wide knowledge of men and movements, accompanied with a power of vivid description, and a play of humour and pathos, gave him an enchanter's wand in the social circle. He could fascinate whether he talked of Statesmen and leaders, who were seeking to shape the policy and course of nations, or of the uncanonised saints he had met in the villages of rural England.

“ His wonderful versatility, his power as an orator, his vision and vigorous grip of essentials, his manifold and unwearied services for Church and Country, in his powerful and brilliant advocacy of great causes, will, I feel sure, entitle him to an eminent place among the leaders of his time.

“ My friend was the very soul of chivalry. The human note in him was ever strong and true and was manifest in the tempered judgment, the generous appreciation and the noble deed. For thirty years he was immersed in the discussion of

public questions, and my admiration for him grew, year by year, as I observed his remarkable freedom from bitterness, rancour or jealousy. He could leave the arena of discussion, in which he had been a vigorous contestant, or the excitement of mass meetings, and retire to rest in the spirit of a little child, breathing a prayer for benediction upon all men.

“I can feel no other than proud and grateful for his companionship, for he had the mind and heart of a truly magnanimous man.

“It was not till the later days, when he was approaching the great Shadow, that I was privileged to take the full measure of my friend. When his eloquent tongue was stricken with silence by a malignant disease, which has hitherto beaten our medicine and surgery, he revealed a splendour of soul and a greatness of faith that would make him unashamed in the glorious company of martyrs.

“I shall ever be grateful that Providence favoured me with the friendship of one cast in so large a mould, so exceptionally gifted in mind and heart, and so loyal and replete in the qualities of a great comradeship.”

The Rev. E. Aldom French, the Secretary of the Methodist Union Committee, testifies :—

“ . . . It is difficult for anyone who had the privilege of knowing him to express the universal sense of irreparable loss we all share. He was one of the biggest-hearted and bravest men I have ever known. One of the greatest pleasures of Free Church Council work was that it made it possible for me to meet him, and of Methodist Union work that it enabled me to know him better. Thousands will thank God for his memory. The cause of Methodist Union has lost its most brilliant exponent in any of the churches, but we shall think of him and work the harder to advance the purpose he served so well.”

The Rev. J. T. Wardle Stafford, D.D., D.C.L., his friend from Elmfield College days, pays a generous tribute :—

“ He was a great gift to the Primitive Methodist Church and a greater gift to the larger Christendom. He had gifts of speech and intellect that lifted him far above the common altitude. His natural endowments were great, and he made the very best of them all. He was, of course,

in the first flight of Free Church leaders of the present generation.

“And he was so singularly devoid of meanness. He was generous to a fault—with his money, and, what is still rarer, with his judgments. He could speak well of competitors and comrades; and could give encouragement to young men who were struggling into position and had not yet arrived. We have not seen so much of each other . . . as we both could have wished in these later years, but I have rejoiced in the great honours that have come to him, as I know he rejoiced when I became President of my own Church. The hero rests from his labours; he will always have a place in my heart.”

These friends speak for many who could bear similar witness. The Lord, indeed, *magnified* him. He made him great and splendid and powerful, a true prophet and leader. Within his own Church, to which he gave a lifetime's love and loyalty, he has left an imperishable memory. In the Free Churches and, indeed, throughout the Christian community, his will be an honoured name. To thousands in the nation, apart from the Churches, he will be re-

vered as one who sought to establish the Kingdom of God on earth.

He has gone to Yonderland, as Dr. Parker loved to call the Heavenly Place.* "I like to think of it by that name," he says. "'Yonder' is a Bible word, occurring where all the great words occur—that is to say, in the Book of Genesis, and 'Land' is a word which occurs in the same infinite poem; so I put the words together and think of heaven as Yonderland, the summer-city, the garden of God, the divine ideal of home."

* "A Preacher's Life: an Autobiography and an Album," p. 414.

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