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*Rev. James Quinn,*  
*of the Ohio Conference.*



SKETCHES

OF THE

LIFE AND LABORS OF JAMES QUINN,

WHO WAS

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL  
IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY

JOHN F. WRIGHT,  
OF THE OHIO CONFERENCE.

Cincinnati:

PRINTED AT THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN,  
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW.

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## DEDICATION.

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TO THE MEMBERS OF THE OHIO CONFERENCE.

VERY DEAR BRETHREN,—I am impelled, by many considerations, to dedicate the “Sketches of the Life and Labors of James Quinn” to you. He was your senior brother, and was long associated with you in the labors and sacrifices of our itinerancy. You know he loved you most cordially; delighted always in your society; and was ready, by counsel and otherwise, to bear his full share in advancing the Redeemer’s kingdom. And now that he is removed, and is no more seen or heard in your councils, you will long cherish in fond remembrance his many virtues and great worth of character; and will, I doubt not, ever take a deep interest in the welfare of his bereaved widow, for whose pecuniary benefit this work is published. It is hoped, also, that it will otherwise contribute to promote the cause of Christ, in which you are so earnestly and successfully engaged.

I am, dear brethren, your fellow-laborer,

With sincere respect and affection,

JOHN F. WRIGHT.

*January 22, 1851.*



## P R E F A C E .

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IN compliance with the resolution of the Ohio conference, I have applied myself, as I could redeem time from other duties, to the labor of preparing this biography for publication. The want of materials out of which to construct it, has greatly embarrassed and delayed my work. I earnestly solicited the aid of Mr. Quinn's cotemporaries, and numerous acquaintances, and had reason to hope that many would furnish me with important facts and incidents connected with his life and labors, which would have given great interest to the work. I could not doubt but just such facts were treasured up in the memory of his friends; yet every method I have adopted to influence them to write those facts, and transmit them to me, has been attended with very little success. Comparatively few have communicated any thing; and to those few I present, publicly, my acknowledgments. Some, in reading this volume, will think—and, perhaps, say—that the "Life of James Quinn" ought to have been enriched with a great many more incidents connected with his useful labors. The writer is of the same opinion; and did what he could to supply this lack. Now, if the reader had knowledge of any incident that would have added to the interest of these "Sketches," and failed to furnish it, he ought to blame himself, and sympathize with the author, rather than complain of a want of incidents in the book.

Near the close of life, Mr. Quinn confessed himself in error, in not keeping a journal, and commenced writing "Sketches" of his own life. But, alas! this was soon found to be too much labor for his age and infirmities; and, after continuing his narrative through the period of infancy

to his dedication to God, in Christian baptism, he ceased to write.

The subject of this biography has passed away, and we are assured that he has made a safe landing on the shore of immortality—having gained the port of endless rest. Much, however, that he experienced, suffered, and did, on earth, is unknown to us. His record is on high; and we believe “God is not unrighteous, to forget his work and labor of love.” And although he went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, he has returned with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Knowing Mr. Quinn’s objection to the prefix “Rev.,” on a gravestone, and as it is not on his monument, out of respect to him I have not used it on the title-page of his “Life.”

Imperfect as this biography may be, it will be eagerly sought after, and read, on account of its subject, by many who were associated in labor and suffering with the deceased; by many who waited on his ministry; and, especially, by those who were converted to God through his instrumentality.

It is sent forth into the world, accompanied by the prayers of the author, that God may make it a blessing to all classes of readers into whose hands it may fall.

JOHN F. WRIGHT.

*Cincinnati, January 22, 1851.*

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# S K E T C H E S

OF THE

## LIFE AND LABORS OF JAMES QUINN.

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IN compliance with the earnest request of many friends, Mr. Quinn, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced writing "sketches" of his own life and labors. On account of his enfeebled state at that period of life, he made but little progress in this desirable work. The little he did write, however, is deemed of much interest, and is certainly very appropriate with which to commence his biography.

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#### "ADDRESS TO THE READER.

"I have often been urged by my brother, Rev. Dr. Isaac Quinn, and other friends, as Samuel Williams, Dr. Howland, etc., to prepare and leave some account of my Chris-

tian experience, life, and ministerial labors. To this I have felt a repugnance, for several considerations; as,

“1. That in my experience there was nothing of a specially-interesting character; so that its readers would find nothing but what they had read and heard, both from the living and the dead. Nothing new could be added—no new light emanate from my production on the subject of evangelical experience, embracing, as it does, supernatural illumination, inducing repentance, justification, and renovation, ultimating in a complete removal of the old man in righteousness and holiness; an entire deliverance from the spirit of bondage unto fear, and the constant indwelling of the Spirit of adoption, while the fruits of the Spirit are developed both in the inner and outward man. In the commencement, progress, and final result, there is a constant conflict between nature and grace, while visible and invisible agencies are engaged on both sides. Hence the severe conflicts which enter into the experience of all Christians. The man himself is called into action, for he is not a passive receiver—as some have taught—but has an important part to act. Sometimes he takes sides with nature against grace, and ‘gives place to the devil;’ sometimes he takes sides with grace against nature, ‘resists the devil,’ and ‘draws nigh to God.’ Hence, in the experience of both people and preachers you see, as in the Shulamite, ‘as it were the company of two armies.’ There may be shades of difference, owing to a variety of circumstances—as constitutional temperament, education, habits, modes of thinking and speaking, etc.; yet a genuine Christian is substantially the same in all the subjects of grace; so that, ‘as in water face answers to face,’ so in Christian experience grace answers to grace.

“2. As to my life and labors in the ministry, they were commenced under unpropitious circumstances, and have been prosecuted in a very imperfect manner. Their his-

tory would exhibit but little in which posterity would be likely to take an interest, or from which those who come after could draw much profit, in the prosecution of the great work for which they are much better qualified than I have been.

“But my last objection to this work is, that I have kept no journal—that was a fault, I confess; and now, if I write any thing, in my sixty-eighth year, I must depend *chiefly* on memory.

“Are these reasons not sufficient, my brother and good friends? You say, No, and still urge me to write! Well, then, by the help of God, I'll try. J. Q.

“*May 29, 1842.*”

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“I was born in the county of Washington, state of Pennsylvania, April 1, 1775. My father, John Quinn, was the son of James Quinn, of the county of Armagh, Ireland. He left his father and came to America about the year 1769. My mother was Sarah Henthorn, daughter of John and Fanny Henthorn. Her parents were from Ireland; but she was born and raised in the state of Maryland. Her father was among the first adventurers to the Redstone country, and was associated with the Beesons and others, who built a fort, for the protection of themselves and families, on the spot where Uniontown now stands. I think they were there when Braddock met his defeat, in 1755.

“My mother was married young, and with her husband settled near Washington, then called Catfish, after an old Indian captain, or chief, who had his camp and wigwam near or at that place. My mother's first husband died young, and left her a widow with one or two small children—all dead, long since. My father came to that country in company with Col. John Cannon, the proprietor of

Cannonsburg, where he became acquainted with and married my mother. She lived to give birth to four sons and three daughters, and on the day that her oldest son—myself—was fourteen years old closed her eyes in death. Ah, never shall I forget that scene! It is still present to my mind, though more than half a century has elapsed. Overwhelmed in sorrow and bathed in tears, I saw her breathe her last. My parents were raised and educated in the Church of England, and, I suppose, thought themselves pretty good Church people. They took some pains to instruct their children in the principles of religion and morality. By repeating after my mother, I had committed to memory the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and the Church Catechism, by the time I was five or six years of age; so that religious truth and a sense of moral obligation were impressed on my mind, yea, deeply infixed, while I was very young. Hence, I may say I feared God from my youth; yet it was rather a servile, tormenting fear, which, however, in some good degree, restrained me from running into sin.

“My parents had a pretty good English education, and were anxious to give the same to their children, but they wanted opportunity; for we seldom had schools, and they were of a very inferior character. I, however, got some six or nine months' schooling; so that I read pretty well and wrote some by the time I was seven or eight years old. My father procured for me a New Testament, which I regarded as a great treasure, and read it over and over many times. This Testament and old Dilworth were all the books I had, and their contents were eagerly devoured. One day my father brought home a newspaper—the old Pittsburg Gazette. I laid hold on it with great avidity, and read it over and over, till it was literally worn out. I had a great love for books, and was fond of reading, but was confined to very few. The principal books were the



New Testament, and the old book of Common Prayer, which my father had brought with him from Ireland. This paucity of books, however, in one sense proved a blessing; for, if we had but few books, we possessed the 'book of books,' *and no trash*. The only book of a fabulous character that fell into my hands before my sixteenth year, was *Æsop*. When I first saw it, I thought it told a great many big lies, when it represented beasts and birds talking. This was explained to me by my mother; yet still I thought it came very near lying. I had some idea of trying whether *I* could not lie in the same way and yet speak the truth.

"I had a sense of the majesty and glory of God, and a fear of offending him; yet my heart rose up in opposition to him. Truly, 'the carnal mind is enmity against God.' Upon my knees I repeated 'Our Father who art in heaven;' yet I loved him not as a father, and feared he did not and would not own me as his child. I sometimes prayed, then sinned, and then was afraid to pray.

"My Catechism taught me that in baptism I should be 'made a child of God, an heir of Christ, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven;' but, alas! I had not been baptized. Then I longed for baptism, and so did my parents; for they were afraid that their children would be shut out of heaven, and damned for want of the regenerating sacrament. It was out of our reach. The Presbyterians and Covenanters would not baptize their children, unless they would give up their attachments to the Church of England, and take the Westminster Confession as their guide in matters of faith and Church fellowship. This they would not consent to do. 'Then,' said they, 'we can not baptize your children.' 'What shall we do? We have no priest. There, indeed, is old parson M.; but, then, he is such an intolerable drunkard, such a wicked man; he has no wife, and that is not the worst of it.' 'I,' said my mother,

‘would rather trust to the mercy and grace of God to save my children, without baptism, than to have them baptized by such an unworthy man.’

“About the year 1784 my father sold his farm in Washington county, intending to remove to Kentucky with his neighbors Frazier, Rankin, etc.; but my mother and her connections being much opposed to it, it was determined to remove to Fayette county, which they did, and settled near Uniontown. They had heard one or two of the Methodist preachers, at Mr. Frazier’s, before leaving Washington; but after settling in Fayette, their opportunities were more frequent. Peter Moriarty, John Smith, Wilson Lee, Enoch Matson, etc., were the preachers of that day. My parents, in attending their ministry, were soon awakened, and, I believe, obtained peace with God. In this grace my mother stood fast to the end, and died in peace, April 1, 1789. But, alas! my father turned back again to the world and sin, from which he was not reclaimed till late in life, and after two of his sons were in the ministry, and most of his children in the Church. Then, O amazing grace, the wanderer was reclaimed and brought home; scarcely saved; ‘escaped as by the skin of the teeth.’ The most of his associates, who helped to draw him back and lead him on, have long since gone down to the drunkard’s grave; and O, eternity! eternity! Drunkard, stop! Tippler, stop, stop; for the pit yawns; damnation is just before you. There is little hope for those who break their vows to God, the Church, their wives, and society, and, for the momentary gratification of a morbid appetite, cast away all that belongs to the dignity of men; throw themselves sprawling below brutes; and render themselves as bad, perhaps worse than devils. I am sure I have seen many of them who were fit for no better company; and yet some of them have been and still are connected with decent, pious, yet almost heart-broken wives.

“See that fine, pleasant, blooming countenance; those joy-sparkling eyes, with the sweet blending of the rose and lily. See! how the bloom is fading, the gloom gathering, the eye losing its luster! etc. Ah! what is the matter? She sighs; the countenance exhibits signs of confusion; the tear rolls down; she remains silent. We cease our inquiries; for we see the heart is almost broken. Has she found out that her handsome, smiling, fair, yet false-promising husband, is a secret tippler? Yea, in some instances, a downright inebriate? And that all his promises, pretexts, and perfumes, go for nothing but to make him more obnoxious in the sight of heaven, and more ridiculous in the sight of men? I have found many such cases in the course of my ministry, and have put them on my list as subjects of prayer; but as I know that God will not convert drunkards unless they cease from that evil, I have prayed that God would give them to see and feel the evil, and then, if they still refused to obey, that he would take them away. Why should they live to curse the world, trouble the Church, and break the hearts of pious and sensible women, who could and would be a blessing at home and abroad, if they were not thus unequally yoked? Some may say this savors of man, and is akin to the desire that would pull up the tares or command fire to come down from heaven. Well, we are willing that the forbearance and long-suffering of God may be extended to them; and yet we know that there have been offenders for whom God would not be entreated, though Moses, Daniel, and Job stood before him. There may now be those of whom God may have said, ‘He is joined to his idols—let him alone.’ O, it is heart-sickening. I return to my narrative.

“In 1786 my parents, having joined the Church—or society, as it was still called—and set up family worship and religious order in their household, resolved to give up their children to God in Christian baptism, according to

the order of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was required of all heads of families, who became members of the Church; nor could they remain in fellowship unless they complied. Accordingly, on a set day we were taken to the house where preaching was held. My parents presented their five children—four sons and one daughter—myself the eldest, for baptism. The elder, Enoch Matson, first addressed the parents most solemnly and affectionately on the great importance of training up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; observing that it might be the will of God to call some of these sons to preach the Gospel. After he had gone through the service he closed with extempore prayer, in which he with great earnestness plead with God for our early conversion, and that some of us might be called to preach. From that time I felt that I belonged to God, and that his vows were upon me, and that I was under obligations ‘to renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomps and vanities of the world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.’ But I soon found that although I had received the outward and visible sign, I was a stranger to the ‘inward and spiritual grace,’ and finally was led to this conclusion, that the ‘sign,’ apart from the ‘grace,’ is not regeneration; and that, therefore, I was not ‘an heir of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.’ And yet I thank God for my baptism; for it was a means of restraint and preventing grace, till I obtained the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins. About this time I heard preaching, for the first time in my life: I was about eleven years old. The sermon was preached by Rev. Peter Moriarty from Heb. xii, 1. I regarded the preacher as no ordinary man, and believing that he was God’s messenger, I listened to every word as coming right from God.”

## CHAPTER II.

A chasm in the materials for his life—Religious impressions and sedate manners—The first annual conference in the west—His life endangered by the bursting of a gun—His mother's assurance that some of her sons would be called to preach the Gospel—The great loss he sustained in her death—Powerful convictions—Leaves home—Is employed in other families—Is thoroughly awakened—Proposes himself, and is received into the Church—His conversion and call to the ministry—Is employed by Mr. Crooks, and asked permission to pray in the family—Resided with Mr. Foot, a local preacher, and longer with Mr. Wilson—All circumstances favorable to his theological training—Is licensed to preach, and recommended to the annual conference to travel—Is admitted, and appointed to Greenfield circuit—Receives his appointment, and fixes on the third of June to start—Is greatly depressed—Is relieved by a passage in the morning lesson—Adopts it as his motto through life.

THE reader, as well as the writer, will deeply regret that Mr. Quinn had not continued his narrative, and furnished brief "sketches" of his own life and labors, in accordance with his well-settled purpose when he commenced writing in 1842. From the time of his baptism, when about eleven years old, up to the period of his entrance on the work of the ministry, we have very little information concerning him. We are assured, however, that a good foundation was laid for his religious training. The instructions of his parents, especially those of his intelligent and pious mother, made permanent impressions on his mind and heart, and did not fail to exert a salutary influence over his conduct. He was a youth of unusual sobriety; and his exemplary deportment and sedate manners attracted the attention of all his juvenile associates, as well as the admiration of older persons.

The first annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church west of the Alleghany Mountains was held at Uniontown, Penn., July 22, 1787. Young Quinn was

present, and witnessed the first ordination that ever took place in the great western valley. Bishop Asbury officiated, assisted by Richard Whatcoat, elder. The distinguished and worthy person ordained elder was Michael Lord. James was then in his thirteenth year; but however young, it appears the solemn and impressive services of this conference occasioned good and lasting impressions on his mind.

Some time during his youth, he loaded a gun very heavily, to fire off and make a loud report on Christmas morning. The gun bursted, and inflicted a wound on his forehead, and injured his hand very much. He always considered this a "hair-breadth escape" from death by the special providence, if not the miraculous power, of God. Through the fostering care of the Almighty, he escaped this and other imminent dangers to which he was often exposed in life, that he might live long to receive and do good in the world.

On the very day James was fourteen, April 1, 1789, his faithful and devoted mother died. Previous to her departure, she received an assurance that God would visit her family, and that some of her sons would be called to preach the Gospel. This she communicated to a female friend with unwavering confidence. She had carefully taught her children, according to their capacity, their duty to God, their parents, to each other, and their own generation. She had set a good example before them—added her most fervent prayers and earnest supplications for their salvation, usefulness, and happiness; and she had no doubt watered all her efforts to raise her children for God and heaven with her tears; and no marvel if God inspired her with an assurance, that her labor should not be in vain in the Lord, but that he would grant her the desire of her heart in the salvation of all her children, and that some of her sons would

be useful ministers of the Gospel. The value of such a mother is inestimable. James, though young, appears, in some good degree, to have been able to appreciate her great worth, and he felt most sensibly the incalculable loss which he sustained in her death.

The night after the interment of his good mother, he was so much concerned about the great interests of his soul that he could neither rest nor sleep. There was a godly sorrow produced in his heart by the divine Spirit. Indeed, he had all the marks of a genuine penitent; and if he had been favored with as many spiritual helps as the youths of our country now have, in most places, it is very probable he would have soon found the pearl of great price.

After the death of his mother, James continued to labor on the farm; and with much industry, diligence, and care, he assisted his father in providing for the other children. Some time after the second marriage of his father, it appears James, by mutual consent, left his home and father's house, and was employed in the families of other farmers in that region.

In the year 1792, under the ministry of Daniel Fidler and James Coleman, who traveled Redstone circuit that year, the youthful Quinn became thoroughly awakened to a sense of his wretched condition as a sinner, and the indescribable danger to which he was exposed. He attended preaching stately at Col. Beck's, and, in his diffidence and humility, he usually took his seat on a small chest which stood behind the door. Here he eagerly availed himself of all opportunities of religious instruction. Here he mourned, and wept, and prayed for pardon and salvation, using all the means of grace within his reach. He had enjoyed the third class meeting, and knowing that he could not, consistently with the rules of the Church, remain in another, unless he became a mem-

ber, he rose from his seat behind the door, and, without any invitation, presented himself to the preacher, James Coleman, saying, "I wish to join your Church, if there are no objections." Of course there were no objections offered, and he was admitted on probation in the Methodist Episcopal Church, when about seventeen years of age. The pious members of the class felt a deep solicitude for his speedy conversion. All were ready to aid him by their sympathy, counsel, and prayers, in seeking redemption in the blood of Christ—the forgiveness of sins. And it was but a short time till he obtained justification by faith, and realized the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. Such was the manifestation of mercy and grace in his case, that he was fully satisfied that God had created him anew in Christ Jesus, and rejoiced in the direct witness of the Spirit. Under the influence of this great grace, and its renewed energies from day to day, he continued firm in his Christian profession, steady in his conduct, walking worthy of his high vocation, and adorning the doctrines of God his Savior. Few young men, professing godliness, were ever more grave, exemplary, and uniformly pious than was James Quinn; and few ever shared more largely of the confidence and love of their acquaintance than he did.

When about eighteen years of age, young Quinn was employed by a farmer by the name of Crooks. The whole family were irreligious, yet they were all delighted to hear him sing, and of evenings would often request him to sing his Methodist hymns and spiritual songs. And having sung for the family every evening for some time, though a diffident and retiring youth, he ventured to ask if he might pray in the family. Permission was cordially and readily granted, and he took up the cross, and prayed regularly in the family, every evening, the whole time of



his sojourn with them, which was several months. This was, perhaps, the first attempt of our young friend at the labors of a missionary. I have no information of the success of his efforts to do good to this family; but have no doubt but that the stirring up of the gift of God that was in him was made a great blessing to his own soul. And when the light of eternity shall shine upon the history of his residence with that family, it may develop results of great interests from the songs and prayers of the young servant of Christ in the generations of that household. One, at least, of the descendants of the Crooks family is known to the writer as a pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is endeavoring to order his household aright before the Lord.

Young Mr. Quinn was usually solicitous and successful in obtaining situations in pious families. He resided some time with a local preacher by the name of John Foot, where he labored on the farm. He lived much longer with William Wilson, who was also a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one greatly beloved and useful in the whole sphere of his labors. He remained with Mr. Wilson till he entered upon the great work of the Christian ministry; and it was from his house he started to his first circuit in the itinerant field.

We have ample grounds to infer that Mr. Quinn's associations were all favorable for the development of the fruits of the Spirit, the cultivation and exercise of all the Christian graces, as well as his intellectual improvement and theological training. The pursuit of agriculture, and his labors on a farm, were favorable to his *physical education*, and, no doubt, contributed much to the firmness of his constitution and the soundness of his health. It was said of John the Baptist, "The child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel;" and there can

be no doubt John's physical training and manner of life contributed much to the qualifications necessary for his laborious and important mission. Equally necessary and important was the training generally received by the self-sacrificing and laborious men of God, who first preached the Gospel, as itinerant pioneers, in the then sparsely-populated and newly-settled western country.

It was not very long after Mr. Quinn's union with the Church and his happy conversion, that his mind became solemnly impressed that it was his duty to proclaim "the unsearchable riches of Christ" to a lost world, and urge and persuade sinners to repent and believe the Gospel. The love of Christ constrained him, and the Holy Ghost moved him to this duty; yet he hesitated long, and seemed not disposed to enter on so holy and important a work, till all his acquaintances in the Church were fully convinced that he was surely "called of God, as was Aaron," and the authorities of the Church took up his case, and literally thrust him out into the work. The quarterly conference of his circuit, in view of his grace, gifts, and usefulness, judged him to be a proper person to receive license as a local preacher, and, therefore, authorized him to preach the Gospel. He was duly recommended to the Baltimore conference, held in Baltimore, May 1, 1799, as a suitable person to be admitted into the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He did not attend the conference himself, but awaited at home the decision of that body in his case.

In those days there were but few mail facilities, and the means of receiving intelligence from the east to the west far between, and exceedingly slow at that. It was natural for him to feel some stretch of anxiety in regard to his case, and a desire to know the result by some communication from conference. On the first day of June, just a month after the beginning of the conference, he

had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Thomas Waymond at the house of the venerable John Spahr, who, on his way from conference, was seeking his field of labor for the year—Ohio circuit. He reported to Mr. Quinn that he was admitted into the traveling connection and appointed to Greenfield circuit. And as Mr. Waymond had been traveling and preaching eight years, he had an experience that enabled him to be eminently useful to his young friend, who was now in a state of mind to receive with eagerness every ray of light that would reflect upon that untried field into which he was about to enter; and it appears he greatly profited by the conversation and prayers of this man of God, who was then just on the brink of Jordan; for in twelve days after this interview Thomas Waymond took his exit from earth to heaven.

Mr. Quinn returned to his residence at Rev. William Wilson's, and fixed on the third of June for his departure to his first circuit. The morning of that day dawned upon him, but brought with it an hour of gloom and distress to his mind. He well-nigh wavered in the purpose he had formed to yield to the call of God and his Church, and endeavor to do the work of a preacher of the Gospel. He trembled at the fearful responsibilities he was about to assume in the great work of the Christian ministry. And such was the estimate he formed of his own qualifications, that he was sorely tempted to believe that he would accomplish no good, and even do injury, to the sacred cause of Christ. In this state of mind Mr. Wilson asked him to officiate at their morning prayer, and lead the devotions of the family. With trembling he approached the stand, and took up the holy book with a heavy heart. He opened the Bible at the seventy-first Psalm, and read on till he came to the sixteenth verse, which reads, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only." In a moment the

cloud of darkness was dispelled, his soul was disburdened of its load, and he was made light in the Lord. He then saw the great source of his strength, and, with the help of the great Jehovah, he might do valiantly. His way was made plain before him, and he clearly saw the true method by which he, weak as he supposed himself to be, might accomplish the great work to which he was called. This text was made such a blessing to his soul, that he adopted and used it as his constant motto through life. Whenever he received his appointment at an annual conference, he would immediately recur to those precious words, and, in the form of this text, enter into covenant with God, and with renewed energy and zeal prosecute his holy calling. When regularly engaged in the itinerant work, he was in the habit of improving the third of June of every year, as a sort of anniversary, by preaching on his favorite motto.

Greenfield circuit appears first on the minutes in 1796, and embraced parts of Greene, Washington, and Fayette counties, in western Pennsylvania. We infer at the end of this year this circuit was distributed among other circuits, or was known by some other name, as it appears no more on the minutes till 1804, when the name was revived. Edmund Waymond had charge of the circuit, and Daniel Hitt was the presiding elder. The death of Thomas Waymond occasioned a vacancy on Ohio circuit in the beginning of the year, which might have made it necessary to change several preachers in the district. Mr. Quinn was changed twice by the presiding elder, and labored on three circuits during the first year of his itinerancy, but served the most of the year on old Redstone circuit, as helper to James Paynter.

## CHAPTER III.

Appointed to the Pittsburg circuit—Western Methodist pioneers—State of society—Other denominations—The efficiency of Methodism—Robert Worster—State of the Church people, and readiness to receive Methodism—The first society formed near Uniontown, Penn.—Swedenborg's works, with a dream and its interpretation—Dodridge and Teeter families—Indian depredations—The Roberts family—Moriarty, Fidler, and W. Lee—The Meek family—Stoneman and Spahr—Major M'Cullock and others in the vicinity of Wheeling—Phæbus, Wilson, and Phelps appointed to Redstone—The circuit enlarged—C. Waymond and family—The improvement of Asa Shinn under the theological training of Methodism—No place for loungers in the itinerancy—The Ellsworth family—Joseph Chieuvrant—The Hacker family—W. Strange got lost and perished in the woods—John Strange sent forth—Barren regions, with fierce opposition—Universalism—Conference at Uniontown—Emigration to the west—Great loss sustained—Talbot, Stewart, and Wakefield—Debate between Cook and Jamison—Connellsville and the Connell family.

IN 1800 he was appointed to the Pittsburg circuit, associated with Nathaniel B. Mills.

Mr. Quinn, in his contributions to the Western Historical Society in 1839, has given a description of his fields of labor the first few years of his itinerant life, and a history of the rise and progress of Methodism in the head of this great valley, and many incidents, which I gladly avail myself of in this place:

“By a reference to the book of bound Minutes, it appears that Jeremiah Lambert was the first Methodist preacher that ever was appointed to the western waters. He stands for Holston, 1783, Henry Willis for 1784, Richard Swift for 1785. Lambert I never knew; but with Willis and Swift I was pretty well acquainted, especially the latter. They were regarded as men of deep piety, and more than ordinary preaching talents. They were both men of fine personal appearance, say six feet in

stature, rather slender, good English scholars, well-read; and therefore men of useful science, if not classically educated. They were among the first elders of the Church, and the young men esteemed it a privilege to learn of them; and many a useful lesson has the writer of this humble narrative taken from them.

“Dean, as we used to call him, in 1802—which was the fourth year of my itinerancy—in appearance and address in the pulpit, was little—if any—inferior to that of our dear M’Kendree; and his conversation in private and the social circle was charmingly edifying. His health failed in the prime of life. He located, married, and settled in Berkley county, near Shepherdstown, Va., where he lingered a few years: then died in great peace.

“Willis was an eloquent man, mighty in the Scriptures, and a most profound and powerful reasoner. He also became feeble in the prime of life, retired from the itinerant field, married, and settled on a farm near Frederick county, Md. The Baltimore conference sat in his parlor in April, 1801. In this neighborhood Robert Strawbridge raised his first society. At this conference William Watters re-entered the work—having been local for some years—and was ordained elder. Willis lingered on a few more years in pain, then fell asleep, and was gathered to his fathers.

“In 1784, John Cooper and Solomon Breeze stand for Redstone; in 1785, Peter Moriarty, J. Fidler, Wilson Lee; for 1786, John Smith, Robert Ayres—Enoch Matson, elder.

“I was born and raised in western Pennsylvania, and traveled over all the country called Redstone, extending back from the foot of Laurel Hill to Wheeling on the Ohio, thence up the Ohio to Pittsburg, and thence up the Monongahela and Youghiogeny almost to their sources, during the first three years of my itinerancy, commencing

fifteen years after the first missionaries entered the field, and while some were still remaining to testify of the grace that had been made known to them through the instrumentality of the men whom they believed God had sent to them.

“Redstone was the name given by those living on the east of the mountains to all the country settled by the whites on the west of the mountains; though among the settlers themselves it was the name of an inconsiderable creek; but on it were the first settlements made. Uniontown, Fayette county, is near its head, and Brownsville near its mouth. The country itself, into which our missionaries entered, and which they occupied under the name of Redstone, was of considerable extent, embracing parts of the states of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and may be called the head of the great and fat valley. At that time Pennsylvania had four organized counties west of the mountains: Westmoreland, Fayette, Alleghany, and Washington; and Virginia had two, perhaps three: Monongahela, Harrison, and Ohio. I have no data from which to give the number of inhabitants; but new and frontier as was the country, and still subject to savage depredations, it was not a moral waste; for there were laws, courts, judges, and magistrates. And in those days they whipped, cropped, branded, and hung men for stealing; and fined and imprisoned for swearing, Sabbath-breaking, etc. And as they were not without law, so neither were they without Gospel. The Methodist preachers were here the very first year of their Church organization; but the Presbyterians, Seceders, Covenanters, and Baptists were here before them.

“In Fayette there were two or three organized congregations of the Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Dunlap. He was said to have been a devoted man and good preacher. He, perhaps, was the first in

western Pennsylvania who brought in the psalms and hymns of Watts, which divided the congregation, and put up another synagogue in Westmoreland. There were three or four churches of the same order, under the care of Rev. Messrs. Finley and Powers. These were said to be very orderly men, and searching preachers. Of Alleghany I can say nothing with certainty. In Washington county Rev. John M'Millin and Rev. Joseph Smith had care of several congregations. I heard both these men preach since I became a man, and verily they used not flattering words, nor did they daub with untempered mortar, or speak peace when God had not spoken peace.

“The Seceders and Covenanters also had some three or four ministers and congregations in all, in most of the counties of Pennsylvania.

“The regular Baptists had a number of churches in Washington and Fayette counties, and in all the counties of western Virginia. There were three brothers by the name of Sutton, and two by the name of Loffboro, and old father John Corbly, all Baptist ministers—all stiff Calvinists, close-communication men, and strongly opposed to the Methodists, as were the Presbyterians. But some of their descendants of the third and fourth generations are now warm-hearted members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

“But the children of old mother Church—not of Rome, but of England—where were they? and what of them? Why, they were scattered throughout the land in all the length and breadth of it; and, like those of old who had hung their harps on the willows, some of them, at least, wept while they thought of Zion. Dear souls, they were left to perish for lack of knowledge; they had no kind shepherd near to guide the sick, the spiritless, and faint. The Presbyterians would not give them the sacrament, or



baptize their children, unless they would subscribe to the Westminster Confession, and promise to bring up their children in that faith; the Baptists would not permit them to commune, except they would renounce their baptism and become immersed; and they concluded that they could not enjoy Church privileges at so high a price. O, what a field was here for a missionary bishop! Strange! very strange! that the third year of the nineteenth century should have passed away, before the mother should have happened to think of providing for her starving children in the right way: so, that has been done last which should have been done first.

“But old, clear-sighted John Wesley saw what was to be done, and how it was to be done. So, leaving mother and grandmother to scold away about order and succession, he pronounced the whole a dream, and made haste, according to New Testament order, ‘to provide’—to use his own words—‘for those poor sheep in the wilderness.’ And so it came to pass, that while the mother was busied here and there, trying to get ready, his plan had well-nigh turned the world upside down.

“The itinerant heralds were running, yea, almost flying, in every direction, with an efficient, itinerant general superintendency, directing the energies of the whole. Ah! if mother had set Bishop White side by side with the emigrant Asbury, full of faith and holy fervor, instead of making him diocesan in the city of brotherly love, then might the missionary bishops have shared the toils of the morning, and divided the spoils in the evening. Well, mother Rachel, do not weep for thy children as if they were not. I, one of thy sons of the second generation, have a word of comfort for thee. Many, very many of them, have been housed and homed in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and thence transferred to the house not

made with hands, where there are no Churchmen, Presbyterians, Baptists, or Methodists, and no contention about order or succession.

“But it is now time to return to our Methodist preachers, Cooper and Breeze. They made their entrance at Uniontown, in the immediate neighborhood of which were many Church people, and a few Methodists. But they had been preceded by Robert Worster, a local preacher of piety and considerable talent. He had preached in many places, both in Fayette and Washington counties. Souls had been awakened and converted to God by his preaching; but I am not sure that he formed any societies. He came to one of my appointments in 1799, and preached for me a pure and powerful Gospel sermon. At that time his head and his hair were as white as wool. I felt it a privilege to hear, perhaps, the first Methodist preacher whose voice was ever heard this side of the Alleghany Mountains. No doubt he is safe at home in paradise. He was an Englishman; came to America about the time that Mr. Asbury did. He was then a local preacher. He left the Redstone country early in the present century, settled in Bracken county, Ky., and removed from thence to Indiana, on White Water, near Connersville, and died shouting; but in what year my informant could not say with certainty. It is remarkable that our local preachers are very often the pioneers of Methodism, in forming new circuits in the west. Cooper and Breeze of course had no plan of ministerial labor to direct them; they might have received some assistance from Worster, but the country was before them. They therefore went to and fro, up and down, watching and following the leadings and openings of Providence; and wherever they found an open door, there they entered. But as I went over all the ground fifteen years after they left it, while their footsteps remained to be seen, and their evangelical marks found in living

epistles all through the country, I shall follow them in a somewhat regular plan, commencing at Uniontown. Here were the Jennings, the Henthorns, the Kindalls, the Murphys, etc., all Church people, most of them strangers to experimental religion, and some of them very loose in their morals; yet it is true there were among them some who were hungry for the bread of life, and thirsty for the waters of salvation. And such was the state of the Church people, generally, in the western country at that time. These were among the first to receive the word with readiness of mind. Here was the prayer-book abridged, containing the same articles of religion, and the sacraments, with the same forms of administration, which they had been accustomed to hold sacred. If they had any misgivings on the subject of order in regular succession from St. Peter or St. Paul, they soon gave it up, and concluded, with Mr. Wesley, to call 'it a fancy or a dream;' and so found—as they believed—an evangelical home in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Here scores, yea hundreds of them, have lived holy, and died happy.

“The first society was raised in the vicinity of Uniontown, but at whose house I am not certain. Most probably it was David Jennings' or widow Murphy's; and D. Jennings, old James Kindall, widow Henthorn, widow Murphy, with their numerous households, at an early period, became subjects of converting grace, and members of the Church. I knew the fathers and mothers, and now have an acquaintance with the children to the third and fourth generations. They are still at home in the Methodist Episcopal Church—still endeavoring to follow on in the footsteps of those who have gone before. I next found their footsteps on Youghioghenny near the Broad Ford. Here Thomas Moore, from the eastern shore of Maryland, lived on one side of the road, and Joshua Dickerson, from Cecil county, Md., on the other side. Both

opened their doors to receive the messengers of peace, and their hearts were opened to receive the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. These were both Churchmen. Moore, I think, had attached himself to the Presbyterian Church for the sake of privileges; but, being called to account for his Methodistic sentiments, he dissolved his connection with that Church, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he remained a member till he removed to Kentucky, about the close of the last century.

“J. Dickerson had a numerous family of children, who mostly embraced religion when they were young, and became members, with their parents, of the same Church. The old patriarch fell a few years since, leaving a posterity of near two hundred, many of whom, to the fourth generation, are living members of the same Church in which their pious predecessors died.

“I now follow our pioneers down the river Youghiogheny, and find their evangelical marks in the forks of Youghiogheny, Westmoreland county. Here Benjamin Fell opened his door, and the Lord opened his heart. This man was of Quaker origin, raised near the City of Brotherly Love, and was a member of the first Congress that sat in the United States—a delegate, I think, from Bucks or Berks county. I used to love to listen to his conversations by the hour, of the then gone-by days, and congressional movements, etc. Well, this man, his wife, and some eight or ten sons and daughters, together with the widow Beazel and her numerous family of sons and daughters, soon became subjects of grace and members of the Church.

“A large society was raised, which was greatly strengthened by the addition of Edward Teal, an old Methodist class-leader, from the vicinity of Baltimore. This man—originally a Churchman—was converted and Methodized under the ministry of Asbury before the Revolution. Of

the descendants of the Fells, Beazels, and Teals, I think there are some hundreds now living, members of the Church. The old people, and many of the second and third generations, already sleep in Jesus, among whom is the wife of my youth. Here she was born in Zion, under the ministry of Valentine Cook, in 1796, and fell asleep in Jesus in the town of Chilicothe, January 1, 1823. She was a woman of an excellent spirit, and truly pious. She left her father's house, and accompanied me in all the toils and privations of an itinerant life in a new country, patiently and submissively, without a murmur or complaint, nineteen years and eight months. Precious saint, well might the heart of thy husband safely trust in thee, and thy children rise up and call thee blessed! May they possess and cherish her graces as she did those of her mother!

“Old Edward and Sarah Teal died in peace, the one at seventy-five, the other at eighty-five years of age. Their spirits are at home in paradise, and their flesh resteth in hope.

“Next we find our missionaries passing from the forks of the Youghiogheny over the Monongahela river into Washington county, and, directing their course up the river, they raised the standard on Pike run. Here they are received by William and Jeremiah Riggs, and William How. These were all zealous Churchmen, but they were hungry and thirsty for the bread and water of life, and joyfully received both through the instrumentality of Methodist preachers. William Riggs became a local preacher, and his brother Jeremiah, leader. In this place old Robert Worster had labored with success. In 1799 I found a large class of devoted Christians here, who met at the house of old father How. The fathers and mothers here, too, are all gone. But I have seen and heard of their descendants, who still stand in the ranks of Methodism, still pressing forward in their happy toil.

“Our missionaries find an open door some five or six miles from Brownsville, on the road to Washington. Here William and Thomas Hockins, and Joseph Woodfield, became the happy subjects of regenerating grace. All became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and all local preachers. These, too, had been raised Churchmen, but, upon examining Methodism, they came to the conclusion that Christianity, in that evangelical and simple form, was good enough for them and theirs; so they cordially embraced it. These men have all passed away, and of their posterity I know nothing with certainty. But in 1799 some of them were there, and a good society, with whom I had many refreshing seasons.

“As you pass on the National Road eastward, say five miles west of Brownsville, on the left hand, you see a neat stone chapel, called Taylor’s; that stands on the spot where stood the little log hut that, some forty-five or fifty years ago, was called Hockins’ meeting-house, and the second, if not the first, Methodist meeting-house that ever was reared in the great valley. In this vicinity Swedenborg’s works made, as I believe, their first appearance in the west, say forty-five years ago. They were circulated by a visionary old gentleman, and read by some. His notions were embraced by a few, who appeared much elated with the expectation that the Lord’s new Church was soon to be set up and prevail over all. But the New Jerusalem has not descended from God out of heaven as yet. One of those who had become illuminated with the science of correspondences, began to see visions and dream dreams, one of which he could not comprehend, so he told it to Joseph Woodfield. Said he, ‘I stumbled and fell, and my head broke from my body and tumbled down a declivity; I hastened after it, caught it up, and clapped it on; but unfortunately, in my haste, set it wrong side foremost, and could not get it turned the right way, as it

instantly grew fast.' Joseph looked wise, and said, 'My friend, yours is a serious case, perhaps more so than that of the poor person who thought his head had become so enlarged, that he could not get into the church door without having it compressed. Your head has got wrong side foremost, sure enough, else how could you gulp down the fantastic dreams and imaginary visions of Swedenborg.' These works I read in 1799, and in the course of forty years have observed, that most of those who embrace the notions of the Baron are either, 1. Those who have lost the enjoyments of religion; or, 2. Those who are of a fanciful or visionary turn of mind; or, 3. Those who are strongly disposed to skepticism.

"But it is time to look west; and, following the track left by our missionaries in the immediate neighborhood of Washington, an open door was set before them by F. Lackey. This man with his house, and old father Abraham Johnson and his house, became obedient to the faith. A good society was raised here, of which, if I am not mistaken, Mr. John Jones, father of our Greenbury R. Jones, was an early member. From this society, also, Methodism found its way into Washington, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Hazlet, who used to go to that class before there was one in town. She invited the preachers to town and entertained them kindly. Her husband was a very gentlemanly man, but at that time not decidedly religious. Mrs. Hazlet yet remains, but fathers Lackey and Johnson are long since at rest. Of their posterity I can give no satisfactory account.

"Next, George Frazier, an old eastern-shore man, near Cannonsburg, opened his door, and the word was preached; but I think no society raised. My father and mother heard them at this place—for here I was born—and thought well of them; and after they came home, Church people as they were, talked of having their children bap-

tized by them. Old Mr. Frazier shortly after that moved to Kentucky, and was the progenitor of the Fraziers, near Cynthiana; and my father moved to Fayette county, near Uniontown, where both my parents became members of the Church, and had their children baptized. My mother died in the faith fifty years ago, believing, as I afterward learned by an aunt of ours, that God would visit her family after her death, and that some of her sons would be called to preach the Gospel.

“My father wandered from the fold, and from the Lord, but late in life returned, and had hope in his death. To God be all the glory! Still in Washington, we next find our missionaries on the waters of Cross creek and Buffalo, kindly received by John and Philip Dodridge, and their old brother-in-law, Samuel Teeter. These all, with the greater part of their numerous families, fell into the ranks of Methodism; and Joseph, son of John Dodridge, became a traveling preacher—and the first in the great valley—of considerable promise and success. But after mother got ready, he went and took orders, got a black gown, and white band, and came out parson. I have heard both Joseph and Dr. Joseph Dodridge preach, and, according to my recollection and judgment, I think Joseph could preach as well as the Doctor, if not a little better. The difference was this: Joseph preached, and the Doctor read.

“On the land of John Dodridge was built a little log meeting-house, which Dr. Joseph Dodridge insisted—the last conversation I had with him—was the first on this side of the Mountains. The original society here has had the place of its meeting transferred to Middletown, as I am informed, midway from Wellsburg or Steubenville to Washington; hence, going east on that road, a short distance before you reach Middletown, you leave on your right hand, within one mile, Dodridge’s meeting-house,



and the sleeping dust of many of the first members of the Methodist Church in the head of the great valley.

“Before I leave this section, I must be permitted to say that the Dodridge and Teeter families, and the society in their neighborhood—and I knew them well more than forty years ago—were a noble, free-hearted set of Christian people, who loved one another, and served God with humility of mind. We still have scores, yea, hundreds of their descendants within the pale of Methodism.

“I am not sure that Cooper and Breeze ever got out any further toward the Ohio river; but if they did, it does not appear to my recollection, or according to my information, that they made any permanent stand. In those days there were perilous times; Indian depredations were quite common.

“Next I find these devoted and indefatigable servants of Christ, raising the flag of Gospel liberty on Muddy creek, where they were received by William Shepherd, George Newland, and others—children of the Church—where a society was raised, and a meeting-house built, called Shepherd’s meeting-house. It was a small, log building. Methodism still lives in that place, although those who first were brought under its influence, having served their generation, by the will of God, have fallen asleep. Thence I follow them up the Monongahela to Whitby and Dunkard Creeks, where they met with a kind reception by David and George Boydston, the Longs, and others. Here I found a good society in 1799, and I am told that God still has a people in that place. They also raised a society on Crooked Creek, eight or ten miles from Morgantown, Va.; here Amos Smith, Thomas Luzel, George Smith, and the Fraziers, were among the first fruits. These honored their profession, and it is believed died in the faith, and some of them in holy triumph.

“In Morgantown they had not much fruit of their

labor; but in 1799 I found a meeting-house and a small society in that place. I know not that Cooper and his colleague went any further up the waters of the Monongahela, but turning their faces toward Uniontown, near the mouth of Cheat River, they found the Parishes. These were men of sterling worth. Here a good class was formed, and a meeting-house built, called Martin's Church, and Methodism has had a permanent standing there ever since its first introduction.

“They now leave Virginia, enter again into old Fayette, and bearing down the Monongahela river toward Brownsville, they establish a preaching-place at a Mr. Roberts', nearly opposite the mouth of Muddy Creek, two or three miles from the river. Here also a society was raised, and a meeting-house built, called Roberts' meeting-house. There was a good society here in 1803, and in that year they had an accession to the Church, and built a new meeting-house. James, the eldest son of old Mr. Roberts, became a traveling preacher at an early day, but soon married and retired from the work, yet sustained the relation of a local preacher, and maintained the Christian character till a few years since, when, near the town of Cadiz, Harrison county, O., he closed his eyes in death, leaving his family well provided for in temporalities, and—as I am told—piously disposed.

“I have followed these indefatigable and laborious men round their circuit, embracing parts of five counties, four in Pennsylvania, and one in Virginia, and have come to the place of beginning—old Uniontown. Here is the place where—by the instrumentality of Worster, Cooper, and Breeze—the handful of corn was placed in the head of the great valley, the fruit of which has been shaken, like Lebanon, for more than half a century. I next proceed to take some notice of the extension of the work by those who came after. In 1785 P. Moriarty, J. Fidler,

and W. Lee were appointed to Redstone. Moriarty was the first man I ever heard preach; I was then a lad in my eleventh year. His text was Hebrews xii, 1. Under that sermon I concluded myself a sinner, and that anger was the sin that most easily beset me. Whether this was a correct conclusion or not, I have been profited greatly by it through life thus far. These men were greatly beloved by the people, and very useful among them; and the first generation of Methodists in that region of country loved, and thought, and talked about their beloved Cooper, Breeze, Moriarty, Lee, etc., as long as they lived. Blessed preachers! blessed people! they are now in paradise, and will be in heaven each other's joy and crown. Moriarty and his colleagues not only nursed the societies that had been raised by their predecessors, while they were enlarged under their ministry, but they also extended and enlarged their field of labor, including all or most of the settlements between Washington county and the Ohio river, and embracing that part of Virginia included in the counties of Brook and Ohio, and extending on the Ohio river from Wheeling, some twenty-five or thirty miles up to, or above a place called Holliday's Cave.

“In the bounds of this enlargement, forty-eight years ago—I speak of those with whom I had a personal acquaintance—stood pre-eminent, as the first fruits, Isaac Meek, Esq., father to the Rev. John Meek. This very aged man still lives, as I am told by his son John. He was a circuit steward, and a very influential, useful member of the Church for many years; and I know not how many scores of his descendants are or have been Methodists, for he had a very numerous family; and three of his sons became preachers—one itinerant, John, and two local, James and Jacob.

“Mr. John Stoneman was a most excellent, devoted, noble-souled man. He was the father of Rev. Jesse

Stoneman, who was a laborious and very successful itinerant preacher for several years, but located, and yet lives in Perry county, O. He is a happy old man, and I love him much; for he was my first class-leader. Old Major Derrick Hogeland had been a very rough man before his conversion; but as he had much forgiven, he loved much. He was a warm exhorter, and used to call whisky the devil's jack-plane; 'for,' said he, 'the joiner can make every tool in his shop follow his jack. So if the devil finds a fellow drunk, he can lead him captive at his will.'

"Old John Spahr was a strong, clear-headed, warm-hearted Dutchman. His wife, Rebecca, a sensible, well-read, and well-informed Virginian, a deeply-devoted Christian, died in great peace, some thirty years ago. She was one of those excellent women, whom her husband might praise, and whose sons and daughters might rise up and call blessed. She exerted a most salutary influence in her own family, the society—which long met in their house—and the neighborhood round about. I wept when I heard of her death; for she was one of my nursing mothers. Old father Spahr yet lives, although almost or quite one hundred years old. If ever you have seen a print or bust of Martin Luther, you have seen a pretty good likeness of old father Spahr. This pious pair had two sons and many daughters, all of whom became religious while young. The youngest son, Joseph, became a traveling preacher. He was a pious, amiable young man of considerable promise, but the Lord called him home at the close of the first year. He died on his way to conference, at the house of old mother Hamilton, mother of our Samuel Hamilton, of the Ohio conference. His colleague, Rev. Isaac Quinn, loved him much, and remained with him till his spirit took its flight. His body was interred in the burying-place at Zanesville. Where?

not a stone tells where! Three traveling preachers obtained wives out of this family: J. Young, J. Laws, and J. Conley; and an excellent set of women they were. But they have all gone to join their sainted mother in paradise.

“Next, old Major M’Cullock, his excellent wife, and old Mrs. Zane—sister of the Major—together with Col. M’Mechan—in the vicinity of Wheeling—with his most devoted wife—who after his death married Col. Strickler—all stood forth prominently as the first fruits in the front ranks of Methodism, and honored the cause which they had espoused. One of the grandsons of mother M’Mechan, who used to lodge Methodist preachers, midway from Wheeling to Grave Creek, shone with brilliancy among Methodist preachers a short time, but mother—Church—offered him a black gown and white band. He accepted; and now he preaches or reads, perhaps both, in another sphere. Well, when the Methodist Church gets up her theological seminaries, such cases may be of frequent occurrence; but while Methodist itinerancy goes on upon its present plan, there will still be use for long-headed, strong-headed, clear-sighted, warm-hearted, common-sense men, who will be ready on all occasions to go through evil as well as good report, not counting their lives dear to themselves.

“At the close of 1785 the number of members from this field of labor was five hundred and twenty-three; so that it appears they labored not in vain in the Lord.

“The next year, William Phœbus, John Wilson, and E. Phelps being appointed to Redstone, they enlarged the circuit, passing up the several branches of the Monongahela above Morgantown, Va.; namely, West Fork, Buchanan, Tygart’s Valley, and Cheat River, as far as settlements had been made by the whites. On the West Fork, some twenty miles above Morgantown, a society was formed

in the neighborhood, perhaps the house of old Calder Waymond. This man, his three sons and several daughters, with their families and others, constituted a large and flourishing class. Thomas, the second son of old father Waymond, became a traveling preacher, was admitted on trial in 1790, and for eight years was a most devoted, heavenly-minded man, a good, plain, and very successful preacher. In May, 1799, he was appointed to Ohio circuit, Va.; and as that was the year of my admission on trial, he brought me my first appointment. We roomed, conversed, prayed, and lodged together, at the house of the old patriarch, Spahr, on the night of the first of June, 1799. We parted next morning to meet no more on earth; for on the 13th of that month, at the house of Caleb Pumphrey, his happy, blood-washed spirit took its flight to paradise, and his body was entombed in the Methodist burying-ground, at Cadesh Chapel, midway between Wellsburg and West Liberty, Brook county, Va., where not a stone tells where he lies. But I was told a few years ago, that a lovely elm had sprung up on or near his grave. Lovely man, I loved him much; and when I heard of his death, I tried to pray that the Lord would give me his mantle, if it had not fallen on some other.

“Some fifteen or twenty miles further up toward Clarksburg, a door was opened, and a good society formed, at the house of Mr. J. Shinn, father of Rev. Asa Shinn. This man was of Quaker origin, but he believed and was baptized, and his household. Forty years have passed away since I preached and met the class in this good man’s house. At that time Asa was seeking salvation with a broken spirit—a broken and a contrite heart; we prayed together in the woods, and I have loved him ever since—would that he were yet with us. This young man was admitted on trial in 1801, although he had never seen a meeting-house or a pulpit before he left his father’s house

to become a traveling preacher. Having only a plain, English education, yet in 1809 we find him, by the appointment of the venerable Asbury, in the Monumental City, as colleague of another backwoods youth, R. R. Roberts, now Bishop Roberts. So much for a diligent attention to the course of theological reading and training, laid down by Wesley for his preachers, and carried out by Asbury and his coadjutors.

“A learned son of the Church has furnished a very good-natured apology for Mr. Asbury’s apparent inattention, if not opposition, to classical education and theological training; but who shall be apologized for? or who shall write the apology, at the close of the second century, when the Church shall have been in the hands of a classically-educated and theologically-trained ministry, amply provided for in handsome, local, congregational, or diocesan style, for half a hundred years? Perhaps some son of the Church will be able then to show, from proper data, that the Methodist ministry of the first one hundred years, both in Europe and America, were not lacking in New Testament qualifications for the great work which God wrought by them.

“Methodist itinerancy, as a system, has hitherto had no place for loungers, and may Heaven forbid it ever should, and let all the people say, Amen. This plan calls for men to cut loose from the world, and cast it behind. Let us have the men who are constrained by the love of Christ, moved by the Holy Ghost—men who can walk hand in hand with poverty, for twice twenty years; then leave their widows to trust in the Lord, and their fatherless children to be provided for and preserved alive by him.

“But whither am I rambling? Methodism could obtain no footing in Clarksburg for many years—not so now, I am told; but some eight or ten miles still further up the West Fork, a door was opened, and a blessed work

ensued. Many souls were born of God. The patriarch in the membership here was old Moses Ellsworth, of German descent. He was great grandfather to our Ellsworths of the Ohio conference. His wife was a Henkle, and a grandaunt to the Henkles that once were with us. I used to think of the father and mother of John the Baptist, when I saw this venerable pair. They are long since gone, but *Ichabod* has not yet been written upon the family escutcheon.

“In this vicinity lived, and labored, and died in holy triumph, Joseph Chieuvrant, a Frenchman by birth. He was converted from Catholicism, and converted to God, about the commencement of the Revolution, and had permission to exhort. He was called out by draft as a militia-man in the army; he became acquainted with and was instrumental in the conversion of Lasley Matthews, an Irish Catholic. These men were mighty in the Scriptures; they preached, and loved, and lived holy. Many a good Bible lesson have I taken from them; for I always intended to learn something when I got in company with such men. Old brother Chieuvrant was one of the most extensively-useful local preachers I ever knew. He was son-in-law of old father Ellsworth. Still on the West Fork, ascending, a society was raised at an early date; hence I found, as the first fruits, two brothers by the name of Simms, and old brother Curl, etc. Some of these people journeyed to the west, and settled in Champaign county, O., where some of their posterity are still in the ranks of Methodism.

“We now take a left-hand fork, called Hacker’s Creek, and find a living, loving, large society at old father Hacker’s. His numerous family were chiefly members, and his son William a local preacher, and another a class-leader. No doubt forty years have made great changes here. Thence we cross over a mountain, or very high



hill, on to the head of Buchanan, another branch of the Monongahela. Here I found a very good society, which had been formed by the first preachers. Here were the Reegers and others of the first fruits still remaining. To this class belonged William Strange, a local preacher of piety and usefulness. He was the father of our dearly-beloved Rev. John Strange. This good man was strangely lost and never found. He had gone out with a company of hunters to bring in a horse load of venison; which having obtained, he started home alone, which he never reached. Those who sought him for many days, found the horse, and part, or signs of the load, and—as they believed—traced his footsteps for some miles. He was evidently bewildered, as his tracks were leading him from, and not toward home. His loss was much lamented by the society, for he was greatly beloved by them. The Lord took him, but took care of his widow and orphan children. Mrs. Strange was a Hitt, a relative to the men of that name, so long and favorably known in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the time of which I write, she was, by a second marriage, the wife of Mr. Hall, an Englishman, and a respectable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He loved John, who was then a lad, in 1810.

“I took this same John as an exhorter, and sent him to help J. B. Finley, on Wills’ Creek circuit. O, lovely youth! O, blessed man! I loved him much, and hope to meet him in heaven. From Reegers’ settlement, on Buchanan, we cross the high or mountainous lands to the swamps in Tygart’s Valley. Here was a society forty years ago, which had been raised by the pioneers of Methodism, some eight or ten years prior to that period. The principal members here were two brothers, by the name of Thomas, sons of an old Methodist traveling preacher, who used to labor successfully on the eastern shore of Maryland and

Virginia, in the early days of Methodism; also, Edward Waymond, brother of Thomas, of whom I have taken some notice; likewise, brother N. Hall, the class-leader. No doubt great changes have taken place here in forty years, but still I remember and love that good society; for with them the Lord often refreshed my spirit.

“Having taken this little excursion of a hundred and fifty miles or more, through the hills or mountains of Virginia, and visited all or most of the societies which had been organized some years previous to the close of the eighteenth century, and given the names of some in each society as the first fruits, and that from personal acquaintance formed on the spot, I now propose to return to old Uniontown—the place of beginning—passing down Tygart’s Valley to the mouth, and so on through Morgantown. I found in this range some pretty large settlements, where there was no Methodist preaching or a society, although attempts had been made in all; some of these were held under and by Baptist influence; and these thought it their religious duty to guard the people against the influence of Methodist preachers and principleſ, whom they regarded as false prophets, who, if possible, would deceive the very elect, or wolves in sheep’s clothing; and never did the early settlers take more care and pains to guard and protect their sheep from the prowling wolves of the forest, than did these to keep out Methodist preachers; yea, some of them appeared to think it would not be much harm to dispose of them as they used to dispose of the wolves of the forest; namely, take them in steel traps, or pitfalls, or pass cold lead through them. Other settlements were held by the ‘prince of the power of the air, the spirit that ruleth in the children of disobedience;’ and the Universalians, whose visible leader, A. S., had once been a thorough-going predestinarian and minister of the regular Baptist Church, and many of the predestinarians of that day, fell

into the ranks of Universalism. And why not? Almost all the Universalians with whom I have had conversation for forty years, whether of the old or new school, I have found to be determined predestinarians. The wicked of all classes, who had no religious sentiments, and wished to be under no moral restraints, fell into these ranks, and zealously joined the strong man in keeping his house and goods in peace. Thus Methodism, for a time, at least, was kept out of these strongholds. But I am inclined to think, that it hath had an entrance; yea, after the lapse of forty years, I have found the grandchildren and great grandchildren of those who, at that time, were the determined enemies of Methodism, among its warmest friends and most zealous supporters and defenders.

“In 1787 an annual conference was held in Uniontown, in the month of July. I was at that conference, a lad, in my thirteenth year, and witnessed, I think, the first ordination that ever took place in the great valley. Mr. Asbury officiated, not in the costume of the ‘lawn-robed prelate,’ but as the plain presbyter, in gown and band, assisted by Richard Whatcoat, elder, in the same habit. The person ordained was Michael Lord, of whom it was said, that he could repeat nearly the whole of the New Testament off the book and large portions of the Old. The scenes of that day looked well in the eyes of the Church people; for not only did the preachers appear in sacerdotal robes, but the morning service was read, as abridged by Mr. Wesley. But the priestly robes and prayer-book were soon laid aside at the same time; for I never saw the one, or heard the other, since. Soon after this, Mr. Lord desisted from the traveling ranks, and died in poverty, obscurity, and peace, on Cheat River, about forty-one or forty-two years ago.

“In 1787 the number in society in Redstone was seven hundred and fifty-six. From Uniontown, which was then

the emporium of Methodism in the head of the great valley, the preaching continued to enlarge the field of labor on every side, and to every place where the Macedonian cry was heard.

“I now ask the reader to accompany me on a little mountain excursion of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty miles. In 1788 the Redstone field seems to have been divided into four circuits—Clarksburg, Ohio, Pittsburg, and Redstone. To this field of labor seven preachers were appointed. I knew them all. They were considered pious men, and useful in their day, and some of them of very acceptable preaching talents. J. Lurtan and Lasley Matthews stand for Redstone proper; and it was for them to enlarge the work to the east, and carry the glad tidings of salvation to the sparse settlements interspersed through the mountains. They entered the mountains, say fifteen miles south of Uniontown, and passing up a creek, made their way to Sandy Creek Glades. Here was a pretty large settlement. Here they preached, and raised a pretty large society, which was a good, loving people forty years ago, and met at the house of old William Waller.

“Next, a society was raised among the Kemps, Listans, Fraziers, etc., near where the National Road crosses the Big Crossings. There were more than fifty in society here in 1803.

“Thence passing on down the stream, they planted the standard on Turkey Foot, where the Big Crossings, Little Crossings, and Laurel Hill Creek, coming together, form the Youghiogheny river. Here was a considerable tract of fertile land, on which lived many families. Benjamin Jennings, Isaac Dwire, Isaiah Strawn, and others, were among the first fruits. This society was large and prosperous for many years. The regular Baptists had also a large society here. But they loved not the Methodists, because

they baptized children, published a free and full salvation to all, urged the necessity of good works as the fruits of a true faith, and taught the fearful doctrine of the possibility of making shipwreck of faith, and so falling off, or falling from grace. No doubt forty years have made great changes here. I know that many of the people emigrated to Ohio at an early day.

“Next, they found an open door at Michael King’s, in the Glades, not far from Berlin. This man, his family, D. Moore, his family, and the parents of Rev. John Solomon, were there, as the first fruits in the winter of 1799 and 1800, when old brother J. Paynter rode old Redstone, having the writer as helper.

“In that winter, old father King fell asleep. He died in great peace; yea, sweetly as babes sleep, did he yield his life up. His death was much lamented; for he was a good man, and a good and useful local preacher.

“I now must cross over the Laurel Hill, and make my way into the head of Ligonier Valley. There was a small society at A. M’Lean’s, from Shippensburg or Carlisle, and another at Enos King’s, son of the old local preacher. These, however, at that time were of recent date, and the prospect not flattering. But near old Fort Ligonier was raised a large and flourishing society. Here the father of the venerable Bishop Roberts, and his extensive family, although Church people, fell into the ranks of Methodism. Ah, old mother missed it, in not having a missionary bishop here, or some one to take care of the poor sheep in the wilderness. Well, the Lord took care of them, and sent them pastors of his own making, and after his own heart; and they collected the flock, and gave them food.

“Here, too, were the Shaws and Fishers—the latter of Quaker origin. Here, also, was the devout Cornelius Riley, and his excellent wife, Abigail, father and mother of James and Tobias Riley, of the Baltimore conference.

Little did I think, at the time I received them into the Church, and wrote their names on the class paper, at old brother John Roberts', brother of the bishop, that I should live and be effective, till the lads should become senior ministers in the mother conference. This the Lord hath wrought; to him be all the glory. O, what a living, loving society was here! Often was my spirit refreshed among them. O, how they loved to think and talk about their dear brothers, Lurtan, Matthews, and others, through whose instrumentality they had been brought to God!

“This society suffered much by emigration to the west, as most of the societies in the mountains did; for when the rich lands of the west came into market, the mountaineers made a general rush, as if the bears, panthers, wolves, Indians, rattlesnakes, and fire, had all broke loose upon them; and, poor things, many of them lost their religion and their lives in the scuffle.

“There was another good society still further down the valley, which met at the house of a brother Howell. Here James Talbot was a prominent and useful local preacher; and the father and mother of brother Stewart, of Cincinnati, with their numerous family, were prominent in the membership. Here we leave the valley, and crossing a mountain or very high hill, and passing over Conemaugh river, we arrive at a pretty extensive settlement on Black Lick. Here a handful of corn had been placed in the earth by the pioneers, and a good society sprang up, which met at the house of James Wakefield. This man was a local preacher. I am told he still lives. He taught me some good things, and I loved him. I believe he has two sons in the ministry, and one of them presiding elder on old Redstone. Well, we need not be afraid; for if the Church is faithful, and will pray in faith to the Lord of the harvest, he will supply the Church and the world with laborers of

his own making and sending, 'who shall speak the Word with power as workers with their God.'

"Such has been the character of the Methodist ministry down to this day, and such may it be till time shall be no more.

"We now leave the Black Lick settlement, and direct our course west, and on the top of the Chestnut Ridge the handful of corn had produced a good society, which met at the house of father Wakefield, father of James. To this class belonged the venerable Martin Fate, his deeply-pious wife, three or four sons, and as many daughters. A son and grandson of this family became preachers, one local—Martin, who still lives near Zanesville—and the other itinerant, whose name will appear on our next annual minutes, as fallen at his post on his circuit. At the foot of the Chestnut Ridge, on the west, we recross the Cone-maugh—here called Kiskiminitas—having received as a tributary the Loyalhanna, which comes rushing down Ligonier Valley.

"We now look again south or south-west, toward old Uniontown, which is sixty miles or more distant; but let us not be in haste; we have got out of the mountains again, and let us move leisurely along through old Westmoreland, passing by Hannahstown as we go, and leaving Greensburg to the right hand.

"Hannahstown had been designated as the seat of justice for Westmoreland county; but it was demolished and burnt down by the Indians, and the inhabitants cut off, more than sixty years ago. I regret that I can not give the circumstances in detail, with correctness and certainty.

"A few miles distant from this place, the great polemic battle was fought between the Rev. Mr. Jamison and the Rev. Valentine Cook, the former of the Seceder, and the latter of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which we shall take some notice hereafter. But I was not present,

and it is possible that some eye and ear witness may be yet living, who can give a more perfect and satisfactory account; this would be most desirable. There was a door opened for preaching on Jacobs' Creek, among the Masons, and Ragans, and a small society raised, which, however, passed off westward by emigration, leaving scarcely a vestige behind.

“A few miles distant from Ragan's, on the Youghio-gheny river, and near the foot of the mountain, they obtained a preaching-place, at one Flaugherty's and Hains', on a farm belonging to Zachariah Connell, grandfather of our Zachariah Connell. Here a society was raised by Jacob Lurtan, which Mr. Connell, and his numerous family, attended, and became members. And the farm itself became the site of the town of Connellsville; and Connellsville is now the emporium of Methodism in an extensive tract of country.”



## CHAPTER IV.

Ordained deacon, and appointed to Erie circuit—Feels his responsibility—State of the population—Forms a large circuit, embracing eight or ten classes—First class organized at J. Mershon's—Could do nothing at Meadville—Great scarcity—Suffers with the people—Finds R. R. Roberts, and urges him to help at a watchnight—Sees him made bishop—Lived to see other great changes—Appointed to Winchester—Two circuits united—The plan—Oterbine's societies—Fruitless effort of Vasey—A revival—Young men of Winchester—J. Fry and others become preachers—Clothes threadbare and no money—Valuable local preachers—Fall of his colleagues—E. George and others entered the field—Glorious success—A pleasant day spent in good company—Asbury preaches at Winchester—Meets O'Kelly—Prays at the meeting of the company at Mr. Phelps—No light talk—Grave subjects selected for social entertainment—The company described and named—Intellectual musical instruments—Dinner—Profitable conversation—Song of praise—Prayer and benediction by Mr. Asbury.

IN 1801 the Baltimore conference was held at the house of Rev. Henry Willis, on Pipe Creek, Maryland, May 1. At this session Mr. Quinn was ordained deacon, by Bishop Whatcoat, and appointed to Erie circuit alone. This was the first time Erie appeared on the minutes. J. Rowen had explored a part of the ground the year previous, and reported the prospect of the reception of a Methodist preacher among the people; and if one were sent, he might be able to form a circuit. With this prospect in view, the bishops determined to send a preacher to the settlements in the north-west, and fixed on JAMES QUINN for that difficult and important work. After his appointment was announced, Bishop Asbury called him to him, pressed him to his bosom, gave him a Discipline, and said: "Go, my son, and make full proof of thy ministry." He felt, most exquisitely, the fearful amount of responsibility connected with the great work of planting Methodism and organizing societies in that new country. With the solemn charge of

the bishop pressing on his heart and conscience, he started immediately for the field of labor assigned him, in company with Joseph Shane, a probationer of the first year, who was appointed to Chenango circuit, which had been formed two years before. They had no railroads or even turnpikes then, but the whole journey was accomplished on horse, and along the narrow, difficult mountain paths. After crossing the Alleghany river at Pittsburg, they separated. Joseph Shane passed down the Ohio to Beaver River, and Mr. Quinn went directly to Meadville, which was supposed to be the center of his new circuit, or rather mission. The Presbyterian Synod of Pennsylvania had sent out ministers, who had laid out all, or most of the settlements, into congregational districts; and, whenever they could gather a sufficient number of members, they organized churches and ordained them elders, so that they seemed to have taken possession of the entire country. Our pioneer, however, thought he saw a well-marked opening to spread Scripture holiness over that land; and, with the zeal and courage of a true missionary, he went forth with his Bible, Hymn-Book, and Discipline, visiting the various settlements, and, from cabin to cabin, preaching Christ and him crucified, and praying most fervently for the salvation of the people. His labors were greatly blessed of God, and he finally succeeded in permanently forming a circuit between three and four hundred miles round, embracing about twenty preaching-places, and eight or ten small classes. The first class he organized was at the house of John Mershon, near the lake shore, in Erie county, Penn. Some four or five families were found in this neighborhood, who hailed our missionary with a joyful welcome, and received with readiness of mind the word of truth, the Gospel of their salvation, which he preached. At this distance of time, it may be interesting for the Methodists of Erie county to know at whose house

the first class was organized, and the number and names of the members. They were John Mershon, his wife Bathsheba, Daniel and Elizabeth Monroe, brother and sister of Joshua Monroe, of the Pittsburg conference, and Andrew Stull. Of these five, I believe, none remain on earth but the venerable Mershon, who lives to furnish this information, and who says this was the first religious organization of any kind ever formed in Erie county. These were the first fruits of Methodism gathered into the Church, but, since that period, the wilderness has blossomed as the rose.

Mr. Quinn said himself, "I could get no foothold in Meadville. They had an educated and classically-qualified minister there, and the Methodist ministers were said to be 'very illiterate,' and were viewed rather as a set of irresponsible men, unworthy of confidence. But time has proved, that if they could not write or speak *classically*, the most of them were capable, by grace, of making an EVANGELICAL MARK."

During this year the people, throughout the entire bounds of his labors, experienced such a scarcity of provisions that it was bordering on a famine, and the preacher suffered in the painful calamity as well as the inhabitants. He says, in his own modest language, "I suffered a little in the flesh this year. Breadstuffs were very scarce, and what flesh we ate was chiefly taken from the woods with the rifle. But about midsummer we got plenty of good potatoes. Once, however, having been several days without bread or meat, I indulged, when very hungry, in eating too freely of half-ripe blackberries, which caused an attack of bilious colic that held me two days. But, on the third day, an old lady cured me by giving me weak lye made of hickory ashes. Thank God for that. Upon the whole, I look back with as much pleasure upon the labors and sufferings of that year, as any one of the many

years I have been employed in the vineyard of the Lord.”

It was in this year's travels that he found the modest, diffident, and very retiring Robert R. Roberts, on the head waters of the Little Chenango, where he then lived, a pious private member of the Church. Mr. R. had been certainly called of God to the work of the ministry, but he was laboring to suppress his convictions of duty in his much-loved retirement. At a watch-night, held by Messrs. Quinn and Shane, some six miles from his residence, Mr. Quinn urged R. R. Roberts to help them in the labors of the meeting. He made no definite answer, but when the Hymn-Book was handed to him at the close of the first sermon, he arose and addressed the congregation, in an exhortation of fifteen or twenty minutes, which was about his first public effort. In 1816 Mr. Quinn saw him ordained bishop, at the General conference in Baltimore, and conducted to the episcopal chair. His exclamation then was, “What hath God wrought!” He lived to see other and great changes and improvements. A Methodist college has been established, and many circuits, stations, and districts, and parts of three conferences, are now embraced in what was then the territory of his Erie circuit. Truly, a little one has become a thousand. “It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes!”

In 1802 the Baltimore conference was held on the first of April. Mr. Quinn was appointed to the Winchester circuit, and Solomon Harris and Thomas Doxey to Berkeley. By some process, it appears the two circuits were united, and the three preachers traveled the whole as one circuit, each making a round once in six weeks, preaching twice in Winchester, so as to give that town preaching every Sabbath. The extent of this field of labor, the prosperity of the work of God on the circuit this year, and many other interesting particulars, shall be given in Mr.

Quinn's own language. He says: "I assure you we had work enough to do, as you will see when I give you the plan.

"In Winchester we preached twice on the Sabbath. We preached, also, at Hagan's, Mersor's, Buckmaster's, Ryzer's, Ambrouse's, Cramer's, and Warm Springs. The societies at the four last-named places were pious, devoted people, chiefly of German descent, and attached to Mr. Oterbine's societies, and at that time called Dutch Methodists. They had voluntarily placed themselves under our watch-care, for the purpose of obtaining English preaching for the benefit of their neighbors and rising families, who were losing a knowledge of the German language. Indeed, at that time there was a strong inclination in that society to become one people with the Methodist Episcopal Church; and this, certainly, was the advice and desire of the good Oterbine. Hedge's Chapel, Martinsburg, Samuel Harris', Bucklestown, S. Chalfant's, Nathan Young's, Pane's Meeting-House—at all these stands we had classes, except Martinsburg. That at Hedge's Chapel was a good society, composed chiefly of old Church people, and the church or chapel itself was built under the crown; but the Methodists had peaceable possession. My first appointment in Martinsburg was at night, and we held meeting in the court-house, by the light of one candle. We had a few pious members here, but they were attached to classes in the country. In Bucklestown there were the remains of a good society, but it had suffered much by emigration to the west. At Rev. N. Young's we had a good, loving society, and a blessed revival in the course of the year. At Pane's the society had been almost ruined and broken up by ——. Verily, one *sinner spoileth much good*. There were some buddings of good that year, and a few souls added to the Lord. G. Bruce's, Grantham's, Joseph Hite's, Thomas Keys', Samuel Welch's,

William Taylor's, Lemmon's, Shepherdstown, and Charlestown—at all these appointments there were good societies, except at Joseph Hite's. There had been a large and flourishing society here, and a meeting-house; but it had been so reduced by death and emigration to the west, that we found but seven members; but the Lord remembered his heritage here this year, and so built up this waste place of Zion that we left about sixty in the society—a most lovely and hopeful set of young people. I have met some of them in the west, who now, like myself, are old and gray-headed; but this guide of their youth is now the staff of their age, and they have not forgotten the revival of 1802, at Hite's, near Charlestown, Jefferson county, Va. In Shepherdstown there was a good society in a healthy state, and the Lord of hosts was with them. In this place the Rev. Thomas Vasey—one of Mr. Wesley's elders, who was present, and perhaps assisted, at the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and ordination of Mr. Asbury—having separated from that Church, he entered into the bosom of old stepmother, put all his energies into action for the purpose of raising up her wastes, and restoring her glory. But ah! it would not do—the candlestick was removed, and the glory departed. The anti-Christian union between Church and state had been broken up, tithes and glebes could no longer be relied upon for Church revenue, and the religious orders of America were left free to choose their own course, and worship God, with or without name, in temple, synagogue, church, or meeting-house, standing, sitting, or kneeling, in silence or with a loud voice, with or without book. Besides, the interests of stepmother had suffered grievously during the Revolution; for, while the Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists, with other pastors, remained with their flocks during the terrible conflict, being willing to spend and be spent—to live, to labor, to

suffer, yea, to die with and for the flocks over which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers—the hirelings, *pretended successors of the apostles*, took fright, and took flight to the land of their fathers, leaving their flocks to the mercy of the devil, or to the care of the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc. Now, if havoc was made of those flocks that had been abandoned to their fate by their faithless shepherds, who is to bear the blame? Thanks to the good Shepherd, he gave these deserted sheep and lambs into the care of other shepherds, and they have been led into green pastures, where living waters flow, and all the blustering and blowing of the inflated sons of old stepmother can not make them believe that they have not Gospel order and Gospel food. Well, Mr. Vasey found, after a time, that he was engaged in a hopeless enterprise, that all his efforts proved fruitless; and, therefore, yielding either to discouragement or conviction of a premature or improper course, he gave up and returned to old England, where, after a time, he found his way back into the Wesleyan connection, in which, I believe, he lived, labored, and died. The old church, in Shepherdstown, stood unoccupied in 1802.

“But it is time to give my reader another section of our circuit. Whitehouse, on Bull-Skin; Bartholomew Smith’s, father of old brother Henry of Baltimore conference; Scurff’s, near Battletown; widow Green’s, near Paris, or the Blue Ridge; Northern’s, in Sniger’s Gap; Weekly’s; Lechewtown, on Shenandoah; North’s. At all these places we had classes, save one; and some revival influence, and refreshing from the presence of the Lord, in the course of the year. This last section was a very rough portion of the circuit, as we had to cross the Blue Ridge and Shenandoah river, each twice. But we minded not the toil; for in those days Methodist preachers were wont to find their way into every nook and corner where there were

human beings, provided they could find an open door, and procure an audience, be the fare rough or smooth. But we have not got round yet. We have still another important section, and this will bring round Stevensburg, White-Post, Middletown, the Cove among the mountains, on Cedar Creek—a small class of pious people, but they were not to be thrown out of the circuit because they were poor, few in number, and remotely situated—Spackelford's Meeting-House, and William Sadler's. At all these stands we had societies. That at Spackelford's, however, was very feeble: I think only four in number. It had once been large and flourishing; but by death, declension, and emigration to the west, it was almost gone; yet the Lord had mercy on them in their low estate, made bare his arm for them, stretched it out, and raised them up, so that when we left the circuit they were, say seventy in society, most of them warm and happy in their first love. One young man in this revival gave me great joy. I had labored much with him, and rejoiced over him as Paul did over Timothy, believing that in him, at least, I had one seal to my ministry. For several years he was a most successful traveling preacher, and an instrument of great good to my father's house; for under his ministry three of my brothers and a sister, with my father, were brought into the fellowship of the Church; but, having married—that was not wrong—he located, entered into business, became drowsy, laid his head on a pillow, or soft lap, was shorn of his strength, almost lost both his eyes; but awoke up, made a mighty struggle, and, it was hoped, made the shore; but it was like the escape from the dwelling wrapped in flames, or the mariner flying in the slender bark from the foundered and sinking wreck. Ah, Joseph, I loved thee much! At Stevensburg we were favored with a most blessed revival—scores of precious souls were brought from darkness to light, and from



the power of Satan to God. Out of this revival several preachers came forth—a White, Talbot, Pool, Brison, etc. I have met some of the subjects and witnesses of that revival in the west, and have talked and thought of the subject till our hearts have burned within us. In Winchester we had a charming set of young men, to whom I became much united in spirit, and with them I often took sweet counsel. Fry had laid down the carpenter's tools, and gone forth at the Master's bidding to labor in the vineyard. His brother Joe was still pushing the plane, and Michael boot and shoe-making. J. Carson was making shoes, and Simon Lauk making guns. They all believed that they heard the Master say, 'Go ye also into my vineyard:' and they were using all diligence, and exerting all their energies, to get ready. I often visited their shops; found on the bench, or near at hand, the Bible, a grammar, logic, some book on science or theology—proofs, this, that they gave attention to reading—no filthiness, fooling, talking, or jesting, but such as was good to the use of edifying. They were young men, but sober-minded; and yet there was a cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit that sweetened society, and made the heart better. O, brothers of my heart, how I loved them! Well, as might have been expected, they all became useful, yea, able ministers of the New Testament.

“I reached my circuit, and took my first appointment in Winchester early in May, and first learned here that the circuits had been tied together, and that I was released from the charge. This suited my feelings well; but I came rather in poor plight, for I had traveled on Muskingum, Hocking, and Kanawha in 1800, and on Erie in 1801; and as there were no missionary funds in those days, my purse was empty, and my clothes threadbare. Nevertheless, I was not ashamed; for I believed I had been sent by Him who sent out his first missionaries

without purse or scrip, while he himself had not where to lay his head; and they suffered from hunger, cold, and nakedness. Shall I say that the man who can not brook all this is unfit to be a missionary? Well, it was not long before I was well clad, and had money, too. Permit me now to mention my visit, in company with and by request of brother G. Reed, to the sick room and dying bed of Gen. Daniel Morgan, that terrible thunderbolt of war, who, with his companions, made the British lion quail. But the thunder and din of war had passed, and the hero had retired to wear in private life the fading laurels accorded to him by a nation. In the mean time, death, who had passed by him in the field of battle, had not lost sight of him or given up his claim, but pursuing him close through every lane of life, nor missing once the track, at length overtook him in his bed-chamber, and he must go the way whence he shall never return. I was introduced to him in character by Mr. Reed. He reached out his hand, and looking me full in the face, said, 'O, sir, I am glad you have come to see me, and I hope you will pray for me; for I am a great sinner, about to die, and I feel that I am not prepared to meet my God.' I ventured to show him the way of salvation by faith in Him who suffered the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God—then prayed with him. He wept much, and I left him bathed in tears. Never did I see tears flow more copiously from man, woman, or child. Ah, thought I, how little can the honors or riches of the world do for poor man when death comes! When I came round again death had done its work; the body had been interred with the honors of war, and the spirit had gone to God who gave it. Rev. Mr. Hill, Presbyterian minister, who continued his visits to the last, believed there was some ground of hope in his death. O, how hazardous to defer repentance till stretched upon the bed of

death! I now took my plan of thirty-eight appointments, besides six or eight appointments at night, for the special benefit of the people of color, and went on, from day to day, with fear and trembling, feeling a deep sense of my great inadequacy. But the Lord helped me, gave me favor in the sight of the people, and access to their hearts. I soon became deeply interested in the prosperity of the people at each preaching-place, as may be inferred from the fact that I still retain the name of each preaching-place, though I have kept no record. The territory of three large counties was embraced in our bounds; namely, Frederick, Berkley, and Jefferson; and we must have rode near four hundred miles in reaching all the appointments, as they stood arranged on the plan. In no section of the work in which my lot has been cast, have I found so large an amount of first-rate ministerial talent operating in a local sphere. In Winchester Enoch, afterward Bishop, George, having located, was engaged in school-teaching in Shepherdstown. S. G. Roszel, having located, was engaged in the same business. Near the same place was located, on a farm, Richard Swift. Between Shepherdstown and Charlestown, Samuel Welch. In the vicinity of Stevensburg there were Elisha Phelps, Wm. M'Dowell, and Lewis Chasteen. These had all been successful and popular traveling preachers, and were considered men of first-rate talents; and, although none of them were classically educated, yet were they men of sound, well-improved minds; and, were they now alive, they would be listened to with interest and profit by the most intelligent congregations. At the feet of these excellent men I took many useful lessons in theology; for I was more than willing to learn, and they were apt to teach. Roszel and George again entered the itinerant ranks; but the other five ended their lives and labor in a local relation, remaining fast friends of the Church and of itinerancy to

the end. The circuit and cause of religion sustained some injury from the rather worse than imprudent conduct of the other two preachers: the one, being a probationer, left without leave; the other was reprimanded and removed, dragged on a year or two years, and was finally expelled for grossly-immoral conduct. O, how this grieved and wounded me, causing me to go with my head bowed down for many days and weeks! for, till then, I had never been associated with a Methodist preacher in whose religious integrity I had not the utmost confidence. O, to what amazing lengths in crime have some men gone under the mask of religion! Few, very few men have attempted this in the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose sin has not found them out, so that they have been unmasked. But in our trouble we called on the Lord, and he helped us. The spirits of those worthy men whose names I have mentioned was stirred within them, and they came to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and the cause of Christ was well sustained. Brother George dismissed his school, took up and girded on the Gospel armor, and came forth, sword in hand, and the Lord of hosts was with him. The other local preachers helped much, and our excellent host of young men of Winchester sallied forth like so many young Davids, each with his Gospel sling and pouch of pebbles from the brook. In the mean time along came Mr. Asbury, giving us, as he passed through our circuit, six sermons, many exhortations, and prayer almost without ceasing; and commending us to the grace of God, on he went to Holston, leaving his traveling companion, Rev. Edward Matthews, to help us. Now the Gospel car began to move gloriously, increasing in velocity to the end of the year, and we wound up with the addition of three hundred souls to the Church. O, glory! my soul gets happy while I think and write."

Mr. Quinn has furnished the following graphic account

of a pleasant day, profitably spent in good company, during this year:

“The untiring Bishop Asbury, in wending his way to the south-west, had sent on his appointments to enter the fertile valley at Shepherdstown, Va.; and so passing up the valley, preached at Shepherdstown, Charlestown, Winchester, Stevensburg, Harrisonburg, Stanton, etc., on to Abingdon.

“Sunday, August 22, he spent in Winchester, preached twice, read letters, etc.; had a good day. (See his Journal, vol. 3, p. 76.)

“Monday, 23, had his last interview with Mr. O’Kelly. It was friendly in its character, and it is probable that hatred was, to some extent, conquered by love. An arrangement was made for the Bishop to rest a day or two at the house of his warm-hearted friend, Rev. Elisha Phelps, in the vicinity of Stevensburg, where he would receive his friends. Accordingly, on Tuesday, 24th, at an early hour, before the heat of the day came on, a most interesting company convened at the lovely country residence, where true Virginia hospitality, in old style, stood ready to receive them with smiling welcome. As soon as the company were seated in the not splendid but neatly-arranged parlor, in order that all things might be sanctified by the word of God and prayer, the Bishop, in his usually-laconic and comprehensive style, addressed the throne of grace. Although the prayer was short, it seemed to take in all for which man or minister should pray. O, how much unprofitable, not to say vain, repetition do we sometimes hear in the long prayers of some well-disposed persons! Not so prayed Asbury. The prayer concluded, the company resumed their seats: and what then? Light chit-chat, mixed with peals of laughter, in which all persons talk and no one hears? No, no; it was ‘the feast of reason and the flow of soul,’ in a free flow of conversation on a variety of interesting

topics, chiefly of a moral and religious character. The state of the old world, in religion and politics, occupied a part of the time. The revolutions in Europe, the shaking of thrones, the fulfillment of prophecy, the overthrow of the beast and the false prophet; Newton, Faber, Bengelius, and Wesley, on the fulfillment of prophecy; infidelity in Europe and America; the spread of the Gospel, the rolling of the stone cut out of the mountains, the glorious 1836, which—according to some—was to usher in the glories of the millennium; these, together with the state of affairs in our own America, God maintaining his own cause, making bare his arm, pouring out his Spirit gloriously on different branches of his Church, etc., entered largely into the social entertainments of that pleasant day.

“And now, if I could I would most cheerfully give the reader a minute description of that social band. I fear a failure, but will try. Well, then, here were our host, Rev. E. Phelps, and hostess. He had been a traveling preacher, of respectable talents. His heart was still warm in the cause, though he had retired from the work. His open, good-natured countenance told his guests that they were welcome, and that was enough. His deeply-pious lady, somewhat in advance of him in years, was of olden style, a sensible, well-informed woman, without the tinsel and flippery of modern etiquette. She was a daughter of Col. Hyte, of Revolutionary fame. Her orderly movements and countenance beaming with good nature said to her friends, Feel yourselves welcome.

“Then here was Mr. Asbury, in better health than usual, and in fine spirits; I never saw him in a more cheerful and pleasant mood; for the Lord was then gloriously pouring out his Spirit in many places, and many souls were coming home to God; and this always cheered the heart of the good man.

“Well, that tall, swarthy southerner, of ministerial garb

and mien—who was that? That was Rev. Philip Bruce, a bachelor. He brought good news from the south of Virginia. His district was all in a flame.

“Well, that somewhat robust, fine-looking gentleman, with black band, in Virginia cotton home-spun, and that sickly-looking lady near him, who were they? That was Rev. Samuel Mitchell, of Bottetourt, Va. He was a whole-souled Virginian, who, by word and deed, carried out the first principles of the doctrine contained in the Declaration of American Independence. His heart was all on fire. The news of the great work of God in west Tennessee and Kentucky had just come to hand by private letters. In his amiable lady we saw and admired the power and loveliness of blest Christianity, fortifying the mind and cheering the heart, while sweet resignation sat smiling at the approach of death. A few months more, and she slept in Jesus, and all was well.

“But there is still another interesting figure, somewhat robust, but not corpulent, a fine manly face, and smiling countenance. Well, that was Dr. J. Tildon, a local preacher; had been a captain in the Revolution; held a certificate of membership in the CINCINNATI, with Washington’s signature as president of the society. He was interesting in conversation.

“That aged lady in black? That was Dr. T.’s mother. She had lived more than seventy years. She was waiting her change, and ripening for heaven.

“And that interesting lady, whose head and hair were naturally white as pure wool, and an eye beaming with intelligence? That was the Dr.’s lady; she knew when to speak and when to keep silent.

“Here, also, was Dr. William M’Dowell, late of Chilicothe, at that time in the prime of life, a man of most dignified appearance: his raven locks, hanging in ringlets, were beginning to be sprinkled with gray; and the fine

Irish bloom was yet glowing on his cheek. He had been a successful traveling preacher, but had retired from the field of toil and privation. This was often a subject of regret to him. His amiable wife also was present, all vivacity of body and mind: she had a smiling, talking eye, and when she spoke it was with wisdom, and what she said was worth attention and memory.

“And this ruddy Englishman, who looked as if he was always in a good humor with himself and every body else; often laughed heartily, but not at his own wit? That was brother Mason, the watchmaker, quite gentlemanly in his manners. And that meek, neat lady, of Quaker appearance? That was sister Mason. In her we saw a pattern of neatness and piety.

“Here, too, was the pious widow of Rev. B. Talbot. While her countenance well expressed the meekness and sweetness of resignation, it seemed to say, ‘Pity me, pity me, O ye my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me.’ Sympathies were well expressed in those kind and gentle attentions which are calculated to soothe and cheer the bereaved heart, and no gloom was cast over the company.

“And now I must make you acquainted with my colleague, the Rev. Edward Matthews, a Welshman, and not long from his native land, with the fire, manners, and dialect of his country—a pleasant and companionable man, and zealous in the cause of God. He was modest and reserved; but Mr. Asbury and the Virginians led him out, and made him feel at home.

“But it is proper that I should notice one other circumstance, which added much to the religious sociabilities of the day: it was music—sweet, spirit-stirring music. It charmed the ear, and warmed the heart. We had six or eight *intellectual* musical instruments in our company, which the Lord himself had strung and tuned. The Methodists



used only such in that day. With these we occasionally made melody in our hearts to the Lord. In this exercise Dr. M'Dowell took the lead, for he had the best instrument in the company, and could use it with skill. He sounded the key-note, all the rest chiming. O, it was heart-warming, soul-animating!

“The writer of this reminiscence was also one of the company. But he was the junior of all present; at that time a student of the fourth year in the Methodist theological seminary, which had its establishment in all the United States, and a few branches in the western wilds; and a backwoodsman withal; it behooved him, therefore, to be swift to hear and slow to speak. But being now in ‘good company,’ he resolved to take a lesson or two on good behavior and Christian politeness, and also gather a few good thoughts on divinity; for in those days he was all eye and ear, and constantly on the look-out: he was studying man as well as a few good books. In due time we were summoned to the dining-room. Upon approaching the table, the Bishop tuned his musical powers—a deep-toned, yet mellow bass—to

‘Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and every-where adored;  
Thy people bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with thee.’

The blessing asked, and all were seated—old Virginia for all the world; and for once we partook of food; ate our bread with singleness of heart; the decanters with wine or stronger drink were neither on the table nor sideboard; but we had a fresh supply of new wine just from the kingdom. From the dining-room we returned to the parlor, and again united our musical powers in one of the songs of Zion, then bowed before the sprinkled throne, and found access, by one spirit, through the one and only Mediator to the God of all consolation. The afternoon passed pleasantly

and profitably away on subjects of conversation. We had just entered the nineteenth century. Here were those who had lived and witnessed many of the scenes of more than half of the eighteenth century; the prophecies which—in whole or in part—in the old and new world, had been fulfilled, and what would probably take place in the fulfillment of prophecy during the century on which we had just entered. Glorious things were anticipated, and we were ready to think that the beast and the false prophet would both be overthrown, and Satan bound and imprisoned. Well, almost half of that century has passed away, and these things have not yet taken place; but the Lord hath said that he would make a short work in the earth; and what his mouth in truth hath said,

‘His own almighty hand shall do.’

But the day was now far spent, the shadows of even were lengthening out, and the time for parting came, when all met in the parlor, and tuned our well-strung instruments in lofty strains to

‘The Lord into his garden came,  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lilies grow and thrive,’ etc.;

and then the parting prayer and benediction by Mr. Asbury. O, it was a season not soon to be forgotten! it savored of heaven.

“But forty years have passed away; and here pausing, I lay down the pen, and say, Where are they? and hear the echo, Where are they? Ah, ‘time, like an ever-rolling stream,’ has borne them all away, except Samuel Mitchell! Yes, of that interesting company, that social band, but one remains, either to correct or approve of this reminiscence, written by him who was then junior, but who now has but few seniors in any social circle or association into which he may happen to come. Ah, could I believe that I never should again enjoy the society of those loved ones, my

heart would sicken, and I should be ready to wish that I had never been born! but immortality, conscious and social existence, are gloriously brought to light, and placed before us in the Gospel. Amen! halleluiah! ministers and people are to be each other's joy and crown in that day—the day when Christ shall make his jewels up.”

## CHAPTER V.

Attends conference at Baltimore—Ordained elder—Views of his ordination vows—Escapes a city station—Appointed to Redstone circuit—Reports to Bishop Asbury his intention to marry—Conversation on that subject—Conducted himself prudently toward women—Marriage—No provision then made for house-rent, fuel, and table expenses—Thrown from his horse—Kindness of a young woman—After the lapse of many years, does her a kindness—Success in his labors—Attends the annual and General conferences—Views expressed by old Methodists—Organization of the General conference—Solemn address of Bishop Whatcoat—Resolution to review, and pass upon the entire Discipline—Proceeded accordingly—Amendment proposed to the eighth article—Doctor Coke's speech—Motion to amend withdrawn—Article on civil government—All American Churches, even Romanists, should give such a pledge to the civil government—The necessity of a delegated General conference argued, admitted, but no plan adopted—Restrictive rules—Bishops—Presiding elders—Quarterly conference—General conference of 1808.

At the close of this conference year, Mr. Quinn says, "My probation of four years is closed, and I am going to the city of Baltimore to attend conference, and receive the office of an elder—if my brethren shall judge me worthy. Ah! man's judgment may determine in my favor; but O, let me always remember that he who judgeth me is the Lord! The decision of the conference was in my favor; and, on the third day of April, 1803, in the presence of thousands, assembled in Light-street church, the trembling backwoodsman was called forth to take the vows of God upon him, and received, by the imposition of the hands of the sainted Whatcoat, assisted by the elders, the office of an elder, accompanied with prayer, that the Holy Ghost might be poured upon him, to fit him for the office and work then committed to him, by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. O, it was to me a most solemn season! and the more so, perhaps, as I had to stand alone,

in the presence of God, angels, and men—there being no other elder ordained at that conference.”

The following shows how he appreciated, yielded to, and constantly kept in mind, his ordination vows: “From that day, I saw the bridge by which I might return to secular and worldly pursuits cut off behind me. I have been pressed by want, tempted with civil office, and plans of worldly gain by speculation. But this thought—the vows of God are upon me, has kept me in the work till all my seniors, and very many of my juniors, have finished their work, and retired to rest.”

It appears, at this conference he narrowly escaped a city station. Bishop Asbury, however, learned that his mind was set on the west; and, cordially approving of his plan, as a preparatory step, appointed him to Redstone circuit, lying chiefly in the Alleghany mountains.

Before leaving Baltimore, Mr. Quinn made known to Bishop Asbury his intention to marry, with a view to obtain his counsel, in so important a matter. The marriage of a minister is a momentous epoch in his history. It is not only of great interest to himself, and the loved one to whom he may propose his heart and hand, but is of much interest to the ministry and membership of the Church to which he belongs; hence, the propriety of that rule: “Take no step toward marriage, without first consulting with your brethren.” The interview with the Bishop resulted in the following dialogue. The Bishop first pleasantly inquired, “How old are you?” “In my twentieth year.” “That is the proper age for a Methodist preacher to take that important step. How long have you been in the work?” “Four years.” “Then you have elder’s orders?” “Yes, sir.” “All this is proper. When men enter their probation, they have ministerial characters to form, and ministerial talents to exhibit, to the satisfaction of the Church. Prudence says, that they ought to form

that character, and exhibit those talents, before they take that important step. But few novices have ministerial weight sufficient to justify them in bringing the expense of a wife and family on the Church. The people will feel, and they will make the men feel; and the dear sister of sixteen will feel, too. Besides, in green age, men do not always select such women as the apostle says the wives of deacons and elders must be—such as may be wholesome examples for the flock of Christ.

“Well, how now?—locate?”

“No, sir; that is not my intention.”

“Very well; I should suppose your call was not out. Some men marry fortunes, and go to take care of them; some men marry wives, and go to make fortunes for them; and thus, when, for the time, we should have age and experience in the ministry, we have youth and inexperience; and such have charge—this, not of choice, but necessity. We must do the best we can.”

Soon after this conversation with Bishop Asbury, Mr. Quinn left Baltimore for the field of labor assigned him. We have ample evidence that Mr. Quinn's conduct toward females was always marked with prudence, well becoming the character of a Christian and the dignity of a minister. And when he considered it his duty to enter into the holy and honorable estate of matrimony, he did it, not only advisedly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God. On the first day of May, 1803, he and Patience Teal were united in marriage, in a Christian manner—their presiding elder, Rev. Thornton Fleming, performing the solemn service. Miss Teal, who was a pious young woman, and a member of the same Church, was considered a very suitable helpmate for Mr. Quinn; and, it appeared, she made him an excellent wife. She was the daughter of Edward and Sarah Teal, who removed from the neighborhood of Baltimore, where they were converted and

Methodized under the ministry of Asbury, before the Revolution. Their beloved Patience experienced religion under the ministry of Valentine Cook, when presiding elder in the west, in 1796.

At the time of Mr. Quinn's marriage, no provision had been made, officially, in the Church to meet the house-rent, fuel, and table expenses of married preachers, and it is presumable that Mrs. Quinn was accommodated with a home in her father's house for the principal part of this conference year, while Mr. Quinn traveled round and performed the labors of his extensive circuit.

It was, perhaps, during this year that Mr. Quinn, in one of those rugged mountain roads, was thrown from his frightened horse, and, his head coming in contact with a stone, he was much hurt, and rendered insensible for a time. His horse ran back to the house that he had just passed; and a young woman, supposing some one was badly hurt, after securing the horse, took a bottle of the spirits of camphor, and went in search of the rider. She soon came to where he was lying; and having wiped the blood from his head, she applied the camphor, and bound it up, and helped him back to the house; and after resting a few hours, he was able to go on his way. About thirty years after this occurrence, he was traveling through the same region, and passed a house, where he saw a horse standing with a lady's saddle on. He had traveled but a few hundred yards before he heard the horse coming very swiftly behind him. He caught the horse, and led him back, and soon met the lady who was thrown. She reported herself but little hurt; and thought she recognized him as the stranger she once relieved in distress. She inquired if he remembered, many years ago, of being thrown from his horse, and of a young woman's binding up his head, and helping him back to the house. He said he remembered it very well. Then said she, "I am that young

woman, whom you have had an opportunity of doing a kindness, in return, after the lapse of so many years." The reader may well think this a remarkable coincidence; yet it is believed that many somewhat similar are often developed in the providence of God; and although they may be scarcely noticed by the persons concerned, and never recorded on the pages of history, yet we are assured the light of the day appointed to judge the world will exhibit them most strikingly to view, as "the wheel within a wheel." We should learn from this to do good to all that need our help, for we know not how soon our necessities may require similar aid and relief.

Thomas Budd was associated with Mr. Quinn on Redstone circuit this year, and we have grounds to believe that their labors were abundantly successful; for, notwithstanding the many removals, by certificate, to the then young and popular state of Ohio, they reported a net increase in the membership of the circuit of one hundred and sixty-two. At the close of this conference year, Mr. Quinn attended the annual conference, held at Alexandria, on the 27th of April; and as all elders were, at that time, eligible to a seat in the General conference, he attended the session of that body in Baltimore, on the 6th of May. The account of that important session of the General conference—the last that Bishop Coke ever attended—is given in Mr. Quinn's own language:

"Having traveled five full calendar years, from the time I was admitted on trial by the Baltimore annual conference, I resolved on attending the General conference, in order that I might see, hear, and learn something that might be useful to me. My mind had been somewhat prepared by an acquaintance and frequent conversations with intelligent and close-thinking men, who had been members of *the United Societies*, previous to the American Revolution, when they were without Church order or



Gospel ordinances. Said one of these—William Hamilton, father of our Samuel, ‘I am pleased with our ecclesiastical economy; but good as it is, it is yet insecure. When,’ said he, ‘we were a society without Church order and the sacraments, we felt the want of both, but waited, committing our cause to the great Head of the Church, till Providence opened the way, by securing to us our national independence, as the result of the Revolution. During this period, Asbury, Waters, and others, were with us, watching over and feeding the flock, till the din of war had ceased, and the thunder of artillery was heard no more. We then called on Mr. Wesley, by petition, to take such measures as, in his wisdom, he might judge most proper, so as to provide for his societies in America, that they might have Church order, ordained ministers, and the sacraments duly administered. That great and good man made no delay, but sent us regularly-ordained ministers, with the Episcopal form of Church government, and the ordinances in their hands—with the forms of service, administration of sacraments, ordination, articles of faith, and terms of communion. This plan he preferred, and we approved and joyfully received, both preachers and people, with the exception of Messrs. Pillmore and Streebeck, among the preachers, and of the people, a part of the society in the city of New York. And these objected, not because they were opposed to the Episcopal form of Church government, but, being High Churchmen in their views, they doubted the right of presbyters to ordain, which was the ground taken by Mr. Wesley, in the course which he pursued in making provision for the societies in America, judging that the urgency of the case was a sufficient justification of the measure. Since that period,’ continued that intelligent man—and the same views and sentiments were expressed by others, ‘matters have gone on well, and the Church has greatly prospered.

But this system is not sufficiently guarded. The powers of the General conference are undefined and unlimited; so that every thing is in their power—articles of faith, terms of communion, right of trial and appeal, form of government, etc., all—all in their power. A remedy ought to be applied; and let the General conference see to this matter. Let them see to it, while the fathers of the Church, and the framers of the Discipline, are yet with us. The materials are all there—in the Book of Discipline. Let the whole be reviewed, properly arranged, well defined, and securely guarded, by proper checks, so that the General conference shall not have power to change or alter at will.’ Such were the views and sentiments of intelligent men, both preachers and people, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, who had been members first of *the United Societies*, and then of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

“At length, the 6th of May, 1804, rolled round. Dr. Coke, from England, had landed; and the preachers came from the east, the north, the south, and three or four from the far west, and sat down together in Light-street church, in the city of Baltimore. Dr. Coke, as senior in office, took the chair. A secretary—John Wilson—was nominated and elected. The names of the preachers were then enrolled by conferences—then seven in number. Thus, in short order, the conference was organized, and ready for business; for, in those days, we were not so strictly parliamentary as now. We had, however, a few by-laws, but took them all from the divinely-inspired volume, and not from Jefferson’s Manual. After reading the Scriptures, and prayer by the president, that holy man of God, Bishop Whatcoat, rising, said, ‘Brethren, remember where you are, *in the immediate presence of God*; what you are, ministers of Christ; the interests with which you are intrusted, and the responsibility in which you are involved,

and act accordingly. O, let your eye be single!' etc. This came with an exceedingly-good grace from Bishop Whatcoat; for, although junior in office, he was senior in years, both as a man and minister; and a holier man never filled the episcopal chair among us. All things being now in readiness, after a short pause, George Roberts rose in his place, and offered the following resolution for the adoption of the conference:

“‘*Resolved*, That the conference now proceed to review and revise the Book of Discipline, reading and passing the whole, chapter by chapter, section by section, and paragraph by paragraph.’

“This, in view of the sentiments often expressed by some of the most intelligent of our people, as given above, was rather startling to my mind, and I thought within myself, Well, now, here it comes; ‘all in the power of the General conference,’ sure enough! Well, this is serious business, indeed, and such we may find it, ere we have done with it. I prayed, ‘Great Head of the Church, guide our heads and hearts—keep us from doing wrong, and help us to do right.’ But, before I had fully recovered from my panic, and the train of thought which followed, the resolution had passed the conference, and the Doctor was on his feet to read; for no time was to be lost, where he was concerned. The first section of the first chapter was read most *emphatically*. This is historical in its character; and although twenty years had elapsed since the facts therein recorded had transpired, yet the men were still living, and then on the floor, who had been the eye and ear witnesses, and actors, throughout the whole transaction. Not only were the Englishmen—Coke, Asbury, and Whatcoat present, but the Americans—Waters, Garretson, Willis, Ware, and Cooper were there; so that had there been a misrepresentation, either of facts, sentiments, or views in the case, then and there was the

time and place for detection and correction; but no exceptions were taken, and the vote being called for, the section passed. The second section, containing the articles of religion, was then taken up, read, and passed without note or comment, till the eighth article was read; when one rose in his place, and moved to amend the article by striking out the word *preventing*, and inserting in its place the word *assisting*. At this motion sprung Dr. Coke, and, advancing to the front of the altar, he gave, as I then thought, the most lucid exposition of the article that I had ever heard or read. 'This,' said the Doctor, 'would not be to mend, but to mar it—yea, utterly ruin the article, and accommodate it to every Pelagian in Europe and America. The article, as it now stands, fully expresses and maintains a great and leading truth—that is, that mere human ability, apart from grace, can not accomplish any thing to purpose; that, therefore, grace is always beforehand with volition, in turning to faith, calling upon God, and doing good works; and though it is true the Westminster divines teach that man hath a will that is *naturally* free, yet Mr. Wesley says, "Man hath this freedom of will, not by *nature*, but by *grace*;" and this is the doctrine of the article—the grace of God, by Christ, preventing us, that we may have a good will—a Divine influence, pre-occupying and going before us as a guide, so that it is God working in us, to will and to do, etc. But, change the article as proposed, and then the doctrine will be, that mere human ability can do something—yea, much, without grace; but, being somewhat enfeebled by the fall, it stands in need of some help, and so grace is brought in to assist human exertion, and made a mere auxiliary in turning to faith, calling upon God, and in doing good works. This would *seem* to give to Christ—and grace by him—the honor of being the *finisher*, but not the *author* of faith,' etc. This exposition, by the

Doctor, put the subject to rest. The good brother then withdrew his motion, offered an apology, and on we went, till we came to the twenty-third article, which embraces the subject of civil government. What, the subject of civil government made an article of religious faith? Truly, and why not? Did not the author of our holy religion pay tribute, thus supporting the government under which, as a man, he lived; at the same time enjoining it on the people, to render unto Cæsar the things that are his? And does not the great apostle of the Gentiles teach and enforce the same doctrine? Well, then, the Methodist Episcopal Church has an article of faith on the subject of civil government; and this great republic has a pledge of faith from every member of that community, to submit to and support that form of government which is embraced and set forth in the article of faith, to which he has subscribed in becoming a member of that community. Let statesmen examine the article. This has been done, and no defect has been detected. Let ecclesiastics examine the article, and say if this is not as it should be; and at the same time inquire whether any good reason can be given why every American Church should not *voluntarily* give the same pledge to the government which protects, not only their persons and property, but, also, their civil and religious privileges, extending to all equal rights? If even the Catholics would give such a pledge! And why should they not? Many of them are home-born and free-born Americans, and their fathers were the first to establish a colonial government, without a Maryland *religious test*, on this great continent. Let them act worthily of their fathers—yea, let even His Holiness, the pretended successor of Peter, at Rome, give his approbation to such a pledge. You smile. Well, I don't expect that such a pledge will be given, either with or without his consent, yet who will say that such a measure would not be

prudent, as it might inspire confidence, and secure tranquillity to the public mind, for some have great fears? I am not, however, of the number. But to return to the article—purely American, both as to production and sentiment: it had been framed by the fathers of the Church before the Constitution of the United States had been framed; hence, it was agreed to amend the article by striking out the words, *act of confederation*—under which the union of the states had existed—and insert the word *constitution* in their place. This was done *understandingly*, and without a dissenting voice.

“The third section was then taken up and calmly considered. The clearest heads, or those possessed of the strongest powers of investigation, came forth, and showed clearly that the General conference ought to be constituted on the plan of an equalized representation, according to a proper ratio, with delegated powers, properly defined and restricted; and it was my conviction that the sentiment generally prevailed; but as no plan had been matured, nothing decisive was done, and the powers of the General and annual conferences remained as they had been from the beginning. Thus, it was left for the General conference of 1808 to perfect the plan which had been suggested by the views on the subject, as expressed in the General conference of 1804. The doings of these two conferences form a very important epoch in the history of the Methodist Church. Indeed, I have thought that but for those six *shall nots*, limiting the powers of the delegated body, we should have long since been out at sea, without compass, pilot, or helmsman. We have often found them very useful in General conference. A brother once, finding himself a little embarrassed in his legislative course, by constitutional restriction and construction, exclaimed, with some warmth, ‘Methodism has been significantly called the child of Providence, but now

it appears we have so hooped it up as to have left no room for growth, or even respiration;' but the same brother, with many others, has since found it expedient and convenient, too, to plead *constitutional* restriction. Upon the whole, having had a seat in seven General conferences, I am firmly settled in the opinion, that this matter is as it should be, and that an ample remedy has been found against the instability and uncertainty connected with our ecclesiastical economy in by-gone days.

“Next came on the fourth section, respecting the bishops and their duty; and every question and answer was read, weighed, and passed, without any motion to amend or alter, till we reached the second answer to the third question, when up rose George Dougherty, and moved to amend the answer by inserting the following words: ‘Provided he shall not allow any preacher to remain in the same station for more than two years successively, except,’ etc.

“This motion was strongly opposed by strong men, but it went through by a large majority. Mr. Asbury, some years after, in reference to this regulation, pleasantly remarked, ‘I said nothing in conference; but Frank told Asbury, “That will save you from some trouble; besides, it will guard against locality; and the preachers have done it themselves; but let them take care not to throw in too many exceptions.”’

“But now for the fifth section—presiding elders, and their duty. O, well, what do you think? It was moved to strike the whole section from the book! This, however, only led to a full and able investigation of the subject, in which the best talents of the conference were called forth, and the subject viewed in all its bearings. The result was, that only one amendment was effected, and that was, throwing the words, ‘and none else,’ into the fifth answer to the second question.

“This regulation clothes the quarterly meeting conference of each circuit and station with judiciary power, and guards against the interference of interested members of neighboring circuits and stations, who, by taking part in the discussions, might control the decisions of the quarterly meeting conferences, in cases where they only have cognizance. The presiding elder, as chairman, preserves order, and settles questions of order, but not of law, apart from the court over which he presides.

“In this sketch it has not been my intention to go into all the details, but to give a general view of the course pursued by the conference in reviewing and revising the book of Discipline—directing the attention to some, only, of the most important points in our economy, which occupied the attention of the conference of 1804. The fathers were then with us, and gave their decided approbation to the course pursued by the conference; and most of them lived to see the doings of that conference—perfective of the doings of all preceding General conferences—secured by the General conference of 1808, in constituting a General conference on the plan of an equalized delegation, with powers well defined, properly restricted, and securely guarded. No new articles, or standards of faith—no alteration in the old—no new terms of communion, or alteration in the old—no infringement upon the right of trial and appeal, as secured both to the membership and ministry, can be effected by the General conference, while the general *itinerant superintendency*, with well-defined powers and responsibilities, is judiciously guarded. And the whole is a standing monument of the intelligence and religious integrity of the men. But the fathers—where are they? They rest from their labors, and their record is on high. The same may be said of most of the elder brethren in our Israel.

“Before I close this sketch, I would remark, that no



chapter, section, or paragraph was lightly passed over; but the book was seriously, carefully, and even critically examined, weighed, and passed, as no doubt the journal of that conference would show. The business, having been brought nearly to a close, I obtained leave of absence, and started alone for the far west, little thinking that I should live to see the General conference cross the Alleghany Mountains once, and on its way a second time."

At the time this was written—1835—the General conference had been held in Pittsburg once, and was then appointed at Cincinnati.

## CHAPTER VI.

His father-in-law and he remove to the west—His cabin—attends conference—Appointed to Hockhocking—Size of his circuit—Long from home—His first-born—Contrast—Disposition of the aged—Cakes of fine flour a great rarity—Visit of Bishop Whatcoat—Returned to the same circuit—Some success—Appointed to Scioto circuit—Farther from home—Visits his family but seldom, and that with great labor—Furnishes the sacrament to his charge—A great change—An instance of usefulness—Meets an immigrant in the woods—Lodges with him—Mrs. Jane Trimble—Thrilling incident—Locates—Suffers great distress of mind—Embarrassed in his temporal affairs—Consents that Bishop Asbury might present him to the conference for readmission.

SOME time early in the year 1804 Mr. Edward Teal removed to Ohio, and settled in Fairfield county. At the close of Mr. Quinn's term of service on Redstone, being transferred to the Western conference, he removed his wife into the vicinity of his father-in-law's. Here he built a small cabin, just sufficient to contain their little plain furniture. Its dimensions were not more, perhaps, than twelve feet by fourteen. Soon after fitting up this humble habitation for his wife, he left to attend the conference, which was held at Mount Gerrizim Church, near Cynthiana, Ky., October 2, 1804. Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat both failed to reach the seat of the conference, on account of affliction, and William M'Kendree was elected to preside over their deliberations. They occupied an upper room in the house of Mr. Coleman, who was a true friend to the Church. Mr. Quinn says, "I never attended a conference where more of the Divine presence was realized." At this session thirty-seven preachers were stationed, and James Quinn and John Meek were appointed to Hockhocking. This circuit embraced a vast territory: not only the valley of the stream by that name, but the settlements on the Muskingum, and on the Scioto from the high bank below

Chilicothe up to the neighborhood where Columbus now stands, and the settlements on many other streams. In attending to his work at those distant points, he had of necessity to be a great deal from home, and was often compelled to leave his wife with no other company than that of a little niece, when he knew her visitors would likely be more frequently Indians than white persons. He however committed her to God, as to a faithful Creator, and she put her trust in the Lord Jehovah, and all was safe.

This humble cabin was the birthplace of their first-born. In later years, when visiting that daughter, now Mrs. Clark, of Chilicothe, he seemed to take much pleasure in describing to her friends the size of the cabin, and the little furniture it contained, in contrast with her present spacious and convenient dwelling, and other favorable circumstances, and would always close by saying, "I hope my Sarah will never become ashamed of her humble birth." Near the close of life he seemed to have special delight in relating the circumstances of his privations, hard labors, and consequent suffering, like the old mariner, who never descants on the clear sky and smooth sea, but always talks of the storms and other perils of the deep, or like the old soldier, who delights to tell of the hardships of his campaign, and show his scars. Tales of woe are softly pleasing, though they may sadden the soul!

I have heard him say that the first wheat flour they ever had in their house, and which was some time after they removed to Ohio, he brought home on his horse from a distance of more than forty miles. It formed a matter of some interest, and when his generous wife had taken of the fine flour and baked many "cakes," so uncommon in that region, she had several invited guests present to participate with them in the great *rarity*.

Methodists at this time in the new state were few and far between. The congregations were small; but it was

just and right that the few should be cared for, and ministered unto. The minutes show a net increase this year of one hundred and fifty-eight.

It must have been very cheering and encouraging, during this year, for Mr. Quinn to receive a visit from his old friend and superintendent, Bishop Whatcoat. He says he "entered my old Hockhocking circuit at Zanesville, and passed out at Chilicothe. I had the honor of accompanying him through, and hearing three more most precious sermons from him. I never shall forget the sweet and heavenly smile with which he met me. While holding my hand he said, 'Well, I first found thy footsteps on the lake shore, in 1801; next I found thee in Winchester, Va., in 1802; then met thee at the altar, in Light-street, Baltimore, in 1803; and now I find thee here. Well, we must endure hardships as good soldiers of the cross of Christ. The toils and privations of itineracy are great; but Christ has said, "Lo, I am with you always, to the end of the world."'"

In 1805 Mr. Quinn was returned to the same circuit, having Joseph Williams associated with him. This year, we infer, was spent as the past, in labor and suffering, sweetened and sanctified by the Divine presence and blessing, and accompanied with some success in the great work of winning souls to Christ, and in building up the cause of the Redeemer. The minutes show a net increase of one hundred and fifty-three.

In 1805 he was appointed to Scioto circuit, having Peter Cartwright for his colleague. This circuit embraced a territory nearly as large as Hockhocking, of the scattered population of the new country, principally on the west side of the Scioto river. This circuit was much more distant from his residence, and therefore required him to be nearly all the time from home.

Having twenty-eight or thirty-one appointments to fill

every four weeks, he could visit his family only once every round, spending two days with them, which he redeemed, by preaching twice a day for nearly a week. As it was fifty miles from his circuit to his residence, every time he visited his family required one hundred miles extra traveling, and that often over a very bad road. Under these trying circumstances, there being no provision made for the expenses of his family, and not receiving all his claim for quarterage which the Discipline allowed him, who will be surprised to learn that he was tempted to locate this year, and that he yielded to it? He was, however, faithful, and performed all the duties of an itinerant preacher punctually throughout this conference year, and had some success. He fed the flock of Christ in the wilderness, and, by the blessing of God, added to their number many who will, no doubt, be eternally saved. He furnished the sacraments of our holy Christianity statedly and regularly to the scattered people of his charge. He has informed me, that during the round on this circuit he designed to administer the Lord's supper. Having duly notified the friends of Jesus, the disciples of the Savior, of his intention, he would procure a small bottle of wine in Chilicothe, and carry it in his saddle-bags; and that small quantity was sufficient to supply his entire charge with the holy communion. What a wonderful change has taken place in the territory of old Scioto circuit! Log-cabins served the pioneers of Methodism as preaching-places. Now we have many large, convenient, and durable churches erected and consecrated to the use of the vast multitudes who worship God in them; and where we had one member of the Church then, we now have more than one hundred. Our churches are often crowded at quarterly love-feasts.

It was early in this conference year that Mr. Quinn met, at a friend's house, a number of gentlemen from Virginia, mostly members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who

were exploring the new country in search of a permanent home. It did not require long for him to make their acquaintance, and understand their object and wishes; and such was his penetration that he seemed quickly to ascertain the mind of each, and the peculiar discouragements and trials they endured. One of them—W. Maddox, who is still living to testify to these things—said the picture his imagination had formed of the state of Ohio had not been realized in actual observation, and in his disappointment he was, at the time of this interview, greatly depressed and troubled, and was in doubt whether he could make a satisfactory location at all. Mr. Quinn imparted to him and his companions all the information in his power, and applied to them many words of encouragement and comfort. When the time for their evening prayer arrived, an appropriate portion of Scripture was read, many voices united in a hymn of praise, and the pastor, in his usually happy manner, offered up prayer, supplication, intercession, and giving of thanks. Mr. Maddox, in relating the circumstances to the writer, said, “He prayed for every thing, exactly what we needed, and all that was necessary for us.” He asked the Lord to undertake for the strangers, and direct them, by his providence, into such neighborhoods, and to such selection of lands, as would be the very best for them in time and in eternity. This was a rich source of consolation to the discouraged and pious adventurers. To one, at least, it afforded a joy unspeakable. After prayer he commenced singing, in the most melodious and melting strains,

“We need not go abroad for joy—  
We have a feast at home;  
Our sighs are turned into joys—  
The Comforter is come.”

Before the song was ended my informant says he was perfectly relieved, and his disburdened soul was raised to

raptures. He was ready to acquiesce in all the disposals of Providence, and be contented to live in any place.

Now, as such opportunities of doing good, in the ministry of Mr. Quinn, were of frequent occurrence, this instance is given as one of a thousand in which his sympathy, skill, and success were manifest in his well-directed efforts to do good to those he had intercourse with.

During this year some members were received into this charge from Kentucky, as well as other regions. Mr. Quinn informed me he was traveling, one afternoon, along a narrow trace in the vicinity of where Loudon Church now stands, in Bainbridge circuit, seeking his way through the almost unbroken forest, to the neighborhood of his appointment for the next day. Suddenly he heard the sound of an ax. The inference was plain: "Some one has got into these woods." And as the sight of a human countenance was much desired by the lonely itinerant, he turned some distance aside to see who it was. He found one who was more than an equal sharer in the pleasures of the interview. It happened to be a Methodist, who had just removed from Kentucky; and as his pious soul was anxious to enjoy again the ministrations of the Church to which he belonged, his first question after looking at the stranger was, "Are you not a Methodist preacher?" The answer was, "I am." This answer was like good news from a far country, or cool water to a thirsty soul. Said the man, "I want you to lodge with us to-night. I have just raised my cabin; it is in an unfinished state; we can, however, find some place for you to rest. We have something for you to eat, and a little food for your horse." The itinerant consented to remain, and, although the accommodations were limited and poor, yet it was a real feast of soul. Mr. Quinn's remark was, "We ate our bread in singleness of heart, read the word of God, sung, prayed, and shouted together." The reader can better

imagine the great joy of that happy family than I can describe it. Conceive of its fullness if you can!

Near the close of this conference year, at his appointment at Fitzpatrick's, there appeared in the little congregation a very dignified and venerable-looking female, clad in mourning. She seemed to be an interested auditor, and her strict attention and intelligent countenance rather embarrassed him in his sermon. The public services being closed, he requested, as was his uniform practice, the members of the Church to remain for class. The stranger tarried also. It was not long till this lady was interrogated in regard to her state in religion. She rose, with a full soul and with eyes swimming in tears, and replied, "I am, through the infinite mercy of God, a child of his, and, by blessed experience, know I enjoy the pardoning love of the Savior. I am a widow, recently from Kentucky. I have a large family of children. I have traveled nine or ten miles to enjoy the means of grace, and to invite you to come and preach in my cabin for the benefit of my children and my unconverted neighbors." Her words were with power; and it was manifest that the love of Christ constrained her—that she was filled with the Holy Ghost. While she spoke, the same flame was kindled on the hearts of others, and some shouted aloud for joy. After class, he learned the interesting stranger was Mrs. Jane Trimble, mother to the Ex-Governor, and grandmother to Joseph M. Trimble. He gave her an appointment, and, on his next round, preached at her double cabin, on Clear creek, three miles north of Hillsboro.

At this meeting, it is probable, no professor was present, except the pious widow and the preacher. After the sermon, as there was no class to meet, he stated that it was his last round on the circuit, and, as he had soon to leave for conference, he could not preach to them any more, but that his successors, who might be sent to that



circuit, would preach to them. He then sung one of the songs of Zion. At that period in life his voice was most melodious and sweet. The tones of the music, accompanied with a holy unction, melted every heart to tenderness. While singing, he passed through the room, and shook hands with every one present. All were more or less affected. Young Mrs. Trimble, first wife of A. Trimble, and mother of Joseph M., though once a professor of religion, became conscious of her backsliding and lukewarmness, and the absolute necessity of the reclaiming grace of God to her salvation. Her anguish of spirit was so great she could conceal it no longer. She first went out of the room; but, finding there no means of relief to her distressed soul, she soon returned, and, kneeling down at a seat, she cried aloud for mercy. Many hearts, perhaps, sympathized with her; but there were but two to pray for her. They were, however, efficient suppliants, and, having power with God, they soon prevailed. They first sung that appropriate hymn,

"Father, I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know."

In a short time the earnest seeker was powerfully reclaimed; and such was the overwhelming flood of pardoning mercy imparted, and the clear testimony of the Spirit, assuring her that her soul was restored to the favor and image of God, that she praised the Lord with but little intermission till midnight. In a few years she passed away in holy triumph, and now awaits the arrival of her friends in heaven.

The foregoing instances are furnished, illustrative of the openings of Providence and the force of circumstances, by which the number of his preaching-places were increased, and the way he "abounded in the work of the Lord."

We have already noticed the trying circumstances in

which Mr. Quinn found himself placed in view of his rising family and the limited means afforded for their support. We do not wonder that he should have it suggested to his mind, that the time had arrived when he should cease to devote his whole time to the service of the Church as an itinerant minister, and should provide for his own household. Unfortunately, he yielded to this suggestion, and, at the next session of the conference, he received an honorable location. He now applied himself, with great energy and industry, to the means by which he hoped to secure a support for his family. He once understood agriculture practically, and was accustomed to work on a farm. But now his labors seemed to avail but little; and the anticipated prosperity was not realized. The Legislature of the state elected him associate judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Fairfield county. His friends tried to encourage him. He seemed to have the confidence and good-will of all his acquaintances; yet he was an unhappy man. He has informed the writer that, often at night, after working hard all day, he has retired to the woods, and, for an hour, writhed in anguish, suffering indescribable torture of mind. He seemed to have a consciousness of having done wrong in retiring from the itinerant work, and to apprehend that the curse of God would rest upon the labor of his hands. Many of his cattle and horses died, and nothing he did seemed to prosper. He often spoke of the two years he was located as being the most unhappy of his life. It may be asked, What counsel or influence was used to get him to desist from traveling? It gives me sincere pleasure to record that no blame was attached to his excellent wife. His father-in-law, however, I can not proclaim thus innocent, but have reason to believe he used all his great influence to procure Mr. Quinn's location. Bishop Asbury visited him, and having ascertained his state of mind, and how

things were going with him, remarked that he should not wonder, if he did not enter the itinerant field again, if he should be taken out of the world in some way. Some time after this, Mr. Quinn narrowly escaped death by the falling of a limb from a tree. But for the quick and sudden leap of his horse he would have lost his life. He rode home, and told his father-in-law what had happened, and he, having knowledge of what Bishop Asbury had said, replied, "Well, you had better go into the itinerant work again; for I see plainly you will never be fit for any thing else."

Near the close of these two years of bitter regret and sorrow to Mr. Quinn, Bishop Asbury called at his house, on his way to the seat of the conference, at Liberty Hill, Tennessee; and, before he left, Mr. Quinn consented that he might present him for readmission into the itinerancy.

## CHAPTER VII.

Is readmitted into the conference—Appointed to Muskingum district—Reminiscence of Bishop Asbury—Camp meetings—Their origin—A description of one in their primitive simplicity and power—Their effect on preachers—Continuous labors of presiding elders—Business duties of presiding elders—Mr. Quinn is faithful—Candidates for the itinerancy—Their course of study—Wesleyan plan successful—Testimony of a doctor of divinity—Pedantry rebuked—Was not opposed to a collegiate education—Is abundant in labors—Is successful—Testimony of Jacob Young—Bishop Morris' description of a camp meeting—Testifies to the eloquence and power of Mr. Quinn in the pulpit—Territory divided into two districts—Is appointed to Scioto district—Continued four years—Visits sick and dying soldiers—Conversion of one reported after the lapse of many years.

IN October, 1808, Bishop Asbury presented Mr. Quinn to the conference for readmission, and he was most gladly and cordially received as a brother beloved, and was appointed presiding elder of Muskingum district. Ralph Lotspeich, who was appointed that year to Fairfield, having just returned from conference, called at Mr. Quinn's in his absence, and left word with his wife that he was appointed to the district, and wished to know when his quarterly meeting would be. This unexpected message, under the circumstances, shocked him greatly, and for a time cast a gloom over his mind. He, however, soon overcame it, and entered upon his work with invincible firmness and zeal. For many years the whole of Ohio formed but one district, and for the three preceding years John Sale, as presiding elder, had charge of all the circuits in Ohio, and two in Virginia. Whether he visited them all quarterly I am not informed; but if he did, it really appears to have been more labor than ought to have been required, at that period of bad roads, of any one man. At this session of

the conference the work was divided, and Mr. Quinn was appointed to the upper district, which embraced seven charges; namely, Fairfield, Wills Creek, West Wheeling, Marietta, Little Kanawha, Guyandott, and Leading Creek. Mr. Quinn served on this district four years consecutively, and was faithful in his work. He was very acceptable to the preachers and people, and eminently useful in this very laborious and responsible relation to the Church.

In a reminiscence of Bishop Asbury, etc., Mr. Quinn has briefly and rather incidentally noticed the holding of two camp meetings, during his term of service on Muskingum district, which I will furnish in his own words:

“It was in the month of September, 1810, that we pitched our tents in a beautiful sugar grove, on the lands of Richard Lee, two miles above Parkersburg, on the Little Kanawha. It was at the time of full moon, and at night. The camp was well illuminated with pine lights. The meeting commenced under the most auspicious circumstances; and from the beginning to the close, we had evidences of the presence and approval of the great Head of the Church, in the conviction and conversion of many souls, and the upbuilding of believers in their most holy faith. Having retired to the preachers’ tent for a little relaxation and rest, the work still going on in the camp, about ten o’clock a person came to the tent, and informed me that an old man at the gateway wished to see me. I arose and went forthwith; and, to my great joy and surprise, who should I see in the clear moonlight, but the venerable Asbury, and his traveling companion, the Rev. H. Boehm! I conducted them to the house of Richard Lee, and said to him, ‘Rest, and be happy for the night. You are now in the house of the brother of your old friend, Rev. Wilson Lee.’ At this the good old man appeared to be highly pleased; nor were brother and sister

Lee less gratified at having the privilege of entertaining, if not unawares, yet unexpectedly, that angel of the Church below.

“I returned to the encampment and witnessed a glorious night of the presence and power of the Most High. The Bishop had a good night’s rest, which, he said, was the first since he left Wheeling, and came on to the ground quite early, in fine spirits, and was highly pleased with the arrangements and good order which he saw. He preached twice during the meeting, with great light, life, and power. Surely, the Lord helped him, and good, great good was done. He also ordained one to the office of elder, who had been elected by the Baltimore conference.

“Our camp meeting closed well, on Monday morning, and we repaired to brother Reese Wolf’s, the old local preacher who led the way, and invited Methodism on to the Little Kanawha, by the itinerant preachers, in 1799. Here we met a kind reception, and rested till next morning. At three o’clock the Bishop preached a plain and powerful sermon in Parkersburg, which was a small place then. O, what awful appeals to the understanding, and to the heart! There was no daubing with untempered mortar.

“We crossed over the Ohio into Belpre, and were kindly received, and lodged at the house of Esq. B. The lady of the house was an intelligent old lady, from the land of steady habits, who had heard Whitefield preach, and was greatly delighted in seeing and conversing with the Methodist bishop. But, O, her regrets on account of the great privations in coming to the west: ‘Yonder we had such fine meeting-houses, comfortable pews, organs, and such delightful singing; and then, O, such charming preachers! O, Bishop, you can’t tell,’ etc. ‘Yes, yes,’ said the Bishop, ‘old Connecticut for all the world—

“A fine house and a high steeple,  
A learned priest and a gay people.”

But where shall we look for Gospel simplicity and purity? Let us go back to the days of the Pilgrim fathers.' 'Well, Bishop, who are you going to send to us next year? I hope you will send us a very good preacher.' 'Come, send you a good preacher!' 'Yes, sir; don't you send them just where you please?' It was evident that the Bishop was disposed to waive the subject, upon which one present said, 'Madam, I'll tell you how it is—we send him and tell him to send us, and then he must come and see us; for he must travel at large, and oversee the whole work, and must not stop without our leave.' 'Indeed! Well, now I guess I understand it better. Well, well, Bishop, where do you live?'

' "No spot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in the wilderness—  
A poor wayfaring man." '

At this the old lady appeared much surprised; and so the conversation closed.

"Next morning we started very early, and called at several farm-houses on the way down the river, whose inmates were not Methodists, and the good man prayed with them all. Indeed, I have seldom known him to leave a family without prayer, whether they were professors or not; for he was always intent upon doing good.

"At three o'clock he preached in a school-house opposite Blannerhasset's Island; and truly it might be said of the sermon, as I once heard him say of Harnock's great law of consideration, 'It was a dagger, to the hilt at every stroke.'

"After preaching we were kindly invited by Col. Putnam, son of Gen. Putnam, of the Revolution, to the house of his son, Major Putnam, where we were treated with every attention. Some six or eight of the principal men, with their ladies, came in to see and spend the evening with the Methodist bishop. Most of these were Revolu-

tionary men. The conversation of the evening was quite of an interesting character, in which the Bishop took a lively part.

“But, ever and anon, an important religious sentiment was thrown in, or a moral application made, to which the company bowed silent assent, their countenances, in the mean time, showing that the weight was felt. The evening closed with devotional services. The company retired, and we were conducted to our lodgings; and where should we find ourselves but in the splendid ball-room! ‘Here,’ said the Bishop, they were wont to worship the devil; but let us worship God.’ I was informed that the decree was passed soon after, that no more balls were to be held there.

“As we passed through this delightful settlement, well improved, in New England style, we saw the extensive orchards and apparatus for making strong drink. We entered the dwellings, and beheld the sideboards set out with decanters. We could but think and say, *ruin, ruin, ruin!* It is to be feared that many of these men will die drunkards, ruin themselves, and entail ruin on their families; and thirty years have told sad tales of *ruin, ruin!*

“Next morning we set out for Athens. As we were crossing Little Hockhocking, I said, ‘Here, Mr. Asbury, in 1800, the man used to set me over ferriage free, saying he never charged ministers or babes; for if they do no good they do no harm.’ ‘Ah,’ said he, ‘that is not true of ministers; for the minister who does no good does much harm.’ We reached Athens on Friday, at noon, and commenced our camp meeting. It went on well, and closed well on the fourth day, and the Bishop left us in good spirits for Chilicothe, having preached two powerful sermons.

“In making his tour, he had diverged from a straight road at least fifty miles, and added to his journey more



than one hundred miles. What love had he for the souls of men, as the purchase of the Redeemer's blood!"

Although Mr. Quinn refers to but two camp meetings, yet he no doubt presided at more than twelve annually, while on a district. Those meetings were common at that period in the west throughout the entire warm season of the year, and Mr. Quinn usually held one in each charge every year, and frequently two. These meetings were a special accommodation to the scattered population of the west, at a period when churches or houses of worship were few and very small. We contemplate Methodism, in the various features of its history, as the offspring of heaven, reared up and extended in accordance with the openings of Providence and the force of circumstances. It has long been said, "Necessity is the mother of invention;" hence the invention of camp meetings, to meet the exigencies of the condition of the people of the west. They originated in that great revival of religion which commenced among the Methodists and Presbyterians, in the year 1799, through the instrumentality of two brothers—M'Gee—one of each denomination, and who frequently held their meetings together, in the south part of Kentucky. The houses could not accommodate the multitudes that attended, and on the approach of warm weather they worshiped in groves. The people, many of whom attended in wagons from a distance, brought with them provision for their families and horses. Tents were soon added as a matter of convenience for lodging, and the people continued several days together worshiping God, in preaching and hearing the word of life, singing appropriate hymns and spiritual songs, and in fervent prayer. Thus originated what was afterward called camp meetings—something like the ancient "feast of tabernacles."

The report of these meetings, and their wonderful results, spread with astonishing rapidity, and excited the

most intense interest among all classes. They were soon adopted in various parts of Kentucky, and extended over to the North-western territory, now state of Ohio. These meetings were called "general," because the Presbyterians and Methodists united in holding them. It was, perhaps, in 1801 that general camp meetings were held at Cabin creek, above Maysville, Ky.; Concord, Bourbon county; Point Pleasant; and one on Indian creek, Harrison county. They usually continued four or five days and nights; but the most celebrated of all the meetings was the one held at Cane Ridge, seven miles from Paris, Ky., which commenced on the 6th of August, and continued a week. The number attending this was estimated at twenty thousand, and it was supposed that three thousand fell to the ground under the mighty power of God. Here the drunkard, the Deist, the nominal professor, indeed, all classes of sinners, were prostrated on the earth together, and confessed with equal frankness that they had not the true knowledge of God. And many arose released from the burden of sin, and, being made new creatures in Christ, they mingled their voices together in praise to God for pardoning mercy. Some of the subjects of this glorious revival still linger on the earth; but many of them, both Methodists and Presbyterians, have long since passed away, to their home in heaven.

On account of our present dense population, and consequent difficulty of maintaining good order at our camp meetings, they have given way, in a great measure, to protracted meetings held in churches, and chiefly in the winter season. Hence, there are many now in the Methodist Episcopal Church who never saw a congregation worshipping at camp meeting. And as it now appears probable that comparatively few of the next and future generations will have an opportunity of witnessing one of those useful meetings, it may not be amiss to furnish, in

this biography, a description of such as were held in the west during the eight years Mr. Quinn was presiding elder on the Muskingum and Scioto districts.

When held on every circuit, the time was usually fixed to suit the quarterly visitations of the elder during the warm season. If a *new* ground was selected, a day was appointed, some time previous to the meeting, when all might come together to do the public work for the accommodation of the congregation. The ground was usually laid off to the best advantage, so as to secure the best shade, etc. Reference was had, in the selection, to a supply of good spring water, and a running brook for the use of horses—a good grove, accessible from various roads, and in a central position for the circuit. The stand was usually elevated some four feet from the ground, and in front of the preachers' tent. The seats were arranged, separated by aisles, into different sections, that they might be easy of access. A broad aisle was in front of the stand, extending the whole distance of the seats. On one side of this aisle, the seats were appropriated *exclusively* to the females, and on the other to the males. The inner circle of tents was arranged so as to furnish room within for the congregation at its largest size; but the space was frequently found insufficient, and on the Sabbath preachers were often called to serve congregations without who could not hear from the principal stand. Sometimes there were many circles of tents divided by narrow streets and alleys, allowing room for the vast multitudes to pass, and space for small fires for the purpose of cooking. Hours were fixed upon, at which it was expected that all the families would breakfast, dine, and sup simultaneously. The whole system of rules was designed to promote the convenience, harmony, and enjoyment of all in attendance, as well as the good order of the meeting. The sound of the trumpet around the encampment, a short time after

daylight, was the signal for all to arise and prepare for family devotion. After a sufficient time allowed, another signal of the trumpet was given for prayer in each tent, preceded by singing two or three verses of a hymn. A short time after sunrise the trumpet was again sounded for prayer meeting at the stand, at which many attended, while breakfast was being prepared. It was usual to have preaching and exhortation at eight and eleven, A. M., and at three and candle-lighting, P. M. The intervals were often occupied with prayer meetings at the stand, or in several of the tents, where mourners or earnest seekers of salvation were embraced in the praying circle—cared for and pointed to the Savior of sinners. The noise at such times was frequently very great; penitents writhing in anguish, crying aloud to God for mercy; souls just born into the kingdom shouting in ecstasies and telling their raptures all abroad, and their relatives and friends, who, perhaps, had long prayed for them, rejoicing over them as those recovered from the dead. Now, admitting the truth, that each one gives of his, or her state, who would wonder that the noise should be like the sound of many waters, and heard afar off! Indeed, we should be greatly surprised, if, under these circumstances, there was no noise.

At night the whole scene was awfully sublime. The ranges of tents, the fires reflecting light amidst the branches of the forest-trees; the candles and lamps illuminating the ground; hundreds moving to and fro with torches like Gideon's army; the sound of exhortation, singing, praying, and rejoicing rushing from various parts of the encampment, was enough to enlist the feelings of the heart and absorb all the powers of thought.

The labors performed at those meetings were well calculated to wear out preachers. Their efforts in the pulpit, in the open air, sometimes affected them unkindly;

but their labors in the crowded praying circle, and in hot tents, did them far greater injury. When we have witnessed the astonishing preservation of the health of the ministers while exposed to the night air, a damp atmosphere, wet ground, and often having to lie on damp beds at those meetings, we have been ready to say, truly "they are immortal till their work is done."

The labors of the presiding elder were usually greater than any other preacher, because he had to be nearly all the time employed at camp meetings through the whole of the warm season. For months together, he almost literally lived in the woods in attending the numerous camp meetings on his district. The reader may now have some idea of the amount of labor performed, and the fatigue and exposure endured by Mr. Quinn, while he served as presiding elder of a district.

There is what may properly be denominated a business feature in the work and office of a presiding elder. This Mr. Quinn was careful, diligent, and punctual to attend to in every part. He appears to have been very successful in procuring candidates for the itinerant ministry. It would give me great pleasure to know, and to state for the information of the reader, how many have been admitted into the traveling connection, whose recommendations he brought to conference and represented their claims for admission; but this is now impossible. I should suppose they would number more than forty. I have known many of them who were distinguished and able ministers. How many exhorters and local preachers have received license with his signature affixed, during his long life, who can tell?

In the year 1844, referring to the time when he was presiding elder on this district, he says: "Upon coming to Kanawha circuit I found James and William Dixon, Richard, James, John, and William M'Mahan, together with

Samuel West, all happily converted to God, and all deeply exercised on the subject of preaching. With this lovely group of young men I spent many a pleasant and profitable hour; for, although I was not very competent or apt to teach, yet they were apt and more than willing to learn. Moreover, they often had the opportunity of being with, hearing, and receiving lessons of instruction from that great and good man, and most profound divine, the late Rev. William Beauchamp, who at that time lived in the bounds of Kanawha circuit. Their attention was directed to all that was contained in the Discipline on preachers—their qualifications, their work: nothing was kept back; the Bible was to be their first, second, third, fourth, and last book. Each, however, had his grammar, and a treatise on logic, etc. Well, their profiting soon appeared to the satisfaction of all concerned, so that, in due time, and in due form, they were all recommended, approved, licensed to preach, and admitted into the traveling connection, except Richard M'Mahan, who, though recommended, died before the annual conference assembled. He was a good man, of great promise, and we mourned his death. These were all unmarried men, and set forth with the Gospel armor on; not to seek themselves wives in the first or second year of their probation, but to show themselves approved unto God, as 'workmen who need not be ashamed.' And here I would remark, that in more than forty years' observation, I have known very few pious young men, of good common sense, who have followed up and carried out the Wesleyan plan of ministerial preparation, qualification, and duty, as laid down in our Discipline, who did not become able ministers of the New Testament; and some of them eminently so. Indeed, a doctor of divinity, in making a handsome apology for the want of literary attainments and taste in the old preachers, said to their credit, that they were *mighty* in the Scriptures. I thank

the doctor for that. Then it seems that a man may be mighty in the Scriptures who never read them save in his mother tongue. Can this be said of all our college graduates? Come, brethren, no *pedantry*; it looks bad in any place, but worst of all in the pulpit."

This language of Mr. Quinn is not to be construed into an opposition to a collegiate education in a minister. He admired sound learning in the ministers of Christ. But he wished to see their *Biblical* knowledge commensurate with their attainments in other branches. How disgusting it must be to all sensible people, to witness in a minister an effort to display his learning in Latin and Greek, when it is apparent he is incapable of quoting with accuracy and appropriateness the plain language of the Bible! This is the "*pedantry*" at which he aims his just rebuke.

I have satisfactory evidence before me that, although the four years Mr. Quinn was presiding elder on Muskingum district were years of toil and suffering, yet were they to himself and fellow-laborers years of special grace and glorious prosperity. Though they were "abundant in labors," yet they abounded in the work of the Lord. Some sowed the good seed of the kingdom, others watered, and God gave the increase; so that a harvest of many souls was realized. The venerable Jacob Young, in a communication before me, makes honorable mention of Mr. Quinn in this and other parts of his ministry, and bears unequivocal testimony to the high estimate in which he was held, both by the preachers and people of his charge. He also sets forth, in the clearest light, his great strength in the pulpit, as well as the holy unction, mighty power, and great success which attended his labors. Mr. Young was long his cotemporary, and associated with him in quarterly, annual, and General conferences, labored in his districts when he was presiding elder, and was also his presiding elder; he, therefore, knew him long and inti-

mately in all the relations which a Methodist preacher sustains; and his testimony is, "As a theologian, he had but few equals and no superiors in the Ohio conference."

I have the pleasure to present the reader with the following sketch from the pen of Bishop Morris, which furnishes, with other interesting items, a conspicuous and just representation of Mr. Quinn's eloquence and power in the pulpit. He has also set forth, in a very forcible manner, the blessed effects which accompanied his efforts at that period of his ministry:

"In the summer of 1812, when I was but a youth, and before I had any interest in Methodism, there was a camp meeting near where I resided in western Virginia, and, attracted by the novelty of the occasion, in company with several associates, I repaired to it. The encampment was in a sequestered place, away from all public thoroughfares of travel, in a lonely wood, where naught but the voice of prayer, the song of praise, and the message of mercy broke the impressive stillness of the forest. The country was new and the population sparse; yet the people poured forth from farm and hamlet, hill and hollow, till a multitude had assembled, some to offer the sacrifice of the heart to God in the wilderness, but probably many more for mere recreation. The general appearance of those present was what might have been expected—that of rustic simplicity peculiar to new countries; yet they evidently felt, as I did myself, awed by the sacredness of the occasion, and conformed respectfully to the order of the public service. The singing, though not scientific, was devotional and strictly congregational, so that the mingled voices of the many reverberated through the shady bowers like the roar of a mighty cataract, and were solemnly impressive. After prayer and praise we heard a common-place discourse, of barely sufficient interest to secure respectful attention. When the speaker had taken his seat, another



of very different appearance rose up in the open stand, from whose remarks on the arrangements of the meeting we soon learned that he was the presiding officer of the district. His features were comely, his form was symmetrical, and his movements were graceful. He was in the vigor of life, of medium height, slightly corpulent; wore a loose, flowing robe; his countenance indicated heavenly serenity, and, taken altogether, made an appearance at once imposing and attractive. Having finished his brief and well-timed announcements, he referred to the sermon, summing up its parts in few words, like a wise master-builder, and explaining the use of each, he assumed the style of exhortation, earnestly persuading the people to embrace and practice what they had heard. The slowly-measured but full-toned accents of his manly voice fell like heavenly music upon the ears and hearts of the enchained auditors, while the message of salvation as borne by him came to them as waters to a thirsty soul, and as good news from a far country. As he progressed he became inspired with his theme, and rising from one point of interest to another, carried the whole assembly with him. Among the motives urged to leave off sinning and commence praying, was that of avoiding future misery and securing heavenly bliss. Of the contrast between the final end of saint and sinner, he furnished a Scriptural example, which, though familiar to all, was so presented as to appear new, and fix a powerful impression. Without circumlocution he recited the history of the rich man and Lazarus. While portraying the sufferings of the beggar, his manner was plaintive and moving; but when introducing him by the ministry of angels to the society of redeemed and glorified spirits in the abodes of bliss, he became animating and inspiring, as if he saw the light of heaven, heard the music of angels, and felt the streams of consolation from the river of life. But suddenly he recalled himself and

hearers to attend to the case of the once wealthy and pompous, but now deceased and lost sinner: 'The rich man also died, and was buried.' Reciting these solemn words, the countenance and manner of the speaker were changed from joyful to sad; his trembling accents expressed the weight of anguish which pressed his heart; his eyes, which had just glowed with delight, now looked terrible things, as he saw the lost soul taking its downward plunge to endless perdition. Then elevating his voice to its utmost extent, throwing his whole soul into his subject, and at the same time bringing his foot with all his might down upon the floor of the stand, he exclaimed, with fearful energy: 'And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.' Cold chills ran all over us, the hair seemed to rise upon our heads, and the flesh to crawl upon our bones, while groans of pity and shrieks of horror commingled around us, like the startling tones of a sweeping tempest, attended with a shock of Divine power as sensibly felt as if it had been the tread of an earthquake. And, after all, his oratory was not the result of a studied art, but of nature inspired by grace, leaving a conviction that he was not only one of nature's noblemen, with a clear head and warm heart, but that he was an able minister of the New Testament, commissioned from Heaven as an ambassador of Christ, beseeching sinners to be reconciled to him. Though I was but a youth when the scene transpired, all the changes of thirty-eight years have not been able to obliterate from my memory the impression which it produced. The name of that distinguished individual was James Quinn, of precious memory."

During the four years Mr. Quinn presided on this district, the work was greatly expanded, and at the close sixteen charges were formed in pretty much the same territory. Two districts were constituted, one called Ohio,

and assigned to Jacob Young, presiding elder, the other retaining the old name, of which David Young had the charge.

It appears there was also a great enlargement of the work, and an increase of charges, in the southern part of the conference; so that at this session, held at Chilicothe in the fall of 1812, a new district was formed, called Scioto, and Mr. Quinn was appointed to it. The following circuits were embraced in his district; namely, Deer Creek, Pickaway, Delaware, Paint Creek, Brush Creek, Scioto, and Salt Creek. On this district Mr. Quinn presided four years, and was well received, both by the ministry and membership of his charge, and was useful. The quarterly and camp meetings at which he labored were usually seasons of great interest and much enjoyment. Very few now linger in these bounds who report themselves as having been rescued from the empire of darkness and embraced in the bright rolls of salvation, during Mr. Quinn's continuance as their presiding elder—say from the autumn of 1812 to the fall of 1816: the most of them have passed into the spirit-land, and, we trust, have a better inheritance.

While on this district, and during our last war with England, a part of the army for a time was stationed at Chilicothe, and Mr. Quinn was often called to visit the sick and dying soldiers. In this work of mercy he had special delight. Among them was a young man who received, through the instruction and prayers of this man of God, a clear conviction for sin, and felt deeply his need of a Savior, though he did not manifest it at the time. After the lapse of many years he met Mr. Quinn at a large meeting, and made himself known as one of the sick soldiers he conversed with and prayed for in the camp at Chilicothe. He then added, "From the time you prayed for me I had no rest for my soul, till I sought and found

joy and peace in believing." He had then a large family, and was a happy and useful member of the Church, pressing toward the high mark of holiness and heaven. No doubt many similar cases of awakening and conversion occurred through the pulpit labors and pastoral visits of Mr. Quinn, of which he never was informed on earth. But they will all be manifest in the light of eternity, and appear as stars in the crown of his rejoicing forever in heaven.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Historical account of Methodism in the valley of the Ohio and its tributaries—Notice of camp meetings as held in early times—Valedictory—Attends the General conference of 1816—Account of that session—Leaves Baltimore for the west—Extreme illness—Mrs. Quinn meets him at Cumberland—Thrilling incident—Closes his four years on the district—Poor health—Made supernumerary—Appointed in charge of Fairfield circuit—Teaches the people publicly, and from house to house—Pastoral visits—Their salutary effects—Duty and encouragement of ministers to be faithful pastors—Pursues the wanderer—An incident—Appointed to Pickaway circuit—Stationed in Cincinnati—Reappointed—Attends the General conference in 1820—Account of the conference—The cause of education and of missions receive a powerful impetus—A remarkable dream—Fulfilled as he interpreted it next morning—Honorable course of the bishop elect—Stationed two years in Chilicothe—Long and dangerous illness—Appointed to Deer Creek circuit—Family remains in Chilicothe—Death of his wife—Greatly affected by the bereavement—Poem composed after her death—Travels for the benefit of his health—Letter to Mr. Williams—Appointed to Brush Creek circuit—Attends the General conference in 1824—British delegates—Petitions for a lay delegation—Election of bishops—Letters to Mr. Williams—A year of trial—Solicitude for his motherless daughters—Extracts of sundry letters to two of them—Severe affliction—Sweet submission.

IN April, 1840, Mr. Quinn communicated to the Western Christian Advocate much historical and other matter, a part of which I will present to the reader. Referring to his union with the Western conference in 1804, he says, "This transfer gave me an opportunity of being an eye and ear witness of many things connected with the early history of Methodism in that part of the state of Ohio, extending on the Ohio river from the mouth of Beaver river to the town of Ripley; also extending up the Scioto, Hockhocking, and the Muskingum valleys, and embracing the circuits on the other side of the Ohio, and extending up the Sandy, the Guyandotte, and the Big and Little

Kanawha valleys; as, also, Middle Island and Fishing Creek valleys. This being the case, it might be expected that I should furnish much interesting matter for the historian or to posterity. I am saved, however, from this labor by others more competent to the task, so that little is left for me to do. The reader will find, in the Methodist Magazine for 1821, over the signature of Theophilus Arminius, extracts from the manuscript journal of Rev. Henry Smith. I was one of a committee appointed by the conference to examine, revise, amend, and forward matter for publication in the Magazine. I examined this manuscript journal with care, and found it very correct, and placed it in the hands of T. A., who was then writing his interesting sketches for our only periodical. The Scioto circuit I traveled in 1806, and found that the boundary, as laid out by Smith, had not been enlarged, but many new preaching-places had been taken in, and many large societies had been formed; and such has been the success and increase of Methodism in that section of country, that what is now denominated Chilicothe district covers but a part of one small circuit more than was embraced in brother Smith's old Scioto circuit. Then there was but the voice of 'one crying in the wilderness,' but now there are eighteen laborers in this delightful section of the Lord's vineyard, and work enough for them all, especially if they will do the pastoral work assigned them in our excellent Discipline. But if they will not do this, they ought to quit eating the Church's bread, and go to some other business. In this lovely district I had the pleasure of laboring for the last three years, and of viewing upon the spot the improvements of more than the third of a century. During those three years I attended one hundred and five quarterly and camp meetings, missing but two in three years, and upon an average held two meetings per week between the quarterly meetings. And O, it was refreshing

to my spirit, at those meetings, to meet with the few of my old friends who yet remain, with many of their descendants on their way with their parents to a better country. Often did I think if brothers Smith, Bowman, Oglesby, etc., were here with me, they would, with glowing hearts, unite in the exclamation, 'What hath God wrought!' and then shout glory! Well, dear Sciotoans, though you may have many competent instructors in Christ, 'yet have ye not many fathers.'

"Brother T. A. has also furnished a very correct and comprehensive outline of the rise of Methodism, of the formation of circuits, and extension of the work up the Ohio from the Scioto valley, embracing the settlements on the tributary streams on both sides of the river. I know this account to be correct from personal observation; and if labors have been performed, and sufferings endured, in clearing and cultivating this part of the Lord's heritage, I thank my divine Master that he hath honored me with a share in both. In each of the fields of labor noticed by T. A., it may be safely asserted, that, during the last thirty to forty years, thousands of redeemed sinners have been called, justified, adopted, sanctified, glorified, and taken home to heaven; while thousands more, to the third or fourth generation, still on the way, around the Gospel board appear, and sing the Lamb in hymns below. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, for what my eyes have seen! If the men that labored and suffered here were unlearned in the classics, and, therefore, in the judgment of some, incompetent ministers, yet hath the great Head of the Church, through their instrumentality, given to his Church and the world many competent ministers, who have been, and still are, both burning and shining lights. If Chenango circuit, formed in 1800 by Peter B. Davis, gave the Methodist Episcopal Church her senior bishop, Guyandotte, formed in 1803 by William Steel, and traveled in 1804 by Asa

Shinn, has furnished her with her junior bishop;\* and if Kanawha, Muskingum, Hockhocking, etc., have not sent out bishops, they have sent out scores of deacons and elders, and among them a goodly number of scholars and professional men; but the preacher-making prerogative still belongs to Christ. O, Methodists, never forget this!

“But it is time for me to begin to draw to a close. I will first, however, notice camp meetings, as a means approved of God, and resulting in a vast amount of good. I may have attended and superintended one hundred and thirty or forty of these meetings, and witnessed most powerful displays of God’s amazing grace, in the conviction and happy conversion of some thousands of blood-bought souls. At first we used to erect two stands, with seats at each—one in the encampment, and the other some twenty or thirty rods distant, and no altar at either. At these we had preaching alternately through the day, but only the one in the encampment was illuminated and occupied at night. Each public service was followed by a prayer meeting, which was not to be broken off to make way for preaching, but the trumpet was sounded at the other stand, whither all who wished to hear preaching were wont to repair. Here, also, a prayer meeting ensued, and so alternately through the day. There were no altars, no mourners’ benches, or anxious seats, in those days, nor were any invitations given to seekers of salvation to present themselves for the prayers of the Church; but soon after the commencement of the prayer meeting, praying and singing groups and circles were seen and heard throughout the encampment, even to the outskirts of the congregation; and there was no great difficulty in keeping pretty good order, for an awful sense of the majesty and glory of God often appeared to pervade the whole assembly. As an evidence of the great good resulting from

\* Allusion is here made to Bishops Roberts and Morris.



camp meetings, it is a fact, that a large proportion of the members, and many eminently-useful ministers in the western country, have been brought to a knowledge of salvation at these meetings. An opinion now prevails, to some extent, that these meetings should be discontinued, and their place supplied with what are called 'protracted meetings.' These, however, are not so convenient for country places as are camp meetings, and would become more oppressive on the neighborhood where they might be held, except the people attending from a distance should bring their provisions, both for man and beast, with them, and this would be attended with more inconvenience than an outfit for camp meeting; so that, in my humble opinion, well-protected, well-directed camp meetings have the preference.

"Permit me now, in conclusion, to say to those, and the descendants of those among whom I have gone, lo these many years, preaching the kingdom of God, 'Finally, brethren, farewell.' The high probability is, we shall see each other's faces again in time no more. But, cheering thought! it is full of immortality! 'The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years; but these imperishable souls of ours shall flourish in immortal youth; yea, our flesh shall rest in hope, till Gabriel's trumpet shall wake our sleeping dust. Then will Christ be glorified in his saints; then shall the redeemed be caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. Then shall arise the shout from all who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, To Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, unto him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen!' Halleluiah! There your own friend, and the friend of your fathers, hopeth to meet and unite with you."

Being elected a delegate by the Ohio conference, Mr.

Quinn attended the General conference held in Baltimore, May 1, 1816. In some respects this was an important session of that body. After the conference was organized, Bishop M'Kendree, who, by the death of Bishop Asbury, was the only surviving superintendent, delivered an address to the conference on the general state of the work, and the necessity of their electing more bishops, that the plan of our itinerant general superintendency might be more fully accomplished. In compliance with this recommendation, on May 14th, *Enoch George* and *Robert Richford Roberts* were elected to the office of bishop, and being consecrated in due form, they soon entered upon their important work.

A committee of *safety* was appointed at this session of the General conference, who made an important report in relation to erroneous doctrines, which were insinuating themselves into the Church; that in some places the building of houses of worship with pews to rent or sell was gaining an ascendancy; and that the rules on dress, and the manner of supporting the ministry, were too much neglected. Added to this report, the conference adopted seven well-timed resolutions of great interest to the Church. This report was ordered to be recorded on the journals of the several annual conferences; and the writer is of the opinion that the design was that it should be read to the conference at each annual session. He, however, never heard it read but once, and that was in 1817.

At this session of the General conference some changes were made in the Discipline, respecting the licensing of local preachers, the manner in which exhorters should receive authority to exercise their gifts, and circuit stewards were made responsible to the quarterly meeting conference "for the faithful performance of their duties."

As the two bishops who had been elected were men of

families, provision was made to estimate and defray their family expenses.

The conference renewed the order for the publication of the Methodist Magazine, in monthly numbers of forty octavo pages each. It was, however, not commenced till 1818.

Mr. Quinn no doubt acted well his part as a member of this General conference, as he was esteemed by the conference electing him an efficient, judicious, and safe delegate to represent them in that body, and to guard and promote all the interests of our beloved Methodism.

After the close of the General conference he left Baltimore, and on his return to his homeward field of labor he suffered a most violent and dangerous attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Many of his friends in the west relinquished all hope of ever seeing him again on earth, having received, as they supposed, a pretty well-authenticated report of his death. He was first confined sixteen miles east of Cumberland, Md. His physician, who resided at Cumberland, for the benefit of his patient and for his own convenience, in a short time had him brought on a bed in a carriage into town. Here he lay for several weeks, and endured indescribable pain and bodily suffering. Mrs. Quinn hearing of his extreme illness, and where he was confined, late in the evening, set off the next morning on horseback, accompanied by her brother-in-law, Rev. Job Baker, and in five days reached Cumberland. She found her husband exceedingly low; but it was thought he had passed the crisis in his disease and was improving some. After Mrs. Quinn's excitement subsided, she became sensible of her fatigue, and was almost sick herself. In about six weeks he was able to start for home, and after a tedious journey he arrived in safety, and, as far as he was able, entered upon the labors of his district.

Many years after this severe season of affliction, a lady met him in the market-space in Chillicothe, and inquired if he was a Methodist preacher. He answered, "I am." She continued, "Were you not once confined a long time by sickness in Cumberland?" He said he was. She next inquired, "Do you remember a little girl who sat by your bedside and kept the flies off of you?" He replied, "I remember there was a little girl who did me that kindness." Then said the lady, "I am that little girl." The sudden emotion of gratitude gushing from the deep fountains of his heart, was so strong that he was carried almost out of himself, and, forgetting where he was, his grave and dignified character well-nigh suffered in the manifestations of the grateful emotions of his heart.

In the fall of 1816 Mr. Quinn closed his four years of labor and suffering on the Scioto district, and many of his brethren thought he was nearly "*run down.*" The conference placed him in a supernumerary relation; yet Bishop M'Kendree appointed him in charge of Fairfield circuit, remarking to him, pleasantly, "This is rather novel; but so let it be; you will do the best you can." This circuit was in the Muskingum district, and near his residence. This appointment might have been viewed as an *accommodation*. If so, it will be sufficient to say, that he justly deserved it; and no doubt the people of that circuit considered it an accommodation to them to have such a pastor. He was not only a good minister in the pulpit, but, with all his experience, and skillful tact, he must have been well qualified for the pastoral charge of a circuit. Truly, he was "apt to teach," and taught the people "publicly and from house to house." He was particularly attentive to the poor of his charge. He found his way to many of their cabins, and in their family circles kneeled upon the earthen or puncheon floor, and prayed for the present and eternal salvation of the parents and the children, and that

there might be a seed to serve God in the family to the end of time. Many who may read his life will remember, with heart-felt satisfaction, his pastoral visits to their humble habitations, soon after their arrival in the new country, or their first settlement after marriage. While memory holds its seat in the mind, they never can forget how he instructed, encouraged, and comforted them, amidst the peculiar trials, bereavements, temptations, and persecutions to which they were exposed, and suffered at that period of the history of Methodism and the settlement of the western region. How often has he quoted and applied to the grief-torn bosom and troubled heart "the exceeding great and precious promises" of God's word! In those promises was found, by the distressed ones, who were suffering "according to the will of God,"

"A balm for every wound,  
A cordial for every fear."

When he had sung that beautiful and appropriate hymn,

"Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, 'The Lord will provide,'"

and offered up prayer suited to the wants of all present, every one felt that he was a man of God, and the minister of unspeakable good to them. On leaving he would take each one by the hand and "commend them to God and to the word of his grace," as his parting blessing.

After this messenger of mercy had retired from the house of mourning, having so fully accomplished his mission, may we not suppose that the poor man, the widow and fatherless, the aged and infirm, the afflicted and bereaved, and the distressed of every description, were ready to say, and encouraged to believe, that

"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven can not cure?"

Let the minister who reads this contemplate what an

extensive field for usefulness is presented to him as a pastor; and will he not be greatly stimulated, and encouraged in his pastoral work? Those who visit their flocks much, and are skillful and faithful pastors, never fail to have their charges in a healthy and prosperous condition. But, what is still more encouraging, "when the CHIEF SHEPHERD shall appear, they shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Mr. Quinn had great zeal and affection to pursue the wanderer and bring him back to the fold. On one of his circuits, I can not say which, the leader reported to him two members, a man and his wife, who had neglected their class meetings for some time, and, as they were in health, he supposed they were willfully delinquent. Mr. Q. had not been very long on the circuit, and neither of them had seen him. After obtaining direction, and having their house definitely described, he set off to make them a pastoral visit. Being received into the dwelling and seated, he informed the lady that he was seeking some lost sheep. She inquired how many he had lost. He replied, "Two have wandered off in this direction." By this time the gentleman had come in. His wife, addressing him, said, "This stranger is searching for two sheep which he has lost; have you seen any stray sheep about the farm?" He said he had not, and inquired how long they had been missing. Mr. Quinn specified some time, making it to agree with the time they had neglected their meetings. The gentleman promptly answered, "It is useless to make further search; for if they have been gone so long, there can be no doubt but the wolves or dogs have killed them." Mr. Q. said he hoped they were not yet quite dead, though they might be in great danger. The lady, taking the hint, said, "Old man, he has come after us; I guess this is our new preacher." This brought the answer, that he was, indeed, their pastor, and had come in search of them.

With this introduction he performed his duty, conversing plainly and faithfully with those two members of his flock, and tenderly and fervently prayed with and for them. It was said they were both happily restored to the fold, and continued faithful in their attendance upon all the ordinances of God while they lived.

In the fall of 1817 he was appointed to Pickaway circuit. This circuit lay on the east side of the Scioto, and was not very remote from his residence.

In 1818 he was stationed in Cincinnati. His family, which had been stationary for sixteen years, had now, of course, to be removed to the city. The station furnished them a house and ample provision for fuel and table expenses.

The next year he was reappointed to Cincinnati, having Rev. Truman Bishop associated with him, which was the first year that city ever had more than one stationed preacher. Mr. Quinn was well received in the city, and useful.

During Mr. Quinn's second year in this city, he attended the General conference, held in Baltimore, May 1, 1820, of which he was a member. Bishops M'Kendree, George, and Roberts, were present at the opening of the session. Bishop M'Kendree, however, was in such poor health that he could preside but little; but aided his colleagues, as his health would allow, in guiding the counsels of the conference. Many important subjects were submitted by the bishops to the consideration of that body. On account of the great enlargement of the work in various directions, business had accumulated much since the last session. The troubles in our societies in Upper Canada, on account of the interference of the British missionaries, engaged for a time the attention of the conference, which resulted, with other measures, in requesting the bishops to appoint a delegate to the British conference, to be held

in the following July. Rev. John Emory was appointed, who, in addition to the existing difficulties in Canada, was instructed to convey to the British conference the affectionate attachment of the American General conference to their Wesleyan brethren in England, and to request a regular interchange of delegates from one connection to the other. The cause of education in the Methodist Episcopal Church received a powerful impetus at this conference, which has gradually increased to the present time.

This conference adopted the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which had been previously organized in the city of New York, and, with a revised constitution, made it their own. This great moral machine has operated ever since with glorious success, both in our own country and in foreign lands. Of late years an interesting feature has been developed in our successful missions among the immigrant Germans of America, and in sending several missionaries to the father-land. At the latest dates our mission in Germany had realized unexampled success, and furnished the prospect of still greater things. Many eyes are now turned toward the country of Luther and the Reformation, and many hearts are lifted to God in fervent prayer for the success of our mission in that region.

The following may be worthy of record, as connected with the life of Mr. Quinn; and as it embraces a very remarkable dream, in connection with the history of that General conference, it may interest the reader, if it should not edify him. Rev. Joshua Soule had been elected bishop, and the day appointed for his ordination. They had just closed a warm debate in relation to the question of making presiding elders elective by the annual conferences, and many of the members had taken part in the discussion under considerable excitement. In view of these circumstances, Bishop Roberts had an interview with Mr. Quinn,



and remarked to him, "I think you are the most suitable person we can select to preach the ordination sermon to-morrow, and I wish you to perform that service." He very reluctantly consented, and applied himself to some preparation for the important duty to which he considered himself officially called. He read and studied late that evening, and retired to rest about midnight. In his sleep he had the dream alluded to, which I recorded from his own lips, and when I had read it to him he pronounced it correct, as follows:

"I thought I was traveling somewhere in the western country, and came to a place where an assembly of people were engaged in laying the foundation of a church. They had arranged and adjusted three corners, and had a stone prepared for the fourth. And, as they asked me to assist them, I related the anecdote which is told of Mr. Fletcher, when the enterprise of building a church was determined on, and he and the workmen reached the stone quarry from which the foundation was to be obtained. Mr. Fletcher said, 'If you will pause, we will have prayers;' and then offered up a most fervent prayer for the blessing of God upon their undertaking. I then proposed to the assembly that we pray; and, while engaged in devotion, I was deeply affected, and prostrating myself upon the ground I wept most profusely. After prayer was ended I rose up, and found that the stone which had been prepared for the fourth corner had strangely turned into a block of wood! Addressing the people, I said, 'Brethren, this will never do for a foundation;' and under the distress of the disappointment I awoke. In the morning I said to Rev. Charles Holliday, who occupied the same room with me, 'There will be no bishop ordained to-day.' He asked me what reason I had for an opinion in opposition to the order of the General conference. I then related to him my dream. He replied, 'That is certainly a remarkable

dream!' At the hour of meeting, the conference being opened with the usual religious services, and the journals read and approved, Bishop M'Kendree presented his protest against the action of the General conference in making the presiding elders elective by the annual conferences. Then J. Soule, bishop elect, arose and resigned his election to the office, and declined receiving ordination. So that we made no bishop at that General conference."

It may not be amiss to add in this connection, that the views of Rev. Joshua Soule were in perfect accordance with those of Bishop M'Kendree, and a very respectable minority of that delegated body. He sincerely believed the General conference had improperly interfered with the legitimate and constitutional prerogative of the Episcopacy, and as a consistent man he could not, under the circumstances, take upon himself the functions of that holy office, and, therefore, declined. And it is manifest that this course did not impair the standing of Mr. Soule in the Church, or lessen him in the estimation of his brethren; for at the next session he was elected and ordained bishop, and the writer is assured that Mr. Quinn voted for him.

Before the conference adjourned, which was May 27th, the resolutions by which presiding elders were made elective were suspended for four years, which indicated a change in the minds of some of the members, after the protest of the senior bishop and the resignation of the bishop elect.

In 1820 and 1821 Mr. Quinn was stationed in Chillicothe, and served the people of that charge with his usual ability and fidelity. The first year he and his family enjoyed health, but, at the close of the second year, his labors were greatly interrupted by affliction. He suffered a long and tedious illness from fever. For some weeks no hope was entertained of his recovery. He endured for three days the hiccough, which was considered the certain precursor of death. Adding to all his alarming symptoms, he

suddenly called for something to eat, which he eagerly devoured. When his wife witnessed this, as she supposed, most unfavorable symptom, she could not restrain her tears, but wept in his sight. Turning to her he said, with great confidence, "I shall not die now, but live." And so it was. From that hour, though slowly, he gradually recovered.

At the close of his second year in Chilicothe, he was appointed to Deer Creek circuit, contiguous to the city, having William Simmons for his colleague. He was unable for some months to do any labor, could not move, and he and his family continued to share of the hospitality and generous aid of the people of Chilicothe.

On the first of January, 1823, Mrs. Quinn died in peace. She was a woman of deep and uniform piety, patient in suffering, and cheerfully endured the toils and privations, incident to the wife of an itinerant Methodist minister, nineteen years and eight months, without a murmur. Truly she possessed "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." The heart of her husband safely trusted in her; and her children rose up and called her blessed.

This severe bereavement seems to have affected Mr. Quinn exceedingly, and perhaps the more so on account of the feeble state of his own health. Those alone who have drank of the same cup of sorrow, can fully appreciate the deep anguish of his heart, occasioned by the death of a wife so estimable and so much endeared to his soul.

Soon after the death of his beloved companion, Mr. Quinn composed the following poem, which sets forth the high estimate he placed upon her excellent character, and how much he felt the great loss sustained in her death.

In reference to the poetical merits of the piece, it is true nothing very laudatory can be said. Poetry, however,

frequently consists as much in its real fire of composition, as in its studied measure and fine, flowing rhyme:

“ A solitary mourner,  
 I roam from place to place,  
 My heart oppress'd with sorrow,  
 While tears steal down my face.

I think of former seasons,  
 And call the years to mind  
 When bless'd with a loved partner,  
 Affectionate and kind;  
 Who shared with me my sorrows,  
 And comforted my heart  
 With looks and words of softness,  
 Which proved she bore a part.

My honor she defended,  
 My faults she never told;  
 Our hearts in one were blended,  
 The cord, it was twofold.

By nature formed for friendship,  
 We loved when first we met;  
 The day of consummation  
 We never did regret.

Our hearts and hands united,  
 Sweet counsel still we took;  
 She ne'er by me was slighted,  
 I ne'er felt her rebuke.

In youth we were awaken'd,  
 We sought for joy and peace,  
 And through a Savior's merits,  
 Obtained converting grace.

The Savior who redeemed us  
 Now brought us to his fold,  
 And with his children precious  
 Our humble names enroll'd.

Thus unto Christ united,  
 We lov'd as in the Lord,  
 And sought to be directed  
 By his most holy word.

Thus happy in our union,  
 Near twenty years pass'd on;  
 While I proclaim'd a Savior,  
 She meekly staid at home.

At length that lovely Savior,  
 Who guided her in youth,  
 Said to her, 'Come up hither,  
 Thou hast endured enough!

She meekly said, 'I love him,  
 And know that he loves me:  
 Farewell my babes and husband,  
 I go my Christ to see!

I said, 'And must I yield thee,  
 O, must I with thee part!  
 O, God of love, support me,  
 Or grief will break my heart!

She's gone—she breathes no longer;  
 The vital spark is fled;  
 Bright angels, they have borne her,  
 That lovely form lies dead!

I mourn, but do not murmur,  
 For Christ does all things well;  
 O, may we meet in glory,  
 And there forever dwell:

To join the happy millions,  
 Whose robes are washed in blood,  
 Escaped from sin's dominion,  
 Placed near the throne of God!"

It appears, by some arrangement on account of the enfeebled state of Mr. Quinn's health, that he was released from his obligation as the preacher in charge of Deer Creek circuit, at least for the most of this year; and he spent most of the spring and summer in visiting his friends and relatives, and in traveling for the benefit of his body and mind, as the following letter, addressed to his highly-esteemed friend, S. Williams, of Chilicothe, will indicate:

*"Nashville, May 3, 1823.*

"DEAR BROTHER,—I think, by the blessing of God, traveling has been beneficial to me both in body and mind. My health is much improved, and my mind somewhat relieved. I will now give you a little sketch of my travels. The Sabbath after I left you, I spent in West Union, and most of the following week; preached three times; God

is here! The next Sabbath I spent in Maysville; preached twice; they have good times in this place; sinners are being converted to God. Wednesday following reached Augusta; saw the Methodist college; it is a fine edifice; a good society here; preached once; had a good time. Reached Cincinnati Saturday; spent two Sabbaths here; preached five times; thirty have been added in the last quarter; the body of the society in peace and love; nevertheless, I fear a little of the spirit of opposition and revolt; but a judicious administration might overcome this. The next Sabbath I spent in Lexington; preached twice here; had pretty good times; no convictions or conversions; speculative preaching don't do much good in any place. O, what a melancholy state of things is in Kentucky at this time: a depreciated currency; flour from \$9 to \$12 per barrel; corn from \$5 to \$6 per barrel—very scarce; horses, cows, and hogs have starved to death by hundreds, and scarcely any prospect of harvest. I think in half a day's ride I have scarcely seen as much wheat as would grow on twenty acres. O, how soon can the Lord turn a fruitful land into a howling wilderness for the wickedness of the inhabitants! O, highly-favored Ohio! but let her not boast, but be humble. Next Sabbath spent at Bowling-Green; preached once; found it hard times; Methodists too gay, too much like the world. Tuesday, 29th of April, reached Nashville; found my brother and family in good health. . . . I expect to continue here two or three weeks, and then start for Virginia. I hope to reach Chilicothe some time in July. Health and peace attend you. My respects to sister W., and all friends."

September 4, 1823, the Ohio conference assembled at Urbana. At this session Mr. Quinn was elected a delegate to the General conference, to be held the following May in Baltimore, and was appointed to Brush Creek circuit, including West Union, with R. O. Spencer his colleague,

who was in the first year of his itinerancy. The people of this circuit had desired him for their pastor, and received him with great satisfaction. Many of them were acquainted with him in years long gone by, and had sincere sympathy for him in view of his severe bereavement. He served faithfully the people of his charge, till he left for the General conference in the spring. A Mr. Crawford, a local preacher of the circuit, was employed to supply his place during his absence.

The General conference of 1824 was still more important than the previous session. All the bishops were present at the opening of the conference. Rev. Richard Reece, the representative of the Wesleyan connection in England, and his associated companion, Rev. John Hannah, were introduced to the General conference the first day, and made a fine impression.

Many petitions and memorials were received, praying for a lay delegation to have a seat in the General conference. A circular address was sent out in reply to the memorialists, showing that the proposed change was inexpedient, in the judgment of that body.

Rev. Joshua Soule and Rev. Elijah Hedding were elected to the office of bishop, on the 26th of May, and on the 27th they were consecrated by prayer and the imposition of hands to that great work.

On the 29th of May the conference adjourned, to meet in the city of Pittsburg, May 1, 1828.

During the session of the conference he addressed the following letters to his friend, Mr. Samuel Williams, of Chilicothe:

*“ Baltimore, May 3, 1824.*

“DEAR BROTHER,—You are, no doubt, looking toward this city, and praying, not as though the Deity were locally resident here, but as you feel a religious interest in the results of the General conference now in session here. At

this incipient stage I can give you but little information, as we are but barely organized—one hundred and ten members present; fifteen absent. A most interesting scene took place to-day: the British messenger, Rev. Richard Reece, some time president of the British conference, with his companion, Mr. Hannah, were introduced into the conference, escorted by Revs. Bangs and Soule. Reece is a most venerable figure, say near six feet, a little robust; his head as white as wool, his face presenting the ruddy hue of thirty-five, though he may be sixty; a noble forehead, and an eye expressive of intelligence itself; while the whole expression of the countenance is benignity and goodness. I heard him preach yesterday a truly-evangelical sermon—no philosophical chaff or metaphysical froth—sound Wesleyanism.

“The accounts from the British connection are pleasing. They have peace in all their borders. What may take place among us I can not say. If I might hazard an opinion, it would be, that no important change will be effected. Perhaps the Episcopacy will be strengthened by the addition of one or two more bishops.”

“*Baltimore, May 26, 1824.*”

“DEAR BROTHER,—The doctrine that the Methodist Episcopal Church has a constitution, has been firmly sustained by this General conference, and nothing has been suffered to pass that would be an infringement of the restrictive articles; hence you may perceive that no change has or will take place in our government. ‘The suspended resolutions’ have been suspended four years longer.

“We have just closed our election for bishops and book agents. For bishops, on the first ballot, no one was elected. The second ballot, J. Soule was elected; and on the third, E. Hedding.”

This was a year of trial and some affliction to Mr. Quinn.

The following extracts from letters addressed to his



daughters will set forth, in a most affecting light, how exquisitely he realized the great loss he had suffered in the death of his wife, and the indescribable solicitude he felt for his dear, motherless children. His beloved Patience left him with five daughters. A man must feel before he can know what the feeling is; and, unless the reader has realized a similar bereavement, and been left in charge of five lovely little daughters, with very limited resources of his own, and, as a Methodist minister, his Church making very trifling provision for the motherless loved ones, it can not be expected that he can know the emotions of Mr. Quinn's heart, and be able to appreciate, at this period of his distress and sorrow, the anxiety and solicitude of his soul. His children had to be scattered, and he was under the necessity of having them taken care of by his friends, as best he could.

He writes to his daughter Helen, then in Virginia, with her uncle, Dr. Isaac Quinn, under date of

“*West Union, O., October 9, 1823.*”

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—I can not tell how it pains my heart to have my children so far separated from each other and from me; but it can not be avoided, and, therefore, must be submitted to. Could I ever have my children all collected around me again, I should think myself one of the most happy among mortals. But, ah! this can not be. Your lovely mother is no more! and her place can never be filled. I know your uncle and aunt will be a father and mother to you. Let me enjoin it on you, my child, in the fear of the Lord, to be attentive and obedient to them as parents, and let them have every reason to think and speak well of you. Be very careful in forming acquaintances. Remember, your reputation is your all. But, above all, be attentive to your religious duties—private prayer, reading the Scriptures, and public worship. You have many things to learn, which a woman ought to know;

therefore, be not ashamed to learn of any and all who can teach you. How it would comfort and gladden my heart to find you possessing those graces and qualifications which shone in that amiable woman, of precious memory, whose daughter you are; and the contrary would almost break my heart. O, Helen, pursue that course which can not fail to make you respectable and happy here and forever—I mean religion and active industry. How this would comfort the heart of your father, in his declining years, who, having been bereft of your dear mother, expects his earthly comfort to consist in the respectability and happiness of his daughters!”

To the same he says, under date

“*January 17, 1825.*”

“I need not tell you how tenderly I love you, and how solicitous I feel for your temporal and spiritual welfare, especially the latter, and that you are not forgotten at the throne of grace; and I do hope that the God whom I have feared and endeavored to serve from my youth, will preserve and save my dear children. I feel thankful, my dear child, that you have the fear of the Lord before you, and have a place in the Church. Yet, when I reflect on the low state of religion in that place—the great inattention to class meetings, and the few religious associates you have—I can not but fear, and feel concerned for you. Helen, don’t forget secret prayer. Ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find the pearl of great price—the love of God shed abroad in thy heart by the Holy Ghost.”

In another letter to the same he says:

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Your separation from me has been and still is as painful to me as it has been to you; but it has thus occurred in the order of Providence, and it becomes us to bow in submission, nor say to God, What doest thou? Let me now say, fear God and keep his commandments. In all thy ways acknowledge God, and he

will direct thy paths. Read a chapter or two in the Bible every day; neglect not secret prayer; neglect none of the means of grace, either public or private. And, O, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

May I not hope that many of the youthful readers of this sketch will greatly profit by the foregoing extracts, especially the young women who have no mother to care for them? Will they not receive and practice the instructions of this affectionate father, and be safe and happy?

It appears from Mr. Quinn's letters he had two of his little daughters provided for in some way on his circuit. I am informed they were accommodated in the family of Rev. G. R. Jones. From West Union he writes to his eldest, who was happily married to Mr. James Clarke, of Chilicothe, soon after the death of her mother. The date is July, 1824. After giving an account of a severe attack of fever, he adds, "The Lord has been gracious to my poor soul in this affliction, as formerly; but, O, how I longed after you and my dear children! Mary was brought to see me once while I was sick. O, to have had you with me! but be still, O, my soul, and know that the Lord hath done it. I do not expect to be able to do any thing on the circuit before conference. I doubt the propriety of bringing the girls to Chilicothe, or leaving them there in the sickly season; yet my intention is to bring them on a week before conference, and take them on to Fairfield. Give father's love to his dear Susan. Tell her how much I have been troubled about her sickness; but that I hope the good Lord, who loves her better than her father, will bless her affliction to her good, and raise her to health again. Do, my dear child, let me hear from you by next mail, if it be only five or six lines. Should either of you be very unwell, I will make an effort to see you without delay. I have no lack of kind friends and attention here. Many hearts and doors are open to receive me. O, for a grateful

heart to God and man! May the good Lord bless thee, my daughter!"

The affliction referred to in the foregoing letter commenced at Portsmouth, on his way from the General conference. He, however, was able to reach West Union, and having an appointment the next day at his old friend's, John M'Colm, on Gift Ridge, he determined to make an effort to fill it. Rev. G. R. Jones accompanied him, to preach in case he should not be able. On his way the paroxysm of fever became so violent that he was quite deranged, and it was with much difficulty he reached the place. He could take no part in the services, and retired to bed. In this attack of bilious fever he lay ten days, and suffered much. One day, after having taken an emetic, he was thrown into indescribable pain, which seemed to be more than he could endure, and in his agony he exclaimed, "What shall I do?" In a moment he said to his friend M'Colm, "That was an unguarded and improper expression. I ought to have said:

'When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamblike patience arm my breast;  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.'

## CHAPTER IX.

Appointed to Zanesville—Second marriage—Letters—Appointed to Fairfield circuit—Subordinate relation—Reappointed—Stationed at Chilicothe—Attends the General conference at Pittsburg—Appointed to Hillsboro circuit—Purchases a home—Returned to Hillsboro—Enforces Discipline—Appointed to Wilmington—Family devotions—Manner of instructing and praying for his children—Peculiar fervor in prayer on leaving home—His wife inspired with great confidence—Great gift in prayer—Success—Singular incident—Appointed to Straight Creek circuit—Laborious field—A great change—Attends the General conference at Philadelphia—Extract from the Bishops' Address—Rev. J. G. Bruce's letter—His and the testimony of others in regard to Mr. Quinn—Love-feast expected—Disappointment—Importance of keeping our Rules—Is punctual to his appointments—Kindly reproves and counsels his junior brother—Well received and practiced on ever after—Appointed to Washington circuit—Hard labor—Is exposed in a muddy region—Letter to Mrs. Clark—Appointed to Hillsboro circuit—He and colleague have a prosperous year—Appointed to Sinking Spring—Small circuit.

At the close of this conference year we held our annual session at Zanesville. Mr. Quinn and the writer of this sketch were appointed a committee to write the memoirs of the deceased preachers, Alexander Cummins and Samuel Baker. At our meeting, before reporting to the conference, he referred in a most touching manner to our liability to die, and the great importance of our being always ready. He introduced the subject by the inquiry, "Who will write our memoirs?" I have often thought of that profitable conversation, and more frequently since he has gone on before, and I was called to report his memoir to his brethren in 1848.

At this session of the conference he was appointed to Zanesville station. Previous to this time Mr. Quinn had carefully deliberated on the matter, and had come to the conclusion that it was his duty to marry a second wife, and procure a mother for his daughters; and having se-

lected and obtained the consent of the lady, he went soon after conference to consummate their union; and on the third of October, 1824, he and Miss Eleanor Whitten, of Tazewell county, Va., were united in holy matrimony. Mr. Quinn was very happy in his second marriage, and the selected loved one was considered quite suitable, being a member of the same Church, and deeply pious. In writing to a friend the next year, he says, "I have every reason to be thankful for this dear friend. She is an interesting companion, and a tender and affectionate mother; and my children love her tenderly, having found that a second, or stepmother is not that horrible thing of which they had heard."

The following extracts of letters addressed to Mr. Williams and Mrs. Clark, of Chilicothe, will show something of the state of the Church in Zanesville, and the influence of Mr. Quinn's labors in that station:

*"Zanesville, December 28, 1824.*

"DEAR BROTHER,—I rejoice to learn that the Lord hath visited you in Chilicothe, and that sinners are awakened and converted to God. It of course must be a time of refreshing among old professors. In this town the congregations are crowded and serious, both by day and by night. Some weep, but they are a little too fearful of a noise and fire. I have preached over twenty sermons in the ordinary course, beside attending prayer and class meetings. We have had six or eight added to the society, most of whom profess conversion, and I trust others are under awakenings."

*"Zanesville, April 8, 1825.*

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—I rejoice that in your religious exercises you have become in a good degree acquainted with your own heart, and sensible of the impure principle in your nature. I fear there are too many in whom repentance only extends to the practice of sin in the life,

and not to the principle of sin in the heart. Hence, it often happens, that the heart is healed but slightly; and this being the case, it too often occurs that they soon relapse again into sin, sink into formality, or become hypocrites. In order to a radical cure, it is of great importance to have a thorough knowledge of the disease; yea, that the whole head is sick, and that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

“Be not discouraged, but wait on the Lord, and be of good courage; and expect, as he hath pardoned guilt, so he is able, yea, and willing, to cleanse from all unrighteousness, and so renew thee in the spirit of thy mind, that thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, mind, soul, and strength.

“We have taken eight into society since I wrote you last. Our congregations are still large and solemn. It now appears to be seed-time; the harvest, I trust, will follow. It is the privilege of those who sow to rejoice with those who reap; and O that the harvest may be glorious!”

In the fall of 1825 he attended the conference held at Columbus; and, on account of feeble health, he was favored with a subordinate relation on Fairfield circuit—the onerous duties of the charge being assigned to his efficient colleague, Rev. Leroy Swormstedt. As helper, Mr. Quinn was a most agreeable associate and fellow-laborer on a circuit. He knew his place, and kept in it. Never did he usurp the authority, or attempt to exercise the prerogatives of the minister in charge, or give him trouble by interfering with his administration; but, on the contrary, assisted him by his counsel, and contributed his great influence to sustain him in the mild and strict administration of Methodist discipline. This was a pleasant, and, we have reason to believe, a useful year with Mr. Quinn. The following year he was reappointed to Fairfield circuit, in charge, having James Laws associated with him.

In 1828 he was stationed at Chillicothe, and served as an efficient delegate in the General conference, which assembled in May of that year in the city of Pittsburg. Bishops M'Kendree, George, Roberts, Soule, and Hedding, were all present; and this was the last session Bishop George ever attended. He died in Staunton, Va., the following August, with the word "glory" on his lips. At this General conference "the suspended resolutions" were rejected by a large majority, and the memorialists who petitioned for a lay delegation were answered in the report of the committee appointed on that subject, and adopted on motion of the Rev. Asa Shinn, which put that subject to rest. Many who were dissatisfied left the Church, and formed a separate connection, called the "Methodist Protestant Church."

In 1828 Mr. Quinn was appointed in charge of Hillsboro circuit. Joseph Hill, who had just entered upon his itinerant labors, was his helper. This was a most successful year for this circuit. Many souls were awakened, converted, and added to the Church; some of whom passed on before, and were waiting to welcome him to his final home above; others remain faithful and useful members of the Church below.

There was no preacher's house on Hillsboro circuit at that time; and this circumstance, together with his large and increasing family, suggested to Mr. Quinn's mind the necessity of procuring a little home, where his wife and children might be somewhat stationary, while he gave himself to the work of the itinerant ministry. He therefore purchased a small farm in the bounds of his circuit, of about one hundred acres, and in the fall of 1829 removed to it. It was a good location, and in some respects a very pleasant place. It is immediately on the summit level, or dividing ridge between the waters of the Miami and those of the Scioto. The farm was not very much im-



proved, and the house was made of hewed logs, having stone chimneys. Upon the whole, it was a comfortable residence; and there his family have long enjoyed the sweets of HOME. This place, once called "Rural Cottage," for a time received the name of "the Pioneer's Rest," and will be more fully described in the future pages of this work.

In 1829 Mr. Quinn was returned in charge of Hillsboro circuit, having George Gatch for his colleague. This was a year of some declension, and the pruning-knife had to be used in removing the improper and unfruitful branches. This work, however painful to the pastor, is often essential to the spiritual life, health, and prosperity of the Church. A minister who accomplishes this indispensable work may suffer much in his reputation; but let him not be discouraged, or shrink from his duty. The judicious and faithful administrator of discipline, such as we suppose Mr. Quinn was, will be sustained by the unprejudiced and pious of his charge, and in the light of the fires of the judgment day, his works will be manifest, and his "profiting," in promoting the real interests of Christ's kingdom on earth, will appear to all.

In 1830 Mr. Quinn was appointed to Wilmington circuit, having John M. Goshorn for his helper. Some of the preaching-places on this circuit were pretty convenient to his residence, while others were quite remote, requiring his absence from his family more than a week at a time. On this and other circuits and districts, his duties as an itinerant minister required him to be much from home; but whenever he did return, it was to "bless his household." His manner of conducting the devotions of the family, and instructing his children, was well calculated to interest the entire circle, deeply affect the heart, and make lasting impressions on the memory. The children were not only required to hear the Scripture lessons read

with attention, but often to pass something of an examination on the interesting subjects embraced. The chapter read, say in the morning, he would question them on in the evening; and when they had answered as well as they were able, he would explain and apply the lesson in a way suited to their capacities. In his prayers he was in the habit of embracing all his children by name, and asking the blessing of God upon them individually, as they had need. If any of them had been naughty or disobedient during the day, he would pray the Lord to grant the offenders repentance, and pardon them by his mercy. This course was exceedingly mortifying to the children; but perhaps no other that he could have pursued would have made an impression so deep and lasting, or proved more effectual. When his children were small, he caused them to kneel down at his knee, and repeat their prayers; and when they became larger, he required them to kneel at their bedside, and pray. When his duty made it necessary for him to leave his family for some time, it was his practice to pray most fervently for them all, and commend them to the care of his covenant-keeping God. And at such times he appeared to have such an assurance, that his fervor and apparent faith inspired the partner of his cares with strong confidence to believe that all would be safe in his absence. This was a source of great comfort to his wife, and she was enabled to trust in the Lord and not be afraid.

Mr. Quinn certainly had an extraordinary gift in prayer. The great variety of devotional matter which he possessed was truly remarkable; all appeared to be based upon God's word, and inspired by the divine Spirit. His prayers were usually much enriched and embellished by the language of the Scriptures; they were also distinguished for their ardor and apparent strong faith. On a visit to one of his daughters, who, at the time, was supposed to be

nigh unto death, he said to his daughter Helen, who accompanied him, "I do not think your sister will die now. On the way here, I tried to pray, but all was dark; but since we arrived, I have had access to the throne, in praying for her recovery; and I believe she will be raised up again;" and so it was. He used to say, in some cases when he attempted to pray for persons, he had no conscious access to God in prayer. And at such times his feelings were painful in the extreme. And when he had liberty in prayer, he seemed to commune with the blessed Trinity in holy sweetness.

Is it possible for one Christian to be conscious, while engaged in prayer, that a distant friend is praying for him? A very worthy member of the Church, and a man of strong faith, related once in class meeting, that on one evening, while engaged in private devotion, he realized in his own soul a wonderful manifestation of the Divine presence and blessing, and declared, that it was impressed on his mind that some brother in Christ was at that moment interceding at the throne of grace in his behalf. "And that brother," said he, "was James Quinn." Is not something like this set forth in those beautiful lines of one of our hymns?

"There is a scene where spirits blend—  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat."

At our annual session, held at Mansfield, in the fall of 1831, Mr. Quinn received his appointment to Straight Creek, having John G. Bruce associated with him in the labors of that large circuit, embracing an extensive territory, and many preaching-places. The one nearest his residence was at least ten miles, and the town of Ripley, which, perhaps, was the most distant, was more than forty miles. It is not probable he could visit his family oftener

than once every round, which required four weeks. At the present writing—1850—the same territory embraces one whole circuit, parts of two more, and Ripley has been a respectable station for many years. Of course, the preachers are now much favored in the labor of *traveling*, and if they do the pastoral work which their exemption from traveling will enable them to do, the people will be accommodated also in the arrangement.

This year Mr. Quinn was a member of the General conference, which commenced its session in Philadelphia on the first day of May, 1832. After the General conference was organized, the bishops called the attention of that body to many important topics, in a written communication. A short extract from this address may be acceptable to the reader in this connection:

“The troubles and dangers which threatened us at our last session have nearly passed away. The secession from the Church, although embracing some valuable members, has been far less extensive than was feared; and the results, with regard to the general interests of the Church, it is presumed, have been widely different from the calculations of the principal agents in the schism.

“The measures which have been pursued by those who have been called ‘Reformers,’ have elicited a more careful examination of the principles of the government and economy of the Church, among our preachers and people, and through the community in general. This examination has resulted in a clearer conviction of the excellency of our system, and especially the efficiency of our itinerant plan; and, consequently, peace, harmony, and reciprocal confidence have been greatly increased and confirmed.

“To preserve such a happy state of things through that vast body of ministers and people, to whom we are related in the strongest bonds of interest and affection, and to devise measures for the more extensive and efficient operation

of that system which has already been so remarkably successful, is the chief business of your present deliberations and counsels.”

The various subjects included in the bishops' address were referred to appropriate committees, and their reports received the consideration and action of the conference. An able pastoral address was adopted, and sent out by the conference. A report on the subject of temperance was also adopted, which gave a new and powerful impetus to that cause. In adopting the report on missions, the conference recommended again the establishing a mission in *Liberia*, the sending one person or more on a tour of observation to South America and Mexico, and also the extension of Indian missions on the western frontier, as well as greater exertions to supply the bread of life, the ministry of the word, to the destitute portions of the white population of our country.

In view of the very great enlargement of the work, and the death of Bishop George, the conference elected James O. Andrew and John Emory to the office of bishop, and on the 25th of May they were ordained in the usual form.

Many other important measures were agreed upon, in which Mr. Quinn took part, and late on the night of the 28th of May the conference adjourned, to meet in Cincinnati on May 1, 1836.

Under date of January 12, 1848, the writer received a communication from Rev. John G. Bruce, who was at that time stationed at Shelbyville, Ky., from which he makes the following extracts. Speaking of Mr. Quinn, he says:

“There is truth in the remark made by a gentleman some years since, in drawing a contrast between him and his brother Isaac. ‘The Doctor,’ said he, ‘is strong, sometimes impetuous; but his style is loose and faulty. James is always strong—always clear; his style is simple, and every sentence he pronounces is ready for the press when

it falls from his lips.' Having enjoyed the privilege of sitting under his ministry nearly two years, when he traveled the Scioto circuit, and traveled the Straight Creek circuit with him in 1832, when I had frequent opportunities of hearing him, I not only feel disposed to justify the remark, but go beyond it, and affirm that I have known no minister who so uniformly held up before his congregations an unsullied mirror. Noonday poured upon his subject, and the lovers of truth went home with new materials for thought. In 1829 I was boarding with Dr. James Robbins, who at that time resided at Greenfield. Father Quinn and brother George Gatch were on the circuit. One morning father Quinn preached a funeral sermon in Greenfield, from Ecclesiastes xii, 1-8. The Doctor was of an ardent temperament, a fervent Christian, and, withal, an enthusiastic admirer of father Quinn. The sermon perfectly enchained his attention, and at its close, 'O,' said he, 'what profoundness of thought, what beautiful imagery! I'll be a wiser man!'

"Two circumstances occurred during the year that I was with him, as junior preacher on Straight Creek, which show so strongly his love of system, that I desire to see them recorded in his life; especially as we think our fathers were not liberal enough in many things. Some time in July, 1832, he appointed a two days' meeting in Winchester, Adams county, which he invited me to attend. Rev. John Meek was also present. Our people had just put up a frame church, laid the floor temporarily, and otherwise prepared it for the accommodation of the meeting. The public had been liberal in assisting them, and an obligation was resting upon the Church to be *liberal* in turn. There *was to be* love-feast at nine o'clock Sunday morning. The door-keeper was at his place at the appointed time; the bread and water were on the table; but the door-keeper determined to '*mend our rules and not*

*keep them,*' so that by nine o'clock the house was full of *all sorts* of people. Just then father Quinn came in; his eye ranged along the crowded seats; sadness spread over his face, and, walking up to me, said, 'John, you must preach!' 'What,' said I, 'are you going to dispense with love-feast?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I never have held a love-feast contrary to the Discipline of the Methodist Church, and I never will. So, get up and preach!' I did so, preaching from the parable of the supper, Luke xiv, 16-20; but not to the edification of the hearers, who asked for bread and got a stone. They were greatly disappointed, but there was no remedy. Fortunate would it be for the Church if examples of this kind were more frequent. Then, when the people saw that we had firmness enough to protect ourselves, they would respect us.

"Every departure from the rules in relation to class meetings and love-feasts must weaken us. A rigid adherence to rule made us what we were; a sinful neglect of rule has made us what we *are*.

"The circuit was a large one, embracing twenty-one preaching-places. Father Quinn's family lived where they do now. The nearest point to his family was ten miles, perhaps, yet I have no recollection of his missing a single appointment during the year, though it was the winter of the great flood. Being a delegate to the General conference of 1832, his place was supplied, during his absence, by the venerable Robert W. Finley.

"In the latter part of the year some business required his attention at home. When his work was at Ripley, he asked me to exchange work for two weeks, which would throw him at the upper end of the circuit. I consented. He then gave some special directions in relation to some matters connected with the Church in two or three places. I went on and filled several of the appointments, and then went to the *White Oak* camp meeting for the purpose of

obtaining help at our camp meeting, which was coming on in a few weeks. I did not meet father Quinn till the camp meeting, when, as was customary with him whenever we met, he took me aside and asked very particularly about the condition of each society. When I told him that I had thought it better to go to the White Oak camp meeting than to attend three of the appointments, he fixed his eyes on me, and, with great kindness, remarked, 'You erred; you had no engagement there; at Ripley, etc., you had. Never disappoint a congregation for the sake of a popular meeting. There will always be preachers enough there. You stay at home, and take care of those who can not go. The ordinary means of grace are much more important to the health and prosperity of the Church, than these extraordinary occasions. Always attend to your own work.' I felt reproved, and determined to profit by the advice, and, from that day to this, have not neglected an appointment to visit any popular meeting. Sometimes I am censured for it, but my conscience approves my course."

In the fall of 1832 Mr. Quinn was appointed to Washington circuit, which was still further from his residence. At that time this circuit was large in territory, and spread over a very level, muddy surface, and perhaps the roads, for a considerable part of the year, were a little worse than in some other sections. This charge required almost constant attention, and much hard labor, and of necessity he had to be a good deal exposed; and, to add to his burden and solicitude, his appointed helper, on account of affliction, failed to come to his aid, and it was long before he obtained any help. All these circumstances combined, will enable the reader to account for some expressions in the following letter, addressed to his daughter, Mrs. Clark. Quaintness of expression frequently attaches to the conversation and writings of good as well as great men, and



sometimes this quaintness is the cause of complaint among the fastidious. We think nothing in the ensuing letter, however, obnoxious to candid criticism:

*“At home, December 14, 1832.*

“MY DEAR SARAH,—I think I am safe in saying, that no day passes over my head in which my children and grandchildren are not remembered more than once. Of course you may rest assured, though I have not written to or visited you for some months, it is not because you were forgotten. I had been so long absent from my circuit at General conference, that it was needful that I should remain on it as long as I could. When at conference I was appointed to a pretty tough circuit, and have no help as yet. Be it for young men to choose, or get others to choose, easy places for them; this has not been my course. Through mercy my health has been pretty good, and I go, rain or shine, freeze or thaw. This is my thirty-fourth winter in the work. It may be my last. I sometimes think of locating, but I am so wedded to the itinerant cause that it seems like death. I can not stand hardships as formerly. I am not superannuated, do not mean to ask for easy places; but I commit my cause to God, and sing,

‘Courage, my soul! on God rely—  
Deliverance soon will come.’

“I hope, my daughter, you still live in the enjoyment of religion, and trust in your great Redeemer. O, he bought you with his blood, and claims you for his own! Endeavor to make an unreserved surrender of your all to him.”

In the autumn of 1833 Mr. Quinn was appointed in charge of Hillsboro circuit, having Henry Turner for his colleague. His residence was in the bounds of this charge, and his appointment this year was every way agreeable. Moreover, he and his efficient associate in labor realized most glorious success. They lived, labored, and rejoiced in a revival of religion the principal part of the year.

Many were added to the Church, and the circuit in all respects was blessed with great prosperity.

At the next conference, held the last of August, 1834, a small circuit was formed, called "Sinking Spring," and Mr. Quinn was appointed alone to it. It was rather a contracted field of labor, and, perhaps, did not work well or give satisfaction, as this was the only year of its existence in that form and under that name. In a published letter, Mr. Quinn speaks of it, with other interesting observations which he made in a short tour, setting forth a great change, as follows:

"A few weeks since, I took a little journey toward the rising of the sun, and, in riding about fifty miles, passed half-way through the territory of a circuit as it was in 1804. Then I was alone, without a colleague, and my voice alone was heard as the 'voice of one crying in the wilderness.' I had preaching-places, but they were small cabins, and far apart; congregations, but they were small; classes, but they were few in number, *'like a handful of corn on the top of the mountains;'* but now the fruit shakes, like the clusters of Lebanon. O, bless the Lord, said my heart, this is his doing, and to him be all the glory! In the above distance I passed through, and was in the bounds of, five populous circuits, so compact and well arranged, that the preachers have much time for pastoral visiting and oversight—say one-third. This is as it should be: now Sabbath schools can be properly organized and managed; now Bible classes can be got up in every society; now every family can be visited once or twice in the year, and the complaint no more be heard, from poor or rich, 'Our ministers never visit us.' In this pleasant field—yea, garden—there are ten effective laborers, and work enough for them all; and, as far as I could learn, they are both able and willing to do the work of evangelists, and make full proof of their ministry. Success to them; and may the

pleasure of the Lord prosper in their hands; the people receive them as the ambassadors of Christ; and the stewards take a lively interest, and, with the people, say they shall have a comfortable support. This, also, is as it should be, as it will facilitate the usefulness of the preachers. One other subject of vital interest I beg leave to notice. As I passed up on one highway and returned by another, I counted eleven neat brick meeting-houses; ten of them the property of—not the bishops or ministers—the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America; two of these with steeples and bells—would you have thought it?—but none of them with pews; that's right—Methodists stick to that; let your seats be as free as salvation; but be sure to seat on the new plan. The other church, with a basement story, is, as I was informed, held jointly by Presbyterians and Methodists; may be this will do; they may and ought to regard each other as orthodox Churches, and *contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints*; let each preach fearlessly the doctrines which he *honestly* believes to be according to godliness, and labor for the conversion of sinners, and the upbuilding of the saints. There are many more meeting-houses, in the bounds of these lovely circuits, the property of our people, and many the property of other denominations, which I saw not. These things tell well of the state of religion in that section of our highly-favored land, where I could cheerfully have lived and died. But I must now return to my own little field of labor; and, thanks to my blessed Master! I yet have a little strength to labor in the vineyard; and long ago I promised that I would do that part of the work, at those times and in those places, which might be judged *most* for his glory. Here I have a two weeks' circuit—twelve appointments to fill in fourteen days, and fifteen classes to meet; my family twenty miles distant—no parsonage—not much time for rest or

visiting, yet I visit a little, and have thought of an expedient: it now takes me twelve days to go round my circuit, so I'll take twenty-four, and spend two in each society—the first in visiting, and the second in preaching and meeting class.

“Lord, help thy poor servant! This field requires the vigor and zeal of youth; but,

‘If such a worm as I can spread  
The blessed Savior’s name,’

quicken, O, quicken me to do thy work!”

## CHAPTER X.

Is appointed presiding elder on the Lebanon district—Adam Miller's notice of him—Attends the General conference at Cincinnati—Canada conference claim—Bible Society—Missionary secretary—Liberia conference formed—Rule to locate a preacher—Death of Bishops M'Kendree and Emory—Waugh, Fisk, and Morris elected—Fisk to be ordained when he should return from Europe—He is safe in counsel—His views of bishops—Is appointed to the Chillicothe district—Great improvement in twenty-four years—Reminiscences—Bishop Asbury among log-cabins—On the Muskingum—Entrance of Methodism into Marietta—Continues three years on this district—Affecting incident—Ministers should instruct the children—His skill and success as a pastor—A good work on pastoral visits a desideratum—Books enough to aid in pulpit labors—The importance of visiting pastorally—If we would maintain spiritual life as a Church, it must be done—Two instances of his skill and success in this work—His striking manner of setting forth practical truths in his discourses—Two specimens—His power in the pulpit—Twenty men added to the Church under one sermon—A specimen of his pulpit eloquence—Wonderful effects.

At the conference held at Springfield, August 19, 1835, Mr. Quinn was appointed presiding elder on the Lebanon district, embracing nine charges; namely, Lebanon, Wilmington, Hamilton and Rossville, Germantown, Oxford, Eaton, Greenville, Westchester, and Dayton. Although his health and strength were scarcely sufficient for the labor of this district, yet he prosecuted his work with great energy, and for the most part met his appointments punctually, and labored with great acceptability and usefulness.

Rev. Adam Miller, M. D., who was that year on Greenville circuit, has kindly furnished me with the following notice of Mr. Quinn. He says, "I was gratified to learn that father Quinn was my presiding elder, and delighted with the prospect of forming a more intimate acquaintance with a man of whom I had heard so many favorable accounts. I waited with some anxiety for his appearance at

our first quarterly meeting, which was held in the town of Greenville. He came at the appointed hour, and I had the pleasure of his company at my house. His pious example and well-directed conversation were calculated to make a deep and lasting impression on all with whom he associated; and I felt that it was a privilege to entertain so distinguished and pious a guest. He preached a plain, practical sermon on Saturday. On Sabbath morning he conducted the devotions of the family. While reading the lesson, his eyes filled up with tears, and he appeared deeply affected. He prayed with much energy and pathos. After prayer he remarked that a strange tenderness of feeling came over him while reading the Scriptures, and that it was not usual for him to be affected so much in that way.

“After conducting the exercises of our morning meeting, he preached at eleven o’clock, using for his text, ‘To-day, if ye will hear his voice,’ etc. It was soon manifest that his feelings would carry him beyond his physical strength. He spoke with a loud, clear, musical voice; and, after having set forth the day of God’s grace and merciful visitation to sinners, his appeals were most pointed and forcible, and the impression made on the congregation was deep and powerful. He threw his whole soul into his subject, and so continued till near the close of his sermon, when his bodily strength was entirely exhausted, and he fell back in the pulpit, supported by Rev. C. W. Swain. After he regained his strength to some extent, he was conveyed to his lodgings, where he remained several days in a very prostrated condition. In this affliction not a murmur or complaint escaped from his lips. At one time he remarked, ‘It would be a strange providence if I were to be taken away, so far from my family and home.’ Yet he appeared perfectly resigned to the will of God. When the time for his next quarterly meeting arrived, though feeble, he

mounted his horse, and started for his work, in the spirit of a true and willing itinerant.

“Before the year closed my health failed, and I was compelled to leave the circuit. My support was exceedingly limited—less than one hundred dollars for myself and wife—quarterage, fuel, table and moving expenses all included. With this amount I found it impossible to pay my house rent. Father Quinn hearing of this, when he came to the circuit immediately drew up a subscription, headed it with a liberal sum himself, collected the balance, paid the rent, and relieved the mind of an afflicted preacher. He furnished abundant proof that he had a heart to feel for, and sympathize with, and, as far as able, relieve the sufferings of others.

“Such was his retiring modesty and gentleness of manner, that he was loved and admired most by those who knew him best. And, taking him altogether in the different relations in life, as a Christian and minister, I doubt whether ‘I e’er shall look upon his like again.’ ”

Mr. Quinn, being elected a delegate, attended the session of the General conference at Cincinnati, May 1, 1836. The General conference of this year was rendered somewhat famous, on account of its discussions on the subject of slavery. The claim of the Canada conference on our Book Concern was here amicably and satisfactorily adjusted.

The conference recommended that the Bible Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church be dissolved, and that all our brethren and friends unite in the cordial support of the American Bible Society. This recommendation was readily complied with, and we have ever since co-operated with our great national institution with much unanimity and efficiency.

The Constitution of our Missionary Society was so altered, as to provide for the election of a resident corre-

sponding secretary, by the General conference, who should be wholly devoted to the interests of the Society, under the direction of the Board of Managers.

The Liberia mission was erected into an annual conference, "possessing all the rights, powers, and privileges of other annual conferences, except that of sending delegates to the General conference, and of drawing its annual dividends from the avails of the Book Concern and Chartered Fund." The Ohio conference, being very large, both in numbers and territory, was divided.

This General conference passed a rule authorizing an annual conference to locate one of its members without his consent, whenever he renders himself "unacceptable to the people as a traveling preacher."

Several other rules, deemed important, were adopted by the conference, which were published in the Discipline.

During the year 1835 the Church had been called to mourn the loss of her senior and junior bishops. Bishop *M'Kendree* had exercised the functions of the Episcopal office for nearly twenty-seven years, and Bishop *Emory* for about two years and six months. Both had filled their office with dignity and usefulness, and safely passed away to their reward in heaven.

The committee on the Episcopacy, after adverting in a most touching manner to the death of Bishops *M'Kendree* and *Emory*, reported the necessity of electing three additional bishops, and the report was adopted by the conference. Accordingly, on the 23d of May, *Beverly Waugh*, *Wilbur Fisk*, and *Thomas A. Morris* were duly elected to the office of bishop; and, on the 27th, *Beverly Waugh* and *Thomas A. Morris* were solemnly consecrated, by the imposition of hands and prayer, to their responsible, important, and holy work. *Dr. Wilbur Fisk*, who was then absent in Europe, was to be ordained as soon as he returned and it was ascertained he would accept the appoint-



ment. He, however, declined the office on his return to the United States, and before the next General conference he was removed from labor and suffering to his eternal reward in a better world.

The pastoral address adopted by this conference was an important Church paper, and, no doubt, exerted a salutary influence through the entire ministry and membership of our wide-spread connection.

In the deliberations and action of the conference, in all its measures, Mr. Quinn participated, watching with vigilance all the interests, and guarding with much care every important principle of our beloved Methodism. He was considered a wise and safe man in counsel, but never was much of a debater on the floor of the General conference. Indeed, he seldom made a speech in that body, but in the committee room, in consultation with his own delegation, and in conversation with other members, his great influence was exerted, felt, and often accomplished much. He had now served as an industrious and efficient member of eight sessions of the General conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and, so far as the writer is informed, he always discharged his duties as a delegate to the entire satisfaction of his brethren who elected him. With the session of 1836 he closed his important services, which he rendered the Church in this responsible relation. And, as he had just cast his last vote directly in the election of a bishop, and assisted in promoting two to office as chief among their brethren, it may not be amiss in this place to present to the reader his own views of the experimental and practical qualifications of a Methodist *itinerant general superintendent*. They are expressed in a published communication, dated December 4, 1842:

“Now see Morris bound for Texas, pretty much in olden style, only I think he rode in a buggy—but he made up for that by camping in the woods. Asbury and M’Kendree,

however, had done so before him. Soule and Roberts, too, understood this business, in their tours to the far, far west. Then look at Bishop Soule. He leaves the wharf at New York, escorted to the ship by a company of the reverend clergy, lands in England, dashes off to Wales, then to Ireland, then back to England, then to France, etc. Presently we find him back at New York; from thence he sets out on Friday, as if on the wings of the wind; spends part of a day in Baltimore; and now behold him in Martinsburg, Va., at the distance of say three hundred miles, on the Sabbath, preaching the dedication sermon in the newly-erected house of God, and in a day or two more he is 'o'er the hills and far away.' Well, now, if the superintendency may be perpetuated in the hands of such men as these, and the plan, withal, be preserved unimpaired, then may the itinerancy and the Church have stability and perpetuity on the well-secured and well-tried platform. But changes may take place; for if the General conference, by oversight, or a latitude of construction altogether inferential in its character, and contrary to the plain letter of the constitution, may be composed in part, or in whole, of those who have never traveled *four* or even *one full calendar year*, then, by the same latitude of construction, a man or men, who have never been pastors themselves, who have never '*ruled well*' or *ill*, may be raised to the superintendency, and clothed by the General conference with *executive power* to choose their own council, and then dispose of the pastoral labors of three thousand itinerant pastors, although they themselves should never have been either itinerants or pastors. Then, indeed, it might be proper so to amend the constitution as to take the appointment of the council of presiding elders out of the hands of the superintendents. But my days of personal responsibility are nearly numbered; yet still I feel a deep interest—have my eyes and

ears open to all that relates to the welfare of our Zion; and I hope to pray for the peace of Jerusalem till my eyes are closed, and my voice lost in the darkness and silence of death."

After the adjournment of the conference, which was late on the evening of the 27th of May, Mr. Quinn returned to his work on the district, where he continued to labor to the end of the conference year, beloved and honored by the preachers and people of his charge.

At the session of the Ohio conference held at Chilicothe, September 28, 1836, Mr. Quinn was appointed presiding elder of the Chilicothe district, which then embraced the following charges; namely, Chilicothe, Piketon, Portsmouth, Brush Creek, Bainbridge, Hillsboro, Deer Creek, and Washington. This district, having fewer charges, was better suited to his enfeebled state of health than Lebanon. It was, also, more convenient to his residence, and required less traveling to reach the various appointments. All this field of labor, and a great deal more, he embraced in his old Scioto district, on which he served four years from the fall of 1812. What a wonderful change had come over the earth's surface in twenty-four years in this region! Much of the dense forest had been subdued, and converted into fruitful fields, and literally the wilderness had been made to "blossom as the rose." And the log-cabins had principally given place to splendid frame, stone, or brick mansions, while nearly every farm was ornamented with a good barn; and, instead of worshiping in log meeting-houses and private dwellings, he found many spacious churches erected. How very striking must the contrast have appeared to our rejoicing itinerant pioneer! It is reasonable to suppose that many reminiscences of by-gone days would rise up before his mind, interest his thoughts, and affect his heart. He took great pleasure in conversing on the subject of the great changes which had

taken place during his acquaintance and labors in the west, with the children and grandchildren of his old and early friends, who used to welcome him to their log-cabins when he first came among them to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. He sometimes descanted on this contrast very profitably in his public addresses; but nearly all that was oral has been lost to his friends and the world. I find the following reminiscences written, which I know will interest the reader. He entitles it, "Bishop Asbury among the log-cabins:"

"I once had the pleasure of accompanying Bishop Asbury ten days, on one of his western tours through the then infant state of Ohio, in the days of log-cabins; and they were not such unsightly things, if coon and wildcat skins were hanging round the walls, and deer horns strewed over the roof, and wild turkeys' wings sticking about in the cracks; for they were—with few exceptions—the best dwellings in the land. Well, in many of these we met a smiling welcome, and were most hospitably entertained, and the good Bishop always made himself pleasant and cheerful with the families, so that they soon forgot all embarrassment, and appeared as easy in their feelings as if they had received the Bishop into ceiled and carpeted parlors—as some of them had in the old states. Some of them were very neat and clean, fitted up in good taste, which showed that if madam could not play on the piano-forte, she had taken lessons from Israel's wise king, and knew well how to look to the affairs of her house, if it was a cabin. It must be confessed, however, that all were not so; for it was our sad lot to fall in with one or two that were miserably filthy, and fearfully infested with vermin. This was a heavy tax on the feelings of the poor Bishop; for he had as fair, and as clear, and thin a skin, as ever came from England, and in him the sense of smelling and tasting were most exquisite. But, dear souls,

they were as kind as you please, and the Bishop did not hurt their feelings, but prayed for them, and talked good to them. Many of them have got better houses since that time—have made good improvements, and their daughters have come out quite polished. But we got to quarterly meeting—for he was passing my district—and a most blessed season we had: sinners awakened, souls converted, believers quickened, backsliders reclaimed. O, the Master of assemblies was with us of a truth! Quarterly meeting conference came on. ‘Well, Mr. Asbury, you will attend with us and preside?’ ‘No, son,’ was the reply, ‘let every man stand in his lot, and do his part of the work; when you shall have got through your business let me know, and I will come and see you.’ So we went to business pretty expeditiously, expecting an address from the Bishop. We had no long, tough speeches, and those repeated; but went through, and brought our business to a close in due time; sent a messenger to inform him that we were ready to receive him. He came, took the chair, and after a short pause, commenced taking notice of the infancy of the state, the infancy of the Church, the toils and privations, the trials and temptations, peculiar to such a state of things, and the great necessity of watchfulness and prayer, and diligent attendance on the means of grace, both public and private. He spoke of his own toils, cares, and anxieties with some emotion; of the great and glorious extension and spread of the work of God in the east and south, also in the west and south-west, both among the Methodists and other Christian people. He spoke with much feeling. ‘But the quarterly conference—the importance of this branch of our ecclesiastical economy—“*to hear complaints, to receive and try appeals,*” and thus guard the rights and privileges of the membership against injury from an incorrect administration; to try, and even expel, preachers, deacons, and elders; to examine, license,

and recommend to office in the local department; to recommend for admission into the traveling connection persons as possessing grace, gifts, and usefulness for the great and important work of the Gospel ministry; surely you will see and feel the highly-responsible station which you fill as members of this body. We send you our sons in the Gospel to minister to you the word of life, and watch over your souls as they that must give account. That they may become men, men of God and even fathers among you, help them in their great work; and that you may help them understandingly, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest your excellent Discipline: it is plain, simple, and Scriptural. It is true, speculative minds may find or make difficulties where there are none. [I am not ashamed to confess that I learned something during this lecture that I thought well worth taking care of.] But a few words about your manner of living at the present. You are now in your log-cabins, and busily engaged in clearing out your lands. Well, think nothing of this. I have been a man of cabins for these many years, and I have been lodged in many a cabin as clean and sweet as a palace; and I have slept on many coarse, hard beds, which have been as clean and as sweet as water and soap could make them, and not a flea nor a bug to annoy. [Here I had to hang my head. Dear old gentleman, he had not forgotten the other night when he got no sleep.] Keep,' said the Bishop, 'the whisky bottle out of your cabins, away far from your premises. Never fail in the offering up of the morning and evening sacrifice with your families. Keep your cabins clean, for your healths' sake, and for your souls' sake, [put this on to your wives and daughters;] for there is no religion in dirt, and filth, and fleas. But,' said he, 'of this no more. If you do not wish the Lord to forsake your cabin, do not forsake his; you will lose nothing, but be gainers, even in temporal

things, by going and taking your household with you, even on a week day; you can not all have Sabbath preaching. It is time we close for evening service.' A few words more in commending us to God and the word of his grace; and then what a prayer! how spiritual, how fervent, how fully adapted to the state of the country and the Church as they then were! Truly, it might be said, he was mighty in prayer."

The following reminiscences on the Muskingum I find in printed form. It certainly is too valuable to be lost; I therefore rescue it from oblivion for the benefit of the reader. It is softly pleasing:

"One trait in Methodist itinerancy, is to hold fast whereunto it has attained, remembering that the proud, the slothful man, roasteth not that which he took in hunting. Accordingly, in the spring of 1800, D. Hitt, presiding elder of Redstone district, brought me on to Muskingum, to keep up the appointments and take care of the societies which had been raised by Robert Manly in the course of the preceding year, there to remain till the preachers should return from conference; and truly I found that that good man and good preacher had not been idle; nor had he labored in vain. He was not a learned man; and yet I found his *evangelical* marks in living epistles all through the country. I had made one round on the circuit, and came to Olive Green, where I was met by a person in search of a preacher to preach a funeral sermon, at or near a place called the Big Rock, some eight or ten miles farther up the Muskingum than we had been. A company of Vermonters had made a settlement at that place; and a few weeks after they got there, the pale horse and his rider had made them a visit, and a Mrs. White had fallen a victim. She was pious, and died in the Lord. Here were the Whites, the Richmonds, and Cheedles, etc., eight or ten families in all, not one of

whom had ever seen the face, or heard the voice of a Methodist preacher before; but they were a religious set of Congregationalists, and soon, with one accord, fell into the ranks of Methodism. After the sermon, we moved in solemn silence to the grave. It was on the second bank, a high bluff, in a thick forest of beech and sugar, clear of under brush. After the corpse was laid in the grave, the father of the deceased lady delivered a short address, truly patriarchal in its character, which was closed with a modest eulogy on his deceased daughter. This done, the company joined in singing a beautiful funeral anthem; and as they were good singers, and carried the parts, the music was most charming. I was ready to conclude that, while the warbling songsters of the forest had let fall their highest notes, the angels—who had just borne the first redeemed and blood-washed spirit from that settlement to paradise—had returned, and, hovering on the wing, were wondering at the love that crowned us, and, joining in the sweet songs of Zion, now literally making glad the wilderness and solitary places, on a funeral occasion. I was then going to ‘Brush College.’ ”

I present another of his recollections, in relation to the entrance of Methodism into Marietta. Referring to the notice which Dr. Bangs has taken of the same subject, in his History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he says:

“It is true the Congregationalists held the religious sway; but there were many of the disciples of Winchester, as also of Paine, here; and scarcely the form of godliness was to be seen among them. Many attempts had been made to find an entrance, but without success. Manly had tried; Stoneman—who had traveled among the Yankees in the land of steady habits—Quinn, Askins, and others had tried; but all to little purpose. A few times we got to preach, and once or twice in the house of this same Jonas Johnson, through the influence of his wife, who was an



amiable woman, though a disciple of Winchester. Jacob Young went on in the fall of 1804; but the meeting of which the Doctor speaks took place in the summer of 1805. I had the pleasure and profit of being at that meeting. Brother Young had been brought near to death, by a long and very severe fever, and providentially fell in Marietta, where the people, in their kind attentions to the stranger, saw what Methodist religion could do for a sick man, apparently near death, far from home, and among strangers. Some had seen, and others had heard. After the Lord had—almost miraculously—raised him up, he gave him favor and influence among the people, and the work began to revive. Brother Burke was our presiding elder, Luther Taylor was on Scioto, J. Quinn on Hocking, J. Young on Muskingum alone. Brother B. had obtained the services of G. C. Light—not at that time admitted on trial—and sent him to help brother Young, in the summer of 1805. Brother Burke came to the quarterly meeting, bringing with him brother Taylor. He sent us both on to help brother Y. at his camp quarterly meeting at Marietta, while he went up the country toward Steubenville. As we had a wilderness of forty or fifty miles along an old Indian trace, from the head to the mouth of Wolf creek, we had the pleasure of sleeping securely in the woods one night, near an old Indian encampment. We received no harm, but had a very good appetite for our breakfast, when we reached Waterford next morning about nine o'clock. When we reached the place of meeting, Jacob Young was preaching, and we soon found God himself was there. We felt the spirit, and entered into the work. Brothers Young and Light were in the right spirit, and in their place. Brother Taylor—who was a good speaker—preached on the Sabbath, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Showers of grace came down, and showers of tears fell. I guess some of the New Englanders had

never seen the like before; and yet there was but little noise either by saint or sinner. It fell to my lot to administer, and the first person who advanced and fell upon his knees to receive baptism, by pouring, was Jonas Johnson. Next came a ruddy youth. He has now been a preacher for thirty years or more, and was once my presiding elder. Several others, also, were baptized, and it was a blessed season, during the sacrament of the Lord's supper. About this time James Whitney—long and favorably known—began to lend an ear and turn his feet to the testimonies of the Lord. Mr. Babcock, his amiable family, and others, whose names I have forgotten, became the subjects of grace. The meeting went on, and closed well, and brother Taylor and myself concluded that we were well paid for our trouble; but as we did not much relish another night in the green house, we found our way back to our circuits by another route, each having got a good lesson in 'Brush College.' ”

It appears this Mr. Jonas Johnson was a man of considerable influence in the neighborhood, but a professed disciple of Thomas Paine. After his conversion he burnt all his infidel books, and adopted those of an opposite character, with the Bible and Hymn-Book. He threw all his great influence into the scale of piety, and labored zealously to advance the faith which he had long endeavored to destroy, and was useful.

Mr. Quinn labored on this district three years in succession, his term of service terminating in the fall of 1839. Some time during this period there was an incident developed which I deem worthy of record in his Life. In the early part of his ministry he was traveling in a sparsely-settled country, and along a road rather difficult to find. When he called to inquire the way, the kind gentleman, fearing he might not be able to follow his directions, sent his little son some two miles with him, to show him the

right road. Mr. Quinn improved the time in instructing this little boy in his duties to God, his parents, and brothers and sisters. He told him of a Savior's love, who died for him and all our race, and urged him to pray to the Lord as often as he ate, and seek first the kingdom of God. When they arrived at the place of separation Mr. Quinn gave him his knife, and the little boy returned home, with the seeds of grace sown in his heart, accompanied with the prayers and blessing of the man of God. After the lapse of more than thirty years, Mr. Quinn was hailed in the street of one of the towns of his district by a man, who inquired if his name was Quinn, a Methodist minister. He told him it was. He then asked him if he recollected a little boy, who was sent by his father to show him the way in a certain section of the country, whom he instructed in the great system of salvation, urged him to pray as often as he ate, and on parting gave him a knife. Mr. Quinn replied he recollected all the circumstances very well. "Then," said the man, "I was that little boy, and have the pleasure to report to you that your conversation was applied by the divine Spirit to my young heart; and I never got rid of the powerful impressions I then received, but yielded to your counsel, and commenced praying to God, and in my youth I obtained the pearl of great price, and still retain the precious treasure in my heart. When I grew up I married, and now have a family of children. My wife and all my children who are large enough are members—with me—of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and, I trust, we are all on the way to heaven. I have recently removed to the west."

Let all ministers be encouraged to pay special attention to the little children, and instruct them in experimental and practical godliness, according to their capacity, whenever opportunity offers. It may "be as the bread cast upon the waters, which may be gathered up after many days."

I have had occasion several times to refer to Mr. Quinn's qualifications and success as a pastor; but as this is such an important feature in the portrait of a minister, and as I have additional instances of his great skill and usefulness in that department, I may be permitted to recur to it once more. Some ministers appear to act as though they thought their work was all in the pulpit, and hence, after the delivery of their sermon, they do but little else than to prepare for the next performance. Not so with Mr. Quinn; for after he had closed his labors in the pulpit, he considered his work was not half done; but, in compliance with our excellent Discipline, he went into every house in course, as he had opportunity, and taught every one therein, young and old, to be Christians inwardly and outwardly. He endeavored to make every particular plain to their understandings—to fix it in their minds and write it on their hearts. A minister certainly ought to do his whole duty, at all times, under a clear conviction produced in his conscience by those solemn words addressed to Timothy: "I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing, preach the word; be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering"—that is, with all *long-mindedness*. Be constantly inspired with the consideration, the chief Shepherd will soon come; the judge of quick and dead will soon appear; therefore, never allow thy patience to be exhausted, or relax thy diligence.

A good work on the duties and encouragements of a *pastor*, adapted to the United States, and suited to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is, certainly, a desideratum with us. And we do hope some competent writer, who has studied human nature in all its phases—how it is affected by every degree of light and grace, received into the mind and developed in the life of different individuals, and one who is practically acquainted with

all the responsibilities and duties of an itinerant Methodist preacher—will soon furnish our Church with such a book. Our Discipline says, in reference to the pastoral work which it enjoins, “Can we find a better method of doing this than Mr. Baxter’s? If not, let us adopt it without delay. His whole tract, entitled *Gildas Salvianus*, is well worth a careful perusal.” The “Reformed Pastor” is the tract referred to. It is matter of deep regret, that ministers have so little to aid them in this important part of their work. They have a great many books issued from our own and other presses to assist them in their pulpit labors. We have almost any quantity, and one may suppose a sufficient variety in quality, of skeletons, sketches, and plans of sermons, to assist the minister in his preparations for the pulpit. He has, also, Claude’s Essay on the Composition and Delivery of a Sermon, and Maury on Eloquence; but where is the work to assist him to accomplish the greatest possible amount of good in visiting from house to house, as the pastor of his flock?

The writer thinks himself warranted in saying, that our ministry generally admit the necessity of an increase of zeal and diligence in the performance of our pastoral duties. The membership see and feel the importance of this work for the edification, comfort, and salvation of themselves and their dear children. Indeed, this work is essential to the welfare of our people; and if we would have METHODISM continue to deserve the definition given to it by Doctor Chalmers—“Christianity in earnest”—it must be done. In closing this paragraph, the writer will say, that in contemplating the fidelity and usefulness of Mr. Quinn, as a pastor, he has been made conscious of his own defects in this respect, and has resolved to be more faithful in the future. And the minister who may honor his book with a perusal is assured, if he will form the same purpose, and prosecute his duties as pastor with greater skill, diligence,

and success, one important object had in view in writing this biography will have been attained.

In a letter written by a lady, now before me, she testifies that on Mr. Quinn's first visit to her father's house, which, I infer, was in the bounds of Winchester circuit, Va., in 1802, he conversed with her plainly and pointedly on the subject of her personal salvation. Finding her under deep concern, and inquiring what she should do to be saved, he took much pains to explain to her the method of justification by faith. And, to show her the nature of that faith, which brings pardon and regeneration to the soul, he told her his own experience. He then entered into a solemn covenant to pray for her, and pledged himself to meet her at the throne of heavenly grace at a given hour every day, till he came round to that part of the circuit again. But before the time expired she received the answer to their prayers, and when they met she was able to report, in the fullness of her joy, that her soul was happily converted—created anew in Christ Jesus.

It appears this lady subsequently removed with her parents to the west, and met our pioneer, the instrument of her conversion, in an almost unbroken forest. Mr. Quinn witnessed her marriage to Rev. Robert Manly, and pronounced his solemn and impressive benediction upon their union. But in less than ten years he was called on to preach the funeral sermon of Mr. Manly, and comfort the heart of the deeply-afflicted and bereaved widow, and not long after to bury one of her children. After narrating these circumstances, she adds, "Shall it ever be said I have forgotten such a friend? Never! no, never!"

Another instance of Mr. Quinn's skill and success as a pastor may be recorded, for the benefit of the reader. An acquaintance of his—the name has escaped me—had professed, and no doubt enjoyed religion, for many years, and was esteemed a very acceptable and useful member

of society. In some way his friends could not account for, he fell under the power of his subtle enemy, who robbed him of his confidence. Many of his friends and some preachers labored with him; they tried to persuade him it was nothing but a temptation, and that he ought not to distrust the goodness of God, or doubt his promise; but to no purpose. The power of the tempter appeared to increase, and from doubt and unbelief he yielded to despair. And, bordering on insanity, it was soon reported in his neighborhood that he was deranged. Mr. Quinn, hearing of his case, with much sympathy and concern determined to visit him, and make an effort to rescue his friend from the snare of the devil. Accordingly he entered the atmosphere of gloom and despair, and presenting a bright and cheerful countenance, he said to the despairing man, with a tone of voice well calculated to inspire confidence, though it can not be described, "Brother —, the Lord has taken too much pains with you to suffer you to be lost." The sound and sentiment aroused the man, who inquiringly replied, "Do you think so?" "Yes, I am certain of it," was the prompt answer of the wise pastor. The snare was broken—the tempter had to fly. Hope sprung up in the heart of the sufferer. In a moment his flushed countenance and bright eye gave evidence of the joy of his soul. Prayer, with much thanksgiving and praise, was offered up to God. And the man, clothed in his right mind, was restored to his family, and continued long a happy and useful member of the Church. Who can compute the worth of that pastoral visit? or the blessings it was the means of imparting?

The writer once visited Mr. Quinn in a violent attack of sickness, in which he endured much pain. He had been greatly distressed—the enemy had thrust sorely at him, but he had obtained relief before my arrival. He related to me his great trial, as well as the circumstances

of his visit to his friend as here stated, and remarked how encouraging and comforting it would have been to his depressed and troubled soul, if some one had come in at the time of his severe temptation and addressed him in the same way.

Mr. Quinn's manner of setting forth and illustrating the practical truths which he inculcated in his discourses, was always interesting and striking, and well calculated to make a vivid and lasting impression on the mind and heart. The following are furnished as specimens of his happy method in this respect: "In our admonitions and exhortations to delinquent parents, we are often met with the opposing declaration, 'I can not give my children religion!' To such we say, you can do more in this matter than you are aware of—perhaps more than you are willing to know. You can do as much toward giving your children religion, as you can toward raising a crop of corn. In the latter case you can clear the ground, break the soil, plant in due time, improve the season of culture; then look and pray for dew and the gentle rains of heaven. Now, by education, an education favorable to moral as well as intellectual culture, clear and prepare the soil. Plant or sow the seed of pure evangelical truth in their hearts; then cultivate by precept and example. Teach them by theory, and show them by practice, how to be religious; all the while offering up to God for them in their hearing, and out of their sight, the earnest, continued, and fervent prayer of faith, and leave the rest with God." What careless and unfaithful parent could ward off the force of this? And may we not suppose that many, through the influence of the powerful appeals of this minister of God, were excited to great diligence and carefulness in rearing their children for God and heaven? And who can tell but the developments of the day of judgment will attribute to his appeals and instruc-



tions to parents, under God, directly or indirectly, the salvation of many entire households? The other specimen which we give was intended to encourage the timid and the fearful, who tremble at the near approach of death. Speaking of the death of the saints, he said: "There was a natural fear of death to the Christian. Suppose a father to have been necessarily detained long from home, and, on his arrival in sight of his residence, he should see the stream which rolls between swelled to a mighty flood. Now, the husband and father might fear to enter the muddy and cold waters of the stream, but he would have no fears of entering the bosom of his family and of being at home. So of the Christian when he comes to the Jordan of death. Looking upon its dark, cold waters, he may fear to enter. Death's struggles, the agonies of dissolving nature separating soul and body, may frighten him for a moment, but recollecting the promise of his Lord, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God,' he dashes in with strong confidence, knowing the passage is short and he is going HOME. He has no fears then—no fears of being at home with his Father and with his friends, who wait to welcome him to his incorruptible inheritance in heaven." I can not use his words *verbatim*, but have given the substance of this illustration. I find it has suffered in my hands: and in the cold type in which it is presented to the reader, it has lost much of its fire and power of elocution; and no one will be able to appreciate it correctly, unless he has heard it from his living lips.

I suppose it was some time during his labors on this district, and at one of his meetings in the Scioto Valley, the following affecting occurrence was exhibited in the congregation. He had preached for some time with great eloquence and power, and toward the close of his sermon he remarked that some men of influence were standing in

the way of others, and, in the final judgment, might be justly chargeable with the ruin of precious souls for whom Christ died. Then looking over the multitude, he asserted, with great energy and force, as though he had some one in view, "There is a man now present who is thus standing in the way of his neighbors; and if he would come out from among the wicked, and unite with the Church, many of his acquaintances would follow his example." Just at that moment a man of influence rushed forward from the midst of the crowded audience, and nineteen more immediately followed him; so that, in the space of a few minutes, twenty men were added to the Church. How impossible for finite man fully to estimate what may be the success of that one effort! It may indirectly exert an influence through all time, and exhibit increased fruit in every generation, and then show a glorious result in eternity.

There is another specimen of his elocution and power as a minister, in the memory of many who yet live, which, if I could justly describe it, would be of thrilling interest to the reader. It was exhibited at a camp meeting near Moore's meeting-house, on Eagle creek, about the year 1814, in the presence of a congregation—as was supposed—of five thousand. He was then in the meridian of life, and, perhaps, in his greatest strength of mind, body, and voice; and this must have been one of his most successful efforts. His text was, Psalms 1, 3-5: "Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence; a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him. He shall call to the heavens from above and to the earth, that he may judge his people, Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." The sacrificial offering of Jesus Christ, once for all, was his favorite theme. The atonement was set forth, with peculiar perspicuity, as the medium through

which rebel man is permitted to approach his God, and enter into covenant with his rightful sovereign, against whom he had deeply revolted. He referred, in a most vivid manner, to the prescribed formula by which God's ancient people entered into covenant with him—"by sacrifice"—how that, after they had "offered burnt-offerings, and sacrificed peace-offerings of oxen unto the Lord, Moses took half of the blood and put it in basins; and half of the blood he sprinkled on the altar. And he took the book of the covenant, and read in the audience of the people: and they said, All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient. And Moses took the blood and sprinkled it on the people, and said, Behold the blood of the covenant which the Lord hath made with you, concerning all these words." The preacher represented that the covenant could not be ratified without sacrifice—the shedding and sprinkling of blood—"and without shedding of blood is no remission." Under the new dispensation of mercy and grace presented in the Gospel, a change is made in the nature of the sacrifices to be offered, when we enter into covenant with God. We are now required to present our bodies, souls, and spirits, "as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O, God, thou wilt not despise." All these sacrifices are to be offered through the merits of Christ, our great mediator; and our persons and our services are rendered acceptable by faith in his blood. "For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God!" Then "we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ, once for all," and

have "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us." The covenant which God now makes with his people is, "I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." And their obligation is, to glorify him in their bodies and in their spirits, which are God's.

He next described the saints of God, who had thus made covenant with him by sacrifice, giving their full portrait from the Bible in the most lucid manner as the HOLY ONES.

Next he set forth the gathering of the saints together to the mighty God, the great judge at the last day. He described the coming of the judge as his text represented: "a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him." This was explained as embracing all the grandeur and terrors of the general judgment, ushered in by the voice of the archangel and the trump of God—"when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. The earth, also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." This terrible conflagration, with all its accompanying scenery, was presented in the most luminous manner to the minds of the vast multitude present. The effect was so great that it is said very few could retain their seats; nearly all arose to their feet, absorbed in contemplating the scene as described by the orator—they appeared to forget every thing else. In imagination they saw the Lord Jesus descending from heaven, accompanied with an innumerable host of angels, and the souls of the pious dead of every age and nation.

He then presented to the minds of his auditors the gathering together of the bodies of all the saints, from every part of the earth's surface, and from the seas, rivers, and lakes. They had just heard of the death of

Dr. Coke, and his burial in the ocean. He had long labored to establish a mission on the island of Ceylon, in the east; and when he died he was on his way, with several other missionaries, to make a united, continued, and powerful effort for the salvation of the heathen. The Doctor and his coadjutors, and the anticipated multitude of India converts, in the representation of the speaker, were made to form a conspicuous part in the grand procession of the gathering together of all the saints of God. The holy minister, himself overwhelmed with his subject, was manifestly endued with power from on high, and a sacred unction and Divine influence seemed to accompany every sentence. The enchained multitude stood aghast, as in solemn awe, till finally the comparative awful silence was broken by a sudden outburst of the groans, shrieks, and cries of sinners, and acclamations of joy and shouts of Christians, from all parts of the densely-crowded congregation.

Many are still alive who have a distinct recollection of the appearance and eloquence of the speaker, as well as the wonderful manifestation of the Divine presence and power which pervaded the assembly on that occasion, and can corroborate the truth of this statement. One witness—Rev. John R. Turner—assures the writer that it would be impossible to convey, in words, an adequate idea of the overwhelming effects of the discourse, and the moral grandeur of the scene that was there realized.

## CHAPTER XI.

His district enlarged—Death of his daughter—Encouraging dream—Closes his labors on the district—Keeps a journal for three weeks—Starts to conference—Lodges at Washington—Recollections of the past—Chenoweth family—Columbus, what it is and what it was—Rev. W. Hogue—Franklinton—Mr. Grubb—General Harrison—Fallen Ministers—Worthington—Female academy—Bigelow and Strange—How Methodist ministers learn to preach—Delaware—Wonderful change—Good society—Sulphur spring—Galena—The Carpenter family—Granville—Newark—Old circuit—Muskingum district—Reaches Zanesville—Conference begins—Examination of character with open doors—Conference closes—Leaves for his work—Dines at Summerset—Methodism strong here—Politics runs high—No danger to the republic while Churches are divided in sentiment—Reaches Rushville—Large society—Lancaster—Tarleton—Kingston—J. Crouse—Chilicothe—Returned to Wilmington circuit—Revival—Happy year—V. Cook—Invites mourners—Glorious watch-night—Appointed agent of the Preachers' Relief Society—Objects—Address.

At the session of the conference in September, 1838, Mr. Quinn's district was enlarged, West Union and Georgetown circuits being added. His strength continued about equal to his work, and he served this year, as well as the two former, with acceptance and some success.

On the 15th of January, 1839, he was called to mourn the death of a beloved daughter, the wife of Rev. J. W. Fowble. She was a most amiable lady, of deep and uniform piety, and she passed over the Jordan of death in holy triumph, shouting the praise of God; so that her bereaved friends had every assurance that she realized an abundant entrance into the kingdom of glory above. Soon after her departure Mr. Quinn had the following remarkable and encouraging dream. He supposed he died and passed to the heavenly world; and at the place of entrance six beautiful young females met him, all dressed in snow-white robes, and one of them was his deceased daughter.

They all came forward and rejoiced at his arrival, and then placed golden stars, of indescribable luster, upon him, which adhered to, and remained on his raiment, forming the most brilliant and magnificent ornaments he ever beheld. While admiring the manner in which he had been decorated by the young women, there came, from a point above him, a shower of the same kind of stars, as though they had been poured out of a large scoop, and covered him all over, making him resplendent from head to foot with golden stars. Such was the sudden transport of joy and inexpressible ecstasy he realized under the supposed shower of stars, that he commenced shouting the praise of God aloud in his sleep. This alarmed his wife, who called him so loudly that he awoke, and his rapturous vision ended. He then told his wife his dream, regretting that his mind had been so soon called back to earth. He however continued happy for some time, having a well-grounded hope of possessing many stars of rejoicing when really called to his reward in heaven.

Whatever opinions may be entertained of dreams in general or of this in particular, it is supposed all will agree that this was a very pleasant one; and while it may be interesting to some, it will injure no one to read it.

Mr. Quinn having closed his labors on the Chilicothe district, attended the conference held in Cincinnati, September 25, 1839, and was appointed in charge of Wilmington circuit, having J. W. Steel associated with him. His health continued nearly as good as usual; and, although his bodily strength had somewhat abated, he was able to attend his appointments, and perform the other labors of his charge with acceptance, through the conference year. I believe it was on this circuit that Mr. Quinn visited the eccentric and jesting Mr. P., whose wife was an excellent member. When reminded that he once said "that when the preachers came to his house the chickens

took fright and ran into the weeds and hid themselves," Mr. P. replied, "That might have been the case at one time, but in these days the most of the preachers appear so much like lawyers that the chickens don't know them." When Mr. Q. related this anecdote to the writer, he added, "I concluded I would let that man alone."

At the close of this conference year Mr. Quinn kept a journal of about three weeks, including the session of the Ohio conference at Zanesville, September 30, 1840. As this journal embraces many useful reflections and reminiscences of by-gone days, it is nearly all furnished to the readers of his "Life :"

"Having wound up the labors of another conference year, I had two days with my family to make arrangements to start for my forty-first conference; and as the young men had all taken the start of me by different routes, I had to wend my way alone, in old style, on horseback. The first day I made thirty miles, which brought me to Washington, Fayette county. Here I had been almost thirty years ago, when Methodism had little more than an embryo existence. Since that time there has been reformation and revival energy, and many souls have been born of God; and at one time there was a large and prosperous society here, and a good brick meeting-house was erected, which has not yet been finished, as there has been a declension: some have died, some removed, some backslidden—but yet there are a few names here who have watched and kept their garments unspotted. O, may they walk with Christ in white! They want something more than good preaching to raise them up—warm-hearted, faithful pastoral work, with the blessing of God, will do the deed.

"After a comfortable night's rest at the house of my kind brother Hazler, on the second day I set out for Columbus, forty miles distant. This day led me through a



tract of country, which began to be occupied by Methodist traveling preachers some thirty years ago. As I went musing along, my recollections called up many scenes and circumstances of an interesting character, connected with camp and quarterly meeting occasions, during the years of 1813, '14, '15, and '16, when the Church was truly in the wilderness. But then there was a Church here truly evangelical in its character, and Christ was in it, and his goings forth were seen and felt, in the conviction, conversion, sanctification, and salvation of many, very many, precious souls.

“I passed through a pleasant village—Princeton; saw two snug-looking brick meeting-houses, one of which belongs to the Methodists. It is said they have a good society here, and a house for their preacher. This is as it should be. This was a wilderness thirty years ago. At 12 o'clock stopped in another village, near the crossing of Darby; dined and fed; was shown from the tavern door a splendid brick mansion, said to be owned and occupied by a son of my old and highly-esteemed friend, Elijah Chenoweth. This man and his brother Thomas were the first Methodists who settled in the Darby Valley; and they, with their wives—who were sisters, and daughters of Rev. John Foster, whom I have called a *patriarch* of Scioto Valley—with a few others, composed the first society in that section of the country. This society at first was a part of Scioto circuit; but when Paint circuit was formed it fell into that division of the work, and became a kind of headquarters, and a place for holding quarterly and camp meetings. Here I have witnessed many refreshing seasons, while the wilderness and solitary places were made glad, and blossomed as the rose. Many of the blossoms that then put forth have been matured into fruit, which has shaken as Lebanon, ripened, and been gathered. The old Chenoweths have fallen asleep. Peace to their

memory! Often has my spirit been refreshed in their society, and my weary and hungry body rested and fed by their hospitality. If our dear friends still live in our recollections, may we not still live in theirs? If so, shall not those tender ties and sympathies be renewed and perpetuated, world without end? An old man, on finding himself overlooked or neglected, eagerly runs back to the days of other years, seeking society among the companions of his youth. But, alas! where are they? They have almost all disappeared. Here and there one; but how faded is the form, while the vivacity and sprightliness of spirit, which made society pleasant and profitable, has in a great measure departed from them. Well, then, if he would not be entirely solitary in his thoughts, he must dwell aloof from earth, and, by faith, hold converse with the intellectual world of light, and love, and immortality, where perfect love and the sacred sweets of endearing friendship shall reign forever and ever. The day began to wear away, which had been one of the most pleasant I ever experienced. All above, beneath, around, within, without, was calm. No anxious casting up of what might be at conference disquieted my mind. But lo! from a rising ground, at the distance of say two miles, I beheld the towering spires on the state-house, court-house, and churches in the delightful city, yes, city, of Columbus.

“Now, if I possessed the descriptive powers of brother H., a piece might be forthcoming that would do for the Ladies’ Repository and Gatherings of the West. But I was here in the days of log-cabins; and how was it then? Why, the site for the seat of government had been selected and operations commenced; the timber on the public square had been felled, and the brush burned off; but great *buckeye*, beech, sugar, and walnut stumps and logs were there. The state-house was under contract and going up, and the builders and a few others had got up,

and were getting up, a few small buildings, chiefly cabins. Rev. W. Hogue, a Presbyterian minister, who still lives, had a Church in Franklinton, on the opposite side of the Scioto, and the Methodists had a small society in the same place, who met at the house of our worthy brother Grubb, whose religion was not in word or tongue only, but in deed and in truth; and if I was sure that he was gone to heaven, I would say two or three things more about him and his excellent wife, but think he yet lives; however, I will say, that on my quarterly tours for four years I always met a smiling welcome and a comfortable home at brother Grubb's. But the time was come that the *handful of corn* was to be planted in the place selected as the permanent seat of government for the state of Ohio, now the third in the Union as to population and wealth. Here came old brother George M'Cormick, his excellent wife and her mother, Armstrong, brother and sister Harvey, and two or three more. These constituted the first Methodist society in Columbus, but in what year, or by what preacher, I can not be positive. I found them in my charge in 1813, and, for the most part, made them a quarterly visit for four years, for the preachers in those days kept the presiding elders pretty busy, having appointments out for them almost every day or night, or both, through the week, between quarterly meetings. Then the people knew who and what their presiding elders were; indeed they could not run home between quarterly meetings, for their log-cabin homes were generally from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles distant, and they thought themselves pretty well off if they could get home for three or four days in a month, six weeks, or two months. In this section of the work those days of toil and privation have passed away; and our feelings are sometimes deeply affected when we have heard dear young men say, rather in a suppressed tone, *'I think my health*

*is too delicate to endure the fatigues of a circuit.*' Well, dear fellows, may the bishop and all the people be good to you, and give you a good place! An easy place you can not have in the ranks of Methodism, if you faithfully discharge the duties of a Methodist minister, as enjoined in the Discipline.

“Here I was most hospitably entertained for the night by brother R., a grandson of an old acquaintance and friend, E. Harr, a local preacher, and one of the first Methodists that settled in Chilicothe. O, how I rejoice in spirit, to find the children and grandchildren of my old friends walking in the truth! Great solicitude here about who shall be the next preacher. ‘Hope Mr. — will be sent.’ ‘O, well, now, he is a very popular preacher; but then he’s about done. He seldom attends prayer or class meetings, scarcely ever visits, unless by special request.’ ‘Ah! well, this is a place of great resort, and we must have a man of splendid pulpit talents.’ Well, after all the talk about eloquent preaching and fine address, let me have a good, warm-hearted, plain, zealous man of God, who, using great plainness of speech, seeks to commend himself to every man’s judgment and conscience in the sight of God; and then to exhort, invite, and pray with mourners, meet classes, and visit from house to house, as the Discipline directs, etc. Great Head of the Church, take care of thy cause and people in Columbus!

“On the third morning started early for Delaware, near thirty miles distant; found I was to pass through Worthington. General Harrison left this place yesterday, and Tyler is to be here to-day. O, what agitation! Great Ruler of the universe, preserve this republic! I love my country, and have my political creed; judge of men and measures, but attend no conventions; be that for others. When Harrison was guarding the frontiers and treating with the Indians, I was preaching salvation to the dwellers

in log-cabins along the Muskingum and Hockhocking Valleys, more than forty years ago; and I have not had to go to newspapers or stump orators to learn his character as a man, or a general, or statesman; but he is two years older than I, and yet he may be fit to be President of this great nation. It is, perhaps, a mark of wisdom in this republic to make choice of aged men to fill the office of Chief Magistrate, if they shall possess wisdom and integrity sufficient to make a proper selection of counselors and ministers. But of this no more. I continued my musing as I rode leisurely along on the mud pike.

“A violent shock was heard and felt in this vicinity a few years ago. It was not an earthquake, or the bursting forth of a volcano, but the fall of men from ministerial elevation. Great is such a fall. Then it is that the *daughters of the uncircumcised rejoice*, and the Church puts on sackcloth. A fallen minister! Of unhappy men the most unhappy:

‘ Ah, whither should he flee,  
Or where produce, in open day,  
And to the golden sun, his hapless head,  
Whence every laurel shorn?  
On his bald brow sits grinning infamy,  
And all in sportive fury  
Twines around the keen, the stinging adder of disgrace.’

“In forty years I have known four fallen ministers commit suicide. It is true, some thought them in a state of derangement; but, if nothing had been wrong, would not the Lord have preserved them, and given them a more honorable death? Bishop Asbury once said, when conversing on one of these melancholy cases, ‘There is something in the disgrace connected with the fall of a minister calculated to drive the unhappy man into despair, then to distraction, then to suicide.’ But, O, why should they not rather follow the example of the disciple who denied his Lord with oaths and cursing, than of him who basely

betrayed his Master; for, although they 'never may rise to their first paradise'—in a ministerial point of view—yet, 'if the God that reads the heart looks with compassion down, and sees repentance bursting from the earth-bent eye, and faith's red cross held closely to the breast, then may they not hope that, at last, he will stoop, and his pity will bring him to them?' Great Head of the Church, preserve thy poor servants from falling into the snare and condemnation of the devil; for, verily, those '*men perish not alone in their iniquity!*'

“Well, here is Worthington, a most delightful village, improved in neat, New England style, and a flourishing female academy here, under the patronage of the Ohio annual conference, and in successful operation, the annual examination going on; should have been glad of the privilege of attending, but I was a passing stranger. Not so once; for here was I, and well known, more than the fourth of a century ago. It was here I found dear Bigelow in the cabin of his excellent father. He was small in stature, and of very youthful appearance; but I soon found he had a giant mind, with a moderate English education, and his large soul alive to God, and burning with zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. I said, and others said, this is the sort of young men we want: let us have him. His father consented, he consented, the quarterly conference recommended, and we took his name, with three others—*Sadosa* Bacon, Curtis Goddard, and Samuel Lane—to the annual conference. They were all received. They were all from the same section of country, and, I think, all recommended by the same quarterly conference. Three of these young men have finished their work and rest from their labor, and brother Goddard has retired from the itinerant field by location. We used to think when we got such young men we had gotten a prize, and, learned or unlearned, we were not ashamed of them, for the Lord

called them and made them ministers, and, as *polished shafts*, hid them in his quiver. It has been said by some one, that the Romans learned to be soldiers by fighting. And where did Washington and his brave fellows learn the dreadful trade of war? Where, but on the toilsome march, the tented field, or battle-ground? And yet were there ever better soldiers? soldiers who better deserved the title—who deserved more of their country or posterity? And where and how did the Methodist preachers learn to preach? By preaching. The answers to these interrogatories should be clearly given by the historian. And then it may be asked, where or when has there been a better or more successful set of truly-evangelical preachers? They believed they were called to the work—they felt its importance—they devoted themselves to God and the improvement of their minds, that they might be qualified for the great work, to which they honestly believed the great Head of the Church had called them in their ministry. They were never to be either unemployed or triflingly employed. It was enjoined on them to contract a taste for reading, and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what they read, or else go back to their former avocations. They were enjoined to ‘choose the plainest text—not to ramble, but keep to the subject, and make out what they took in hand.’ They were to convince—to offer Christ—to build up God’s people. They were to preach Christ in his offices, his Gospel, his law, both to believers and unbelievers. And they were left free—as pious men of common sense, devoted to the acquisition of useful knowledge should be—with regard to books and the course of study, except that they were to read the Bible, yea, the whole Bible, with the works of Wesley, Fletcher, Baxter, etc.; and I do know that many, yea, most of them, made good proficiency, and became *good ministers* of Jesus Christ. Of about thirty young men whose names—by recommend-

ation from quarterly meeting conferences between the years 1809 and 1816—were brought to the annual conference by the writer of this humble scrawl, there were very few who did not sustain this character. Of those who have fallen asleep, I may say their living epistles are yet read, and their praise is yet in the Churches. But *Strange* and *Bigelow* stand forth pre-eminent. Ah! lovely men, I sorrowed when I heard they were dead! Well, although my heart knows its own bitterness, yet for those I sorrow not without hope. But it has come to pass in the nineteenth century—which some think is in the evening of time—that the human mind has been mightily stirred; has discovered its mighty powers of *ratiocination*, and is at last about to break, or has broken off its shackles, and rid itself from the dogmas of superstition, prejudice, and ignorance, which so long enchained the fathers. And such is the astonishing *march of mind*, that the Church can do no longer without a classically-educated and theologically-trained clergy. Well now, really may be it is so, but we are rather slow of heart to believe. However, no doubt it appears so to some; for their eyes being more than half open, they now begin to ‘see men as *trees walking*, and, perhaps, will soon see *trees as men walking*,’ and what then? Why, I don’t know; but I once knew a college graduate, an A. B., thrown quite into confusion, on being asked by the examining committee, ‘What was the object proposed by Fletcher in writing the *Appeal*? and what method of argument did the author pursue?’ But the graduate of Brush College could tell you very promptly almost every thing about Fletcher and Wesley. The Bible, however, was their stronghold. They were at home here, and you seldom heard from them a lame or inappropriate quotation. Our old self-taught ministers educate their sons for ministers, and lo! they come out doctors and lawyers. Other men educate their sons for



lawyers, doctors, and statesmen, and the Lord takes them and makes preachers of them, and no thanks to their fathers, their tutors, or themselves.

“But still the inquiry is urged, ‘Will the Methodist Episcopal Church, who, in her official organs, has become the zealous and efficient patroness of learning, and seminaries of learning, with all her wealth and wisdom, much longer tolerate or suffer an uneducated ministry?’ It is believed by some that the rule-making power, with all its squinting that way, will not yet for many years assume the responsibility of putting a negative on such men as Wesley, with all his learning, admitted as helpers, and of whom he said, ‘as he is the best physician who makes the most cures, so he is the best preacher who—instrumentally—saves the most souls.’ And yet he was no quack, or friend to quackery, either in medicine or theology. But although the rule-making power may not have action in the premises for years to come, yet a course may be pursued in another department, which may or will deter all who have not a classical education from offering, except such as have such clear and strong conviction of duty as to be willing, for the Lord’s sake, to become *nethinim*. Well, these were very useful as an appendage to the Jewish priesthood, and may, yea, no doubt will, be extensively useful for many years to come, connected with the Christian ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church. But let not the learned historian ‘blot the tomb, or insult the memory, of those whom God hath honored and still continues to honor.’

“But I am drawing near to Delaware; and what a delightful section of country I am passing through! What splendid farms, stately mansions, barns full to overflowing, with flocks and herds in every direction! Can it be? I can scarcely believe my own eyes. Here I had seen the rugged sires of the present incumbents in their first cabins,

with their linsey-woolsey and tow linen frocks, felling the lofty beech, sugar, walnut, and buckeye; or with their teams dragging the brush, piling the logs, breaking the soil, while they ground their corn on the hand-mill, or pounded it in the mortar; and yet had time to go to preaching, even on a week-day, pray in their families, and serve God. But here is Delaware, and it is near sunset. Here is the northern boundary of my old Scioto district, as it was in 1816, at that time including the counties of Delaware, Franklin, Madison, Fayette, Highland, part of Brown, Adams, Scioto, Pike, Jackson, Ross, Pickaway, and the principal part of Fairfield. The year 1816 closed my quadrennial tour in this field of toil and suffering, and my friends thought, and I thought, that I was about *run down*; so the conference voted me a supernumerary relation, and Bishop M'Kendree did not *attach me to the district*, but appointed me to a circuit, and in charge. 'This,' said he, smiling, 'is rather novel; but so let it be; you will do the best you can.' On my way to and from conference, I had sometimes to be assisted in mounting and dismounting. Yet my health improved. I reached my circuit in good time, and missed but three appointments that year. O, the mercy and goodness of God! The town of Delaware is now quite a pleasant place—a good society and good house of worship—just erected into a station at the late North Ohio conference. Expectation quite up, I had a desire to preach here, but there was no opening. This place will probably, at no distant day, become a place of much resort, for the benefit of this fine sulphur spring, one of the finest I have ever seen. But O, mankind are so prone to abuse blessings, and turn them into curses.

“Saturday night brought me to Galena, where I met a most hearty welcome at the house of my old friend, Benjamin Carpenter, Esq., son of my still more highly-esteemed friend, Benjamin Carpenter, Esq., now with God;

but twenty-five years had made so great a change in my appearance that they knew me not; but the tones of my voice told that it was the friend of their father who spoke; when instantly I found myself at home, and every countenance beaming with pleasure, even the minors. This proved to me that I had not been forgotten in this family. 'You are of course to spend the Sabbath with us; we have no appointment out for preaching; but we will send out runners, and you shall have a good congregation.' And so it was; for, at the time appointed, on going to the place, I first beheld a good brick church; on entering I saw a good congregation, to whom I preached with great liberty; then met the large class, in which I found the children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, of those who first received the Methodist preachers and the Gospel into their cabins on Big B. and Alum creeks, branches of the Scioto. I was especially interested in finding so many of the descendants of Benjamin Carpenter, Esq., and his deeply-devoted brother, Rev. Gilbert Carpenter. These men settled in this section of country in 1807 or '8; were among the first settlers and first Methodists. They were sensible, well-informed men, *sentimentally* and *fervently* religious. They raised their families well, and made comfortable provision for them. They have fallen asleep in Christ; but as, at the time of their demise, we had no periodical in the west, so no memoir or biographical notice was ever published. I sometimes see memoirs and biographical notices that I could not be prevailed on to indorse: some things that 'would offend the eye in the good picture are discreetly cast into the shade,' and the place supplied with something that did not belong to the character. Not so did the sacred, whole truth-telling biographers; for they told about the drunkenness of Noah and Lot, and the base conduct of Judah, David, and others. But should a good writer furnish a memoir of Benjamin and Gilbert Car-

penter—abating for human infirmity—and therein set forth the spirit, principles, and practice of true Christian piety, as exhibited in the tempers, conversation, and conduct of the two brothers, I would most cheerfully place my hand and seal. A meeting for prayer was appointed at candle-light, but there being a good congregation convened, it was thought that the old man might as well give them a second sermon. Their wish was complied with, and we had a good, feeling, and refreshing season. Great Head of the Church, bless thy people in Galena!

“Monday, September 26. Set out early for Newark. No company yet; for, being on horseback, I could not enjoy the society of those who traveled in carriages. So I went along leisurely, musing as I went, and wondering at the vast improvements, wherein the forests have become fruitful fields, etc. Turned in for dinner at the house of Rev. Samuel Carpenter, nephew of Benjamin and Gilbert, and son of Samuel; him I had known in his youth, but now he hath gray hairs. He looked strongly at me. I said, ‘Do you know me?’ ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘I know the voice; it is old brother Quinn.’ I confess it does me good to be called brother sometimes. Here, too, I found myself at home, and was not treated with the common-place civility due to the passing stranger, but with the expression of ardent friendship. We conversed and ate—sung, prayed, and parted, to meet on earth no more. Passed on through Granville; and thought of other days, when, perhaps, old brother Gavit was the only Methodist in the place. In his house I preached before any Methodist society was organized here. It now gives name to, and is the center of a good circuit. I had not time to call; and I confess that the idea of having to give my name, and make myself known, has sometimes caused me to pass along incog.

“Reached Newark a short time before sundown, and

found comfortable lodgings at the house of a brother, whose name I did not retain; went to Church, and heard a sermon on the faith of Moses, by a member of the North Ohio conference; was edified; thought of olden times. But of the large congregation but few knew that the man was present who used to preach in Newark when there were but a few log-cabins; when twenty or thirty would have been considered a large congregation, and five or six composed the first class, which met at the cabin of Abraham Wright, Esq. Now I am in the bounds of my old Hockhocking circuit, to which I was appointed in 1804, and also in the bounds of Muskingum district, to which I was appointed by Bishop Asbury in 1809. The circuit embraces the principal part of the territory lying and being in the counties of Fairfield, Pickaway, part of Franklin, part of Ross, Hocking, Perry, Muskingum, Licking, and Knox. Through this territory we ranged once a month, preaching nearly every day. Of course we had but few rest days. The district embraced the following counties in Ohio: Gallia, Meigs, Athens, Washington, Monroe, Belmont, Jefferson, Harrison, Tuscarawas, Coshocton, Knox, Licking, Muskingum, Guernsey, Morgan, Perry, Hocking, and the east half of Fairfield; and Cabel, Kanawha, Mason, and Wood counties, in Virginia. Through this district I ranged regularly once a quarter for the term of four years; and truly they were years of privation and much toil. Often have I been absent from my family from three to six weeks, and on my return found that disease, and once that death had been there in my absence; but *'the Lord of hosts was with us; the God of Jacob was our help.'* In those days of minority, both in the membership and ministry, it frequently happened, not of choice, but stern necessity, that probationers were appointed to the charge of circuits. This laid greater weight of duty and responsibility on the man of the district, as the

ordinances could only be administered quarterly on many of the circuits. In order, therefore, as far as possible, to supply this lack, the preachers used to make a string of appointments from one quarterly meeting to another, embracing nearly every day in the week, and not unfrequently intricate disciplinary cases were set at the time of the presiding elder's visit. These things were looked for by both preachers and people, and the man made his arrangements accordingly. On these occasions we frequently had large congregations; sometimes administering both sacraments, and witnessing the grace of God, in the conviction, conversion, and salvation of many precious souls. Thank the Lord, the remembrance of these things causes my heart often to rejoice in God my salvation. But Newark, too, has become a station. It may do well, if they get a faithful, laborious man, who will not only discharge the duties of the pulpit with fidelity, but attend also to every other part of the work required in the Discipline, to the performance of which he stands pledged in his ordination vow.

“28th. From Newark to Zanesville, had the company of old brother D. Lewis, who, like myself—from necessity or choice—was on horseback. We talked of the toils, privations, sufferings, and enjoyments of by-gone days, rejoiced in the present prospects of the Church in some things, and trembled in view of other matters, which, connecting with the Church in her prosperity, might let the world break in, against which Mr. Wesley was so careful to guard every part of Methodistical economy—even building churches—and against which he prayed so devoutly:

‘Let the world ne'er break in;  
 Fix a mighty gulf between—  
 Save us from the great and wise,  
 Till they sink in their own eyes.’

“On the way to Zanesville passed an old quarterly meeting stand, where once we had a most blessed season,

while dear S. Parker was preaching on, 'And it shall come to pass in what place I record my name I will come,' etc.; and another time of refreshing, while J. B. Finley was preaching on the joyful sound, etc. These things took place in 1811 and 1812. O, God was with us, and the shout of a king in the camp of our Israel. Passed, also, an old camp meeting stand, where once we were favored with the presence of Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree. On the Sabbath, the Bishops both preached: Asbury's subject, the great salvation; M'Kendree's, the 12th chapter of Isaiah entire. The plan of their sermons, in substance, is yet retained, though not written. God was with us, of a truth. Our beloved Samuel Hamilton was converted on this camp-ground, though not at the meeting of which I now speak. No doubt in heaven many will rejoice forever for the good received on this encampment.

"Zanesville, September 30. Conference opened at 8 o'clock; went on pleasantly from day to day; some things not just as I could have wished, particularly sitting with open doors in the examination. May it not be ascribed to this modern usage that complaints are sometimes secretly made in another place, which in justice ought to be made in open conference, and the evils corrected there, and not in the executive department, or in the absence of the party concerned? but it is the will of the majority, and that settles the matter. I am here, and I 'will not aught from favor claim, or on remembered services presume.' This sentiment I gleaned from the writings of Hannah More, and have kept it by me as a kind of conference motto for more than thirty years, and to it I added that fine sentiment of Thomson, 'Should fate [say Providence] command me to the farthest verge of the green earth, I cheerfully will obey.' But this last I must now let go; the people I find are all up—*erectis auribus*, ears erect—for great preaching. In the variety and diversity of ministerial

talents, some plant and others water, some sow and others reap. Those who plant and sow are not denominated revivalists, or reformation preachers; yet, if there were no skillful planters, those who water would have but a few sickly plants to take care of, and if there were no good seedsmen, the reapers would have but few sheaves to gather, except they should gather and bind thorns, thistles, and noxious weeds, and so attempt to make up in quantity what is lacking in quality; and this would make sad work. Well, let not the Church be puffed up for one, against the other class of these teachers, preachers, and evangelists; for Paul, and Apollos, and Cephas, are ours; and when the harvest shall be shouted home by 'joyful angels, who shall fly through every quarter of the sky together, and to convey all the righteous souls to one capacious place,' then shall those who plant, with those who water, those who sow, and those who reap, refuge together. Here I felt myself a stranger. But the time had come for the appointments to be announced, and the conference come to an adjournment. This was done in public, and the house was crowded. It was an interesting time, and many faces were wet with tears. I never, perhaps, shall witness such another scene. I have witnessed many such. I have been present at the appointment of thirty-seven annual conferences, and eight General conferences, and my heart and eyes both have always been affected, hard as is the one and dry as is the other on ordinary occasions. I was present, as a member, when Dr. Coke presided for the last time in the General conference; also, when the sainted Whatcoat, for the last time, sat in the chair of General conference. So, also, when we were blessed, for the last time, with the presence and godly counsel of the never-to-be-forgotten Asbury, the apostle of Methodism in the United States. I was present at the close of the General conference in which George—the holy, fervent, spirited



Bishop George—last presided. I also heard, with strong emotion, our dear M'Kendree's valedictory, which he delivered, placing his right hand on the shoulder of Bishop Soule, who leaned forward to support him, while Bishops Roberts and Hedding supported on the left, and Bishops Andrew and Emory sat before him, within the railing, round the communion-table. As the venerable man retired, supported by Dr. Bangs and Bishop Soule—I think—one on either hand, I said to brother Akers, 'I think we have seen his face, we have heard his voice, for the last time, in General conference.'

“Having received my appointment, I set out for my work; reached Somerset, Perry county, at 1 o'clock; dined and fed. Methodism had much to contend with here. I knew it, and with all my little capabilities endeavored to promote its interest, when it could scarcely stand or walk alone; but now it is a strong man, a good society, a good meeting-house, which is the center of, and gives name to a good circuit. I hope they will not soon take it into their heads to become a station. I find politics running high. One of my intelligent friends said, the same amount of zeal and exertion put forth, with the right spirit, in the cause of Christ, would convert the nation, yea, the world, in a short time. I find, however, that neither Romanists, Methodists, or Presbyterians, are all on one side in politics; and I am glad of it; for, while that is the case, the republic has nothing to fear from ecclesiastical combination, in order to gain power by the blending of Church and state policy. But whenever an association, professedly religious and moral in its organization and objects, sets about political maneuvering, and holding out inducements to political parties already formed, for the purpose of using coercion, where moral suasion only should be resorted to, then it is time for the sharp-sighted and close-thinking to keep a sharp look-out.

“Reached Rushville an hour before sunset. Well, before I was well seated, the inquiry was, ‘Will you preach for us to-night? Yes, you will; we will ring the bell, and you shall have a good congregation.’ Accordingly we had a good congregation and a good meeting, and I found I was no stranger here. Rushville is a pleasant place. I have known the society here from its first organization, an exception to almost all others with which I have had an acquaintance; for, from the beginning, it has continued to wax and wax, and never wane. So may it continue till time shall be no more. In 1804 we had a small class of six or seven members, which met at the house, or cabin, of Mr. John Murphey. Mr. Murphey, his wife, Mr. Isaac, J. James, his wife, and two or three others, composed the class, which continued to prosper and increase; moving their place of meeting to a little church, a little south of East Rushville, which they built and called Pleasant Hill. Here the society continued to grow and grow, till the place became too strait for them. They next built a neat brick house in the village. This, however, in a few years became too small. It was removed, and now, in its place, behold! a stately, spacious brick church, with basement, steeple, and bell, all in neat style, and a happy society of more than three hundred in number, with Sabbath school and Bible classes, etc.; but nothing of those anti-Methodistical things, pews or organs. In this vicinity was my family residence for sixteen years, while I ranged through the Muskingum and Scioto districts for eight years, and eight years more on circuits, more or less contiguous, yet not so as to clog the itinerancy, or embarrass the superintendency. I hope Rushville will do well, keep humble and good, and not take it into her head to become a station; for, if all our flourishing villages should become stations—located, as they are for the most, in the center of a dense and wealthy country population—the circuits would soon be so crippled

that either the local preachers and the exhorters would have to do the itinerant work, or else we should have to get up a home missionary society to support the *nethin-ims*, who might still be admitted, and retained to supply the poor and destitute places.

“Having rested a day at Rushville, I set out for Chilicothe, passing through Lancaster, Tarleton, and Kingston. Lancaster I had visited in the winter of 1800, and preached round among the people about a week, and found them hungry for the bread of life. There were then a few Methodists hereabouts, waiting for the opening of the sales of public lands—the Brights, Spurgeons, Teals, Tomlinsons, etc. Much Gospel labor has been bestowed on Lancaster; many faithful men have labored here; the society has had its ebbs and flows; but has attained for the last few years a permanency worthy of a Church of Christ. It has now become a station, and has for its minister one of the self-educated sons of its own country. A splendid brick church, with basement, speaks well of the society and its friends. O, that Lancaster may do well!

“Reached Tarleton an hour before sunset. ‘Well, you’ll preach for us; we’ll ring the bell’—for here, too, they have a good church, with basement and bell, and a good strong society. We had a small society or two in this vicinity in 1804, which have ultimately found their center in this pleasant village. We had a good, feeling time, and retired to rest, not before we needed it. Thank the Lord for the work he hath wrought in this land! In this vicinity, in 1812, I received into the Church Rev. G. W. Walker and James Parcels, both little more than lads at that time.

“Next morning set out betimes for Chilicothe; stopped an hour in Kingston, with my old and highly-esteemed friend, John Crouse; found him and his old lady quietly and patiently waiting for their change, which can not be far off. This man invited me to preach at his house in

1804; he was then a gentlemanly man of the world, in full and successful pursuit of wealth; and in this he was successful above many; but the Lord showed him his lost and ruined condition, and sent salvation to his house. Since that time he has been a nursing father to the societies in his neighborhood; as steward of the circuit, attentive to the wants of the preachers and their families; has built a house for the Lord, and a house for his servants—with but little if any assistance—in Kingston. We conversed and prayed, and parted in hopes of meeting again to part no more.

“Reached Chilicothe Saturday night; met a class at 8 o'clock, Sunday morning; had a sweet, refreshing season; preached at 11 o'clock to a large congregation; had a good time, and found myself at home, as I always do in Chilicothe; but the history and character of the Church in this place has been fully ascertained and set forth. Rode on to Bainbridge, eighteen miles; but before I had dismounted I was accosted with, ‘Well, we have an appointment for you to preach to-night, and we are glad you have got here in time.’ We had a refreshing season, and went to rest late and tired enough. Lord be praised for the blessings and sanctuary privileges of the Sabbath! Monday reached home, where I rest a few days, and then go to my circuit; and it may be my last. If so, the will of God be mine! Amen.”

Mr. Quinn was reappointed to Wilmington circuit. He was, however, released from the onerous duties of charge, that work being assigned to his efficient colleague—John M. Howland. This was a year of great prosperity to Wilmington circuit; a glorious revival was realized, and many souls were awakened, converted, and added to the Church. Mr. Quinn was greatly blessed in his own soul, as well as in his labors, and perhaps this was one of the happiest years of his whole life. This year he frequently

invited penitent souls to the seats vacated for their accommodation, that they might have the advantage of the instruction of himself and others, and receive the concentrated sympathy, solicitude, and prayers of such as had access to the throne of grace, and influence at the court of heaven. About this time the question was agitated as to the distinguished individual who first introduced the practice of inviting penitent persons to the mourners' bench. Hear Mr. Quinn on this subject:

“Something has been said, in a late number of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, on the subject of inviting mourners to the vacated seat or railing around the communion-table—for I dislike the term altar, or altar for prayer, on such occasions. A Jew or Catholic may use the term consistently with his faith on the subject of altar and sacrifice, but an enlightened Protestant believer, when he thinks, speaks, sings, or worships, extends his views beyond temples made with hands. By faith he dwells on the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary, and thence ascends with the ascending Captain of our salvation—now made perfect through suffering—to the right hand of the throne of the Majesty Eternal, in the heavens, joyfully exclaiming, ‘We have an altar of which they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle.’ But to return. The writer seems to think that L. Dow first introduced the practice in 1802–3; but the first I ever saw or heard of it was in 1795 or '6, at a watch-night held at the house of that mother in our Israel, the widow Mary Henthorn, near Uniontown, Penn. The person who conducted the meeting was that holy, heavenly-minded man, the Rev. Valentine Cook—blessed man! In imagination I view him now, near or quite six feet in stature, quite stoop-shouldered, dark complexion, coarse, black, bushy hair, not much taken care of, small, deep-set, black eye, and full of the fire of intelligence, strong, well-arched brows, high cheek-

bones, and an unusually-large mouth. He was not handsome; but when he conversed on the subject of religion—and it was almost his constant theme—and more especially when he preached, there was a sweet and almost heavenly benignity beaming in his countenance, presenting rather an unearthly attraction. It was next to impossible for the most heedless to remain uninterested under the sound of his voice. Mr. Cook's subject was the qualifications, duties, and awful responsibilities of the watchman. His sermon was close and argumentative, giving to the greedy and sleepy dogs, as the prophet styles the avaricious and slothful watchmen or ministers, their portion, observing, as he passed along, that those who were the least laborious were often the most clamorous for their worldly gain. The sermon was closed with an almost overwhelming exhortation, which appeared as if it must carry all before it. Then came the invitation to the mourners to come to the vacated seats, to be prayed with and for. I think this was new, perfectly new, for the people appeared panic-struck; and I confess I was greatly moved, for it appeared to me as if the two worlds were coming together. Verily, methought the very hairs of my flesh stood up. He, however, was very particular in giving the Scriptural character of a true penitent, and, in the most affectionate and encouraging manner, invited such, and none but such, to come; alleging at the same time, that if any should dare to act as did Ananias and his wife, they might be met as these were. O, it was an awful, yet glorious time of the gracious power and presence of God! Several souls found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and some obtained the blessing of perfect love. But brother Cook, and most of those who united with him in that meeting, have passed away; yet have they a more distinct recollection of what then and there took place than the old man, who, by the forbearance

of God, lives to write about it. Since that time I have heard many inviting mourners to the place prepared for the purpose—have not always been suited—have often attempted it myself, and frequently failed; and it does appear to me that a combination of time, place, persons, talents, etc., must concur; otherwise, not only no good but some harm may be the result of a misjudged and premature effort. We may have seen, as well as read of sparks of our own kindling.”

At the session of the conference in the autumn of 1841, Mr. Quinn was appointed agent for the “Preachers’ Relief Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.” This benevolent institution had been formed by the members of the conference, at their session in September, 1838; and as it was very desirable to increase its funds, they requested the appointment of an agent for that purpose. The nature and objects of this noble association can not be better explained to the reader, than by quoting a few articles from its Constitution:

“ART. 2. The officers of this society shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and nine Managers, who shall be elected annually by the Society.

“ART. 3. Every preacher of the Ohio annual conference, paying one or more dollars, annually, shall be a member of this Society.

“ART. 5. The Board of Managers shall, at each annual conference, inquire into all the cases that may be presented to them for relief, and make such appropriations as they shall deem expedient, according to their funds.

“ART. 7. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep a faithful account of all moneys received and distributed, and report annually to the Society; he shall not donate any money without an order from the Managers signed by the President or Vice-President.

“ART. 8. All subscriptions, donations, and bequest

shall be safely funded, and the interest *only* appropriated by the Board of Managers.

“ART. 9. The appropriations of the Society may extend to all the members of this conference, their wives, widows, and children; but if, at any time, the applicants for assistance can not all be relieved by the available funds of the Society, the most pressing cases shall be first met, and, other things being equal, members of the Society who have contributed to its funds, shall, in such cases, be preferred.”

Soon after entering upon the duties of his agency, he addressed the members and friends of the Church, within the sphere of his operations, through the medium of the *Western Christian Advocate*, in his usual felicitous style. The address is given, not only because it may interest the reader on many accounts, but now that the agent is exalted to his reward, and has left his widow to the care of the conference, it is hoped it will still exert an influence to increase the funds of that useful society, which was so dear to his heart, and which he once served:

“For more than forty years I have been in the habit of receiving my appointment at conference to a circuit, district, or station, and then hastening with pleasure to my field of labor, never asking for an easy place, nor refusing to go to a hard one. But now I have received an agency to solicit donations for the ‘Preachers’ Relief Society.’ I fear I shall do a poor business; but I suppose I must try. Some say, ‘You will do well; for you have vantage-ground which can be occupied by yourself only.’ It is true, I am one of those who first brought salvation’s joyful sound to the log-cabins of the fathers and grandfathers of many who are now blessed by the Giver of all good, and who are abounding in wealth. Surely, to these I shall not appeal in vain.

“There are already several well-qualified agents in the



field, soliciting aid for various institutions. There is Sehon: it is well known what he can do; I trust none will turn him away empty, for he is engaged in the blessed Bible cause. Then there is Maley: there is no getting off from his solicitations—he hangs on to the last! There is likewise Gaddis: no one can get out of humor with him; the cause of learning is good, and I hope it will be liberally sustained. But our people should never forget the men who have worn themselves out in the work; or the lonely widows and helpless orphans of those who have died in the cause. Those men counted not their lives dear to them, so that they might finish the ministry which they had received from the Lord, in proclaiming the Gospel of the grace of God. They were poor through life—they laid not up treasure on earth; yet made they many rich! And are not some, to whom this appeal is made, among those who have been benefited in a pecuniary point of view, through the instrumentality of those men?

“I am visiting different places as rapidly as I can, and I intend to preach as often as I am able, and to meet class as often as I shall get opportunity; for I should think I was backslidden from God if I did not love the class meeting.

“I was thinking the other night, that in more than forty years spent in the itinerant field, my deficiency in the disciplinary allowance amounted to about *two thousand six hundred dollars*. Now, how easy it would be for some fifty or a hundred of the children and grandchildren of those among whom I have labored these many years, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, to unite and make up, and hand me over the sum! And what should I do with it? Buy a farm? Put it out on usury at ten, twelve, fifteen, or twenty per cent.? No, no! I would drop the interest, and deposit the principal in the funds of the Preachers' Relief Society. This would doubtless be

the means of gladdening the heart of some war-worn veteran, or of drying the tear of some lonely widow, when I shall be sleeping in the grave. I trust none will turn me off quite empty. Only lend the Lord a few dollars, and he will pay you good interest—yea, a hundred per cent.”

## CHAPTER XII.

Is made supernumerary—A severe trial—Letter to his brother—Fierce opposition to the Methodists in the west—Public discussion between Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Cook—Debate between Mr. Welsh and Mr. Scott—Discussion on baptism between V. Cook and John Corbly—Many reminiscences and other matter—School at Uniontown—Produced some literary fruit—Claims to be a western man—Three classes of preachers—Great embarrassment to such as had families—Lotspeich in distress—Soon after removed by death—The western pioneers worthy of respect—Redundancy of laborers—Ministers invited farther west—Wishes he were able to go—Invited to attend large meetings—Camp meeting near Decatur—Bad conduct of young men—Successful method of reprovng them—Wonderful effect—Sometimes reprovng with severity—Case of a young woman—Often tender, and generally successful—Failed in one case—Interview between Bishop Asbury and Mr. O'Kelly—Reason O'Kelly left the Church—He and adherents organize.

At the conference held September 28, 1842, not being able to perform the work of an effective laborer, the conference assigned him a supernumerary relation; and he was not expected to do any more work than he should judge himself able, and find it convenient to do. This, to a man who had been effective so long, and had taken equal part with his brethren in the itinerant work, must have formed a severe trial, which required time for the mind to submit to. It is no easy lesson to learn how to be old, and suddenly to change long-continued habits, exercised in the active duties of the itinerancy. He, however, soon found grace and strength to endure, with patience, and cheerfully submitted to his comparative retirement from the work.

The following extract of a letter, addressed to his brother, of Nashville, Tennessee—Rev. Matthew H. Quinn—will explain his condition of health, and other circumstances, during this conference year. It is dated

*“January 24, 1843.*

“By the tender mercy of God, I am yet here, and in the enjoyment of pretty good health. I eat my food with a

good relish, but do not require as much by one-third as in my younger days. I rise early, and never lie down, or nap it, through the day. I sleep six or seven hours at night. I have no pain, no disease, except my asthmatic affection, which, on taking cold, is rather troublesome, especially at night. I can ride on horseback twenty or thirty miles in a day, with but little fatigue. I have but little difficulty in preaching so as to be heard distinctly by large assemblies. My voice holds out well, and yet my flesh is wasting, and my strength is failing. I have not half the strength of manhood. How true are the words of inspiration: 'Man wasteth away!' Truly, time is shaking me by the hand; and when a few years are come, I shall go the way whence I shall not return. O, that I may be prepared; that I may bless the summons as a kind one, and lie down and die in peace!

"At the close of forty-four years' service in the itinerant ranks, I received last conference a supernumerary relation. No work, no pay. I feel greatly lost; and being thrown on my own resources, which are very limited, I am no little embarrassed; but in God is my trust."

At this period of his life, his mind was often occupied with the eventful history of the Church with which he was so long identified. Having watched with the greatest solicitude the rise and progress of Methodism in the west, and contributed so much to its wide-spread influence and permanency, it is natural to suppose he would frequently compare the past with the present. In this contrast he saw that a wonderful change had taken place in the public mind in regard to the Church of his early choice; and he could but think of the severe struggles and conflicts she once had to pass through. It could not be expected that the doctrines, discipline, and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church would be propagated and established among the bold adventurers who had first settled the west, with-

out violent opposition. Pure religion finds an enemy in every depraved heart, as certainly as that "the carnal mind is enmity against God." Hence the Savior said, "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on the earth? I tell you nay; but rather division." He who understood the nature of his own religion, and the condition of the moral world, could anticipate, with infallible precision, the terrible strife that would be produced by the preaching and triumph of his truth. This has been exemplified in every age and nation where the pure Gospel has been proclaimed; and when "Christianity in earnest" was introduced among the western people, of course it excited fierce persecutions. Other denominations who had preceded the Methodists, and were pretty well established in many regions of the great western valley, were expected to adhere with great tenacity to their peculiar and favorite tenets. Of course they would not yield the ground to Methodism, without making as formidable a resistance, by argument and otherwise, as was possible.

Mr. Quinn has left a very interesting statement of the violent current of infidelity and irreligion which opposed the introduction of Methodism in every place. He has, also, narrated some of the public discussions which took place with other denominations, which, I am sure, can not fail to interest the reader.

"Opposition, of course, came from various quarters; the vicious and immoral of all classes arrayed themselves with all their energies against the servants and work of God. But although they took counsel together, and set themselves against the Lord and his people, yet Jehovah of hosts was with his servants; and as the God of Jacob was their defense, many of the stout-hearted enemies of God and his Christ, his Church and his ministers, were made to lick the dust; they were taken, they were killed with the two-edged sword, they were healed and made alive by an

application of Gilead's healing balm. I have been personally acquainted with scores, say hundreds, of the vanquished; I have seen them in their right mind, clothed and seated in the Church—both in the membership and ministry—and heard them sing and shout aloud the glories of their conqueror, the great Immanuel. Many of these, as soldiers of the cross, have not only fought the good fight, and kept the faith, but they have finished their course, and gained the prize. The religionists of the day, however divided among themselves in some things, appeared to think it their duty to unite in their opposition to the Methodists, whom they regarded as heretics, and a common enemy, calling for the united strength of all to keep out, or counteract the ruinous tendency of their doctrines, as calculated to deceive and ruin—if it were possible—the very elect. They often attacked them in public, after preaching, and assailed them in private, and sometimes put them up to all they knew, but often found them better prepared to defend themselves than they had anticipated, and not unfrequently found themselves foiled by the illiterate green-horns, as they were called; for the Methodist preachers of that day read their Bibles incessantly, with much prayer, and could give book, chapter, and verse, the text with the context, on every disputed point; and they knew how to wield the powerful argumentative weapons, furnished by the Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and the Vicar of Madeley. In this way they often silenced their opposers, put to flight their adversaries, and made proselytes not a few. Several public discussions took place; in all of which Methodism lost nothing, but gained much; for thereby public attention was waked up, and inquiry took place, and the system of doctrines taught by the Methodists had nothing to fear from the most rigid investigation.

“The first public discussion, which I shall notice, took place in Westmoreland, Penn., a few miles distant from

Greensburg, I think in 1792. It was brought on by a Mr. Porter, a Presbyterian minister, who commenced a most violent attack upon the Methodists in the newspapers. Mr. V. Cook replied in the style of a scholar and a Christian; and several pieces passed, in which the Presbyterian waxed warmer and warmer, and the Methodist grew stronger and stronger. At length the inquiry was made, 'Who is this Cook?' 'Why, forsooth, he is a scholar of Cokesbury College.' Then, out came Rev. Mr. Jamieson, a Scotchman of the Seceder Church, and invited a public debate. Mr. Jamieson was said to be a profound scholar, and a man of more than ordinary powers of mind. Mr. Cook accepted the challenge, and the time and place of meeting was agreed upon. No doubts or fears were entertained by Messrs. Porter, Jamieson, and their friends, but Calvinism would gain a complete triumph, and that Methodism and Methodist preachers would be put to the rout. The Methodists thought their cause was good, but were not so confident of success. They, however, had recourse to God by fasting and prayer—as I well remember—that the cause of truth might be sustained. At length the day arrived, the parties met, and a vast concourse of people were in attendance, of all creeds, and no creeds, some of whom were from fifty to eighty miles distance, to witness—as I believe—the first public debate that ever was had on the subject of religious opinion in the great western valley. As I was not present at this debate, I can not go into the details, though I often had them, both from Presbyterians and Methodists, who were on the spot.

“As to Mr. Cook, I know he was clear and powerful in argument. And I know, also, that, after this, Methodism found its way into many high-toned Calvinist neighborhoods and families, and societies were raised up in places, where previous to that it was forbidden a place for the sole

of its foot; and there are now in the front ranks of Methodism, both in western Pennsylvania, and still farther west, many, very many, of the descendants of those who once were its most violent enemies and opposers.

“The second public debate took place in the town of Washington, Washington county, Penn., some time in 1793, when Rev. T. Scott—now of Chilicothe—was traveling Ohio circuit, Va., which, at that time, included the town of Washington. It seems that Mr. S. had obtained leave, and had preached a few times in the court-house. He was then young, and of very youthful appearance; yet, young as he was, his youth was not to be despised; for many attended, and became much interested in the preaching of the young Methodist minister. This gave the alarm to Rev. Mr. Welsh, of the Presbyterian Church, a most rigid, thorough-going Calvinist, said to be a man of learning and talents; and as there was no sister churching of us in those days, he published that on a set day he would publicly expose and refute the errors of Methodism. The youthful Scott, in nothing afraid of his adversaries, published that he would be there to defend Methodism as Scriptural truth. The day came; and not the court-house, but the court-yard, was filled with people, many of whom had come from afar. Mr. Welsh exerted all his natural, moral, and literary ability, in a most desperate effort to demolish Methodism, and tear it up, root and branch. Then came on the youthful Scott, with his Gospel sling and smooth stones. He used soft words, but there were hard arguments in the logical arrangement, and they sunk deeply lodged in the understanding and the heart. Time has told well of that day’s work, and no doubt eternity will tell more. The Methodist Church has long been acknowledged there as an orthodox and sister Church. Ah, well they could not help it. It is not best to fight always. No, indeed; and now we are loved as an



orthodox Church. Well, it may be so, fair lady; but we know what the old Confession says, and we see you still keep it under your mantle.

“The third and last public discussion that I shall take notice of, took place some time in the year 1796 or 1797, on the subjects and mode of Christian baptism, between Rev. Valentine Cook and Rev. John Corbly. This gentleman was a talented, thorough-going, straight-laced Calvinist, and close-communion Baptist, who exerted a very extensive influence in western Pennsylvania and Virginia. In fact, he was almost the oracle, and was regarded as the father of the Baptist Church in that section of the country. He, no doubt, believed it his duty to exert all his energies in opposition to the Methodists. How the discussion between him and Mr. Cook was brought about, I am not now prepared to say. But it was conducted with ability on both sides. The result was, that many who had long been halting, came forward, bringing their households, and were baptized into the Methodist Church by affusion, both men, women, and children, believing baptism to be the seal of covenant relation; and that, as Christ had placed infants in the same covenant relation with believers, by recognizing them as the subjects of his kingdom, they had as good a title to the seal of that relation as those who, by faith in Christ, had been converted, and became as little children, having received the kingdom of God as such. The venerable Corbly having served his generation, hath long since fallen asleep; but although he, no doubt, left his blessing with and upon his offspring, yet hath not his religious creed been entailed upon them; for five or more of his great grandchildren are now members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and one of them the wife of Rev. S. H., a member of the Ohio conference. And a few days since I baptized two of the infant great great grandchildren of him, who would not admit to the Lord’s table one who

had not been immersed by a Baptist minister upon a profession of faith."

The following reminiscences, and other interesting items, written by Mr. Quinn, are deemed worthy of a place here:

"Before I pass from old Uniontown, it may not be amiss to take some notice of a little literary enterprise, which was gotten up in that place, which, if it serve no other purpose, will go to show that the Methodists were not inattentive to the subject of learning. Indeed, none but those who are ignorant of their history will make that charge against them. It is true, they did not, and do not, make classical learning the Alpha and Omega as to ministerial qualification, yet they were the friends of learning. And it may be safely asserted, that no class of men in that day were more intent upon the acquisition of useful knowledge, than were the Methodist preachers; they also urged the importance and necessity of education on their people. And the rule in our excellent Discipline, which requires the preachers to preach on the subject of education, stood forth as prominently in the little book then as it does now.

"The Uniontown school enterprise was gotten up in 1793 or 1794; but at whose instance I am not fully prepared to say. I think, most probably, that it originated with Mr. Asbury. However, most certain it is, that the good man took a lively interest in the project. A Mr. Sheppee, an Englishman, of considerable learning, was the first principal here. He, however, continued but a short time, and was succeeded by Rev. John Hooker Reynolds, a Welshman, a traveling preacher on trial. He was appointed to Union school in 1795, and remained, say two years, as teacher of languages, while the English department was conducted by Rev. William Wilson, of Eastern Shore, Md. These were said to be competent men. But as this was a small concern, without charter or endow-

ment, having to depend wholly on tuition fees for its support, it soon went down, and was abandoned, involving a few in pecuniary liability to some small amount. Short-lived, however, as was this institution, it produced some literary fruit: two M. D.s, Stevens and Boyd; one lawyer, T. Mason; and two ministers of eminence, Rev. Thomas Lyel, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of New York, and our dear S. Parker, of the west, received the rudiments of a classical education in Union school. I think I may safely say, that from the coming of Cooper and Breeze till the commencement of the present century, there was a gradual increase and extension of Methodist principles and influence in the head of the great valley. The preachers were, for the most part, intelligent, grave, devoted men, who had the cause of God deeply at heart, and labored most incessantly for the salvation of souls, that God might be glorified thereby. In speaking of those who were instrumental in planting Methodism in the west, I have made mention of them from my own knowledge; for here was I from the beginning. My father and mother were married in a fort, and I was born in a cabin, not far from a block-house, whither the settlers fled upon an alarm of Indian depredation. Here I was converted; here I received my religious and theological training; and here have I exercised my ministry for forty years, except one year that I spent in Frederick, Berkley, and Jefferson counties, Va. I therefore claim to be a western man; and let no good brother attempt to rob me of this honor. The number in society, in 1800, as the fruit of sixteen years' labor, was one thousand, six hundred and forty-seven; but many had removed to Kentucky and the north-western territory. In 1803 there were returned two thousand, seven hundred and ninety-four. This year closed my labors in that section of the country, and I was transferred from the Baltimore to the Western conference."

Here he gives the names and locations of the ten Methodist meeting-houses, which were in the Redstone country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and then continues:

“These were all small log-houses, but the Lord honored them all with his presence; and the writer has witnessed gracious outpourings of his Spirit in each of them, on quarterly and other occasions. But the worshipers, where are they now? Many of them are worshiping in the upper sanctuary. O, may I join them there! The men who labored in this extensive missionary field—for such it properly was—might be thrown into three classes, as to the labor they performed, and the sufferings they endured. The first is composed of those who came on exploring excursions. These passed through the land in its length and breadth, saw the perishing condition of the inhabitants, called them to repentance, pointed them to the Savior; formed the skeletons of circuits, raised small societies; heard wolves howl, panthers scream, bears growl, and Indians yell; ate coarse fare—when they could get it—slept cold and hard, and sometimes in the woods; fought insects day and night; but held on their way with courage a year, eighteen months, or two years; then returned and told the moving, the spirit-stirring story, and roused the sympathies of their brethren, both in the membership and ministry. Well, dear, perishing people, they must have the Gospel; but dear brother ——, he has had hard times, and plenty of them; he must have a good, easy circuit or station; and the people heard of them once in a while, but they saw the faces, they heard the voices, of the dear men no more.

“But others came, full of faith and holy fervor; and the Lord raised up some here. These entered heartily into the blessed work, not appearing to count their lives dear to themselves. They said, ‘Here are we to live and

to die with you, to spend and be spent for you.' They went on in the strength of the Lord, and the Lord wrought with them, and the word was confirmed and grew mightily, and much people was added to the Lord. Truly, truly, 'the wilderness and the solitary places were made glad.'

"But after a few years we saw one look sad, very sad, and we heard another heave a long sigh, accompanied with a deep-toned groan. 'Brother, may I be permitted to ask what ails you?' 'Ah, brother, I find I shall have to leave the work, and it seems as if it would break my heart. My family are beginning to rise up; fifty or one hundred dollars a year is nothing for children or house rent; cold looks, and sometimes the cutting remark, "Traveling preachers have no business with wives and families," etc. I am spending what my wife received, or my father gave me. My health, too, is beginning to fail, and I can not endure the thought of my family being reduced to want, and my widow and orphan children left in the depth of poverty. I must retire, and endeavor, in some honest calling, to make provision for my wife and helpless children. Lord, help me; I hope I may be useful, to some extent, in a local sphere.' Here tears began to roll down the manly cheek, and he only added, 'Give me a location.'

"I have a case in point. On the last round of quarterly meetings before conference, at the close of the meeting, brother R. Lotspeich said to me, 'Brother Quinn, I shall not be at conference. I wish you to obtain a location for me. I must retire. I have struggled on as long as I can. I have exhausted the principal part of my present funds, and shall soon have nothing left. This I would not regard if I had no family; but my duty to my family is, in my judgment, paramount to every other consideration.' 'O, brother,' said I, 'try it a little longer; trust in the Lord—may be matters will get better; the people will

certainly lay it to heart.' 'No,' said he, 'the matter is settled with me. Our people will never, in my time, make provision for a married ministry.' So saying, he turned off and wept, and I wept too, for the same feelings were struggling in my own breast. We prayed and parted, and I saw his face no more.

"Having closed my round of quarterly meetings, I started for conference. One met me with the inquiry, 'Have you heard of brother Lotspeich's death?' 'Is he dead?' 'Yes, he died at Dr. M'Dowell's, on Deer creek, two weeks after you left us, and died shouting. Parker and Cummins were with him, closed his eyes, laid him out, and shrouded him; and Parker preached his funeral.' Did the Lord take him from the evil to come? Many others located, some with broken constitutions, and almost broken hearts. If any of these men have, at any time, been neglected or slighted by any of the traveling preachers, who have entered into their labors, and now occupy the pleasant fields that were formed and cleared by them, it was worse than a shame; and if they are neglected and slighted by our people, let them look over the minutes of by-gone years, and see who they were that bore the heat and burden of the day, who labored and suffered till they had well-nigh spent their all in serving their fathers and grandfathers, while yet they lived in their cabins, with earthen or slab floors, and clapboard doors, without windows, and say if they ought not to blush a little.

"But others there were that bore it more lightly. They saw the land that it was good; and rest, with a competency in old age, was desirable; so they located, bowed the shoulder to bear and become servants to tribute; and I have seen many of these dear men, with the strength of Issachar, crouching between two burdens: some as statesmen, some as lawyers, some as doctors, some as merchants, some as tillers of the earth. Well, dear men, in

my heart I love them; but, O, what an amount of first-rate ministerial talent has been, in a great measure, lost to the Church and to the world! Well, the Judge of all the earth will do right in reckoning with his servants. But there were others who held on the even tenor of their way in the midst of all the discouragements, in view of which so many of their brethren had quailed, shrunk, and finally gave up, and left the field. They held on, and on, till they sunk at their post shouting victory in death. Sale is gone, Parker is gone, Cummins is gone, Griffith is gone, Crume is gone, and Ellis, with many more, are gone; but their widows—O, great Head of the Church, be their head!—yet remain. O, ye sons and daughters of these men of God, let one of the few surviving friends of your fathers say to you, as old father Chieuvrant did to his sons and daughters, ‘*Remember that your father was a Methodist minister,*’ and follow them as they followed Christ. As to the few that yet remain, they must soon go out of sight, and out of hearing. But behold a troop cometh; and in this troop are found not only the mechanic and farmer, but the graduates of many literary institutions, also professional men, as lawyers, and doctors, and statesmen; and here, too, are the ministers of other Churches. These last have said, ‘We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.’ But, dear brethren, this pleasant and fruitful field is too small to furnish employment for you all. What shall we do? Divide and subdivide, and run down to locality? No, no! Some of the old people say, there is less family visiting nowadays than there was twenty or thirty years ago—that the preachers have too much leisure time on their circuits, unless they spend it in pastoral work, rather than in rest at home, or in attending to their own private concerns. Such has been the change, that whereas we used to cry, ‘O, for more laborers,’ we now say, ‘O, for more work! The place is too strait; O,

Lord, enlarge our coasts.' Well, a remedy is at hand—the prayer for enlargement is already answered. Hear you not the Macedonian cry? It is true, brother W.,\* from the far, far west, says, 'Refuse talents will not do here.' I wish he had thought of a better word, for surely he knows that we do not keep that article on hand, and have another way to dispose of it, except the small amount invested in a few poor old run-down fellows, and their places may soon be filled with hangers-on. 'Well,' I know you are ready to respond, 'here are we, send us;' and the bishops may say—and the conferences will bear them out in it—'we have talents here, and plenty of them, that, like English guineas, or Spanish mill-dollars, will go any where at par—such as brother W. himself will receive and pass. Come, what say you? Would that I were able to go with you; for I would rather labor in such a field than be stationed in the Queen City. I never wondered that our beloved Ruter left the college, and went to Texas. I would rather wonder that the man in whose soul the itinerant fire burns, should leave the itinerant field, to be shut up in a college, or buried in an office.'

During this year Mr. Quinn was often invited to attend large meetings, and he was much inclined, as his health and strength would allow, to visit the Churches, and see how they did. By request, he visited a camp meeting near Decatur, in the summer of 1843. The meeting commenced on Thursday afternoon; but few, however, attended, on account of the rain, till Friday evening, when many collected, and among them some of "the baser sort," who influenced some young men of pious parents to associate with them in disturbing the quiet and the services of the meeting. On Saturday night the wicked conduct was continued, with a most annoying increase, such as yelling through the surrounding woods, removing and hiding sad-

\* A writer in the Western Christian Advocate.



dles, etc. On Sabbath morning, the presiding elder, Rev. M. Marlay, called on Mr. Quinn to preach, and suggested that he pay special attention to those who had been so disorderly the night previous, and exert his influence, as an aged minister, if possible, to reform them. Accordingly, at the right point in the discourse, he addressed those young men thus: "The most of you know me; I have traveled at different periods through all this region. I have, likely, lodged in the houses of your parents; have, perhaps, dandled you on my knees, and, it may be, dedicated you to God in holy baptism. Some of you have parents now in heaven, who long prayed for you on earth, and are now 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'" He described their conduct, and set before them the great crime of disturbing the peace and devotions of a congregation, assembled, under the protection of civil law, to worship the great God of the universe. They had not only violated the laws of the land, but had sinned against God and his people. The picture drawn and light reflected by the reasoning of the speaker, enabled the offenders to see the heinous nature of their sin, and the enormous amount of guilt they had accumulated. He next reprov'd, and "rebuked with all authority." Then he admonished them of the terrible consequences of such a course, and, with a great deal of affection and pathos, exhorted them to reform. Said he, "I am now an old man, rapidly descending to the grave, and may be addressing you for the last time. If you have any respect for me, or the sacred cause of religion, which I advocate; if you have any respect for the ashes of your pious relatives, or esteem for your pious friends who are living; if you have any regard for your own eternal interest, or respect for yourselves, I pray you never to be guilty of such conduct again; but repent of all your sins, and pray God to pardon you."

He continued his address to those young men with great tenderness, till tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks; pious parents trembled and wept; and I am informed by one who was present, and seems to have a most vivid recollection of all the scene as it is here described, that he never saw a more general weeping in any congregation. Even the offenders could not restrain their tears, under the affectionate lecture of the venerable servant of God. There was no more bad conduct known upon the ground, and the meeting resulted in the rescue of many souls from the empire of darkness, who were embraced in the bright rolls of salvation.

Mr. Quinn seldom ever allowed any misbehavior in his congregation to pass unrebuked. His reproofs were always plain and pointed, and sometimes terrible and withering. One Sabbath morning, in his charge, while offering up the opening prayer, he happened to observe very unbecoming and irreverent behavior in a young female. Rising from his knees, he adverted to the solemn reverence and decorum which should characterize all professed worshipers of the great Jehovah, in his house, and mentioned the departure therefrom in the bad conduct he had witnessed while they were engaged in the solemn service of prayer. "I think it my duty," said he, "to bring this case to your notice, the admonitions and reproofs heretofore given having failed to produce any reformation. I wish the congregation to know who is the offender," at the same time looking and pointing in that direction; "it is that young woman with a leghorn bonnet and artificials, who sits on the second seat beyond the stove, and adjoining the partition in the seats. I point her out thus publicly, as a warning to other transgressors."

There are some persons, forgetting that God sees them, and supposing the preacher's eyes are closed while talking with the Most High, who take the advantage in time of

prayer to misbehave in the house of God, to the great annoyance of serious worshippers near them. This must be a sin of great turpitude, and, surely, all who have the fear of God before their eyes will agree that such persons ought to be "rebuked openly, that others may fear."

In regard to minor offenses, and inadvertences of persons Mr. Quinn associated with, he was remarkably tender and affectionate in their correction. He was often successful in restoring the wanderer, who had been "overtaken in a fault." He failed, however, sometimes, as in one case related to the writer by the venerable Dr. M'Dowell, as follows: A man who had contracted the unfortunate habit of exaggerating almost every thing he talked about, when Mr. Quinn gravely reproved him for his sin, replied, "I admit that is my besetting sin, have often lamented it, and have shed *barrels* of tears on account of it." "There," said the faithful pastor, "that is the very thing I am charging you with, and reprovng you for, and you have at this moment offended in exaggerating the amount of tears shed for your fault." He then renewed his effort; but, perhaps, to little purpose. Persons should guard against this bad habit, as they would against downright lying.

In the fall of 1839 Mr. Quinn says he passed through the first volume of Doctor Bangs' History in two days, beside riding about forty miles, preaching twice, and meeting class as often, and then adds:

"I was greatly interested in the account of the meeting of Mr. Asbury and Mr. O'Kelley, given in volume first, page 355, which occurred in Winchester, Va.—not Manchester—as I was witness, in part, of what then and there took place. The Bishop's appointment had been out for some weeks; in the mean time it was announced that Mr. O. would be there at the same time, to hold meetings for several days. The Presbyterian meeting-house had been

procured for his use. He commenced on Friday evening, and I had the privilege of being one of his hearers. He stood up; his personal appearance was noble and dignified; he commenced; his voice fixed the silent and solemn attention of all present. After singing and prayer, he read for his text, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness,' (Psalms.) He first proceeded to show that in the likeness, or image of God, consisted the dignity and happiness of man, in his primeval state; 2. That from this dignified and happy state man had fallen; and hence human wretchedness in all its varied forms—nothing found in all creation to satisfy the immortal mind, while exiled from its God; 3. That through the incarnation and atonement of the Savior, provision was made for man's recovery; so that, in the evangelical process of illumination, justification, adoption, and sanctification—implying a change in the whole man—the old man, with his deeds, was put off, and the new man—which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness—put on, and God is all in all; and now the soul rests in God, nor seeks for other good. It was a good sermon. I made no notes, but recollect the substance distinctly. He was to preach the next day; and on the Sabbath was to preach and administer the ordinances. Sunday came, and on his way to, or at the church, he was suddenly and violently attacked with—I think—cholera morbus; so that he had to retire immediately to his lodgings, where, for some hours, his life was thought to be in great danger. When this came to Mr. Asbury's ears, he became evidently interested, and gave evidence, both by words and looks, that he felt strong emotions, of the benevolent kind. 'Dear old man! no doubt it is occasioned by the highly-impregnated limestone water, to which he has not been used. It may cost him his life.' In the family and in the church, he prayed most fervently for him, styling him 'thy aged servant.' After we returned

from church to the house of brother Reed, at whose house the Bishop lodged, said he to brothers Reed and Walls—not Wells—‘I am concerned for Mr. O’Kelley. Go and offer your attentions in any and every thing that may tend to his comfort; and say to him that I am here, and willing to see him.’ They went, and returned with a request that the Bishop would make a visit to him. The Bishop preached twice on Sunday, with an unction from above, while many felt that God was with him. It was a day not soon to be forgotten. On Monday morning Mr. Asbury, taking with him Edward Matthews—of the Baltimore conference—repaired to Mr. O.’s lodgings, while I went to make arrangements to accompany the Bishop on his way to Stevensburg. The interview took place, which—as brother Matthews informed me—was of a most interesting character. From the tones of voice, the expression of countenance, etc., there appeared a yielding, yet there was evidently caution and reserve. Mr. A. prayed most admirably. A few brief sentences embraced the history of the past; then the present meeting as providential; the late affliction a mark of fatherly chastening; thanks for prospects of recovery; petition that life and usefulness might be prolonged. They then took the parting hand, Mr. A. sending his friendly and Christian greetings to Mrs. O’Kelley. Of this lady the Bishop remarked afterward, ‘She was an excellent woman, but of a very different temperament from her husband; if he was stern, she was yielding—if he was salt, she was sugar.’ I was with the Bishop for several days, but heard not an unkind word of Mr. O. Once he observed, ‘In the course which I have pursued, my motives have often been impugned, and sometimes by good men; but my record is on high.’ O, what a man of God was he!”

It will be recollected by all acquainted with the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that, previous to

the General conference of November, 1792, Mr. O'Kelley, and other traveling preachers, had objected to the power of the Episcopacy. Dr. Coke presided at this session of the General conference, which was held in Baltimore. Mr. Asbury said, in a note to the conference, "I am happily excused from assisting to make laws by which myself am to be governed: I have only to obey and execute."

Mr. O'Kelley brought forward the following resolution:

"After the bishop appoints the preachers at the conference to their several circuits, if any one think himself injured by the appointment, he shall have liberty to appeal to the conference and state his objections; and if the conference approve his objections, the bishop shall appoint him to another circuit." (Dr. Bangs' History.)

The debate on this resolution lasted for about three days, and elicited great strength of argument on both sides; but it failed, there being a large majority against it. This gave great offense to the mover and his friends, and he sent a letter to the conference the next morning, stating that, as his appeal was rejected, he could no longer hold his seat among them. To remove his objections, and reconcile him to the action of a majority, the conference appointed a committee to confer with Mr. O'Kelley and his partisans; but their efforts were ineffectual, and they withdrew from the Church.

Mr. O'Kelley was a very popular minister; and having long been presiding elder in Virginia and North Carolina, he had acquired considerable influence in those states. He and his adherents finally organized themselves under the popular name of "*Republican Methodists.*" These were some of the circumstances which rendered the interview between Mr. Asbury and Mr. O'Kelley of so much interest to the ministry and membership of the Church in 1802.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Depression relieved by the courtesies of the people—Letter to Mr. Fowble—Is superannuated—Embarrassing relation—Some in it have not been treated kindly—He shared much attention—Death of his brother Isaac—Letter to his brother Matthew—Shows the place selected for his burial—The General conference of 1844—Greatly affected by its sayings and doings—Attends conference at Marietta—Calling the superannuated list—An affecting scene—Addresses the conference—Is approved by his brethren—Trusts alone in Christ—Admits himself worn out—Yielded to the relation because he could hold out no more—Retrospects the past—Contrasts it with the present—A reed shaken with the wind—Afflicted in anticipation of the division of the Church—Save the union—Let not the living child be cut asunder—Take care of the widows and orphans—Reminiscences of Cincinnati—The conference—Bishop Asbury—Lines on a lock of his hair—Note from Mrs. C.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Quinn suffered some depression of spirit in his supernumerary relation, yet, as he was welcomed and encouraged by the people at the various meetings he attended, and wherever he visited, as one greatly endeared to them, he, no doubt, passed the year with a good degree of satisfaction.

The following extract is taken from a letter addressed to Rev. John W. Fowble, once his son-in-law. Mr. Fowble received many rich communications from him; but, he informs me, in his frequent removals they have nearly all been lost.

*“At Home, January 24, 1843.*

“DEAR SON,—Such I hold you, and as such I esteem you. Although I have been tardy in writing to you, yet you are often in my thoughts, and are always included in my morning and evening approaches to the sprinkled throne. O, may the great Head of the Church bless you abundantly in the great work to which, I trust, he hath called you, upon which you have entered, and in which you are now engaged! and may you never lose sight of its importance,

and the high and awful responsibility connected with it! 'It might fill an angel's heart; it filled a Savior's hands.' An apostle said, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' but adds, 'Our sufficiency is of the Lord.' Go, then, my son, in the strength of the Lord, and in the power of his might, and, hiding yourself behind the cross, preach Christ crucified, and make mention of his righteousness—of his only. Some men are esteemed great who are not very good, and some are truly great because they are truly good. God grant that you may be 'a good minister of Jesus Christ!' You have a course of study, and the books you are to read, pointed out—all very well; but the disciplinary plan is still good, if not the best, to convince, to offer Christ, to build up, and to do this more or less in every sermon; to preach Christ, in his offices—prophet, priest, king; his law as well as his Gospel, both to believers and unbelievers. Said Wesley, 'The Methodists must stick close to their doctrines, their experience, their morals, and Discipline. If they dwell on their doctrines only, they will make their people Antinomians; if mainly on their experience, they will make their people enthusiasts; if on their morals, apart from their doctrines and experience, they will make their people Pharisees and hypocrites.' Then keep all together; for God, in his word, hath joined them together; and let no man put them asunder.

"We were greatly disappointed in not receiving a visit from you last fall; but suppose you found it impracticable. Well, come when you can, and as often as you can, and come as to a father's house. After having served the Church forty-four years, I am now being laid aside as a 'disabled *pitcher*,' of little or no use. *No work, no support.* I do not feel altogether satisfied; for I still think I could do a little. My health is good, though my flesh and my strength faileth. Perhaps, if you would give me the time and place of some of your quarterly or camp meetings, I



might make you a visit some time next summer; for I can yet ride twenty or thirty miles in a day, and not feel much tired."

In September, 1843, Mr. Quinn attended the conference in Chillicothe, much debilitated, and he and his friends were compelled to relinquish the idea that he would ever be able to do effective work. The conference cordially, and with great respect and affection, placed him on their superannuated list. He had looked forward to superannuation with some dread and repugnance; but he now acquiesced with true Christian submission. There are several reasons why this relation, which one called "the starvation list," is looked to with reluctance. A venerable member of an annual conference, when it was assigned to him, thanked his brethren for their regard, sympathy, and intended kindness, but added, "I have long since learned that a superannuated Methodist preacher is usually a much more welcome guest in heaven than any where on earth." It sometimes happens that the aged minister, who has worn himself out in the service of the Church, and in laboring for the salvation of immortal souls, not only fails to receive an adequate support in old age, but is treated with cold neglect and disrespect. There are very few in any branch of the Christian Church, but will unite in saying, "These things ought not so to be;" and yet, in practice, some will do those very things themselves. During the four years Mr. Quinn sustained this relation, he received much attention and respect from all classes of the community in which he moved. And although, with others of the Ohio conference in the same relation, he obtained a very scanty support, yet I must think the instances of his being treated uncourteously or unkindly were very rare. And if any who may read this page feel conscious that they did thus treat him, I hope they will repent, and make amends for the wrong inflicted, by

treating other worn-out ministers more kindly in the future.

He returned from conference, and was soon called to witness the death-bed scene of one that was dear to his heart. On the night of the 18th of October, 1843, his brother, Rev. Isaac Quinn, M. D., died, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was for many years an acceptable and useful itinerant preacher, and labored and suffered much in this work. In 1813 he was married to Miss Whitten, of Tazewell county, Va., and in 1818 he received a location. Having studied medicine he practiced in Virginia for some time, and then removed to Highland county, Ohio, and settled near his senior brother. He preached much in his local sphere, and was highly esteemed by the people, both as a minister and physician. His brother looked to him for counsel, comfort, and support in old age, having no idea he would outlive him. It appears the Doctor suffered more than four weeks in his last illness. His brother James, in an obituary, speaks of his sickness and death as follows:

“During this period he suffered indescribable pain of body, under which the feeble flesh often cried out. He also had some mental conflicts, yet still held fast his trust and hope in God as the rock of his salvation. As a husband, father, etc., he was bound by many strong ties to earth; and it was necessary, perhaps, that these should be untied or severed by a severe process. This was done. After he had disposed of his temporal affairs, his mind evidently became more tranquil; but he was too far gone to enjoy the society of his friends. He often, however, in feeble and broken accents, expressed confidence, trust, resignation, peace, and gratitude. In this frame of mind—as we believe—he calmly sunk into the cold embrace of death. During the illness of our dear brother Isaac, as if to augment our joys and sorrows, our brother, the Rev.

M. H. Quinn, an aged elder in the Church, of Nashville, Tenn., came on a visit to us; but, ah! thirty years of time and toil had made so great a change in our persons, that the brothers could scarcely recognize each other: besides death was doing his dreadful work on the younger. The long-absent brother came in time to mingle his prayers, his sighs, his tears, his sorrows, and his joys with ours, then close the eyes of his junior brother, and take the parting hand; and so we shall see his face no more:

‘When shall we three meet again?  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we three meet again.’”

After his brother, M. H. Quinn, returned to Nashville, Tenn., under date of Nov. 13, 1843, he addressed him thus: “I continued very poorly for some time after you left, and looked and felt more like dying than living, but then began to recover. My distressing cough abated, and has now almost left me. I rest well at night, have a good appetite, gain strength, but not flesh. My distressing shortness of breath is gradually abating. I regard all this as a gracious respite. O, that I may so improve it, that when the summons comes I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship with joy and not with grief!”

Mr. Quinn never determined, till after the death of his brother, where his mortal remains should lie. In October, 1846, having his company in my barouche from Greenfield to his residence, when we reached Auburn Chapel he asked me to pause, and said he would show me the spot of ground he had selected as his last resting-place. It was near the grave of his brother. I recollect my remark was, “If I should survive you, and pass this way, I will stop and look at your tomb, and think of our meeting in heaven.” He responded, with a countenance and a tone of voice I can never forget, “*I hope I shall get there!*”

The first year Mr. Quinn was superannuated, the General conference assembled in the city of New York, May 1, 1844. A short time previous to this session Bishop Andrew had, by marriage, become the owner of some slaves in the state of Georgia. This was adjudged by a majority of the General conference to be an impediment to his acceptance and usefulness as one of the *itinerant general superintendents* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that he ought to desist from the exercise of that office so long as the impediment remained. To this action the minority took exceptions, and entered their protest. The final result was, the annual conferences generally, in the slaveholding states, elected delegates, who assembled in general convention in Louisville, Ky., May 1, 1845, and separating from the Methodist Episcopal Church, they organized themselves into "a separate and distinct ecclesiastical connection," denominated "the Methodist Episcopal Church South." As Mr. Quinn was not a member of this memorable General conference, his biographer deems it irrelevant to take further notice of its proceedings. It was, however, reasonable to suppose that Mr. Quinn would take a deep interest in the discussions and doings of that body, as reported in the periodicals of the Church, of which he was a constant reader. His indescribable anxiety may be inferred from the following extract, taken from a letter addressed to his brother in Tennessee, under date of June 11, 1844: "I weep over the sayings and doings of the General conference every day. It may be a light thing with young men of yesterday, whether from the plow-tail or the college, to break up the union and rend the body of Christ; but to those who have spent their sweat and blood to cultivate Immanuel's land, and raise the Church to what it is, it is *heart-rending*. An amicable separation may be the best thing that can be done in view of all the circumstances. The Lord is king in Zion, and

the gates of hell shall not prevail against that he hath built on the rock which he hath laid for a foundation. Sympathize with and pray for your old brother, and send him a soothing letter.”

To the same he writes, under date of November 3, 1844, thus: “The days of my pilgrimage will soon be at an end, and, thanks be to God! I feel that I have not labored in vain, or spent my strength for naught. But all my plea is, that the Savior died for me. My trust is thrown on Jesus’ name.

“Great agitation in the nation and in the Church; and I can not be an uninterested spectator. But what can I do? Nothing, but look on with an aching heart, and sometimes with weeping eyes; while I mentally and vocally sigh, and say, ‘Spare thy people, O, Lord, and give not thy heritage a reproach to the adversary.’ I read and weigh many arguments on both sides, but slander and defamation—which appear to be the order of the day—my heart hates, come from what side they may. ‘The Lord reigneth; let the earth be glad!’ What though clouds and darkness are round about him! yet justice and judgment are the habitations of his throne. Sometimes the Lord cometh with his fan in his hand to purge his floor, and sometimes he suffers Satan to sift us as wheat. Yet hath he founded Zion, and he will take care of his Church, so that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

At the close of this conference year we held our annual session at Marietta, September 4, 1844. Mr. Quinn was present, and perhaps a little improved in his condition of health and physical vigor, though much reduced in flesh. He seemed to be literally wasting away, in the estimate of those who had not seen him for a year. When the presiding bishop commenced calling the names of our superannuated brethren for examination, it was a moment

of absorbing interest. These pioneers, in the days of other years, preached the Gospel to the sparse population of the west, when their labors were attended with inconveniences, privations, and hardships, which well deserved to be reckoned in the category of "the sufferings of this present time." Who that has a heart will not admire and love such men?

On the calling of the names of those present, the president very courteously inquired of each if he wished to say any thing to the conference. I could not describe the feelings of the conference, or the emotions of my own heart, when those brethren arose, in the order their names were called, and addressed their associates in labor. Mr. Quinn's name was the second called, and as the writer reported his address soon after conference for the *Western Christian Advocate*, he inserts it in his "Life:"

"MR. PRESIDENT,—If I could so command my feelings, and extend my voice as to be heard, I would be glad to say a few words to the conference; and the more so, as it is very probable I shall never again enjoy the privilege of sitting or being heard in another annual conference. I am now truly a SUPERANNATED man—a man *literally worn out*, and worn out in the one great work; for, ever since I took the vows of God upon me, I have endeavored to be a man of one work. In this one work I have greatly delighted, being willing to spend and be spent therein. God hath helped me, blessed be his holy name! and to him I would ascribe all the glory.

"To the question, 'Is there any thing against James Quinn?' my brethren have kindly responded the forty-fourth time, '*Nothing.*' This response, no doubt, has been given in the judgment of that charity which thinketh no evil, and covereth a multitude of sins, or human infirmities. Would that I could have always had the same response from within, that my own heart had never

reproached me; that I had so walked with God as to have enjoyed a constant sense of his approbation. Lord, enter not into judgment with thy poor servant, but sprinkle him anew with pardoning blood! I am well aware that the confidence and esteem of my brethren will not give me a passport to heaven. O, no:

‘This all my hope and all my plea,  
For me the Savior died.’

“I have never been, or desired to be, associated with any other fraternity but this; and in this it has been my constant desire and aim to maintain a fair standing, and leave an unimpaired reputation when I go hence. I have held the character of my brethren in the ministry sacred—have defended them as far as I could consistently, and have never allowed myself to believe evil of them without ample proof. They have treated me very kindly, and have shown me many marks of respect and confidence, of which I felt myself unworthy, and for which I now feel grateful.

“In my younger days I looked to the years of superannuation as a gloomy period, and shrunk back when I saw those days at hand. I have yielded to this relation with great reluctance—yielded because I could hold out no more. Indeed, I have not felt that degree of resignation that the case required, and religion called for. I love Zion; and for her I would live, and labor, and suffer. But why should I be anxious? Methodism lived before I was, and will live and prosper when I shall be no more on earth. I have served my generation. O, that that service had always, and in every respect, been ‘according to the will of God!’

“In the last year of the eighteenth century [1800] I entered this valley [Muskingum] as a traveling preacher, and visited this place [Marietta.] At that time there was not a Methodist meeting-house in all the north-western

territory, and but one or two traveling preachers in all the land. O, what hath God wrought! What do my eyes behold? Now the church-going bell is heard in cities, towns, and villages, not a few, all over the land, while most country places are furnished with comfortable chapels, whither the people go forth by tens, yea, hundreds of thousands, to keep holy day, to hear the word of life, to drink from the rock, and eat of the bread which cometh down from heaven. O, bless the Lord, we have seen his goings forth, and have witnessed the displays of his power and grace in the salvation of many souls.

“And now here I am, ‘a reed shaken with the wind’—a feeble old man, trembling as I lean upon the top of my staff; but where am I? In the midst of a conference of ministers, near one hundred and fifty in number, most of whom have been twice born since the time of which I speak: among them are the sons, the grandsons, and great grandsons of those who kindly received me, and to whom I ministered in their humble dwellings. No doubt I have taken some of these ministers in my arms, and dedicated them to God in holy baptism; and on some of them I have laid my hand in consecrating them to the sacred office and work of the ministry. O, why should my heart yield to fear? The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is yet our help.

“‘For the affliction of Joseph’ I have been greatly afflicted. My breast has heaved with sorrow, and my eyes have run down with tears: for the hurt of the daughter of Zion am I hurt. O, ‘is there no balm in Gilead? is there not a Physician there?’ May not the hurt of the daughter of Zion yet be healed? Will the Lord give his heritage a reproach to the adversary? Will he remove our candlestick? disperse us? and call his people by another name? Forbid it, thou great Head of the Church! Now let the Lord’s ministers ‘weep between the porch and



the altar;’ and let all the people put on sackcloth, and mourn. ‘When Ephraim spake trembling, he exalted himself in Israel; but when he sinned in Baal, he died.’ Jeshurun never kicked till he ‘waxed fat.’ Dear brethren, you have an important part to act; duties and responsibilities devolve on you, which have often made the heads and hearts of those who have gone before you to ache, while their eyes have run down with tears. The few that have worn themselves out in the work will soon disappear—their faded forms and tremulous voices will soon be seen and heard no more among you; but while we live and think, we will still ‘pray for the peace of Jerusalem.’ If possible, *save the union*—sacrifice every thing but principle to preserve it; and let not the LIVING CHILD be cut or torn asunder! What though one side be deeply *leprous*, and the other stricken with strange paroxysms of the mental or nervous kind, not easily understood by M. D.s, or even D. D.s, yet are there not proofs of spiritual vitality in both sides, sufficient to interest and call forth all the energies of all the wise and good, to ‘strive *together* for the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace?’ Will not brethren of both sides cease to criminate and recriminate, and betake themselves to prayer and fasting, that the Church may be saved from division? We hope they will.

“One thought more. The number of your widows and orphans is still increasing. O, let not these be neglected! Let not the weakest go to the wall, in your collections and distributions. Better let the *truly superannuated* suffer, than to have the widow’s sigh and orphan’s cry come up before the Lord against you; for if you neglect those, who will attend to them? And now, dear brethren, I take my leave of you, humbly asking an interest in your prayers; and commending you to God and the word of his grace, I bid you an affectionate FAREWELL.”

The conference continued his superannuated relation,

and he passed the year similar to the former, visiting quarterly and other meetings, and preaching as his health would allow. He appeared to enjoy himself more comfortably, and improve some in strength this year, but not in flesh. His aged friend and associate, Rev. John Collins, passed away to his reward in heaven this year. Mr. Quinn attended the conference at Cincinnati, September 3, 1845, with at least equal health and strength that he seemed to have had the session previous. It always gave him special pleasure to meet with his brethren at conference, and he never was absent whenever it was in his power to attend those annual meetings. He was once well acquainted in Cincinnati, and still had some dear friends who lingered in the city.

On his return home from the session in the city, six years before, he made the following interesting communication to the *Western Christian Advocate*, which is deemed appropriate in this place, and which will doubtless afford special pleasure to the reader:

“*TIME FLIES.*—Well, I have just returned from the ‘Queen City of the West;’ and O, what changes are here! One is ready to exclaim, ‘Behold! what manner of stones and buildings are here!’ But, ah! these shall all be demolished; for the earth and the things that are therein shall be burnt up. Just nineteen years had rolled away, since I had wound up my ministerial labors in that city, where I had been actively employed for the space of two years; and they were years of great peace and tranquillity to the Church, and great good to my own poor soul. Here the Lord began to visit my family. At the altar in the old Stone Church my two oldest daughters were born of God. Here, I have reason to believe, God gave to my dear wife the blessing of perfect love, while meeting in band with those devoted and humble followers of Christ, sisters L. and L., and D. and S., of precious memory, now all at

home in paradise. Here, also, the blood-bought spirit of my first-born son was taken to heaven,

‘ And found the happy shore,  
He neither sought or saw before.’

“In vain I sought for his gravestone in the old burying-place behind Wesley Chapel. Well, Gabriel’s trump will call to life the sleeping dust of my sweet boy, *James Slayback Quinn*. The congregations in Wesley Chapel, Fourth-street, and Ninth-street, crowded almost to overflowing by day and by night; but in vain did I cast an inquiring eye over the large assemblies, saying, ‘Where are my old and much-loved friends; are they all gone?’ No, not quite; for of the six or seven hundred members, whom I had served for the space of two years publicly, and from house to house, by day and by night, always carefully, and sometimes with tears, I recognized a few; and eight or nine advanced with extended hand, and friendly greetings. Ah! if the sweets of friendship terminated with the present life, it would be of little worth; but soon that mysterious cement of the soul, that sweetener of life, that solderer of society, though it has its commencement in time, shall receive its consummation in eternity; so that we may say and sing—

‘ We shall not lose our friends above,  
But more enjoy them there.’

“Had I been called to any of the pulpits—even old Fourth-street, in which I preached the first and dedicatory sermon—I should have been a stranger, *unknowing* and *unknown*. The most prominent and active must soon pass into the shades. Let the aged and worn out indulge no painful regrets at this; for David, having served his own generation, by the will of God fell asleep; and those who have served forty years have served out one generation.

“But the conference; and O, what changes are here! Thirty years ago the Western conference held its second

session on this side of the Ohio, in the then small town of Cincinnati. Mr. O. M. Spencer furnished the conference with a room up stairs in his house, which then stood far out on the commons. Asbury, M'Kendree, and others, now no more, were there. Of those who were there, only Lakin, Burke, J. Young, D. Young, and the writer, were present as members of the late conference; and here were we associated with a congregation of ministers, almost two hundred in number, most—say three-fourths—of whom were unborn when we entered the itinerant field; we can not but exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' Well, dear brethren, you will soon have the interests of our beloved Zion in your own hands, *ministerially*, with a weight of responsibility that has often made the heads and hearts of those who have gone before you to ache exceedingly, while they have often exclaimed, 'Who is sufficient for these things?'

"I shall close this desultory scrawl with a reminiscence of Bishop Asbury. Said the Bishop, 'The state of the preacher's mind, in connection with surrounding circumstances, often suggests the texts and the method of discussion. Thus, when I had offered for America, and been accepted and appointed, taking leave of my parents, the loving society, and my native land, I stood up and took for my text, Psalm lxi, 2: "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee," etc. My plan:

" '1. Where should the missionary herald be? The end of the earth.

" '2. And whose heart should be overwhelmed, *swallowed up*, if not the heart of him to whom a dispensation of the Gospel is committed?

" '3. And whence should he look for succor, but to Christ, the rock that is higher than he?

" '4. How should he obtain that succor, but by constant, fervent prayer?

“ ‘Ah!’ said the good Bishop, as we rode along, ‘this might not have been of high interest to the hearers, but it has been of vast interest and importance to the speaker; for often has my heart been overwhelmed during my forty years’ pilgrimage in America. And if I had been a man of tears, I might have wept my life away; but Christ has been a hiding-place, a covert from the stormy blast; yea, he has been the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’ Here the Bishop’s voice trembled a little—his lip quivered—I looked, and the tear had started from his half-closed, clear, blue eye. But presently he was gay; ‘for,’ said he, ‘if I were not sometimes to be gay with my friends, I should have died in gloom long ago:

“ ‘Give me to feel the grateful heart,  
And without guilt be gay.’ ”

“So be it.”

The following lines were composed by Dr. William H. Hollingsworth, on seeing a lock of hair taken from the reverend man’s head twenty-five years after he had joined in marriage his parents, and nearly twenty-three years after he dedicated *him* to God in baptism. The hair accompanies these lines in a book owned by the mother of the author, immediately under the name, “REV. JAMES QUINN:”

“Aged one, these silvered locks,  
That strew thy temples o’er,  
Tell plainly that the watchman knocks—  
That death is at the door.

Soon thy career of trust and love,  
Of labor and of care  
Shall close, and thou shalt move,  
A spirit pure and fair.

Soon shall thy last good act be done,  
Thy last good word be said:  
Soon thou shalt have the laurels won,  
That crown the righteous dead.

When thou art gone, thy name shall live,  
Thy memory dear to all,  
And those that know thee now will grieve  
In sorrow round thy pall.

Yet may thy days be lengthened out,  
And blessings rich be given;  
And, conquering death, loud victory shout,  
A victory gained in heaven!"

With these lines the following note was received from the mother of Doctor Hollingsworth, now the wife of Rev. Z. Connell:

"I furnish you with a copy of the lines accompanying the lock of hair, which I was kindly permitted to take from the head of Rev. James Quinn, the last time I had the privilege of seeing him. The hair is placed in the midst of many, to me, *precious mementos*. When I look upon this 'silvered lock,' the sunny days of my life appear before me in all their vividness. Indeed, a whole life of many vicissitudes rushes upon my recollections. And now that his sainted spirit has joined many of my dear friends who rest from their sorrows, I am reminded of the future as well as the past. Brother Quinn was one of the most Scriptural, plain, and pointed preachers. '*Christ crucified*' was his theme. His voice was full of sweetest melody. In his younger days he was a sweet singer. He was a great lover of good poetry; he quoted much, and with great accuracy and force.

"*Ripley, February 9, 1848.*"

## CHAPTER XIV.

His disposition to honor the good and useful—What is said of the pious dead may do the living good—The Ellsworth family—Many reminiscences connected therewith—Always was a friend to temperance—Letter to Rev. John G. Bruce, embracing matters of great interest—Second letter to the same—Plan of Philip Henry—Pleasantry toward southern writers—Prefatory remarks to a letter to Professor Merrick—Is not to be suspected of opposition to sound learning—Learning should be the handmaid, and not assume to take the place of the mistress, religion—Defends the plain, common-sense preaching of the old Methodist preachers—The revival in Wesley's day was chiefly through the instrumentality of an uneducated ministry—Declines giving Bishop Asbury's Bible—Was never connected with any literary institution—Was a kind of president of "Brush College"—His connection with Mr. Wesley in orders—His health—Prospects of an enduring substance—Letter to the writer—Letter to J. W. Fowble—Many items of great interest—Attends the conference at Piqua—Address to his brethren—Collection raised for his benefit—Presented by Rev. G. W. Walker with an address—His response—A skeleton of one of his sermons.

MR. QUINN had a heart formed for friendship; and he loved his friends, and the friends of Christ and his cause, with a full soul, fervently. He has made honorable mention of many distinguished and useful individuals, both in the ministry and membership of the Church of his early association. He inclined to give honor to whom he believed honor was due. Thousands may read the names of their ancestors in this book, in connection with the best of all causes. And who can tell but the remembrance of those whose names are still dear, and the report of their godly example and holy zeal for God and his cause, may lead many of their descendants to genuine repentance, and a humble trust in Christ for salvation? How insignificant must the monuments of earth, or the honor bestowed by the best of men in the page of history, appear in the estimate of those who have passed away to their

heavenly and unfading inheritance! Their names are chronicled in the Lamb's book of life, and they possess the imperishable glories of the kingdom above.

The following reminiscences of the Ellsworth family and others, written by Mr. Quinn, are deemed worthy of a permanent record in his "Life:"

"In every age of the Church there have been persons of sterling worth, not only in the ministry, but also in the membership, who, in their day, were pillars in the house, or temple, or Church of Christ—who, devoting themselves to the service of God, exerted all their energies in promoting the interests of Christ's kingdom in the world; and truly their labor has not been in vain in the Lord. But their names have not always been so recorded on earth as to carry them beyond the immediate circle of their operations, or give them to posterity: they are soon forgotten among men; but their record is on high, and Christ will own and honor them before his Father's face. The Methodist Episcopal Church, from the beginning, has had, and still has, as many pillars in the membership as any other Church of my acquaintance; and has profited as much by their services; for in her economy she has places and employment for all the moral, mental, and gracious capabilities of her entire membership; and as many as are qualified for pillars will soon find their place, their duty, and responsibility. As my itinerancy in the country west of the Alleghany Mountains, for forty years, has given me an opportunity of a personal acquaintance with many of those valuable men, who were both pioneers and pillars in the Church, I have thought I might, with propriety, record the names and worth of a few of them, in addition to a few that have been already noticed, as John Foster, White Brown, Joseph Cooper, Jacob Holmes, and others. I now propose to give some account of the Ellsworth family in their generations.



“In the year 1799 I became acquainted with Moses Ellsworth, the pious patriarch of this extensive, pious, and amiable family. He was of English descent. His pious wife was a German. They often used the German tongue in conversation. This led me to the conclusion that Mr. Ellsworth himself was a German, but this was an error. Of the time and place of his birth I am not advised; it was most probably in one of the New England states. But he had married, settled, and raised most of his family in Pendleton county, Va.; and from thence removed to Harrison county, same state, 1783, and settled on the west fork of the Monongahela, near Clarksburg. Here he opened his house to receive the first Methodist missionaries, and his heart to receive the Gospel of the grace of God, which ultimately proved to be the power of God to the salvation of his own soul, the souls of his household, and many of his neighbors. He had four sons, Jacob, John, Moses, and Aaron. Aaron died in holy triumph before my acquaintance with the family. The sons were all praying men, and heads of families. The daughters, three or four in number, were also pious, with their husbands and some of their children. When I traveled Clarksburg circuit, in 1799, there were at least fifty of this family and connections members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and they were religious in earnest; for if they sung loud, and shouted lustily, they lived up to their profession. The old patriarch and his good wife held on the even tenor of their way till death came; but as he came without a sting, they smiled and bid the world adieu. I was best acquainted with Moses, the younger, the grandfather of William I. and Jeremiah Ellsworth, of the Ohio conference; and a charming man he was, and his wife a most amiable and pious woman—her virgin name was Bumgarner. He was a large, portly man, and very interesting in his appearance and manners; had a charming

voice, and was a most delightful singer. After the dispensation of camp meetings came, he had full scope for his talent in this way. He often spent whole nights at the altar in singing and prayer, and many souls have been born of God while Moses Ellsworth was singing and praying with them. It is believed that he was converted to God under the ministry of George Callanhan, and no doubt they have had a most joyful meeting in paradise. He had a strong and retentive memory; was a great lover of preachers and good preaching; often repeated, with great accuracy, the principal part of many sermons; had committed scores of psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs; and was familiar with his Bible. While Rev. Robert Manley labored on Clarksburg circuit, in 1796, his horse was stolen on the west fork, and Moses Ellsworth, or William Hacker, or both, went with the preacher in pursuit. They overtook and brought back both thief and horse, and gave up the man to the civil authorities, and he was condemned to be hanged. O, murder! hang a man for stealing a horse! Yes, indeed, such were the laws in the ancient Dominion in those days. But the preacher and his friends made haste, by petition to the governor, and procured his pardon. This man became a great penitent to all appearance—used to attend preaching, and weep, and pray, and wished to join society; but the Methodists would not have him. Why not? Did not the Savior take a thief into the society of paradise on the day of his execution? So should genuine repentance, with the proper fruits, never be rejected. It is testified of brother Ellsworth that he was deeply pious, that he was uniform in the duties of reading the Scriptures, family and private prayer, faithful in his attendance on the ordinances of God and public means of grace; hence the light of God abode in his tabernacle like that of Obededom, for the ark of God was there. His pious wife and himself were the favored

parents of three sons and five daughters, all of whom belonged to the Church, and professed experimental religion, and some of them have already died in great peace. And here I wish to remark, in the course of more than forty years' observation, I have seen religious and moral influence living and operating in some families, from generation to generation, but soon dying out of others, and infidelity or profanity taking the place. This has led me at times to search for the cause; and here I will say, 1. That those who love the Gospel, and, as proof of their love, uniformly and prayerfully attend upon the ministry of the word without fault-finding; 2. Pray for and bear their part in supporting those who preach it; 3. Uniformly read the Scriptures, pray in secret and in their families—govern their tongues and tempers—may be sure that God will be with them, and that he will not forsake their families when they are gone; for while he only 'visits the iniquity of fathers upon children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate him,' he shows mercy to thousands of them that love him and keep his commandments. But those whose love is only in tongue, who seldom attend upon the ministry of the word, and have much fault to find, seldom or never bear any part in the support of the Gospel, seldom read the Bible, never pray in their families or closets, and sleep or gossip away the precious Sabbath, with its sanctuary privileges, need not expect God to be with them; the light with them, and in them, will be taken from them, and darkness, thick, perpetual, eternal darkness come upon them. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed! O, on how many family escutcheons is that fearful word written? Not so the Ellsworths; they loved and served God in their generations, scores are safe at home in paradise, and hundreds, it is believed, are on the way. Moses Ellsworth moved from Harrison, Va., to Ohio, in 1805, and settled on

Tod's fork, near Clarksville; but failing to get a good title to his land, thence settled in Clark county, and finally lived with his eldest son Jesse, father of the preachers, near South Charleston. When such men came, we rejoiced greatly; for they strengthened our hands in the Lord. The tide of emigration was a perpetual rush; and it seemed at times as if morality and religion, law and Gospel, were to be borne down before it. Once I was rejoicing over some substantial men—who had just got out—in the presence of Bishop Asbury. 'Ah!' said the Bishop, 'your gain is the loss of others. Illy could they be spared where they came from—societies almost ruined; but it is well for you, that while every thing is drifting here, you should have some salt to preserve you from moral putrefaction.' Mr. Ellsworth was salt, and not that which had lost its savor; and never, till the day of judgment, will it be known how much good has been done by modest, unassuming, yet unflinching piety. A short time before brother Ellsworth's death, he told his grandson, Rev. William I. Ellsworth, that he had attended forty camp meetings, and had been greatly blessed, but that he now expected soon to be at one 'where the congregations never would break up, and the Sabbath never end.' A few hours before his death, he requested his grandson to read the fourteenth chapter of John, 'Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God,' etc. He then had the family called together, gave them his dying charge and benediction, then sung his last song in the German language—which he had learned in youth—then ensued a few gentle gasps, his lips quivered in death, and the 'wheels of life stood still,' May 5, 1833, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He sleeps in Jesus; but his sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, and another generation rising up, call him blessed, and bear his name along to future generations with honor to his memory and

to themselves. The name of Ellsworth has stood in connection with religion and Methodism in western Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and still farther west, for more than fifty years. In five generations of this numerous family, not one drunkard has been known—as I am informed. So much for a strict observance of our excellent rule, which not only forbids drunkenness, but drinking spirituous—intoxicating—liquors, except in cases of necessity. The Methodists were strict observers of this rule when I first became a member. O, may the light of God still abide in the tabernacles of the Ellsworths, and may they bear in mind, through all their generations, that God hath said, ‘They that honor me will I honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.’ ”

Mr. Quinn rigidly adhered to the principles of temperance, and zealously exerted all his great influence on every suitable occasion against the opposite. At an early period in the history of Methodism in Ohio, when sickness was anticipated with almost equal certainty with August and September, one of his fellow-laborers in the ministry, being advised by a physician to use some bitters preserved in some kind of spirits as a preventive, carried a bottle with him. This minister, meeting Mr. Quinn at a camp meeting, explained to him how the doctor had prescribed some bitters, and urged him to use them through the sickly season, to prevent his being attacked with the diseases of the country, and asked him to drink some. Mr. Quinn declined, and, looking his friend full in the face, said, with an appropriate tone of voice, “What an awful thing it would be if brother ——, in using his *preventive*, should acquire a relish for intoxicating drinks, and finally die a drunkard!” The admonished brother threw away his bottle, and near the close of his laborious and faithful life reminded Mr. Quinn of the timely reproof which he gave him, and acknowledged it as a great kindness.

LETTER TO REV. JOHN G. BRUCE,  
THEN STATIONED AT GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY.

“*Rural Cottage, January 13, 1846.*”

“DEAR BROTHER,—I have been rather tardy in responding to your friendly letter, which came to hand in due time, with assurances of Christian affection and esteem, of which I feel myself unworthy. Thanks be to God, that I am not cast off and utterly abandoned by those with whom I have long been united, and in whose society I have taken great delight.

“As to your uniting with ‘the southern organization,’ you had the right to do so, and it is not for me to judge another man’s servant; to his own master he stands or falls. In this case I hope God will hold you up, and direct you in the way in which you may serve your generation most to his glory. I regret that in that organization Methodist ministers should become the most efficient agents in *perpetuating* that ‘*great evil,*’ the curse and shame of this great *republic*, and the Church. Well, the Lord, in the order of providence, appoints and ordains some things, and *suffers* other things; yet so superintends and overrules, that all things work together for good to them that love him. What then? If, for the purification of the Church, the purging of his floor, he should either come with his fan in his hand, or suffer Satan for a season to sift as wheat, yet only the chaff shall be driven away, while the wheat shall be gathered and garnered. ‘The Lord hath founded Zion,’ and I will still pray for the peace of Jerusalem; for God hath said, ‘They shall prosper that love her.’ I believe there are hundreds, yea, thousands, in ‘the southern organization’ who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, be with them! Amen.

“You wish, yea, urge me much, to write something

that may be read after I am gone. Ah! my *dear John*, if you could stand where I stand, see as I see, and know as I know, retrospect and review as I may, and as I ought, the privileges and responsibilities of fifty-four years in the membership, and forty-seven in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, you would not be as urgent as you are that I should write—you would see but little that would interest or be useful to posterity. It is true, I have been a man of one business; I have not laid up treasure upon earth; I have, for the most part, been poor, and yet, perhaps, have made some rich. My physical and mental energies, and worldly substance, in great measure, have been devoted to, and spent in the cause of Methodism, which I honestly believed to be the cause of God. But what of all this? Others have done more, suffered more, made greater sacrifices, been more extensively useful, have passed off, and, perhaps, scarce a stone tells where their bodies lie. They nobly fought, and bravely fell, and fell at their posts, covered with scars and glory, and Jehovah Jesus took care of them, and their record is on high. Is not this enough? What does the present generation know of the character, labors, sufferings, and usefulness of the holy, heavenly-minded Whatcoat, or even the great and good Asbury, except what may be gathered from the hasty sketches in his brief journal? What of M'Kendree, and many, very many others that might be named, with whom I have had an intimate acquaintance, and in whose lives and labors there was much to interest and edify? But they only served their own generation, and then fell asleep; and this will do for me. Dr. Clarke's friend, when urging him to write, as you and others have been urging me, told him 'that there were many waiting to write him to death, as soon as he was dead!' I am in no danger from that quarter, you know.

“Should any of my sons in the Gospel wish to speak or

write of me when I am gone, they can gather all, and more than all, that need be said or written. My whereabouts for more than forty years may be found in the bound Minutes, beginning with 1799. To the question, 'Is there any thing against ——?' the response has uniformly been, 'Nothing.' I have never been united with any other brotherhood. The character of a Methodist preacher I have held sacred, and desire to leave with the conference and my family an unimpaired reputation. My traits of character have been closely scanned and defined in close and confidential intercourse with the bishops, elders, deacons, and members, in the west, for more than forty years. I have written a number of historical sketches for the 'Historical Society,' in which I have made myself sufficiently prominent.

"In the Life of Bishop Roberts my name is given as the confidential friend and adviser of that good man, on his first entrance into the ministry, and when he was elected bishop. Dr. Bascom will tell you that I signed his first license to exhort, procured his recommendation, and brought him before the annual conference for admission, etc. From these sources sufficient matter for an OBITUARY may be collected, and that is enough. As to those who wish to live in *fame*, when they shall be seen and heard no more, we may say, in the language of a British bard,

'Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler  
May insult thy memory, or blot thy tomb,  
With long, flat narrative, or duller rhyme,  
*Drawling* along, enough to rouse a dead man into rage,  
Or warm with red resentment the wan cheek.'

"Upon the whole, *beloved John*, though we do not wish to be forgotten, yet it will be no loss to posterity, and do me no harm to let my character go out with my name, and remain under seal till Christ shall come."



TO THE SAME.

“*Rural Cottage, January, 1846.*”

“BELOVED JOHN,—As plans and sketches of sermons are in pretty brisk demand in these days of memorizing, repeating, and popular preaching, with an eye to the D. D., or something better, I thought it would not be amiss to send you one or two from the head and heart of old Philip Henry, father of Matthew, you know, found in his ‘Life.’

“‘TEXT.

“‘The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Amen,’ Philemon, 25.

“‘EXORDIUM.

“‘By grace, in the text, is understood,

“‘1. Not so much the good-will of God toward us in Christ, as his good work in us by his Spirit. *Mark this.*

“‘2. It is called the grace of Christ, because he is the author and finisher, the pattern and example of it.

“‘3. Now, the choicest things we can ask of God for our friends is that this grace of our Lord Jesus may be with their spirit.

“‘DISCUSSION.

“‘The grace of Christ in the spirit enlightens the spirit; quickens the spirit; softens and subdues the spirit; purifies and preserves the spirit; enlarges and guides the spirit; sweetens the spirit; and strengthens the spirit with might in the inner man.

“‘APPLICATION.

“‘The grace of Christ in the spirit is “the one thing needful;” *the better part; the root of the matter; the whole of the Christian; the principal thing; the more excellent way; a blessing indeed; the gift including all others.* But, ah! my friends, what is a spirit without grace? A field without a fence; a fool with no understanding; a horse without bridle; a house without furniture; a soldier without armor; a cloud without rain; a tree without fruit; a

traveler without a guide; a carcass without a soul. Then how earnestly should we pray for grace, both for ourselves and others!

“My friendly greetings to *Evander*.<sup>\*</sup> Still as pert as a lark, no doubt he believes in his heart that he is doing right, and so did the man who went from Jerusalem to Damascus, etc.

“A brother who hails from the south-west seems to apprehend that preachers from ‘the southern organization’ would not be received kindly, and might be handled without gloves! Now, I would vouch for the Buckeyes, that, if they will come with the Spirit’s two-edged sword, well furbished, they will be received like gentlemen, and with Christian courtesy; and Judge Lynch shall not call the *rabble to assist the Church in thrusting them away*. I think my friend *Evander* will back me, and my warm-hearted John will support me.

“I have scrawled the above for the want of something better. Do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry. That is all at present.”

The following letter, addressed to Rev. F. Merrick, professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University, will be read with interest by all, especially those acquainted with the venerable pioneer. It is an accurate index to his mode of thinking, as well as the feelings of his heart.

Mr. Quinn must not be suspected of any opposition to *sound learning*, while he refers to the palpable facts of history, and affirms sober truths. He was in the habit of representing religion as the mistress, and learning as the handmaid of Christianity; and before I introduce the reader to his letter to Professor Merrick, I must allow Mr. Quinn to explain for himself, as found in his apology to his friend, a writer in the *Western Christian Advocate*:

“Our friend, it seems, does not blame me much for

<sup>\*</sup> *Evander*, the fictitious signature of a writer in Kentucky.

entertaining fears, lest the handmaid should become mistress, and the mistress handmaid, being a little apprehensive himself on that score. Judging of 'the future from the past,' might we not say, from the present, 'Do we not sometimes now see the handmaid in full uniform, and hear her flowing eloquence, while little is seen or heard of the mistress—repentance, faith, and holiness?' Not long since, a public entertainment was given at one of the public inns of the Church, and many were in attendance, who were 'hungry for the bread of life;' and who should appear, but the handmaid, with a dish of chemistry, served up in learned style; and what should it be, but one of the four elements analyzed! There was a little murmuring among the guests; but one comforted them, saying, 'If the preacher had been in possession of his chemical apparatus, the house might have been blown down, or we all thrown out at the windows.' But the subject is grave, and I acknowledge that our friend guards well against what, it seems, we both fear. As to what I have said in vindication of the fathers, he thinks I used unfairness: first, in misrepresenting his statements; and, second, in giving an unfair specimen of the ministerial talents and characters of the fathers; and compliments me with the appellation of 'good, mistaken brother.' Well, I did understand our friend to mean, that the fathers were so illiterate, that they could not have been useful among an enlightened, well-informed people, although he allows them to have been good men, and useful in their day; and he sticks to his text, and I am not willing to give up mine. I said, 'Though not classically educated, yet they were men of strong minds, well stored with useful knowledge; that they were mighty in the Scriptures; and that they were able ministers of the New Testament.' Not so, indeed, at their first entrance—for then they were illiterate—but they gave themselves to reading, and their profiting soon

appeared, to the astonishment of many. In truth, they were a set of good, sound, common-sense preachers, who brought home their sermons to the *understanding* and *heart*, by strong and Scriptural appeals. Bishop Asbury, in preaching the funeral of Dr. Coke, before the Ohio conference, said the Methodist preachers, as a body, understood what they professed to know and teach—that is, the science of salvation; and old Dr. J. D. T. said of the Methodist preachers, that they were a set of intelligent, well-read men; and that their reading was of the best kind; and he had an opportunity, and was capable of judging; for he was a scientific man, and was once a traveling preacher, but took ordination in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and left us. Well, now, I think that this plain, Scriptural, common-sense kind of preaching, goes very well; and with intelligent, well-informed men, I know many that greatly prefer it; and as to those who only *think* themselves intelligent, or wise, perhaps there is as little hope of them now as there was in the days of Solomon; and, may be, St. Paul would tell them that they must become fools, that they may become wise.

“As to the specimen, I think it went fully to sustain the character of the fathers, as I had set it forth; yet, allow that it might have been fuller by the addition of such names as B. Abbott, J. Everitt, P. Cox, T. Hayman, T. Fleming, T. Wilkerson, J. Watson, and Q. W. P.; then the specimen would have taken in classical men, and men that were not perfect in grammar, but who had acquired the habit of speaking pretty correctly, by having kept good company and read good books; being entirely dependent on men and books—the living and the dead—both for ideas and words; and who, pray, has his supply of either from any other source? Now, our friend must not take me for an enemy, for I think his numbers are worthy of their name, ‘Helps,’ and calculated to do good;

hope they will go into book form, with Dr. C.'s letters, and show to future generations that the Methodist preachers have, from the beginning, had line upon line, precept upon precept, on the all-important subject of not only moral, but literary and scientific qualifications for the great and important work. Yet, as an old-fashioned man, I might still prefer those old books, which we happened to read long ago, such as Baxter's Reformed Pastor, Smith's Lectures, Hannah More's Strictures on the Character and Writings of St. Paul; and above all, the Portrait of St. Paul, by J. De La Fletcher. These, indeed, are helps, powerful helps; and ministers, however learned they may be, read these books with pleasure. With regard to learning in general, I am not an enemy, but an ardent friend; and I say to the people on this subject, 'Go ahead—to use a western-coined phrase—and educate your sons, and do not let them stop at the half-way house, as some do, but take them *quite* through; lest, when they come to show in public, they should appear a little pedantic, as half-learned men sometimes do; then, if the Lord converts them, and calls them to preach, they will know how to keep the hand-maid in her place; and how, and when, and where, to call her forth; and with Paul, the learned, *count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ*—refusing to glory, "save in the cross of Christ"—being thereby crucified to the world, and the world crucified to them.' May the great Lord of the harvest fill the world with such laborers! Amen."

But it is time to introduce the letter:

*"Rural Cottage, February 3, 1846.*

"DEAR BROTHER,—Some time ago I received a short, but very friendly letter from you, to which I should have replied before now, but found myself lacking in more respects than one. I wish well to the cause of sound learning, in which you are so ardently and efficiently

engaged; and pray that sound learning, and deep, ardent piety, may keep pace with each other in the Methodist Episcopal Church. This, you know, has not always been the case. In Mr. Wesley's day, he tells us, 'no man could get orders in the Church except he had received a *university education*;' and yet what was the state of religion? what the character of the clergy? Bad enough. And if it is better now, has it not been chiefly through the *instrumentality* of an uneducated ministry? Some of our young men, who have a little true piety, talk of studying theology, and preparing themselves for the ministry! Well, all I have to say is, if the Lord don't call and qualify them, they will be poor things, after all; and, instead of 'saving themselves and those who hear them,' may be the means of damning many, and losing their own souls. The ministry is holy ground, and no unholy man—however learned—should venture on it. It is shrewdly thought and said by some, that our literary institutions are a little too liberal—perhaps vain—in conferring literary honors. Some, at least, of those who have received the *literary* titles of honor, are known to be very superficial scholars. 'But Methodist preachers,' they say, 'love high titles.'

"Dear brother Merrick, excuse this liberty of an old man. The Methodist Church and her ministry are dear to my heart, yea, dearer than life itself; of this I have given some proof, in the toils and privations of forty-seven years; and my love to all that belongs to Methodism is not less ardent, now that I am old, and worn out, than it was in the days of my youth and manly vigor. I can do little now, but pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and weep over her *desolations*.

"Well, you wish for something as a memorial, or keepsake, and mention Bishop Asbury's Bible. Indeed, brother, that is all I have that would be worth presenting;

but my family cleave to that as such a treasure, that they can not consent to part with it; besides, my name has never been officially known, in any connection, with any of our literary institutions in life, and it would, therefore, be unimportant to connect it after death—I have had the honor of being some kind of president in BRUSH COLLEGE for eight years, during which period I had something to do with the theological training of such men as Finley, Strange, Bigelow, Bascom, etc.; and it is found in the bound Minutes—with the exception of one year—ever since 1799. And in *ministerial* orders I stand up close to Mr. Wesley himself; for he ordained Bishop Whatcoat as his first presbyter, and Bishop Whatcoat ordained me, in the first year of the nineteenth century.

“Please excuse this bit of pleasantry, as a kind of get-off, and if you ever come near us, come all the way. We shall be right glad to see you; we talk sometimes about you. My health is pretty good, though I am extremely weak and short of breath; yet I preach a little sometimes. My wife joins in Christian salutations to you and your good lady. We rub along, having food and raiment; and with this religion teaches and enables us to be content, while we trust that in heaven we have a better and an enduring *substance*.

“I once walked over and admired the lovely site on which the University stands before such an enterprise was talked of, and thought what a lovely place it would be for a seminary of learning. Hope the conferences were providentially directed in the whole business, and that you will do well and prosper, and it may be the Church will some time make such arrangements as to put education in reach of poor Methodist preachers’ children. This, however, will not be in my *day*; but I can not see reason why the Church in the United States should not do as well by the children of their ministers as in England.

“Now, farewell, my good and kind brother, and pray for me. Sincerely yours, in Christ Jesus.”

The following letter, addressed to the writer in the summer of 1846, will produce most pleasurable sensations and emotions in the hearts of many, and excite a thrilling interest generally. There are some things softly pleasing, though they sadden the soul. The letter speaks for itself, and I would not mar its beauty or dilute its strength by a single remark:

“DEAR BROTHER,—As I have been connected with the Methodist itinerant ministry almost half a century, and have never been affiliated with any other brotherhood, it has been my privilege—and no small one—to have a personal acquaintance with many of the fathers of the Church. With some of them that acquaintance was close and confidential, and to me very profitable. I might name, in this connection, Coke, Asbury, Whatcoat, Waters, Garretson, Swift, Willis, the Lees, the Hitts, Ware, G. Roberts, Rozel, M’Kendree, R. R. Roberts, etc. These all served their own generation by the will of God, and now rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. They believed that the Gospel which proclaims glory to God, and on the earth peace, good-will to men, was a system of grace and salvation to and for all men; and that the grace of God therein appeareth to all men, placing salvation before them, and putting it within their reach: that it is, therefore, the power of God to salvation—the salvation of every one that believeth—a present salvation from the guilt, the power, and the pollution of sin. They believed that the preaching of this Gospel in the demonstration of the Spirit and power, was calculated to spread Scriptural holiness over these and all lands; that a dispensation of this Gospel was committed to them; and that they were moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them the office and enter into the work. They believed, they



experienced, and they spoke, not indeed with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. With them justification, adoption, and sanctification, were clearly and distinctly set forth, not barely as a systematic theory, but as entering into sound Christian experience, attainable by all believers in this life, and accompanied by an assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost. They believed that he who would spread Scriptural holiness must possess in his own experience, and carry out in spirit and practice, the principles of Gospel holiness. Hence, they sought, found, lived, and preached Scriptural holiness. And, O, with what glowing zeal! with what burning love! and how extensively did the sacred flame spread! In one of Bishop Asbury's letters, still in my possession, he gave me this exhortation: 'O, my son, seek sanctification, live it, preach it. If we would spread holiness, we must possess it: we must be holy.' They all preached holiness clearly and Scripturally, as set forth and defended in the works of Wesley and Fletcher. But I think Bishop Whatcoat was pre-eminent. He had walked in the light of God's countenance, enjoying the blessing of perfect love for more than forty years. I might venture to say of him, as Dr. Coke said of Mr. Fletcher in the General conference in 1804, 'O, what a saint of God was he! Never shall I look upon his like again on this side paradise.' If a holy unction was communicated by the laying on of hands in ordination, I might indulge a secret pleasure, if no more, in the thought, that I was set apart to the office and work of a deacon and elder by the laying on of the hands of Richard Whatcoat, and hold my ordination parchments with the seal and signature of Mr. Wesley's first ordained presbyter.

"Our Episcopacy certainly originated with Mr. Wesley. He chose the episcopal form of Church government for the

societies in America. He chose and appointed a presbyter of the Church of England to the episcopal office, and then set him apart to the office and work of a general superintendent, or bishop, by the imposition of hands—assisted by other presbyters—according to the forms of ordination in the Church of England. He, at the same time, chose and appointed to the same office and work, a man who, at that time, was neither deacon nor presbyter—Francis Asbury. He also ordained Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey presbyters, and sent them with Dr. Coke to organize the Church in America, with special directions to ordain F. Asbury to the episcopal office and work. Mr. Asbury declined receiving the office by Mr. Wesley's appointment, unless it met the approbation of the conference of preachers. They voted—perhaps unanimously—approving of Mr. Wesley's choice and appointment, and he was ordained deacon, elder, or presbyter, and superintendent. The conference then, by another vote, received 'Thomas Coke and F. Asbury as joint superintendents, being fully satisfied of the validity of their episcopal ordination.' Any one who will be at the pains of looking closely into this matter, must see that the votes given by the conference were not votes conferring or creating office, but votes of approval and acceptance. They might have rejected the whole plan with the office and men, but they accepted. To illustrate my meaning, I refer to the case of Bishops Soule and Hedding, in 1824. They were elected to the office of bishop by simple majorities; but upon the expression of hesitancy on the part of those brethren, a resolution was introduced, expressing the desire of the conference that they dismiss their doubts and misgivings, and submit to the judgment of their brethren. This resolution was adopted by a rising vote, and I think it was unanimous. But who does not see that this was not the vote creating office? Neither were those which were given by

the conference in 1784. Besides, they were neither deacons nor elders.

“Having now received orders, and an organization being effected, they proceeded to make rules and regulations for carrying on the glorious work on the great *original itinerant* plan. Upon this plan Scriptural holiness has been spread to some extent over these lands. O, may it still continue to spread and spread more extensively and gloriously! But I fear there is a tendency to locality. One said, ‘Your itinerancy has done wonders; it has roused the world; but it has had its day, and must go down. It never can be expected that a learned clergy, who study and write their sermons, can submit to the toils and privations of an itinerant life.’ Well, I hope such predictions will never come to pass; but a lovely son in the Gospel writes me thus: ‘I have a fine four weeks’ circuit, with five rest days in every week, and a very pleasant boarding-place.’ And I have knowledge of other arrangements nearly, or quite, as pleasant; and that, too, in regions where some of us ‘beat the bush,’ and were glad to get rough food, even when we thought it might not be very clean. When I look away to the ‘land of steady habits,’ where they have pews, and organs, and pay the choir to do their singing—where the itinerant is snugly fixed in the village station, and the local preacher doing what little itinerant work is done, my fears come on. But then I look to God, and say,

‘Away, my unbelieving fears.’

“‘The Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it.’ Well, the Methodist societies in the United States became an episcopal Church, with an energetic itinerant superintendency vested in the Episcopacy, with prerogatives, duties, and responsibilities well defined. The conference might have done away episcopacy, and destroyed the plan of an itinerant general

superintendency at any time between 1784 and 1808; but at no time since have they had power to do either, without a direct and open violation of the constitution, which says, 'They shall not change or alter any part or rule of our government, so as to do away episcopacy, or destroy the plan of our *itinerant general* superintendency.' When Dr. Coke asked the conference to *district the work*, he asked no more than the conference had power to do. Not so now.

"My strength is gone, and I can go in and out with my dear brethren no longer; but my heart is with them. I think I have loved the cause in which they are engaged better than life. I have likened myself to the old farmer. In the strength of manhood, with his youthful consort, he entered the dense forest and commenced operations. He cleared off a spot on rising ground, near a lovely spring of water, then put up his cabin. Then with ax, maul, wedge, and mattock, he attacked the forest, and by hard toiling—submitting, in the mean time, to many privations—he succeeded in subduing the wild forest, and transforming it into fruitful fields. We visited him in his cabin when he had just commenced his labors, and after the lapse of more than thirty years we visited him again, and gazed with wonder over the splendid farm, with neat and comfortable house, barns, out-houses, orchards, etc. Upon entering the dwelling, there sat my old friend in his arm-chair, with his Bible on the stand. His spectacles raised on his wrinkled forehead, and staff at hand, he rose to receive me; but I saw that the strong men bowed themselves, the keepers of the house trembled, while those that looked out at the windows were darkened. His sons and his daughters were grown up and married, and he had buried RACHEL. The wife of his youth was no more. He had retired from business, and had given up the farm, stock, and all, to the direction and management of his trust-worthy sons. And yet it was apparent that he still held

a lingering interest in the premises, as though they might, or would suffer, if he did not extend his guardian care over them. He knew every nook and corner of the extensive farm. He had a gateway into every apartment, which he could open and shut at pleasure, and he kept an old pacing horse, that he could ride in safety; and when the weather was fair, he would mount the old horse, and off he would go from field to field, from pasture to pasture, and from one inclosure into another, till the whole was visited. Then a dialogue, something like the following, might be heard:

“*Father.* I was out in that far pasture, and saw some strange, wild-looking cattle.

“*Son.* They are some I took in a few days ago.

“*F.* I suppose the gate has been left open, and the hogs are in among the sheep, and they will destroy the lambs, I fear.

“*S.* I will have that matter attended to, but have a number of important matters on hand. I will send the boys.

“*F.* But some of them are already missing. I think it ought to be attended to without delay.

“*S.* Well, we have a great many of them, and some of them poor, *dirty things*, are of but little worth. It will be no great loss if they do stray off, or the hogs eat them.

“*F.* Ah, the time may come when you will think differently, etc.

“Ah, poor old man! he is behind the times. He thinks that matters must be done up in the old way, or they are not done right.

“Mr. Wesley said that a proper attention to the rule on visiting from house to house, would drive from among us all those preachers who are as salt which has lost its savor; for to such this employment would be mere drudgery. And surely such preachers are a drag upon any Church,

however talented they may be. I am inclined to think that the tendency of the Church South is to high diocesan episcopacy, and that of the north and north-west to presbyterial or congregational parity. The 'summary' doctrine on the character of our Episcopacy looks that way.

"The Methodist Episcopal Church, as a whole, will never again be as she has been, or what she once was. A politician, fifty years ago, said, 'The Methodist Episcopal Church will spread over these United States, and then break down with her own weight.' If Bayard had lived a few years longer, he might have said, 'My prediction is fulfilled.' O, I hope He who walketh among the golden candlesticks, and holdeth the stars in his right hand, will not cast us quite away!"

TO REV. JOHN W. FOWBLE.

*"At Home, July 18, 1846.*

"DEAR SON,—It is some time since we received your kind letter informing us of your affairs, in which we still take an interest. We are glad to hear that you are so pleasantly situated, and so well provided for, and especially that you have success in the great work in which you are engaged. May you still prosper more and more, and to the end!

"I fear that there is too little originality in the sermons we sometimes hear—too much memorizing. 'O, popular applause, what heart of man is proof against thy seducing charms!' That heart that is renewed by grace, that heart,

'Where only Christ is heard to speak—  
Where Jesus reigns alone,'

may such a heart be thine and mine while life shall last!

"I am glad that the Lord hath given you a son, and I hope you have given him to the Lord. O, may he be as good and as great as was the holy man whose name you have given to him! [George Cookman.] He took me by the hand and led me to his pulpit in Philadelphia in 1832,

but I never saw his face again, nor shall I till the earth and sea shall give up the dead which are in them.

“I traveled over the ground where you are now traveling in 1800; it was then, comparatively, a wilderness, with solitary places, but now a pleasant and fruitful field. So the Scriptures are fulfilled.”

Mr. Quinn was able to be at the conference at Piqua September 2, 1846, in rather an improved state of health. He mingled with the brethren with more than a common flow of spirits, and participated in the business of the conference to a greater extent than he had for several years. When his name was called he made a brief address to his brethren, the substance of which is here given:

“MR. PRESIDENT,—Forty and six years have my brethren passed my character without objection. Yet I have some things against myself. I am a minister of the eighteenth century, ordained by the venerable Whatcoat. I spent four years of my itinerant life in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and one on the shore of Lake Erie. To avoid one of the city stations I petitioned to be sent west. It was granted, and in 1804 I found myself in the Hocking Valley. The first Western conference I attended was held at Mount Gerizim, Ky., October 2, 1804; and I see here but one man that I met there—brother Jacob Young. When I cast my eyes over the conference, I see the sons and the grandsons of those who bade me welcome into their cabins more than forty years ago. I am now a worn-out preacher; yet I have a relish for my food, sleep as sweetly as an infant, have no local disease, and can preach occasionally thirty or forty minutes, and loud enough to be distinctly heard by an ordinary congregation. I have peace with God, and a good hope, through grace, of everlasting life. I have the sympathies of my brethren; they almost burden me with their kindness. They are all ready to contribute to the comfort of their senior

brother. They have my ardent love. It gives me great pleasure to meet them in conference, and if alive and able I will go to conference next year. And if I go to heaven, I do not know but I shall be permitted to satisfy my anxiety, by looking from paradise upon you at your annual meetings.

“I have got back, Mr. President, to the place of beginning. I went to the class-leader where my family meet, and requested him to put my name on the class-book, saying I would attend when able. The young preacher seeing my name on the book, seemed a little embarrassed to meet me. I said, ‘Come on, brother; I love to have my brethren talk to me of Jesus and his dying love.’

“I live convenient to three districts, and have the privilege of attending brother Wright’s, brother Simmons’, and brother Connell’s quarterly meetings. But I shall soon close my earthly pilgrimage, and rest in my Father’s house above. Pray for your aged brother, that he may meet you all in heaven.”

The conference, knowing the very small amount Mr. Quinn would receive as a superannuated minister, made a contribution to assist him. In presenting the amount collected, Rev. G. W. Walker made an appropriate address to him in the presence of his brethren, to which he responded in a few words, expressive of his gratitude, manifesting at the same time much feeling and deep emotion.

Having furnished the reader with a plan selected by Mr. Quinn from Mr. Henry, and embraced in his letter to Mr. Bruce, I will now insert a brief skeleton of his own, as a specimen of his method of explaining and applying an important portion of Scripture. It is taken from many hundreds, not because it is judged to be the best of all he has left, but it is esteemed good. While there is nothing elaborate or far-fetched in the four general propositions, the subdivisions are exceedingly natural, brief,



and simple—well calculated to make a vivid impression on the mind. The text is taken from

“PHILIPPIANS II, 6-11.

“I. The personal dignity and glory of Christ.

“1. In the form of God, etc.

“2. Equal with God.

“II. His voluntary and deep humiliation.

“1. Made in the likeness of men.

“2. Found in fashion as a man.

“3. Took on himself the form of a servant.

“4. Became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

“His obedience for man met the claims of the first covenant, and released man from its curse.

“III. His glorious exaltation.

“1. In our nature as our Representative, Advocate, and High Priest.

“2. Sacerdotal and gracious prerogative as our Savior.

“3. His regal prerogative as King in Zion.

“Lord of the universe and King eternal of all mankind.

“IV. His universal triumph in the subjugation of all to his authority.

“Every knee shall bow, every tongue confess. His willing subjects to the glory of his abounding grace.

“His rebel foes to the glory of his justice.”

## CHAPTER XV.

Return from conference—Good spirits—Anecdotes—Conversation a source of information—Dreads the common habit of old men—Watches, and is safe—Pioneer's rest—Description of the house—Furniture—Engravings—Springs, garden, orchard—Barn and stock—Venerable owner—Has learned how to be old—Lights and shadows of his itinerant life—Letter to his son—Attentive to his own children and other youths—Good counsel—Resurrection of the body—Purely a doctrine of revelation—Dangerous illness—Depressed and tempted—Victory obtained—Beautiful poem—Private interview—Expresses his wishes in regard to his interment and funeral—Recovers, and lives several months—Happy retrospection—Tale of hardships—Hockhocking Valley—Athens—University—Preachers—Rev. H. S. Fernandes—His tomb—Quarterly meeting—Address in love-feast—Accompanies the writer to Loudon Church—Rests well—Happy in the morning—His solicitude to attend conference—Is gratified—Farewell address—Present conference—Western conference in 1804—Field of labor—Scioto circuit—Hard labor—Discouragements—Some returned to worldly business—Others kept on, cheered by the blessing of God—First church in the Scioto Valley—Wesleyan succession—New Testament authority—The bishops—Whole itinerant plan.

MR. QUINN returned from conference in an improved state of health, and with a fine flow of spirits. He accompanied me to several of the charges of the district, and frequently assisted us in the labors of the pulpit at our quarterly meetings. In riding in the carriage with me, we had an excellent opportunity for conversation, and many of the incidents found in his biography were received from his own lips during the last three years of his life. He treasured up many things in his youth, and seemed to have an anecdote appropriate on all occasions. At one time, when he received a refreshing drink of water in the heat of summer, he remarked that he knew an aged and very pious lady who was in the habit of returning thanks thus: "Thank God for a cool drink of water; there is not a drop of it in all hell!" This was certainly an awful

description of hell, and people should make a powerful effort to escape that place where there is no water!

In listening to his conversation, I have often been reminded of the anecdote of Bishop Asbury. In preaching once, he announced an inquiry as though it had been made by one in the congregation: "How do you preachers know so much?" He then answered, "We tell one another." And truly it is a source of much information to hear intelligent and good men converse; and he who will not learn from this source, will not likely ever know much.

It is not an unusual thing for aged men to become egotistical, and make large calculations on the deference and attention of others, on the ground of their seniority and services rendered. Mr. Quinn was esteemed an exception to this general course. He exhibited in old age all his former diffidence, modesty, and unfeigned humility. He appeared to have a lively apprehension of the danger, and feared so much that he might fall into the common errors of old men, that he was guarded every hour, and, by constant vigilance, stood secure. He had watched these things in others when developed, and saw the effect they produced in the minds of their acquaintances, and therefore braced himself by a variety of strong motives, which rendered him quite safe from this common habit. In his confidential interviews with the writer on this subject, he has sometimes quoted from Hannah More the maxim which he always desired to practice. It is found in her Sacred Drama, where she represents David as saying to Saul:

"I would not aught from favor claim,  
Or on remembered services presume;  
But on the strength of my own actions stand,  
Ungrac'd and unsupported."

The writer, for the satisfaction of the numerous and distant friends of Mr. Quinn, furnished for publication in

our western periodical, early in October, 1846, a description of his residence, giving it the name of the "PIONEER'S REST." I freely confess that every thing that appertained to the venerable pioneer, and all of his class, was interesting to me; and I know we are apt to suppose that whatever interests ourselves will affect others in a similar way. I think, however, this description will be read with pleasure, as it will give all the readers of his Life some idea how the home of that good man appeared at the time it was written:

"The Pioneer's Rest is about five miles north-west of Hillsboro, in Highland county, Ohio. It is a beautiful situation; and although it is not immediately on any large road, it is easy of access, and well adapted to the retiring and modest disposition of the worthy man who occupies it. As you approach the little farm from the east, you enter by a large gate, and pass up a lane to the house, standing, north and south, on a small eminence. The building I would suppose forty-six by twenty-two feet, a story and a half high, with stone chimneys. The body is made of logs, weather-boarded in front, with a piazza the entire length of the house. The piazza is well-nigh surrounded with the coral honeysuckle, the rose, and the sweet-brier. The front yard is beautifully set with fruit, shade, and ornamental trees, and shrubs: among which may be seen the althea, and the balm of Gilead, the cedar, and a great variety of the rose. On the border of the yard, and but a few steps from the house, is one of Nature's purest fountains gushing from the rock. A little lower down there is another spring, over which the spring-house stands. A short distance east of the spring is the garden spot, cultivated in vegetables and flowers. North-east from the house, and but a short distance, is the orchard, furnishing a variety of excellent fruit. South-west from the house may be seen the barn and stables. This little

farm is stocked, perhaps, with the variety that is common, but to a very limited extent. A fine flock of sheep may be seen eagerly surrounding the superannuated minister, their shepherd; and truly they know his voice, and they follow him.

“Perhaps it may not be amiss to describe the interior of some of the apartments of this humble dwelling. As you enter what may be called the parlor, facing the fireplace, which is north, you will see ‘the eye of time,’ the mantle clock; on the left of which hangs the large portrait of Bishop Asbury, and on the right that of M’Kendree. On the west side, and between the door and window, hangs, neatly framed, brother Quinn’s certificate of life membership in the Parent Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On the south, clustered together, are the portraits of all the presidents of these United States, except Mr. T. and Mr. P. On the east side, and near the corner, stands a plain bureau, supporting the bookcase, which contains a small library of well-selected and most valuable books, chiefly theological. Near the east door, and under the looking-glass, there is a small stand, on which may be seen a beautiful copy of the holy Scriptures, used in the devotions of the family. Adjoining the sitting-room, and south of it, is what may be called the preachers’ room, somewhat better furnished than the prophet’s room of old. And this venerable man and his lovely family are always glad to have the preachers and their *wives* call to see them. They are ‘given to hospitality.’

“The distinguished pioneer of Methodist itinerants in the once ‘far-off west,’ who rests in this habitation, is much more interesting than any object embraced in my description. Indeed, it is he alone that gives interest to the various items of this communication. His person was once a noble and beautiful specimen of the human form;

but the frosts of seventy-one winters have covered his head with the whiteness of wool. He is bending beneath the weight of years. His cheeks are furrowed, and his flesh and strength are wasted; so that all who behold him will readily admit, that he properly and deservingly sustains a superannuated relation to the Ohio conference. His numerous and distant acquaintances will rejoice to learn that he has a place and a habitation, and truly a 'sweet home' it is, at which to spend the evening of his days, and where he can say to his friends, 'Come in.' His visitors usually find him seated in his plain armed-chair—cushioned, I presume, by his own excellent wife—for he never lies down during the day. His conversation will not fail to interest and edify his guests. I look to him as the best model, for aged men, that I have known. He appears constantly striving to learn *how to be old*, and makes good proficiency, to say the least; and although this is said to be a hard and difficult lesson, yet it is certainly attainable, and all may be encouraged to learn how to be patient, agreeable, useful, and happy in old age."

Under date of February 23, 1847, Mr. Quinn, in correcting an error in the view given in the fifth volume of the Ladies' Repository, of the scene at Harper's Ferry, speaks of the Potomac, as seen on the right, and Shenandoah on the left hand, and then expatiates a little upon some of the lights and shadows of his itinerant life, as follows:

"Forty-five years ago, in the order of Providence, it was my lot to travel the extensive circuit lying in that lovely valley, extending from Harper's Ferry, up each river, say fifty miles. In passing round and through this noble circuit, we crossed the valley—diagonally—twice, Shenandoah twice, and the Blue Ridge twice. That was a glorious year on Berkley and Winchester circuits; for they were joined in one that year: many souls were brought to

God. Out of this revival and its results, the Lord raised up six or seven able preachers. One carpenter, two shoemakers, one gunsmith, and a wagon-maker, were of the number. The Lord knows who to make preachers of, and where to find them. That was one of my happiest years. It was my fourth year. And at the next conference I received orders, and turned my face to the west, spending one year on the way, chiefly in the Alleghany Mountains, as if to take a last and lingering farewell of my beloved mother—Baltimore conference. During that year the Lord made bare his arm in the mountains and valleys, and many souls were brought to God.

“The first camp meeting on the western waters was held that year—1802. Greenbury R. Jones, of Ohio, and James and Tobias Riley, both of Baltimore conference, were raised up in this revival. They were good ministers of Christ. They served their generation faithfully, and have fallen asleep. When I was transferred to the great western valley, I thought, in my heart, I could venture to say, with Paul, ‘I will very gladly spend and be spent for this people.’ And now, after the toils and privations of more than forty years, I think I might venture to change the passage from the future to the past tense, and say, ‘I have spent and am spent.’ I now have a tent on the very backbone of the two fat valleys—Miami and Scioto—for the lovely spring from which we drink flows away into the Scioto; and another lovely fountain, sixty perches distant, on the west end of my one hundred acre lot, meanders away into the Miami. Over these valleys I often look with an interest and feeling not to be expressed. O, the toils, privations, labors, and sufferings, I, with others, have had! Well, well, what of all that? He that can not endure hardness is not likely to make a good soldier:

‘To patient faith the prize is sure.’

“O, the amount of good that has been accomplished by

those toils and privations! 'Look to heaven for your reward,' say some of our kindred friends, when we have ventured to say we were a little straitened, 'look to heaven, brother, for your pay.' O, true, and where are you to look for your pay? Here am I in the interior of rich Ohio; and if I could ride on old Pompey forty miles a day, I could go from here to Harper's Ferry, and lodge every night within the bounds of some circuit on which I had once traveled. But I should find only the second and third generations of those with whom I was sweetly united in Gospel fellowship. Farewell, loved ones! We shall not lose our friends above, but more enjoy them there."

The following letter written to his son, Dr. Isaac H. Quinn, is deemed worthy of a place in his "Life." Though somewhat reserved and dignified in his manner, as a father, yet his children were permitted to enjoy close and confidential intercourse with him. He took much pains to secure them against prevailing *errors*, and to guide them into all *truth*. His talents and energies were all enlisted in the defense of every important doctrine in the wide range of evangelical truth. In the closing years of his life, he appeared to take a special interest in the young people of his acquaintance, and nothing delighted him so much as to explain to them the word of God, whenever he could get their attention, either in public or private. Though he did not obtrude himself as a debater on any, yet he loved to meet the objections of the youthful skeptic with the powerful truths of revelation. And he conducted the discussion in such a kind spirit, and with so much manifest solicitude for the good of the inquirer, that he seldom failed to convince the judgment of the truth, and produce an impression on the heart in favor of Christianity. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, which is the principal subject of the letter, was deemed by him of vital importance, and he argues it with his usual clearness, brevity,



and force. The aged as well as the young may read it with interest and profit; and let all remember it is the voice of a FATHER, in the last year of his life, falling upon the ears of a SON.

“*Rural Cottage, March 1, 1847.*”

“BELOVED SON,—We were all made very glad in receiving a letter from you, bearing date February 13. In order that you may be respected, it will be of great importance that you form and keep up a close and very intimate acquaintance with one *strictly-honest* and religious man. This you will find to be next in importance to the favor and approbation of God, as in that acquaintance—properly cultivated—you may always have the answer of a good conscience; and this is more than all the world besides.

“One writer has said, ‘It is dangerous to dip into most men beneath the surface, lest our curiosity should rob us of our good opinion.’ However rude it may be to dip into others, and however often you may be robbed of your good opinion in dipping into other men, return and dip, yea, dip often, and dip deep; and on finding all things about right in your *religiously-honest* man, you may hold up your head and sing, ‘I’m happy on my journey home.’

“We are not displeased that your attention has been called to a very grave subject; a subject in which all men have an interest of vast import; a subject which ought not to be discussed in the dim glimmerings of philosophy or metaphysics, but in the pure light of revelation; for as philosophy did not, could not, make the discovery, so neither can it develop and set it forth free from ambiguity. Indeed, on subjects of pure revelation, philosophy often only leads to ‘bewilder and dazzles to blind.’ ‘Beware, then,’ saith Paul, ‘lest any spoil you through *philosophy and science*, falsely so called.’

“But you desire me to give you my views on the grave subject which you have been discussing. If I attempt

this, it must be briefly and with marks of imbecility. But I will try a little. And, first, I hold that death is in the world—as a penal forfeiture of life—by or through the sin of Adam. ‘By the disobedience of one, judgment came upon all men.’ And again, ‘In Adam all die; by man came death;’ and the Jews believed that there would be a resurrection, both of the just and unjust. But when Paul preached Jesus and the resurrection to the wise men of Greece, some mocked, and others said, ‘He seemeth to be a setter-forth of strange gods.’ Whence this difference? We answer, the Jews had the light of revelation on the subject, which the Greeks had not. They, with all their learning, had to grope their way, by the dim light of nature, and so ‘feel after God, if haply they might find him,’ as that apostle saith. But when the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, and Christ took the form of a servant, and as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, he took part of the same; and thus he became the kinsman of our guilty and ruined race, in order that, through death, he might abolish death, and—as the glorious ‘*repairer of the breach*’—he might bring *life and immortality to light*, and so restore paths for men to dwell in; and, through suffering, bring many sons to glory.

“Second. So you see I hold that Christ’s commission and mediatorial work embrace the whole family of man, as they came from Adam, depraved, guilty, and under the sentence of death. But Jesus proclaims himself ‘the resurrection and the life,’ and declares that ‘the hour is coming, when all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, [the voice of the Son of God,] and come forth; they that have done good, to the resurrection of *life*; and they that have done evil, to the resurrection of *damnation*,’ John v, 28. ‘And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some

to shame and everlasting contempt,' Daniel xii, 2. Again, 'The earth and the sea gave up the dead which were in them; and the dead, *small and great*, stood before God.' So that in the final judgment the individuality—the personal identity of each individual—will be so secured that *each shall give account* of himself to the Judge of *quick and dead*, and 'receive the things done in his body, according to that which he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' O, my son, keep this solemn and final reckoning in view. But to proceed: you may observe an essential and important difference between the just and the unjust, in their rising and coming forth; those who live in Christ here and die in the Lord, sleep in Jesus; their flesh resteth in hope, and their souls are with him in paradise; and when he shall descend, with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and come to be glorified in his saints, he will bring them with him; when, saith the apostle—1 Cor. xv, 52—at the *last trump*, in a moment, and in the twinkling of an eye, the dead shall be raised *incorruptible, and we*—mark well—we shall be changed; that is, the bodies of the saints, those who died in the Lord and slept in Jesus. You may observe that when Christ 'shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels,' etc.—2 Thes.—he will come to be glorified in his saints, and take vengeance on them that obey not his Gospel. He will be glorified in his saints by changing or transforming their bodies like unto his GLORIOUS body. Mark the *model*. Not as born of Mary; not as he appeared among the Jews and was recognized by them as the carpenter, the son of Joseph and Mary; not as he appeared at Pilate's bar; not as he appeared to his disciples at different times, and divers places, after his resurrection; but as he appears in glorified humanity, as the great mediator, at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. The three disciples, Peter, James, and John, had a glimpse of that glory

on the mount of transfiguration, Stephen when he was dying, Paul on his way to Damascus, and John in the Isle of Patmos. So that while the saints shall be raised to immortality, their bodies shall be changed and fashioned like the glorious or glorified body of the Lord Jesus, so that they shall be like him, for they shall see him as he *is*, not as he *was*. The wicked shall be raised too, to immortality; but not to eternal life, but to everlasting shame and contempt; for they are to be 'punished with *everlasting* destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power.' 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. So far the pure, unerring light of revelation leads the way, and so far we may go with certainty.

"I would write more on this important subject, but have had a pretty severe attack of rheumatism. Farewell."

In March, 1847, Mr. Quinn suffered a most severe illness from inflammatory rheumatism. As soon as I reached Hillsboro I heard of his extreme illness, and that he desired me to visit him. On the 28th of the month we closed our quarterly meeting in that station, and I determined to devote the next day principally to the service of my afflicted senior brother. His old friend, Mr. C. Crum, accompanied me to "the Pioneer's Rest." When we arrived we found he had suffered exceedingly for three weeks. The severity of the pain had well-nigh exhausted all his strength, and he was nearly helpless. It was thought, however, he had passed the crisis of the attack, and if the violent pain did not return, he might soon be restored to a somewhat comfortable condition of health. He was gradually gaining strength, and could converse in a very low tone of voice, without much fatigue. He had endured, in a part of his affliction, a dreary season of depression and gloom. The enemy had thrust sorely at him, but he soon obtained a comfortable view into the upper

sanctuary, as he expressed it, and the cloud bursted, and his soul triumphed in the rock and God of his salvation; and I found him happy in the supposed near approach of death, and in the prospect of eternity. While conversing on death and the glory which is to follow, his eyes seemed to sparkle with the sacred fires of religion, his soul being inspired by the hope of immortality and eternal life. I need not say it afforded me sincere pleasure to sit for hours at his bedside, and receive again from his feeble lips words of edification and comfort. He commenced repeating, then referred me to a piece of poetry, which he judged well suited to an old man. It was evident, however, he admired and adopted its language as expressive of his own views and feelings in old age. It was as follows:

“Days of my youth, ye have glided away,  
 Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;  
 Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;  
 Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;  
 Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;  
 Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;  
 Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall;  
 Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen;  
 Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye have been;  
 Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray;  
 Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be passed,  
 Pains of my age, yet awhile may ye last;  
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;  
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light;  
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;  
 Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.”

I remained with him till after 4 o'clock, P. M.; read the fifth chapter of Job, and offered up prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks in the family circle, and at the bedside of my suffering brother. It seemed to be a season of special grace and interest to all present.

He desired that all should leave the room, having a few things to say to me alone. When all had retired he proceeded, with the utmost calmness, to give me some instruction in regard to his funeral and interment. He requested that when his remains should be prepared, and the proper time for their interment arrived, that a short service be performed at the house, including reading a portion of Scripture, exhortation, and prayer. And at the place of interment he desired that the whole of the burial service should be read. He then added, "If any thing more should be thought necessary, let there be a time and place appointed, when all my children can attend, and a funeral sermon preached." He desired that the writer should preach the sermon, if alive and could attend; and desired also that he should perform the service at his burial, if convenient.

In humility he remarked, "I wish nothing unnecessary said—no eulogy. I am of low origin—converted in my youth, and thrust out into the work by others rather than myself. Of my God I deserve nothing, but I do believe I deserve the confidence of my brethren, both of the ministry and laity. I have spent and am spent in the service of the Church." This was an affecting interview to me, and it now seems if I had not written his words soon after they were spoken, I would scarcely have forgotten them, as they made such an impression on my mind. I left this house of mourning under a very pleasant persuasion that I should meet him again on earth, and have another opportunity of conversing with him on various subjects of interest to myself and others. And so it was. He recovered and enjoyed nearly his usual health for several months.

This aged minister, having served in that high vocation nearly half a century, and under circumstances of a striking and eventful character, must have realized a most

exquisite pleasure in the remembrance of the past. From his point of observation the whole of the checkered scene, through which he had been conducted, appeared spread out before him. The mixed cup of which he drank was still in hand, and all the variety that filled it at every period recollected. Opportunities of doing good were looked upon as the golden spots of time; and even the toils and sufferings endured, now that they were past, appeared light and momentary, and formed green places along the journey of life. And O, what comfort must the reflection have afforded him, that they would ultimately form a constellation of brilliant stars in the crown of his rejoicing in heaven, when permitted to receive that "exceeding great and eternal weight of glory!"

Hear him tell the tale of some of his hardships, as follows:

"My first missionary excursion, up the Hockhocking Valley, was performed in the last month of the last year of the eighteenth century. Leaving the vicinity of Marietta, I ascended the Muskingum to the mouth of Wolf creek; there I took the trace to Athens, and the falls of Hocking. But, taking the right hand trace, I left Athens to the left hand; and, passing through Amestown, I struck Hockhocking at the identical spot where Nelsonville now stands. There, at the root of a lovely beech-tree, I tried to pray, and pleaded the promise, 'Lo, I am with you.' Bless the Lord! While I pen this my eyes fill up with tears; but they are not the tears of grief and sorrow. Having given my horse his mess of corn, and eat my piece of pome and meat, I cut my name on the beech, mounted poor Wilks, and went ahead. Between sundown and dark, I reached the old Indian town near the falls. Here I found three families. They came together, and I preached to them salvation in the name of Jesus, and they appeared to feel their need of a Savior. I passed on up

the river, as far as there were settlements, spending near a week with the people, chiefly in the vicinity of where Lancaster now is. I then returned by the way I had come, and stopped again at my beech-tree. I saw it again after the lapse of several years; but the people have taken it away, and have put a town there; and the Lord hath planted a Church and recorded his name there. And if the people of that little city were to cast an eye down to the bank of their little river, and let imagination run back to the beginning of the present century, they might see, with the mind's eye, what angels oft have seen—a lonely missionary, meekly kneeling at the root of a tree, far from human habitation, devoutly praying, that the wilderness and solitary places might be made glad and blossom as the rose, and desert places learn the joys.

“The Hockhocking Valley is not wide, and the country on each side is rather hilly; but it is moderately good farming land, and abounds with coal and iron ore. The lateral cut from the great Ohio canal, passing down this valley, from the head, through Lancaster, to the mouth, will be of great utility to the country.

“Saturday night found me at Athens, or I found myself there, and in comfortable lodgings at the house of a Mr. Stevens. The people came together on the next day, which, I think, was the first Sabbath of January, 1800. I took for my text St. Paul's language to the Athenians of old times, 'Of this ignorance,' etc. It was a solemn time. There were a few Methodists then in the region round about, and their hearts were made to leap for joy. My senior, the Rev. Jesse Stoneman—now with God—was an excellent man, and a good preacher. He exerted a favorable influence, and good was done. Methodism has had an embodied existence in Athens and its vicinity ever since. Though at times very feeble, yet the circuit has had the regular supply of approved ministers, with their



diversity of gifts, by annual appointment. And thus the sanctuary privileges of more than two thousand two hundred Sabbaths have been secured to that people, by the men who counted not their lives dear to themselves—whose speech and whose preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom.

“But I find I can not go into detail, or give incidents in minutiae; my strength of body and mind forbids me to advance further. One thing, however, I wish to notice, to the glory of God; it is this: that the revivals and awakenings with which Athens has been favored from time to time, have sometimes reached the University; and a good number of young men—students—in attending upon the plain, searching ministry of plain, uneducated men, who never read the Bible, or heard the Gospel in any other than their own tongue wherein they were born, have been powerfully awakened, and happily converted to God, and brought into the Church, in which they now stand as conspicuous ministers and pillars in our Zion. I could name some five or six of them who would not blush to own that unpretending, humble-minded, meek-spirited little man, Henry S. Fernandes, as the instrument of good to them. Well they may give a plain marble slab, at the head of his grave, at Rushville, O. Seven or eight good preachers have been gathered in the bounds of Athens circuit. Our ministry is certainly improving, in a literary point of view. The style, both in writing and speaking, is undergoing a great change. Some of our periodical writers can say so many pretty things, and say them in such a pretty style, that they appear wholly absorbed in their theme. But the lights of science, and the ardor of youth, bursting on the raptured vision, impelling them onward and upward, it ought not to be thought strange if some of their pieces should smack a little of romance or fiction. They will do better when they get older, and obtain more grace.

Mr. Wesley said, when somewhat advanced in years, 'I have learned, by the grace of God, to use fewer words, both in speaking and writing, than formerly.' He was a good example."

In May of 1847 we held our quarterly meeting for Highland circuit in Mr. Quinn's own neighborhood, and some from a distance had the pleasure of visiting "the Pioneer's Rest." The meeting was profitable throughout. Mr. Quinn gave us several very appropriate and useful addresses. The love-feast was a time of unusual interest. He made the closing speech, and, with other very pertinent remarks, he addressed the young people of the Church, saying when he determined to be religious he never made any other calculation than to spend his life in the service of God. And he was sorry to see so many start in the good way, and then turn back. Said he, "Although I travel so slowly, yet I endeavor to make sure work. Some, who started about the same time I did, far outstripped me in the race. After a while I met them returning to the world and sin again." He then warned all of the great danger of backsliding, and subjoined an impressive exhortation to firmness and perseverance in religion, stating that such alone as endured to the end could be saved.

Soon after this meeting he accompanied me to the Bainbridge quarterly meeting at Loudon Church, in the midst of his old friends. Mrs. Quinn was so much concerned for his comfort and safety, when he would leave home, that she would enjoin it on me to lodge in the same room with him, which I was careful to do. The first day we reached his kind friend Heigh's, near Belfast. He was fatigued, and retired early. When I assisted him to bed, and placed the covering over him, he exclaimed, with deep emotion and fervor, 'Thank God for a good bed! My Savior had not where to lay his head!' In the morning

he awoke greatly refreshed with rest and sleep, and repeated several pieces of the most appropriate and beautiful poetry, committed in his younger days, in praise to his kind Preserver. He said he had not thought of these pieces for many years. It was pleasant to hear him refer to the solicitude his good wife felt for him, and say, "If my dear wife could only know how well I feel this morning, she would be greatly delighted."

This will furnish to the reader a specimen of his usual comfort through the night, and his joy in the morning. And though they may be esteemed small things, yet, as an index, they show his heart was right, and filled with gratitude.

It was in this tour that he bestowed great praise upon the excellent horse which conveyed us so safely, remarking he was afraid some thief would steal that horse from me. I have no idea he had the spirit of prophecy about the matter, but the horse was stolen in less than a week, and was never recovered.

Mr. Quinn indulged an ardent solicitude all the year, that he might be permitted to meet his brethren once more in conference; and the Lord, in his good providence, granted him the desire of his heart. Our session was held at Columbus, September 1, 1847. He reached the place in good time, suffering only from his extreme debility and shortness of breath. His brethren rejoiced at his coming, and made him as comfortable as they could. We met in the Presbyterian Church, and he was accommodated with a cushioned seat. I think he was in conference every day, and while we had but one session a day he remained all the time, and manifested much interest in the business. When his name was called, he was courteously invited by the president to address the conference.

When our senior and venerable brother rose to speak,

the scene was most solemn and affecting. In addition to the large conference there was a multitude of interested spectators present, nearly filling the house. His voice, though feeble and tremulous, could be heard in every part of the large church in the almost breathless silence that prevailed. All heard him with intense interest, and many with deep emotion; for the supposition was universal that his voice would never be heard in another annual conference. As soon as he had resumed his seat, the conference, by a unanimous vote, requested their aged brother to furnish the substance of his remarks, for publication in the *Western Christian Advocate* and in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*.

The writer, as his amanuensis, assisted him in preparing his address for publication, which may, in truth, be denominated his FAREWELL ADDRESS. This was the last time many of his brethren ever heard the sound of his voice, which was soon after silenced by the paralyzing touch of death. The following is the address:

“DEAR BRETHREN,—My connection with the Methodist itinerancy commenced in May, 1799, so that I now number seven times seven years in close and confidential ministerial fellowship with that honorable and pious fraternity, nor have I ever desired or sought for a connection or fellowship with any other. I never shall forget, or be able fully to express, the emotions of my heart, upon entering the conference-room at Columbus. A number of the preachers arose to receive me, and I was conducted to a cushioned seat in front of the bishop’s table. I had not expected ever to be at another conference; but lo, I am here! A poor worm, I deserve not the honor conferred upon me by those strong and repeated expressions of more than mere respect. I sank down into my seat, and wept. Sorrow and joy were both mingled with those tears. Truly it was a state of feeling in which I was

willing to remain; but the strong emotion of my full soul subsided in some degree, and I raised my eyes and looked over the conference, and thought, 'Well, this is the Ohio conference; and they say there are about two hundred preachers in attendance, and dressed in fine cloth and good style—the people say a little too stylish for ministers.' My mind soon ran back to my first entrance into the Western conference, which was held October 2, 1804, at Mt. Gerizim, near Cynthiana, in Kentucky. Of those who composed that conference, only brother Jacob Young remains on the effective list. Brother David Young and brother J. B. Finley, who came in a few years after, and remained till the Western conference was divided, yet live and are with us. But brother Young is an old superannuated man, as well as brother Lakin; and brother Finley looks as if he would not live always. Of the thirty-seven preachers who composed that conference, but few, very few, remain; some located, and yet linger. Some few are truly superannuated, and are found on that list; but the most of them, having served their generation, have fallen asleep. Ah, we were a band of brothers in truth.

' And if our fellowship below,  
 In Jesus was so sweet;  
 What hight of rapture shall we know,  
 When round his throne we meet!'

But I yet sorrow, being still tossed upon the sea of distress. And again I wept. But I look over the conference again, wipe my weeping eyes, and rejoice in spirit; and, in almost ecstasy, exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' In 1800 J. Kobler was in the Miami Valley; Henry Smith was in the Scioto Valley; and James Quinn in the Muskingum and Hocking Valley. They were all truly missionaries. Without funds they were sent, and came forth 'without purse or scrip;' but He who sent them not only went before them, but came with them.

“In 1804 thirty-seven—including probationers—composed the Western conference. They were mostly clad in ‘homespun,’ such as their good mothers, sisters, and wives carded, spun, and wove for them—often vying with each other, whose son, brother, husband, or preacher, should have the finest and best suit to go to conference in. It must be confessed, that our ladies of that day knew more about distaffs, wool, cotton, and flax, than they did about pianos, etc.; but they could read, and sing, and shout, walk some distance to meeting rather than not attend, talk in class and love-feast, encourage mourners, and pray, as if they would bring heaven and earth together. O, I love to think of those times long gone by. But to return to the conference: we all got up stairs at old brother Coleman’s, and a melting, moving time we had of it. Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat had fallen sick; and in the absence of both, we elected William M’Kendree to preside over us. I never attended a conference where more of the Divine presence was realized.

“I was a graduate of the Baltimore conference, and labored under its jurisdiction five years, during which time I had traveled, by the direction of the presiding elder, parts of one year on Muskingum, Kanawha, and Hockhocking; and, in 1801, was appointed to Erie circuit, which, at that time, included a large part of the Erie conference as it now is. In 1804 I was, with consent, transferred to the Western conference. From my first entrance into the ministry, I had looked with interest to this country as my field of labor. Indeed, before I believed a dispensation of the Gospel was committed to me, I intended, with compass, quadrant, chain, scales, and dividers, to make my fortune here; but the Lord had other business for me, and sent me here, as I humbly trust, to spend my strength, and life, and pains, to take up and cultivate Immanuel’s lands. When I crossed the Ohio river, at

Wheeling, although I had to borrow six dollars from a friend to pay my expenses to my assigned field of labor, my heart said, 'I will very gladly *spend and be spent* for this people.'

"As I had passed my probation and entered my twenty-ninth year, I judged it proper for me to enter the holy estate of matrimony, which I did 'reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and in the fear of God.' My wife was an excellent woman, pious from her youth, 'of a meek and quiet spirit.' She was my companion in tribulation, and helped me much in the Lord. I can say, in truth, we were joined in one spirit to our Head, and were ready to go wherever he appointed. For nineteen years and eight months she was truly a helpmate, and then sweetly slept in Jesus, leaving me with five motherless daughters: these have all grown up, married, and, I trust, embraced religion. One of them, since her marriage, died shouting 'victory,' and is gone to rest. Well, here is Hocking, the center of the territory over which the circuit is to spread. Beginning at Lancaster, thence it ran to the settlements on Clear creek, Salt creek, Canicanick, Sippo, Pikehold, and Walnut creek, to Highbank, below Chilicothe; thence up the Scioto, by the meanderings of the river, on the east side, till we came within a few miles of Columbus; thence along the Walnut creek valley till we fell over on the Licking waters, embracing Hog run, Newark, Mt. Vernon, Co-shocton, Walkatomaka, Zanesville, Jonathan's, and Rush creek, to the place of beginning. In this field of labor we had twenty-eight or thirty appointments to fill every four weeks. I continued here eighteen months, living in a small cabin of my own providing, and received about one hundred dollars as quarterage. At the end of this term, I was appointed to Scioto circuit, nearly or quite as extensive in territory as Hocking, and embracing as many appointments. Here I traveled a full calendar year,

visiting my home once a month, spending two days there, which I had to redeem by preaching twice a day for nearly a week, and riding fifty miles out and in. This year I received one hundred and sixty dollars, the full allowance of a married preacher. In those days we had nothing allowed for house rent, fuel, or table expenses. This drove many excellent men from the itinerant ranks into location, where they became lawyers, doctors, merchants, farmers, etc.; but thanks be to the great Head of the Church, he helped us, and we saw his pleasure prospering, the wilderness and the solitary places blossom as the rose, and the Gospel standard planted where the Redeemer's name had not been known or sung. There, there the blood-stained banner has continued to wave for almost half a century. I never have forgotten the evening when, at the cabin of old brother Groom, a few miles east of Columbus, which, at that time, was an unbroken forest, we preached Jesus and the resurrection, planted the standard of the Prince of peace, recorded and called upon his name, and he blessed and made our hearts glad. The standard there remains, and many have flocked around it in the forty-three years which have rolled around since that blessed day. We organized, classed, and collected all that could be made available into action—local preachers, exhorters, leaders, private members of gifts, both male and female, and all united, striving together for the faith of the Gospel. Truly, the Lord showed to us, that he could furnish a table in the wilderness. At that time there was not a Methodist meeting-house in all the Scioto Valley; and it is now just forty-one years since I called together the board of trustees, who caused to be built the first Methodist meeting-house in all this great and rich valley—the old brick house in Chillicothe. Dr. Tiffin, the first governor of Ohio, and Judge Scott, were members of this board. They are all gone now to the house not made with hands,



except Judge Scott. He is an extraordinary man, both for intellectual and physical strength, at his time of life; but the strong men are beginning to bow themselves.

“The old house was consumed by fire more than twenty-five years ago, and a much larger one built in its place. And within a few years, they have erected a second church, quite superior to the former, and have divided Chilicothe into two important pastoral charges. I had a great desire to attend the opening of this new house, from curiosity or something else, as I had preached to the Sabbath congregation in this place in a private room, and met the class up stairs, to avoid turning the family out of doors. I heard that the house was to be dedicated shortly; waited for a call, but heard none, and so it passed by. Truly, ‘the little one has become a thousand.’ In all three of those rich valleys, there are many spacious and convenient meeting-houses, where large congregations and societies stately assemble to worship God. Indeed, ‘the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.’ Blessed be his holy name! But should we not rejoice with some fear? Let the Methodists beware, lest pride creep in and destroy their simplicity, purity, and power. When Jeshurun waxed fat, he kicked. It was to keep Paul from being exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, that there was given him a thorn in the flesh. I am now old and feeble, and know not the day of my departure. I see and hear many things that grieve me, but Jesus reigns King in Zion, and because he lives the Church shall live also. Thanks be to God, I have seen, and still see and hear many things which cause my poor heart to rejoice in the Lord, while mine eyes run down with tears. Ah, what I feel I can not well express. It is a bitter sweet; a sorrow full of joy: sorrowful, yet rejoicing; dying, and behold we live. I have seen the goings forth of the Lord Jehovah—have witnessed the

stately steppings of the Prince of peace, and heard his chariot wheels! ‘O, what shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits? We will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.’

“In almost every place I go, I meet the grand and great grandchildren of those loved ones in whose houses, or, rather, cabins, I lodged and preached more than forty years ago, yea, before these were born, but they are now the happy subjects of the second birth, and on their way to heaven—

‘Traveling home to God  
In the way their fathers trod.’

Yea, some of them are on the walls of Zion, with the silver trumpet in hand, sounding forth the joyful news of redemption and salvation, through Christ. In looking over this conference, I count nine elders, whose grandfathers were among the first to receive preaching into their houses, and entertain the preachers. Peace to their memory! I loved them much, and hope to live with them forever. Here, too, I see two great grandsons of one who embraced Methodism in the time of block-houses, Indian hostilities, and savage cruelty. I might add two more from Kentucky, and two from Indiana. O, my heart is full. I do love the young men. May they live long and be very useful! The young men of this conference treat me with great kindness. God bless them! I hope they will continue to pray for me. No doubt God hears and answers the prayer of faith. I have often heard that man of God, Bishop Asbury, pray in families to this effect: ‘God be gracious to, and bless this household in all their generations to the latest posterity; yea, let thy mercy be shown to thousands of them that may love thee, and keep thy commandments;’ and to this prayer we have heartily responded, AMEN; and although it grieves me to say the glory has departed from some families, and Ichabod is written on them, yet the

candle of the Lord continues in the habitation of others, and we see its light in the third, fourth, yea, in the fifth generation.

“There is one other thought which deeply affects my heart, and endears these brethren to the warm affections of my soul. It is this: for more than twenty years, as one of the seniors of the conference, I have been called to assist the Bishop in ordaining the elders, so that these hands have been laid on most of the elders of this conference, and on many of other conferences in the west, when they took the vows of God upon them, and the *office and work* of elders were committed to them by the laying on of the hands of the *presbytery*, and prayer made that they might receive the Holy Ghost for that office and work. What a solemn service! What sacred vows! Can any of those who have taken the vows upon them in this impressive manner, lay them aside and enter into other avocations of a worldly and secular character? O, brethren, read your ordination vows frequently, at least once a month. Never, O never, shall I forget the time and place when, by the imposition of the hands of that holy man, Richard Whatcoat, in Light-street Church, Baltimore, I was set apart for the office and work of an elder. In the Wesleyan succession, he stood next to Wesley, being ordained by him, assisted by Coke and Craighton. These were all presbyters of the Church of England. Whatcoat was the first Wesleyan Methodist presbyter, and assisted in the ordination of Mr. Asbury. With respect to succession in the ministry, if it can be traced in any line, it must be in the presbytery; and if it be there, then Wesley had it; and if he was in it, then we are in it. But grace, gifts, fruit, these are the infallible marks of the true succession. If Christ be with them, then he hath sent them; and if he hath sent them, then are they his ambassadors; and he hath said, ‘He that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me; and he that

receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me.' But need we testimonials—letters of commendation? See them in multiplied thousands, in living epistles throughout the land. To these we refer. They are our epistles, which may be known and read of all men. And to these we make our appeal and say, if we be not apostles to others, yet, doubtless, we are to you; for the signs of our apostleship are among you. I have been acquainted with fourteen bishops in regular succession from Bishop Coke to Bishop Janes, inclusive; have sat in conference where they presided; have been present at the election and ordination of eight of them; eight of them have broken bread at my table, sheltered under my roof, and prayed with my family. Having been a member of eight General conferences, I have served on important committees with several of these men before they were bishops. With some of them I have been in close and confidential counsel on matters of great interest to the Church, and I am free to say, that I have found them, as far as I was able to judge, men of intelligence and true piety, who had truth and righteousness, the cause of God, and the salvation of souls, deeply at heart—true men, and worthy of the office and important trust committed to them. The office never has been, and, we trust, never will be, a sinecure.

“The whole itinerant plan is one of sacrifice, responsibility, privation, and toil, so that the man who enters this field must make up his mind to endure hardness as a good soldier, not looking for accommodation, seeking promotion, or asking for a good and easy place in which to labor. I now have in my eye a senior of this conference, who, when he was a junior, said to me, in a letter, ‘I ask no accommodation; the poorest circuit in the conference deserves a better minister than I am.’ ‘Well,’ thought I, ‘that spirit and temper of mind will carry a man through the toils and privations of a Methodist itinerancy thirty or

forty years, if the machine don't break or wear out.' Martin Ruter, you know, was a learned man, and the first Methodist D. D. in the world; yet, being impelled by the true itinerant missionary spirit, he left the presidency of a college to become a missionary in a foreign land. He went forth, planted the standard of science and of salvation, and fell—mysterious providence!—at the spot. But the name of MARTIN RUTER will never be forgotten in Texas while the world shall stand.

“Gladly have I spent my all in this work, and long have I endeavored to serve God and his Church. Thank God, I have some fruit of my labor. I have some sons in the Gospel ministry on both sides of the river. I have been connected with you nearly half a century. You see now I am like a reed shaken by the wind, trembling on the brink of the grave. I may never see you all again. O, may we meet in heaven! Let me have an interest in your prayers, that, whether I live or die, I may be wholly the Lord's.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

His return from conference—Physical condition—Enjoyment of mind—Letter to Bishop Janes—Kindly acknowledged—Letter of Bishop Asbury—Attends the election—Gradually declines—Hemorrhage of the lungs—Conversed with difficulty—Expatriates on the atonement—Extraordinary eloquence—Long preached Christ—Nothing to take back—Favorable offset—Visit of the writer—State safe and happy—Blesses his household, and commends them to God—Sets forth his own state by the experience of another—Family collected—Reading the Scriptures, and prayer—Blessing pronounced on the writer—All is peace—Death-bed scene—Interment and funeral—Synopsis of the sermon—Burial service read—How his tomb may be found—Monument at his grave—Inscription.

MR. QUINN left Columbus a short time before the conference closed, and previous to the selection of the place of our next session. When some of the preachers overtook him, his first inquiry was, "Where will the next conference be held?" They answered, "Newark." There was nothing said for some time, and finally he broke the silence by saying to Mrs. Quinn and his friend, C. Crum, who were in the carriage with him, "You have no idea what I have been thinking about. Strange as it may seem, I have been trying to devise a plan by which I may get to conference at Newark next year."

He considered the goodness of God strikingly manifested in the preservation of his life, and in sustaining him so mercifully in the journey, and while at conference. He reached his home in peace and safety, and nearly as comfortable in his physical condition as when he left. I shall not attempt to describe the high satisfaction of mind which he realized, after having the privilege of meeting with his brethren once more in conference. It was to him a season of inexpressible enjoyment; and his friends were also happy in the pleasures of the last interview.

Shortly after his return, he wrote the following letter to Bishop Janes:

“*September 28, 1847.*”

“RESPECTED BROTHER,—I have forwarded to you my parchments of Deacon’s Orders, with the signature and seal of that holy man of God, Bishop Whatcoat. He, you know, was Mr. Wesley’s first ordained presbyter or elder. A holier man I never knew. O, what sweetness and benignity beamed in his countenance! And truly his conversation was with grace seasoned with salt. In 1802 I enjoyed his society for two weeks, in conducting him through parts of Maryland and Virginia. In him I saw what I think is implied in walking with God. I have often thought that those two weeks were of greater profit to me than six months’ or a year’s training, in a well-regulated theological seminary.

“He always spoke in the highest terms of Bishop Asbury, whom he had known from his youth; stating that he was an amiable youth, and that he used to meet him in class with his pious mother.

“As a further matter of curiosity, and perhaps something more, I send you one of Mr. Asbury’s original letters, in his own handwriting. You will see in this, the deep interest which that great and good man took in the flock over which, no doubt, the Holy Ghost had made him overseer. You will also perceive the responsibility to which he held presiding elders; and what he expected of them. He once said pleasantly—but he meant what he said—‘I call you to counsel, not to govern me.’ I never knew him open a council session without prayer. I shall never forget one of his petitions: ‘O, for wisdom and grace to scatter the salt of the earth with an impartial hand!’

“I have had personal—though not intimate—acquaintance with fourteen bishops, in regular Wesleyan succession.

I have sat in conference with each of them when they presided. Six of them have broken bread at my table, and lodged under my roof.

“All I can do now is to pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

“Since conference, there has been no perceptible change in my health; still I am very feeble. Though no acute pain, still ‘life sinks apace.’ ‘O, that the word of his grace may comfort me through!’

“I hope the Head of the Church will let you live long, and prepare you for great usefulness in the Church and the world. Amen.

“Yours, in the love of Christ.”

Bishop Janes’ answer is now before me, in which he gratefully acknowledges the receipt of all sent him, in very courteous and affectionate terms; but it was too late, being dated the third day after Mr. Quinn’s death.

The original letter of Mr. Asbury, sent to Bishop Janes, and which he had published in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, was addressed to Mr. Quinn while he was presiding elder of the Muskingum district. It is laconic and strong, characteristic of the man, and suited to the times. I make no apology for inserting it here.

“September 24, 1812.

“MY DEAR SON,—The God of all grace and wisdom, grant to us grace and wisdom as Christian ministers, and eminently, to rule in our Israel. The days of visitation are come. Israel ought to know it. The prudent should keep silent in this time; it is an evil time. But ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence. Move heaven with your prayers, and earth with your cries. *Cry aloud, spare not*, lift up your voice like a trumpet! Diligence, prudence, courage, perseverance. You will care for every circuit, every society, every preacher, every family, and every soul in your charge. You will be



planning continually to extend and establish the Church of God in your section. You will be eyes, ears, mouth, and wisdom, from us to the people; and from the people to us. You will be in our stead, to supply our absence. 'Tis order, 'tis system—under God—that hath kept us from schism, and heresy, and division, till we number near two hundred thousand in membership; congregate, possibly, three millions. No doubt, in forty-eight years four thousand have died in Jesus—nearly or remotely have died in faith by our means.

“You will be planning all the year. You will collect all the information you can for the superintendents. *Know men and things well. Seek sanctification, feel it, preach it, live it.* I pray, invariably, for all the presiding elders, by name, twice in the day. When the connection was small, I prayed for every traveling preacher and circuit; now by districts. *Let us be as one soul—one great soul of the body!*

“We ought to teach our brethren the impossibility of existing as a people without union, and an able executive; for thousands of our people know not their right from their left hand, in government. If there is treachery, or disorder in the body, what damage will ensue to spiritual life, liberty, and prosperity! The more sacred the interests, the greater the damage. O, how careful we ought to be what men we take into the ministry, and spy out their motives and manners!

F. ASBURY.”

On the fourteenth of October, 1847, I visited Mr. Quinn, and remained nearly two days. I found him gradually sinking. The swelling in the lower extremities was extending up toward his body, furnishing a clear indication to his friends that his end was nigh. He was aware of it himself, and, being “ready to be offered,” he was waiting till his change should come. In a conversation with the writer, he most touchingly, yet calmly, referred to the symptoms of his rapidly-approaching dissolution.

After his return from conference, he went from home but little. He was once called to the house of a neighbor, to join a couple together in holy matrimony; and on the day of the annual election in Ohio, being urged by several of his friends, who brought a carriage to convey him the short distance to the place of voting, he attended. As he approached the officers, at the polls, his venerable appearance and dignified manner attracted universal attention; and all conversation for the moment was suspended. Observing this pause, and the respect shown him, he concluded he would relieve the silence, and meet what might be the expectation of the company, by the following short speech:

“GENTLEMEN,—I am permitted once more to exercise one of the greatest rights that belong to freemen—the right of suffrage. This inestimable privilege cost the blood and treasure of our forefathers, who secured it to us, their children. IT IS SACRED; HOLD IT FAST.”

By slow degrees his flesh continued to waste away, and his strength fail, till, on the twenty-second of November, he was attacked with a hemorrhage of the lungs. He awoke in the morning, with his mouth filled with blood; and, after the first discharge had passed, he calmly informed his wife and children that he must now soon leave them. He manifested no dread of death; but, with a sweet submission to the will of his heavenly Father, he waited with unwavering confidence and Christian patience, for nine days, for him to finish his work, and release him from his earthly tabernacle. The rising blood so obstructed the organs of his voice, that it was with great difficulty he could articulate the sound of words; yet he would try, and was often distinctly heard. He expatiated on the theme of human salvation through Jesus Christ, as realized by himself and others, by faith in his blood, in the most concise, pathetic, and eloquent manner. It was thought by

those who heard him that, as he drew near to his heavenly inheritance, his soul "caught new fire," or received additional light and power from the Spirit's influence, which enabled him to set forth the great truths of our holy religion with extraordinary perspicuity, brevity, and force.

To a neighbor and friend, who visited him in his last illness, he said, "I have preached Christ more than forty-eight years;" and, after a pause, with all the energy he could exert, he added, with emphasis, "and I have nothing to take back." To another intimate and pious friend, he said, "I have been looking over my account, and find myself much in arrears; but I have a most favorable offset." He then referred to, and pleaded Christ's atonement, as sufficient to cancel his whole debt, and wash all his imperfections away. Very often, during his extreme suffering, he repeated, with much apparent confidence and comfort, these words of the Psalmist: "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

After recovering from a paroxysm of coughing, he said to his daughter, Mrs. Hibbin, who adjusted and smoothed his pillows,

"'Calm on tumult's wheel I fly.'"

At a similar time he said to a friend, who supported his head in coughing, "We sometimes sing and sometimes say,

'Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

It is true; it is true!"

On Monday, the twenty-ninth of November, having closed a quarterly meeting some fourteen miles from his residence, without having heard of his increased affliction, I determined to visit my venerable friend. That night I arrived within four miles of his house, where I first heard of his dangerous illness; and early on Tuesday morning I

was at his bedside. Although much prostrated, I found him perfectly sensible, and able to converse some. He gave me every desirable assurance that all was well; that his faith took hold of Christ, his mighty advocate with God; and that his comfort was strong in the Lord. His family, for whom it was natural for him to feel much solicitude, he had committed to God the day preceding; and his mind appeared to be perfectly at rest in regard to those dear, loved ones he was about to leave.

The interesting formula which he adopted in committing his wife and children into the care of his covenant-keeping God, was the following:

Being bolstered up in the bed, he had the family all collected around. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Clark, then read a portion of the holy Scriptures, which he directed her to select. Each member of the family then kneeled down, and as near him as they could, and he offered up a most fervent prayer; and with his feeble, tremulous voice he blessed his household, and commended the wife of his bosom, and all his children, severally and collectively, to the protection of his faithful Creator.

With many expressions of strong confidence in God, and his implicit trust in Christ for eternal life, this dying saint set forth to me his own happy state, by relating the circumstances of the triumphant death of a very pious Presbyterian minister, who thus reported of himself, when dying: “ ‘My soul is staid upon the living God; I love him and he loves me; and he never will forsake me; no, never; never—no, never—never’—and continued to repeat the words ‘no, never, never,’ till his voice was lost in death.”

When the family had collected in his room, for their morning devotions, I took up the Bible, and inquired if there was any particular portion of God’s word which he desired to hear read once more. After a pause, he answered, “Read the twenty-third and twenty-fourth Psalms;

and read the twenty-fourth first." How appropriate and rich the selection! The twenty-fourth delineates the good man. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." The twenty-third sets forth the assurance and triumph of that good man in death. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!" How precious was the sound of these words to the good man, when hearing them read for the last time on earth!

After reading the two Psalms, in the order which he dictated, we united in fervent prayer. He appeared perfectly sensible of the near approach of death, and, like a true Christian, he was suitably affected with the momentous circumstances connected with his exit from earth to an eternal world. His ardent spirit seemed to adopt every petition, and earnestly plead with God for the answer. He frequently and audibly responded "Amen," while prayer was being offered.

By previous arrangement I was under the necessity of attending a meeting of stewards for the district, that day, at Hillsboro. I remained at his bedside as long as I could that forenoon, which was nearly four hours, and then prayed with him again. On taking my leave of him, he pronounced a blessing upon me, in a very interesting form of words, which I distinctly heard, and can never forget.

Soon after nightfall I returned, and, on entering this house of mourning, I found him rapidly sinking into the arms of death. He appeared almost insensible; but my well-known voice aroused him, when I reported my arrival, and he expressed thanks to God twice, that I had returned. I asked him if he still enjoyed peace; and he answered, with as much energy and pathos as his weak

state would allow: "O, yes; all is peace." These were his last words in relation to his spiritual state and enjoyment. After a short paroxysm of restlessness, he appeared to pass the time calmly, sweetly, and in comparative ease.

He had previously requested, that when he was dying his wife and children should kneel around his bed, and that some one should offer up prayer to God just at the time of his departure.

In compliance with this request, at midnight all the family, except three distant children, collected in his room. His partner in life, and sharer of his joys and sorrows, kneeled in front of his bed; his children present, and his half-brother, Mr. David Quinn, kneeled around, and as near as convenient; Rev. J. F. Conrey, the stationed minister at Hillsboro, took his position at the head of the bed; while I was at the foot, and where I could see his face, and know precisely the state of his breathing. When it was manifest he must soon pass away, the writer broke the solemn silence by offering up prayer to the God of the widow and fatherless. We earnestly implored the protection and blessing of Heaven upon the deeply-afflicted family; and we then commended the soul of our beloved friend, and the devoted servant of Christ and his Church, into the hands of God. The family continued upon their knees. My position enabled me to look him full in his countenance; and, although there was no struggle or groan, I perceived his respiration grew shorter and less frequent. For nearly a minute he turned his eyes upward, and, like Stephen, seemed to look "steadfastly into heaven," as though he saw the commissioned convoy of angels descending to escort him to his heavenly inheritance. He then, with apparent design, drew down his eyelids, till they were nearly closed, and laid his hands across his breast. Then the attenuated thread of life gave way—the silver cord was loosed, and the golden

bowl was broken; and the weary wheels of nature stood still. The earthly tabernacle was dissolved, and the spirit, with all its matured graces and rich endowments, released from its clay tenement, was accompanied by angels to the paradise of God. Thus,

“Sweetly as babes sleep, did he give his life up,”

on the morning of the first day of December, 1847, half an hour after midnight.

I announced to the bereaved family, and for the information of all present, “HE IS GONE.” Never can I forget the heart-rending and deep emotions which were felt at the moment of this announcement. The scene was overwhelming. Every heart was touched. Some wept in silence, while others could not restrain the outbursts of strong feeling. After a solemn pause, Mrs. Quinn arose from her knees, and, having kissed the lips that felt no kiss, she retired into another apartment; and I closed his eyes.

In consultation with the family and friends, it was determined that his burial should take place at 11 o'clock, A. M., on Friday, the third day of December. He had selected the place himself, and wished his remains to be laid near those of his brother, Dr. Isaac Quinn, in the graveyard at Auburn Chapel, nearly three miles distant. It was agreed, also, as all his children, of both marriages, except two, could be present at his interment, that the funeral discourse should be delivered at the same time. In compliance with the instructions which he furnished the writer eight months before he died, the obsequies were attended to. On Friday morning many of his neighbors and intimate friends assembled at his late residence, and we united in prayer, worshipping the God of our fathers. We then moved in procession to the chapel, where, the corpse being placed in the altar, we proceeded with the solemn services. Opportunities to circulate the notice of the funeral were limited; but, notwithstanding the weather

was somewhat inclement, and roads difficult, the church was well filled. The writer attempted to improve the mournful occasion in the use of the favorite motto of the deceased: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only," Psalms lxxi, 16.

It may be of some interest to the reader to have a synopsis of the sermon:

This is the pious purpose of a pious mind, in view of any lawful enterprise; and, to improve it in application to the subject of our present discourse, we will consider,

I. The conviction of duty realized in a call to the Christian ministry, and the purpose of mind raised thereon.

It is God's prerogative to call and commission men to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Hence, it is inquired, "How shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" The Lord Jehovah alone has the right to send the preacher; therefore, our Church, in the examination of her ministers, asks this question, "Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you the office of the ministry in the Church of Christ, to serve God for the promoting of his glory, and the edifying of his people?" The answer is, "I trust so;" which all should be able to render before they enter upon this holy vocation. St. Paul said, "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." A similar conviction, we believe, was produced on the mind of our beloved James Quinn; and that he yielded to the heavenly calling, under the influence of the same motives and fearful sanctions.

Now, the purpose of mind raised from this clear conviction of duty, is,

1. I will go in obedience to thy authoritative command. It is "the King of kings, and Lord of lords," who says,



“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

2. I will go under an abiding sense that it is my duty to go; and, while I tremble at the fearful responsibility that rests upon me, I will go in the strength of the LORD GOD.

3. I will go with a humble reliance on thy strength. This was the purpose of the venerable James Quinn; and in this was found the reason of his great influence over his congregations, and the secret of his success; and every minister who would win souls to Christ, and promote the cause of his divine Master in the world, must rely upon the same source for help.

II. The righteousness of God, of which the minister is to make mention.

It is the duty of the minister to set forth the righteousness of God, in the redemption of our lost race, through an incarnate and a suffering Mediator, who became a sin-offering for us, who knew no sin, “that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.” As there were two whole and perfect natures in Christ—the Godhead and manhood—he was under obligations to no superior or to any law, and was, therefore, competent, *voluntarily*, to become subject to our law, and, by obedience thereto, to magnify and make it honorable; and by suffering the death of the cross he hath wrought out an *extraordinary* work of righteousness, which is “a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world.” God’s righteousness being thus declared, it is manifest to all that “God can now be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus.”

The minister is to mention God’s method of saving sinners, and declare his righteousness in this respect only; “for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved,” but Christ’s.

The method of being saved through the merit of our

good works can never succeed. Equally ineffectual, and, if possible, more absurd, is the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, and modern Universalism, as well as several other theories of human invention, that we have not time to enumerate. The meritorious and sacrificial death of Christ, appropriated to our moral nature, "through faith in his blood," is the only possible way of reconciliation and acceptance with God. Many who hear me to-day know this was a peculiar theme with our deceased friend, and will remember with what great zeal he would insist upon these cardinal truths; namely, salvation through the mediation and atonement of Christ, and justification by faith alone. On these essential points he excelled, and was "a wise master builder;" exhibiting, in the clearest light and force, the foundation of the hope of all our lost race.

2. The true minister will set forth the righteousness of God, in governing the wide-spread family of man; first, by his laws. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." In these two precepts are found an epitome of all law which God has promulgated for the moral government of the world; and in them is manifest the righteousness of God. Second, by his providences, which also exhibit to our view the righteousness of God. Some things, in the providences of God, may appear mysterious, and we may not be able to know the reasons for many events; yet let us submit to the *righteousness of God*. He is too wise to err, and to good to be unkind. He can never make a mistake, or do any thing wrong. O, for resignation!

In these respects, also, the deceased did not fail to make mention of the righteousness of God in all his ministrations; and he urged his hearers *patiently to suffer*, as well as *faithfully to do*, the will of God; and, what was still

better, he enforced his admonitions and exhortations by his own example. O, that we may all follow him, as he followed the directions and example of Christ!

After the sermon was delivered, Rev. J. F. Conrey closed the services in the church by singing and prayer, and the congregation moved in procession a short distance to the grave, where the burial service was read, entire; and we deposited all that was mortal of that man of God, to await the sound of the trumpet at the last day, when "the dead shall be raised incorruptible."

It may be of interest to some to add, in this place, that his tomb may be seen at Auburn Church, on the road leading from Hillsboro to Jamestown, and five miles north of the former place.

Many members of the Ohio conference have united their contributions and erected a monument to his memory. The nether base is of hard limestone. The second base is of marble, on which rests the beautiful marble obelisk, making the entire height more than ten feet.

On the monument is the following inscription:

GRAVE  
of  
JAMES QUINN,  
who was nearly  
half a century  
a minister of  
the Methodist Episcopal Church.  
Died  
December 1, 1847;  
Aged 72 years  
and 8 months.

Erected by his  
brethren of the  
Ohio conference.

WRIGHT AND CONNELL,

*Committee.*

## CHAPTER XVII.

His person—Hight—Never corpulent—His countenance—Hair—Social qualities—Admired and respected by all who knew him—Movements of body and mind—Steady and uniform—Promptness in decision and action—Ministerial vows—Of moral obligation—Discharged his duty in every relation—In strict conformity to rule—Appearance in the pulpit—Impression of his hearers—His voice—Eloquence—His style—Mixture of argument and application—Addressed the understanding and the heart—The Bible was his authority—Selected his subjects with judgment—Skill in his arrangement—Well instructed in the Scriptures, and all subjects connected with his work—Could manage well what he knew—The atonement his favorite—All the attributes combined—Scenes of Calvary—Great effect on his auditors—Lover of the poets—Used them to good effect—Can not be described—His conversation was a feast—A lover of Methodism—Was set for its defense—His public prayers—Abounding in Scripture language—Taught much truth in his prayers.

THE following sketch of the person, character, and talents of Mr. Quinn was written, at my earnest request, by Rev. Z. Connell, of the Ohio conference. I most cordially adopt it, not only as furnishing very accurate delineations of the subjects treated, but also exceedingly appropriate for the closing chapter of this biography:

“In sketching the character of this eminent minister and man of God, there are changes at different periods of his life, when he may be seen rising step by step to the meridian of his greatness and usefulness in the Church. But, in following him thenceforward through other successive changes of various incidents, and sometimes into shades of darkness, till the night of death fell upon him, we are saved the pain, too often realized in such cases, of recording any loss of the confidence of his friends in the ministry, or membership of the Church. And there was less depreciation of talents and usefulness, and a less number of such other events as usually occur at such an

advanced age, which are calculated to shed a gloom over the minds of those with whom he associated.

“As brother Quinn was so well known to the ministers and members of the Church, it might be thought altogether unnecessary to attempt any portrait of his person, religious character, or talents. It must be recollected, however, that the name, numerous labors, and great usefulness of James Quinn, were associated principally with western Methodism; and that comparatively few who will read the history of American Methodism will have had any personal acquaintance with him; and some, at least, may feel an interest in surveying even an imperfect portrait of so good and useful a servant of the Church. This may justify an intimate friend in venturing some remarks of this kind, familiar as many may have been with him as a man, a Christian, and a minister.

“Brother Quinn was a man more than usually comely, and interesting in his personal appearance; so much so, that his manly and graceful form eminently fitted him for the grave profession of the ministry. His stature was about five feet ten inches, and the frame of his body remarkably well proportioned. He was never inclined to corpulence, and from about the middle to the close of life he became more lean, till the frame was left with but little except its thin covering. When standing in the pulpit or elsewhere, or when walking, he inclined a little forward. His forehead was prominent and broad, and his face was well proportioned. His eyes were brown, and somewhat deeply set in his head, and shaded by dark and rather projected eyebrows. His mouth was of medium size, with very thin lips, and his nose and chin rather sharp. He had a full suit of black hair, which he always kept of moderate length, and combed smoothly down according to its natural inclination. As he advanced in years his hair became gray, and before his death it was

white as wool; but it never fell off so as to leave him bald. For a man with dark hair, eyes, and eyebrows, his complexion was more than usually fair.

“We may justly say, that, though no one impression was very strongly marked in his countenance, there were charms standing out, of lovely form, which left a deep and cherished impression upon the remembrance of those who had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with him. No one could be in his society, admitted to the hospitalities of his fireside, and enjoy the privilege of his friendship, without a deep feeling of respect, nor without finding that respect growing and ripening into cordial and affectionate attachment. All his demeanor and conversation in the social circle were characterized by a dignified simplicity, a majesty free from pomp, and a manly grandeur, which gave delicacy, charm, and pathos to his friendship and conversation.

“The movements of his body and mind were alike; not hasty, nor yet were they tardy. He sat, stood, and walked, in private and in public, with great dignity and ease, and yet free from all stiffness and effort to show any thing like dignity or greatness. He did not think or speak rapidly; nor was he a cold, plodding theorist, or a dull, prosing speaker. He permitted no subject, to which his thoughts were directed, to be decided and acted upon without due consideration; and, when fully investigated, all matters were decided and acted upon with sufficient promptness to let nothing hang heavily on his hands. The feelings of his heart were so kept under the control of a calm and sober judgment, that he was not impelled by that effervescence of zeal which is without knowledge. He was a consistent, lively, warm-hearted Christian minister. His effusions were neither an impetuous torrent of words, nor a dry, drawn-out essay, without the breath of life.

“Mr. Quinn’s ministerial vows rested upon him with great moral weight. Obedience to the rule and order of the Discipline of the Church, and subordination to her properly-constituted authorities, he always deemed essential, and of binding moral obligation. As junior preacher, preacher in charge, and presiding elder, he always acted in strict conformity with the duties of the relations and offices as laid down in the Discipline. All the duties of the stations and offices which he was called to fill, he looked upon as engagements which he had contracted to fulfill with the solemnity of an oath. He believed the rights, privileges, and responsibilities of ministers in the various relations, orders, and offices in the Church of Christ to be reciprocal, and that the duties of each should be performed in their proper place. And while a high sense of moral obligation might have been traced through all the relations in which he was placed, he was never known to step out of his own appropriate sphere. Strict conformity to rule and order, without ostentatious show, was a striking trait in his character.

“But in any memorial of the life of James Quinn, a description of what he was as a preacher, must be of chief account in this imperfect sketch. His personal appearance in the pulpit was in striking conformity to the temper of his mind. His countenance was unusually cool and unmoved in its aspect when he commenced the services of the sanctuary. His whole mien, however, impressed his hearers that he possessed powers adequate to the most declared and full manifestation of the deep and sublime truths of the Gospel. As he advanced and became warmed into excitement by the inspiration of his theme, his countenance kindled into light, and at times it would become lighted up to almost a glare. His voice was not very strong, but it was clear, sweet, and full of melody. It was perfectly manageable when not strained,

or raised to its highest point of elevation, and peculiarly adapted to grave subjects. There was a blended solemnity and pathos in his easy, smooth, original eloquence, which made an impression that the coldest apathy could hardly resist. His style was chaste and pathetic, his enunciation clear and distinct, and his words were well chosen and full of meaning. His subjects were for the greater part doctrinal; but his manner of treating them was neither a process of cold, metaphysical reasoning, nor a boisterous and desultory declaiming. There was a due mixture of argument and application, of gravity and warmth, in his sermons, by which he addressed himself to the understandings of his hearers, and at the same time seized the hearts and won the affection of the attentive listeners. Language was ready at his command, and always seemed to be suited to his purpose, whether for nice distinctions in points of doctrine, for clothing grand and sublime subjects, for pathetic expostulations, for strong invective, or for common, plain topics. Whatever help he drew from the powers and means of reason and argument, he constantly referred to the Bible, as the supreme and final authority; from a firm belief that all Christian doctrines and rules of human conduct must, both in their statement and proof, be drawn from the holy Scriptures.

“Brother Quinn always manifested great judgment in the selection of his subjects, and much skill in the arrangement and management of his sermons. He kept the feelings of his hearers alive to every sentiment which he advanced. He made no pretensions to literary attainments, yet he was well instructed in the holy Scriptures, and such subjects as were connected with his profession as a Christian minister. The richness, variety, and extent of his knowledge were not so remarkable as his mastery over what he knew. But he always appeared to the best advantage when he unvailed the mercy-seat, and made the hearts of his



hearers vibrate with the glad tidings of salvation proclaimed through the blood of atonement. He seemed to range among the prophets with a kindred spirit, so as to afford scenes of the fulfillment of their predictions around the cross and Calvary. He was mighty in the Scriptures, mostly because their truths deeply affected his own heart. But he had studied them so as to be well acquainted with the great system of salvation which they revealed. He fortified every part and point of his sermons with Scripture well chosen, and quoted with the strictest accuracy.

“The priesthood and atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, and justification by faith, and holiness of heart, as the benefits of Christ’s death flowing to us, were themes on which he delighted to dwell. He moved about the cross as though he was a native of that consecrated place. His contemplations of the scene were thrilling, his allusions and images were of the richest class, and his words so exquisite that they fell upon the ear as the dialect of heaven. As he portrayed all the Divine attributes and perfections separately, and then combined in the great scheme of redemption, in the administration of the Divine government, and the dispensations of Providence, the bright assemblage formed a theme which overwhelmed and humbled the proudest heart; and so subdued as in the presence of the Lord himself. Meekly and adoringly the responses of praise were often involuntarily uttered. But when he expatiated on the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ, the benevolence of its character, the richness and fullness of its provisions, its adaptedness to the wants of fallen man—it was then that he opened to the view of his hearers the tremendous scenes of Calvary, and traced the sufferings of Christ and his painful death, the value and extent of the atonement, and the rich blessings purchased by his precious blood, with such force that their hearts were made to glow and thrill with

animation, to startle with amazement, to shrink with awe, and vibrate in sympathy with the tones of a Savior's dying love pictured in all his extreme agonies and deep humiliation. But the power to enchain, and perfectly command such varied impulses, and achieve such workings, was always by him attributed to the Holy Spirit giving energy to revealed truth, by which it was commended to the conscience.

“Although Mr. Quinn's main strength as a successful minister was drawn from the holy Scriptures, with which long study and habitual use had made him perfectly familiar, he availed himself of other helps. He was a great lover of the poets; and few pulpit speakers used them to better advantage. But he did not waste his time, and weaken the force of his sermons, by drawing upon every pretender to this sublime art. He blended the pure and sublime strains of poetry with the pure and elegant language of inspiration. With *Milton* he would become fired, as he described, with all the force of language,

‘The infernal serpent,  
———with ambitious aim,’

raising war in heaven, and planning and securing the destruction of this fair creation. But his soul would become elevated to its highest pitch of exultation, and filled with reverence and lowly devotion, at the appearance of the Son of God,

‘From the right hand of glory, where he sat,  
As the third sacred morn began to shine,  
Dawning through heaven.’

Young, Thomson, Cowper, and others of the same class, occupied a place in his high esteem. He used the poetry of the Wesleys and Watts with great effect in his sermons.

“James Quinn must have been seen and heard, to form any adequate idea of him as a preacher. I can neither describe what his preaching was, nor do justice to my

conceptions of it. Any attempt of the kind may be thought an intrusion, and may be regarded as superfluous by those who may have long had the means of an extensive acquaintance with him, and of forming a judgment of him as a man, a Christian, and a minister. My long and intimate acquaintance with him, and the true friendship which existed between us, may, with other considerations, justify at least an attempt to give the short description wished for by our mutual friend. I have often sat under his ministry, and heard his sermons delivered with so much ardor of feeling and sentiment, that I could not believe it was in the power of any man to present the truths of the Gospel in a more lucid manner.

“I have sat with him by the fireside of his own dwelling and elsewhere, and listened to his conversation with unspeakable delight. He talked of books as if he had made their contents his own. To hear him was to enjoy a rich feast. He often spoke of the early ministers of the Church, and his association with them, with uncommon interest. Bishops Coke, Whatcoat, Asbury, M’Kendree, and many others were his associates, and early fellow-laborers in the ministry. He cherished a most affectionate remembrance of them. He was a true lover of Wesleyan Methodism as it was established by ‘our fathers.’ And he always observed well, and defended its ancient landmarks.

“His public prayers were what might have been looked for. They evinced great and deep exercise of thought; and as to the devotional spirit in which they were offered at the throne of grace, only one impression prevailed. There were the evident marks of seriousness, solemnity, simplicity, plainness, genuine piety, and humble prostration of the whole heart before the Almighty. There was nothing showy in the language, but they were always in good taste; and they might have been called ‘*a thinking*

*performance.*' His prayers showed great and familiar acquaintance with the states and moral characters of men. His thoughts seemed naturally to recognize the condition of the people. His prayers were interspersed with appropriate passages of Scripture, suited to the circumstances and conditions of the assembly. The well-selected parts of Scripture brought into his prayers gave them great effect, and secured attention and admiration. The succession of sentences in direct order, led the hearer's mind distinctly to the object prayed for; and as a very large proportion of these sentences were in Scripture language, the mind was led at once to the exact import of the prayer. Bishop M'Kendree once said in the hearing of the writer, 'There is more *preaching* in James Quinn's prayers, than in the prayers of any man I have ever heard.' "

The secret of Mr. Quinn's great success at sundry periods of his ministry, was the moral power which attended his efforts; and it may be exemplified by the following narrative, related by Mr. Flavel: Ruffinus reports that at the Council of Nice, a godly man, of no great learning, was the instrument of converting a learned philosopher, whom the bishops, with all their arguments, could not persuade; of which the philosopher himself gave this remarkable account: "While you reasoned with me," said he to the bishops, "against words I opposed words; and what was spoken, I overthrew by the art of speaking; but when, instead of words, power came out of the mouth of the speaker, words could no longer withstand truth, nor man resist the power of God."















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