

**DANIEL QUORM
AND HIS RELIGIOUS
NOTIONS**

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Daniel Quorm and His Religious Notions by Mark Guy Pearse

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MARK GUY PEARSE

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"There, bending over his lapstone, hammering, stitching, always busy, sat Brother Dan'el; ever, too, with a book before him."

See page 44

DANIEL QUORM,

AND

HIS RELIGIOUS NOTIONS.

BY

MARK GUY PEARSE,

AUTHOR OF "MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS," ETC.

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CINCINNATI:
HITCHCOCK & WALDEN.

1877.

(175.)



P R E F A C E.

MY old friend DANIEL QUORM, of Penwin-
nin, is a good specimen of one service
that Methodism has rendered to Great Britain,
a service that of late has come to be more
generally acknowledged. In all the Methodist
system there perhaps is nothing that has aided
her more than her power to develop the gifts of
her lowliest members ; finding some sphere in
which to turn to advantage the various abili-
ties of her people. The thoughtful miner,
the prayerful plowman, the godly laborer, the
working men of every class, have always been
among her most successful leaders and local
preachers. In hundreds of towns and villages
men of the humblest position are doing the
highest work of the Church, in the Sunday-
school, in the pulpit, and in the society-class.

The scantiest acquaintance with Methodism
makes one familiar with many such. Who that

has read any thing of this people but has heard of Silas Told, the slaver's boy, and his work at Newgate? or who has not been stirred up to start afresh by the story of the good Carvosso? Who has not heard of the village philosopher, Samuel Drew, mending shoes and working out his thoughts upon the immortality of the soul; of him who as a prince had power with God and men and prevailed—the village blacksmith, Sammy Hick; of Billy Dawson, the wonderful Yorkshire farmer, who could sway the people like the summer breeze that swept over his own golden grain, whose words could play with cloud and sunshine across the listening hosts, and who, thrusting in the sickle, saw hundreds of sheaves gathered safely for the Lord with shouts of harvest home; of the Lincolnshire thrasher, dear good old Richardson, who could so deftly ply the flail in the service of the heavenly Master? The ranks even of the ministry—in this like the Church of Rome—have been perhaps most richly adorned by men of humble origin.

Dan'el's beloved mother Methodism is much troubled just now by a host of physicians who would persuade her that she is ill. Some have written learned prescriptions for her in proper

professional form. Many others shake their heads with gloomy foreboding, and prescribe their home-made remedies, foretelling her speedy decease unless she will swallow their simples. They say that she has lost her vigor, (she used to get up at five in the morning)—that her mind is not so clear as it was, that her tongue is getting out of order, that her heart suffers from weakness, if not from actual disease. Some say that she wraps herself up more than she did, has a daintier appetite, and takes too much care of herself; others, that she is not particular enough with whom she associates, and that she should live more as becomes her very respectable position; others talk of old age, that her sight is growing dim, her hand becoming feeble, and her natural force abated.

Bless her, the dear old mother! why if she had not more common sense than many of her physicians she would before this have taken to her bed and made her last will and testament. Let her alone. She wants from her children, not the presumption that wearies her with good advice, but their hearty love, their confidence, and their devotion. Let her alone—give her

only room for plenty of exercise, and let her sons cleave to her good old-fashioned ways—to the old-fashioned simple faith in Christ, the old-fashioned entire consecration to God, the old-fashioned burning love for souls—and her most glorious days are yet to come. She knows, as well as ever she did, how to use the talents that God intrusts her with, and cares very little about position, or rank, or wealth, so long as her sons can wield with a strong arm the hammer of the word. She has an unwithered faith in the sword of the Spirit. Some, perhaps, may daintily inscribe it with chaste ornamentation; some may set it with flashing diamonds and costly work; some may enrich it with golden hilt, and labor to make it glisten with an exquisite polish, and she thanks God for these “cunning workmen;” but she holds them as worth very little who cannot grasp it with a mighty grasp, and with a keen eye and a quick hand thrust it up to the hilt, and force the enemies to cry for mercy in the dust.