

**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, SAID BROTHER DANIEL; EVER, TOO, WITH A BOOK BEFORE HIM.—See p. 3.

DANIEL QUORM,

AND

HIS RELIGIOUS NOTIONS.

BY

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

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDDER.

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To My Father,

WHOSE LIFE HAS MOST ENDEARED

ALL THAT IS TRUEST

AND BRIGHTEST AND BEST

IN THESE PAGES,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

P R E F A C E.

My old friend DANIEL QUORM, of Penwinnin, is a good specimen of one service that Methodism has rendered to this country, 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 abilities of her people. The thoughtful miner, the prayerful ploughman, the godly labourer, the working men of every class have always been amongst 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 anything 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 corn, 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 vigour, (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