

Accomac	<i>C. Karsner, J. R. Willet</i>
Northampton	<i>J. T. Hazzard, V. Smith</i>
Snow Hill	<i>J. S. Taylor, (one to be supplied)</i>
Milton	<i>S. Townsend, J. A. Watson</i>
Lewis & Ebenezer	<i>W. Spry</i>
Laurel	<i>J. Allen, J. D. Long</i>

Quest. 16. *Where and when shall the next Conference be held?*

At Union Church, Philadelphia, time not fixed.

MEMOIR OF REV. JOSEPH RUSLING.

Rev. Joseph Rusling, the subject of this memoir was born of pious parents, May the 12th, A. D. 1788, about 12 miles from Epworth in Lincolnshire, England. When about 7 years of age, his parents removed to America and settled first in New York, and afterwards in the Eastern part of New Jersey. They belonged to the Wesleyan Society in England, and on their arrival in this country united themselves with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which they remained worthy members till they were removed to the church triumphant. We may be sure, therefore, that the early training of their son was not neglected. On the 14th of September, 1808, he experienced regenerating grace, the reality of which his whole subsequent conduct amply evidenced. In the year 1812, he commenced preaching the Gospel, and in 1814 he was received by the Philadelphia Annual Conference on trial, and was at the proper time elected to Deacon's and Elder's orders. He subsequently filled various places of difficulty and responsibility in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, with honor to himself and profit to the people, till in the spring of 1836, after long affliction, he yielded to increasing infirmities, and retired from an effective relation, and was associated as supernumerary with the Fifth

Street Station, Philadelphia, in which relation he continued till death. He loved to preach, and according to his strength he continued to do so, to the great satisfaction of his numerous friends in that station, which a few years before he had assisted to establish. But in the spring of 1839 he began evidently to sink, and was conscious that his end was rapidly approaching, yet he was calm, peaceful, and often joyous; to him death had no terror; his bodily sufferings were protracted, and severe, but he murmured not. As his final hour drew near, and his weakness increased, he slept the more frequently, but would occupy the intervals with conversation with his friends, singing and prayer. On the last night of his mortal life, he spent about two hours in this way, during which he became exceeding joyful. When asked if his way was clear, he replied "All is clear! all is clear, but I am not dying." Again he fell asleep, and never spoke afterwards. He died July 6th, 1839.

Brother Rusling was one of the kindest of husbands and parents; an ardent friend, devoted Christian and an able and successful Minister. His style was very plain and simple, yet chaste; his matter chiefly experimental, and practical; his illustrations were generally simple, but clear, and often very forcible. He was always heard with pleasure, and seldom if ever without profit. He wrote much in prose and verse, and after he ceased to travel and preach, he prepared for the press various poetic effusions, in three small volumes; of the first and principal of which a celebrated literary friend says, "I am satisfied the collection is well calculated to awaken and sustain the devotion of the Christian's heart." To him we may apply the lines which a few years ago he addressed to a beloved brother deceased:

"Tis done, his toils and sufferings close,
Nor heaves his tranquil heart a sigh;
His dust lies slumbering in repose,
His spirit has gone up on high;
The good, the faithful, and the blest,
Has entered his eternal rest.