

MINUTES

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ALABAMA CONFERENCE

OF THE

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH,

(FORTY-NINTH SESSION,)

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such as few men are blessed with. In the judgment of some of his brethren he was too largely endowed for the humble sphere in which he was called to act—a David, burdened by Saul's helmet and sword and shield—a bird which has an important message to bear encumbered and retarded by the superabundance of plumage which adorns and beautifies it.

A large part of our brother's life was spent in labors faithfully bestowed in the various fields which belong to itinerant life on the Circuit; on the District, or in the Station, and in each position to which duty called him he was equally zealous and always acceptable.

His was a meek and quiet spirit, and he bore without complaint the sufferings incident to failing health and the care of a dependent family, which he knew he must soon leave to finish for themselves the long battle with poverty and sorrow.

God honored him with a perfect peace in the parting hour and now he realizes the meaning of the afflicted patriarch, who, looking upward, exclaimed, "There the wicked cease from troubling and there the weary be at rest."

MORGAN C. TURRENTINE was born in Hillsboro, N. C., September 17, 1800.

His father's family removed to Milledgeville, Ga., while he was yet a child, at which place Morgan was converted and made profession of faith in Christ, at the age of 16 years. He was 19 years old when he began to preach the gospel. At 20 years of age he joined the South Carolina Conference, was sent as Missionary to the Creek Indians, and labored among them during the years 1824-5-6 and 7.

He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Roberts at Wilmington, N. C., in 1825—was ordained Elder by the same Bishop in Augusta, Ga., January 14, 1827—came to Alabama in 1857—was superannuated at our last Conference held in Pensacola—died in Bladon county, North Carolina, July 1881.

We are admonished by authority to make our report a brief one—but is the foregoing brief statement a sufficient expression of our love for Morgon C. Turrentine—a sufficient expression of our gratitude to God for a long life devoted to the doing of heroic deeds and ending in glorious triumph? It is written that "devout men bore Stephen to his burial and made great lamentation over him."

We are not told how long they lamented nor by what ceremonies they made their sorrow known. Let us pause a little while beside the grave of the old man who loved us dearly, and whose hope was to die among us; and leave his ashes in our trust, until we too should pass away, and leave the precious charge to our successors.

This old soldier of Jesus Christ was born and built up for a hero. At an age when some of our young men are the petted darlings of tender mothers who "suffer not the winds of heaven to visit them too roughly"—at such an age this boy-ambassador for God went alone into the wild woods, seeking untamed savages, that he might bring them to Christ. We have heard him tell how—wearied with the long days ride—he has gone to his bed of earth—superfluous, with nothing but the forest leaves between him and the stars that seemed to look down sadly upon the lone wanderer, whose only requiem was the shriek of the night bird, and "the wolf's long howl." Four long years in the wilderness, companion of hunger, and danger, and want! but we hasten forward. A stranger would be ready to believe that he might have taken his complexion from the wildness around him. No! nature made our brother a gentleman, and the grace of God made him a Christian. Children followed him, as flowers turn their faces to the sun, and like his ever blessed Master, "he took them in his arms and blessed them," and blessed they were, for benediction fell upon them, in answer to the prayer of God's servant who adored Him.

I think very few persons ever called our brother "Father Turrentine." Thank God, that Time, who was commissioned to whiten his head and dim his eyesight, was forbidden to touch his heart. That heart held perpetual festival, for there was room there for all things that were lovely and of good report. There was no sorrow in his night, no winter in his year. Death touched him gently when he was preaching last Summer to the friends of his early years. On his way home from God's house he noticed a pain that was strange to him. The physician said "paralysis." It was repeated again and again. His son writes, "we heard him say several times, 'my work is done, I am ready and waiting at the gate.'" Then in a little while this royal soul was taken to the God who gave it, the Christ who was its Saviour.

Three classes are represented in our list of the dead this year. Brother Green, who was yet in his youth. Brother Hudson, just gone beyond middle manhood, and Brother Turrentine in his old age. Brethren may we not well say:

"Oh though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died."

JOSIAH BARKER, *Chairman.*