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	BISHOP.	SECRETARY.
Ames	Ellison.	
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Scott	"	
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Morris	"	
Baker	"	
N. J. Simpson	"	
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Clark	"	
Scott	"	
Ames	"	
Simpson	Fitzgerald.	
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Foster	"	
N. J. Wiley, Haven	"	
J. Bowman	"	
N. J. James	"	
N. J. Peck	"	
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Harris	Dodd.	
Hurst	"	
J. Foss	"	
N. J. Andrews	"	
Walden	"	
N. J. Foster	"	
Warren	"	
Fowler	"	
Merrill	"	
ark, N. J. Newman	"	

MINUTES

OF THE

THIRTY-FOURTH SESSION

OF THE

NEWARK CONFERENCE

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

HELD IN

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

WASHINGTON, N. J.

APRIL 8 to 15, 1891

EDITED BY H. D. OPDYKE

GEORGE F. DICKINSON,
JOHN A. GUTTERIDGE,

JOHN F. DODD,
WILLIAM STOUT, } *Committee*

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150 Fifth Avenue
1891

NOTES.

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22 Nassau Street. In NEWARK,
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e addressed to Rev. H. D. Opdyke,

of any consequence will be found
L. R. Dunn to lay on the table,
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motion should be placed before

these Minutes has been occasioned
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VI. Memoirs.

WILLIAM WESLEY VOORHEES.

BY C. CLARK.

William Wesley Voorhees was born in Upper Freehold township, Monmouth County, N. J., January 21, 1834, and died at Liberty Falls, N. Y., September 12, 1890. In his eighteenth year, during a revival in the Methodist Episcopal church in the town of Freehold, N. J., he was well and happily converted to God, and at once united himself in church fellowship. He was soon marked for his loyal devotion to the means of grace and for his sturdy piety on the street and in conversation almost to austerity; but by the Holy Ghost he had been made a "partaker of the *divine* nature" and in consequence he was "a new creature in Christ Jesus," and thus it was his privilege to walk and talk with God and have his conversation, or much of it, "in heaven." He at once became a prayerful student of God's word. This with fervent devotion soon gave a growth in divine life, and he was in a short time marked by the keen eye of his pastor as one suitable to hold meetings for "exhortation and prayer." Very possibly at that time not another member of that society shared in the pastor's "*notion*" (as it was termed) of our brother's mental ability, for the writer well remembers the sharp criticism on that pastor's judgment in sending young Voorhees out on the circuit to fill vacancies; but time fully justified the pastor's judgment, and vindicated our brother's call to the ministry of the word.

Brother Voorhees was born of poor and honest parents. He, as a farm-hand, was not blessed with early school advantages—only such as the district school of that day afforded; but when this young and hard-working farm-hand entered into life in God, latent powers within him were awakened, and he at once became a student of books, of men, and of things; and when opportunity afforded he sought the help of one of the high-schools in the town for a better knowledge of the English language. His spiritual instructors were Revs. B. D. Palmer, J. S. Beagle, and John Atkinson. With such he became not only an ardent student of God's word, but of Methodist biography and history, and soon, to the surprise of the critics, made satisfactory progress in efforts at public exhortation and occasional preaching.

The year following his conversion a youth slender of form, pale of face, and sweet in spirit came to the town an apprentice to the printing business. He was welcomed into the church of which the writer was a member. That frail and modest young lad was John Hanlon, who afterward did such valiant and brilliant service among us and whose memory we love to cherish.

For some reason this trio of young men were drawn to each other in confiding and loving companionship. In church service, in Sunday-school work, in the prayer-circle, and in class-meeting these young men invariably met; and after office hours they often joined in long walks that they might confer with and encourage each other in fidelity to God and his work. The great Head of the Church had his hand upon these young men, and soon called them to, and the Church honored them with, a place in the traveling ministry. Hanlon, sweet, brilliant, and aggressive, years ago went up to his rest and reward; and now Voorhees, the patient, the plodding, the painstaking, the punctual, the devout, hangs his tarnished and well-worn armor on the walls of heaven's armory, and joins with the blood-washed in hossa-

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nas to Jesus the Captain of his salvation. A little farther on in this world's
events, and the remaining member of this trio will cease in this mortal strife,
and by the grace of God again join his brothers in their walks in the para-
ise of God,

"Where the river of life unceasingly rolls,
And the joy of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

Our dear brother was received into the New Jersey Conference at New-
ark, in 1856, and sent to Mount Zion, N. J. His subsequent appointments
were as follows: 1857, Bloomfield; 1858, West Broad Street, Newark (now
St. Luke's); 1859, Green Village and New Vernon; 1860-61, Quakertown
and Everettstown; 1862-63, Bernardsville; 1864-65, Succasunna; 1866, New
Germantown; 1867, Rome and West Town, N. Y.; 1868-70, Stanhope
and Waterloo, N. J.; 1871, Blairstown; 1872, Summit; 1873, Otisville, N.
Y.; 1874-76, Lafayette, N. J.; 1877-78, Hainesville, N. J., and River-
dale, Pa.; 1879-80, Mount Hermon, N. J.; 1881-83, Norton and Paten-
burg; 1884-86, Glen Gardner and Junction; 1887-90, Mechanicsville.

In all of his appointments he was laborious, effective, and acceptable. In
the spring of 1860 he married Miss M. J. Forker, a most worthy woman,
who proved a devoted wife and careful helpmate, and who for eleven years
shared with him the work and cares of an itinerant life. She died at Blairst-
town N. J., November, 1871; two children were born to them, and have
followed their sainted mother to her eternal rest.

In April, 1873, our brother married for his second wife a Miss Nettie E.
Gregory, who with her two promising daughters, survive him to mourn their
irreparable loss. During the winter of 1890 Brother Voorhees and his wife
were the victims of *la grippe*, and a long and depleting illness followed. Con-
ference time found them both nervously prostrated. Spring air and summer's
balm were depended on for restoration to health and vigor; but, alas!
all in vain. By the advice of his physician, during August, with his family,
he left the parsonage at Mechanicsville for a sojourn amid the rugged and
charming hills of Sullivan County, N. Y.; here he found rest and apparent
restoration to health. When his allotted time had expired, true to his habit
of punctuality, under protest of his devoted wife, who had grave misgivings
of his physical ability as yet, he said, "We must go home and to work."
His work on earth was done; but he knew it not. "God moves in a myste-
rious way." Within a few short hours, by a sudden and unexpected revela-
tion, God said to his servant, "Go thou thy way: for thou shalt rest, and
stand in thy lot at the end of the days." With his family seated in the con-
veyance that was to convey them two miles distant to the railway, our dear
brother reached for the reins, when, lo, God's chariot swept down, and with-
out a sigh or a farewell he stepped in and was translated to the company of
the "blood-washed," where none say, "We are sick," and death never comes.

His decease and funeral services had about them something of romance.
Far from his charge, and without knowledge at hand of whom to communicate
with, his bereaved and sorrow-stricken widow in a moment found herself in
the dense darkness of this providence. She could by wire communicate with
the officers of their church, and she did, fortunately, remember the address
of the writer, who, with much difficulty, was able, after a journey of nearly
100 miles, to meet two of the officary of our brother's last church, just in time
to take charge of the funeral services. It did seem a special providence that
one who was with him in the joys of his conversion—his daily companion
in his young manhood—with him intimately during his whole ministerial
life, should be the only one within Conference bounds able to be present in
these last rites of respect; but so it was, and the writer shall ever be grateful
that it was his sad privilege to be there, and by the casket containing the dead
form of his translated brother speak of his virtues, his ministry, and of his
faith in God, and, as best he could, minister consolation to the wife and chil-
dren in an hour so dark and in a trial so crushing. Sorely bereaved, we

buried his remains amid the beautiful hills of Sullivan County, where he awaits the resurrection of the just.

As a man and as a Christian gentleman our brother was above reproach—quiet, unobtrusive, and real. Having a hearty repugnance to shams and vices, he could not in his idea of a sanctified conscience compromise with either. As a preacher of the Gospel he was decidedly exegetical and textual; his theology was rigidly Wesleyan. He never for once considered that the word of God at his hands needed defense; for itself it stood fast as God's truth, and as such he preached it, finding in it both a Sinai of law and a Calvary of mercy and grace. He was not a revivalist in the popular sense—rather a builder and educator; and yet many from the charges which he served will rise up and "call him blessed."

Brother Voorhees made faithful use of his time and talents, and was a valuable and successful minister of the word—not a born leader of armed and drilled troops, helmeted, plumed, and in saddle, brilliant in plans, and dashing on to renowned victories, coming from the field of carnage with the applause of nations. Brother Voorhees was of the rank and file. He enlisted from patriotic devotion to his King, enduring with fortitude the long and wearisome marches; and was ready at all hours for hard work in the trenches or on the field, accepting work and rations with a thankful heart, glorying in that he was counted worthy of such honor, until his great Commander transferred him to an advanced department, where he receives more distinguished honors and corresponding reward.

REV. JOHN S. PORTER, D.D.

By L. R. DUNN, D.D.

The Rev. John S. Porter, D.D., was born in Snow Hill, Md, in 1805. He had an honored and highly respected Methodist parentage, and a good Christian training. While a mere youth he had deep religious convictions, and for a long time was under "the spirit of bondage unto fear." But ultimately, while pointing another soul to Christ, he himself was led to behold him as his personal Saviour, and to rejoice in his salvation. Soon he felt it to be his duty to preach the Gospel. The call of God was ringing through his soul, "Go, preach my Gospel!" But he was in business and his first wife was not inclined to his entering upon this work. One Sunday night, on returning from church, he said to her: "This question of preaching is greater than I can bear alone, and to have rest I must offer myself for the work and let the Church decide whether, in its judgment, I am called of God to this particular work." She answered: "Not while I live." In about two short weeks this beloved wife of his youth was taken very ill, and in two more weeks she was gone. Now the question as to his future career was settled in his mind, and in the minds of his friends, who said: "This is right; it is your proper calling." In six months after he was licensed to preach, and recommended to the Philadelphia Conference in 1829. He was there admitted, and the venerable Bishop Roberts appointed him to Cambridge Circuit, in Maryland. He was sent to Dorchester in 1830, and in 1831-32 to Lewiston, in the same State. In 1833, at a session of the Conference held in Newark, in this State, he was appointed to old St. George's, Philadelphia, with Henry White, Robert Gerry, and Thomas McCarroll. It was during this year that he was married to the one who now so deeply mourns his loss. In 1834-35 he was stationed in Newark, N. J.; 1836-37, Bordentown; 1838-39, Burlington; 1840, New Brunswick; 1841-44, Newark District; 1845-47, Burlington District; 1848-49, Green Street, Trenton; 1850-51, Cross Street, Paterson; 1852, Mount Holly; 1853-55, Paterson District; 1856-59, Newark District; 1860-63, Rahway District; 1864-66, Hackettstown; 1867-69, Second Church, Rahway; 1870-72, Palisade, Jersey City.