

**JANES, BISHOP EDMUND S.**

JANES, EDMUND STORER, 1807-1844-1876

b. Sheffield, Massachusetts, April 27. The family of Norman-English extraction, were with the Davenport Colony to Massachusetts and to New Haven in 1637. Edmund's grandfather was in the Revolution. He taught at 17, studied law and is said to have been admitted to the bar in 1827. His conscience was not satisfied and he united with Philadelphia Conference in 1830. Pastor, Financial Agent. He was never a member of General Conference. After the second ballot in the General Conference of 1844 his unanimous election as bishop was moved by William Capers, but the next ballot decided this matter. A man of restless activity he finally became for several years of feeble health. He died "slowly and painlessly," in New York City, September 18, and was buried in Greenwood, Brooklyn.

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He was the son of Benjamin Jones, who was a carpenter and farmer, and twin brother of Edwin L. Jones, who was for many years a much-beloved minister in the New York Past Conference.

After only such educational advantages as are afforded by the common schools of every New England town, he began, at the age of seventeen, to teach school and study law. When he had finished his course in the Philadelphia Law School, and was just ready to be admitted to the bar, he thought best to change his plan of life, and took up the study of medicine. But God had other work for him.

He received his medical diploma from the University of Pennsylvania, but was called to the practice of the highest art of healing. In 1830 he entered the ministry in the Philadelphia Conference, and was stationed at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in 1830-31; in 1832-33, at Orange, New Jersey; in 1834-35, he was appointed financial agent for Dickinson College. In 1836 he was stationed at Fifth-street, Philadelphia; in 1837-38, Bezaiah Church, Philadelphia; in 1839-40, at Mulberry-street, New York. From 1840 to 1844 he was Financial Secretary of the American Bible Society, and from 1844 to 1876 he was a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having been chosen to that office soon after his thirty-seventh birthday, the youngest of any Bishop our Church has ever elected.

He served in that office thirty-two years, a longer time than any other Bishop in this branch of Methodism.

Yet, I say so, when he was thirty years of age he was not thought of as a great man. He was not a brilliant son of genius, nor a man of profound learning or universal culture, nor a

a silver-tongued and resistless orator. Among his contemporaries, Olin, Durbin, M'Clintock, and many others excelled him, each in some one or more of the endowments or acquirements which make men kingly; but it may be well doubted whether, on the whole, any man of his time did grander work for Methodism than he. What made him great?

His singleness of aim was manifest to all men. He had but one business, and he never forgot it. He was always about it. No man since the days of Paul ever had a better right to say, "This one thing I do." The biographers of the greatest of the apostles call attention to the absolute absorption of his powers in the work of promulgating the Gospel, which made him sublimely indifferent to much that is grandest in nature and in art. So Bishop James had passed twelve times within hearing distance of the thunders of Niagara before he paused an hour to behold its majestic beauty. Five times he passed within a few minutes' ride of Baden Baden, but never turned aside to look upon the mighty throng in that metropolis of fashion and folly. With him "the King's business" always required haste.

He was a man of broad, deep, tender, Christ-like sympathies. In the abundant personal intercourse and the exceedingly voluminous correspondence with perplexed and afflicted preachers and laymen, to which his official duties led him, and in those unofficial ministrations of spiritual help which were to him a daily relief from severer labors, he mingled the practical sagacity of a Paul with the loving tenderness of a John. Many a time in my pastoral rounds I have met him at funerals where he was not

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expected, and in abodes of poverty and sickness to which he was not invited, but where he was hailed as an angel of mercy.

Bishop Simpson said at his funeral, "I have known him intimately for twenty-four years, and I have never known any one who spent so much time in private devotion as he." His devoted wife, whose saintly face and holy life will long be remembered by all who knew her, and who preceded him by five weeks to Paradise, once told me, (pointing to an arm-chair in her parlor,) "My husband kneels at that chair from one to two hours every night."

And when the end (let me rather say the beginning was just at hand, he was asked, "Bishop, how do you find the valley? Are you supported?" and he calmly and enthusiastically said - as may God grant us each the grace to say when our great decisive hour shall come - "I am not disappointed."