

# PREFACE

BY ROBINSON JEFFERS

I DREW solitude over me, on the lone shore,  
By the hawk-perch stones; the hawks and the gulls are never breakers of solitude.  
When the animals Christ is rumored to have died for drew in,  
The land thickening, drew in about me, I planted trees eastward, and the ocean  
Secured the West with the quietness of thunder. I was quiet.  
Imagination, the traitor of the mind, has taken my solitude and slain it.  
No peace but many companions; the hateful-eyed  
And human-bodied are all about me: you that love multitude may have them.

But why should I make fables again? There are many  
Tellers of tales to delight women and the people.  
I have no vocation. The old rock under the house, the hills with their hard roots and  
the ocean hearted  
With sacred quietness from here to Asia  
Make me ashamed to speak of the active little bodies, the coupling bodies, the misty  
brainfuls  
Of perplexed passion. Humanity is needless.  
I said, "Humanity is the start of the race, the gate to break away from, the coal to  
kindle,  
The blind mask crying to be slit with eye-holes."  
Well now it is done, the mask slit, the rag burnt, the starting-post left behind: but not  
in a fable.  
Culture's outlived, art's root-cut, discovery's  
The way to walk in. Only remains to invent the language to tell it. Match-ends of  
burnt experience,  
Human enough to be understood,  
Scraps and metaphors will serve. The wine was a little too strong for the new wine-  
skins. . . .

# THE PALMY DAYS OF METHODISM

BY HERBERT ASBURY

WHEN Dr. Thomas Coke returned to England after the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Baltimore in 1784, Bishop Francis Asbury was left in sole command of American Methodism. With no one to interfere or question his authority, he began to manipulate the itinerancy as a military strategist manipulates his troops. Selecting a definite objective, generally a newly-settled area in which there were only a few families with Methodist leanings, he infiltrated the territory with missionaries who encouraged the Methodist men to become local preachers and exhorters, and began the preliminary organization of Methodist societies. Soon afterward, especially if the people were backward in their enthusiasm, he himself invaded the field, often accompanied by other preachers, all of them noted for their evangelistic ferocity. These were the shock troops; they charged valiantly into the very jaws of Hell. Their disregard of hardship became proverbial; in the frontier settlements beyond the Alleghenies there was a saying describing the worst conceivable weather: "There is nobody out today but crows and Methodist preachers." After these heroes had thrown the whole terrain into an uproar they were relieved by preachers who possessed organizing and administrative abilities. These were the mopping-up troops; they consolidated the positions won, encouraged the building of chapels, put the area under Methodist law, and prepared it for acceptance by the conferences as an organized circuit and working unit of the Church.

The result of this system was that re-

vivals were soon in progress throughout the country, but especially in the South and along the edges of the wilderness. The first of the great series began in Brunswick county, Virginia, about the middle of 1787. More than a hundred were converted, after great travail, at a two-day meeting in Mabry's Chapel during the latter part of July, and many of the rescued rode into Sussex circuit early the next week for a great service in Jones's Chapel. This was a very uproarious gathering. Hundreds did not wait for the preachers to arrive, but began to weep and shout of their own accord as soon as they reached the chapel. Some trembled so violently at the mere sight of the temple that their hats were shaken from their heads. The pious screaming and groaning could be heard half a mile away, and when the preachers arrived they found the whole congregation on its knees. Scores fainted or had fits.

"Some were struggling as if they were in the agonies of death," says a Methodist historian. "Others lay as if they were already dead. . . . While the society was collected in the house some of the preachers went into the woods to preach, and while they were preaching the power of the Lord was felt among the people in such a manner that they roared and screamed so loud that the preacher could not be heard, and he was compelled to stop. Many scores of both white and black people fell to the earth, and some of them lay in the deepest distress until the evening."

This celestial frenzy was no respecter of persons; it attacked both the rich and the poor. Many of the wealthiest residents of