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Barnwell Rhett Turnipseed

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Dillon, S. C.



NOVEMBER 4, 1924
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By DR. BARNWELL RHETT TURNIPSEED

JAMES JENKINS—A PIONEER KNIGHT OF THE SADDLE BAGS

In choosing a subject for this address, I have had quite a unique experience. After gathering material and data and allowing my thoughts to crystallize for the greater part of the year around a certain subject, imagine my surprise when I found that just ten years ago my estimable predecessor, Dr. John O. Willson, had spoken upon the same subject before the Conference at Sumter. But Methodism is so rich and replete in history until it was not difficult to find a subject which I trust will be of interest and profit. My boyhood memories are rich with the stories and incidents related of James Jenkins, a Pioneer Knight of the Saddle Bags. These fragments of history and story filtered down through the years and by the aid of them I have constructed my composite picture of this wonderful man of God. For many years I was associated with near relatives of this peerless preacher and in one of my last pastorates I had a warm and ardent friend, a great grandson of this early worker for the Master. It has been truly said that the history of any Nation is really the history of the great men of that nation. The real history of Methodism in South Carolina is to be found in the biographies of its leaders.

Among all the workers of those early years there stands no nobler figure than James Jenkins. We hear from Fame's golden tongue of the magnanimity and sacrifice of Asbury and McKendree. Wherever we go we see emblazoned abroad the names of Wesley and Coke. But these humble men who threaded the forests and forded the deep streams subsisting on the humblest fare lack recognition and due appreciation. All honor and glory be to those who, spurred and stimulated by great excitement, and borne up by the power that great occasions bring, have toiled and endured and written their names high in the annals of fame. All honor and glory be to the Bishops and leaders of Methodism, but no less honor and glory be to the humble, unnamed lives who have delved and wrought, denied and sacrificed in the common affairs of the ordinary pastorate. All honor and glory be to those whose names are possessed by the whole Church and the

world forever, but no less honor and glory to those whose names forgotten and unknown on earth are only written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Some one tells of standing on that magnificent structure, the Brooklyn Bridge, that immense structure that binds two cities together with cables of steel. Thousands upon thousands of men and women stand on the bridge daily and admire it. They admire the architectural skill displayed there, and they praise the engineers. But do they think of the poor foundation workers? Those men in the caissons down on their hands and knees who clawed out the mud and stones in order that the foundation might be laid securely. So we see this great temple of American Methodism as it stands out against the skyline. But do we think of the foundation workers, those men who toiled in obscurity and wrought so well? They were content to toil at the mountain's base in order that we might be pushed into sunlight above. In Italy they tell us it is a delight to see the rich vines creeping from tree to tree. Every leaf is a poem and it is a fine picture to behold, the landscape full of the glory and fruitfulness of the lovely vine. All the painters paint the vine, all the poets sing of it, but there is one thing often over-looked, the dwarfed hidden bits of trees which support the the clinging vine and hold it up into the sunlight. These hidden props have for the most part few leaves and less fruit. Their true service and glory are that they bear up the goodly vine with all its wealth of gold and purple. However entirely these stumps may be ignored as we gaze on the beauty of the cluster still they have a beautiful part in the harvest. So humble and lowly people often make great men possible. The world has its eye taken with the great men only. We must never forget the lowly helpers. They are the stumps or props that lift the rich vine into the sunlight and enable it to bring forth its purple glories.

James Jenkins embodied in himself those elements we would expect to find in a Foundation Worker. He was just the type of man needed for those rugged days that sorely tried men's souls. Let us be thankful that we live in a day when our pioneers are honored and thanked as they should be. The world is beginning to share in this generous appreciation of these noble men. Their names have been so interwoven with the history of Methodism until they are im-

mortalized. In the story of South Carolina Methodism James Jenkins' name is written with indelible ink.

In searching out the foundation of the greatness of James Jenkins, we must reckon with his ancestry. Oliver Wendell Holmes has truthfully said: "That a man in order to be great must select his parents two and a half centuries before his birth." On his mother's side we can trace James Jenkins' ancestry back through three or four generations. His maternal grandfather was one of the first settlers of Britton's Neck. In fact, the Neck was so called after him which name it bears to this glad day. The daughter of Mr. Britton, Elizabeth DuPre Britton, flowered into a beauty of character rarely equalled. In maternal sacrifice she ranks with the great mothers of all times. It has been truly said: "That every great man has glorified a great mother." On the Jenkins side of the House there is a different atmosphere. There was the absence of a dominant devotion to spiritual ends and a prevailing tendency to practical affairs. So it was into an humble home on the north side of the Little Pee Dee in the upper part of Britton's Neck that James Jenkins was born, November 29th, 1764. In his autobiography he speaks of a striking incident which clearly evidenced the superintending care of Divine Providence. When he was a mere infant of three months he had a severe case of whooping cough; so violent was the attack that his mother laid him out for dead several times. His recovery from the malady was so remarkable that an Uncle predicted his future usefulness for God and His glory.

As a lad of ten he had an experience worth recording. He was frequently alarmed at the thought of death and often determined to amend his ways. About this time he had a very singular dream that caused him much uneasiness. He thought he saw the devil in the shape of a great bird and notwithstanding there were other people present his aim seemed to be at James Jenkins. This induced him to cry out for mercy and forgiveness and make many promises of amendment.

Very early in life he began to look at the trees, stars, the sun and moon, and thought there must be a Great God or how could these things be? His mind was frequently occupied with thoughts of God, Heaven and Hell.

In reading and thinking about this remarkable man one

is struck with the emphasis and importance attached to dreams. Many of the great experiences of his life are associated with dreams and visions. Somehow or other he expected these experiences. He seemed to profit by them. It seems that the early Methodist Fathers like the Old Testament saints expected guidance and direction in this way. At any rate we find these pioneers often speaking of the visions of the night.

Sad to say the parents of young Jenkins could not help him in his early convictions. While they were members of the church, paying much attention to form, they did not have an experimental knowledge of true piety. We have these sad words penned by James Jenkins: "I never heard my father pray in his family but once; it was therefore almost impossible for my parents to instruct me in that which they themselves did not enjoy. But this much I must say for my honored parents, whom I dearly loved; they restrained me from many outward acts of vice; my father brought me up in habits of industry and honesty for which I am thankful."

It was while his father lived at Port's Ferry that young Jenkins attended his first school. It was very difficult then to have a school at all; and in many places where one was established it only lasted for a few months and sad to say often the teacher was intemperate. Young James Jenkins learned to read and spell with the New Testament as his text book. It was not until a few years later that he really had an opportunity to learn to write.

About this time he became obsessed of the idea that his parents were very partial in their affection and care for their children. That really he was in disfavor and discriminated against. He determined that he would make them very sorry for their partiality and give them a heart-break. So he decided to end it all, and he went to a lake with the comfort and assurance that their hearts would be broken when they saw his cold, lifeless body floating on the water. But one good souse under the water with its strangling effect proved a specific. James Jenkins was done, once for all, with the suicide idea. He returned home only too well content to live a little while longer.

Very interesting indeed are some of the sidelights in regard to the Revolutionary war given in his Autobiography.

His brothers enlisted in Marion's Brigade and were engaged in some of the fiercest fighting of the war. I will mention only one experience in the home of the Jenkins family that we may understand something of those awful times. Watson the noted Tory had started toward Lumberton on a plundering expedition. He came to the Jenkins home and appropriated everything in sight and destroyed all that his men could not appropriate and established his headquarters in the dwelling. In the presence of Mother Jenkins he asked, "Do you believe, Madam, the British will conquer the Americans?" Back came the reply instantly, "No sir, I wish I was as sure of heaven as I am that the Americans will gain their independence." At this the British Colonel became quite angry and asked, "How many sons have you among the rebels, Madam?" "None Sir. The King has rebelled against us, and not we against the King." "Well, Madam, how many sons have you with Marion?" "I have three sir, and I only wish they were three thousand." "Send for them Madam, send for them, and let me seek protection, marry wives and settle their plantations and I will pardon them." "Pardon them, forsooth, sir; they have not asked it yet." Cooling down a little he asked Mother Jenkins, "Well, Madam, have you heard that General Marion has joined Lord Rawdon?" "No, Sir, indeed I have not." "Well, Madam, it is a fact." "I don't believe it." "Why, Madam, you might as well tell me I lie." "I don't say you lie sir, but I do say I do not believe it." At this he flew into a rage and ordered his tents struck and pressed on much to the delight of the Jenkins household. Can we wonder that the word fear was not written in the vocabulary of James Jenkins?

Up to his twentieth year James Jenkins was content to rest his hope of heaven upon his morality. If a person in that community appeared willing to die and no terrible physical demonstration like a storm occurred, everybody took it for granted that such an one had gone to heaven. No matter what his manner of life had been before. About this time for the first time in his life young Jenkins attempted to pray.

It was while he was upon a bed of affliction that he became deeply convicted of sin. He felt himself a sinner, condemned and wholly unprepared for death. He besought

the Lord earnestly to spare his life and solemnly vowed to love and serve Him. He dreamed that twelve months had been added to his life during which time if he did not reform he would pay the penalty with his life. But alas for his good resolutions they faded into thin air; he still clung to the old sins. Six months of the time allotted came out of God's Eternity and still there was no relenting or returning unto the Lord. About this time James Jenkins moved to Butler's Ferry and lived with a brother who was a member of the Methodist Church. Here he had the privilege of attending circuit preaching regularly. The first sermon that brought him to tears was delivered by Beverly Allen from the text, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." He passed through many varied and contrasting experiences; at one time feeling that he had committed the unpardonable sin; at another he attempted to discard religion altogether. Finally he came to this conclusion, "That if he remained as he was he would go to hell anyhow; if he fell after starting he could but be lost and there was at least a possibility of his proving faithful."

He read the Methodist tracts and rules; he wished to see just how church members adapted themselves to church life.. So he went the rounds of the circuit with the pastor, Brother Humphries. He witnessed many manifestations of the Spirit's presence and power. He received much counsel from the preacher in charge in private conversation. So deep was the impression made on his heart and life that he joined the church at Britton's Neck Meeting House on the tenth of August, 1789.

On his way from the church his horse stumbled and fell and Satan suggested to him that this was a prediction of his down-fall. He was ever alert against this suggestion of the devil. For many months he attended Class Meeting fully twelve miles from his home. The road was very rough and passed through a dismal swamp but James Jenkins never missed a meeting. In Bishop Asbury's Journal there is this entry, "The next day which was the second of February, 1790, we came to Flowers church where we had a living stir; one soul found peace and I had freedom in preaching." "And thanks be to God that one soul was James Jenkins. It was the day of the sacrament and while the

prayer was being prayed James Jenkins had such a view of the Saviour on the Cross, to use his own words, 'My flinty heart was broken in pieces and my soul was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' He felt such a love to God and all mankind that he would have rejoiced to see his worst enemy as happy as himself. So clear and unmistakable was the evidence of his conversion that he never doubted it."

We are not surprised to learn that ere long James Jenkins blossomed into a full fledged shouting Methodist. His friends and relatives refer to him to this day as Uncle Jimmie Jenkins, the shouting parson. It was at a quarterly meeting that he was constrained to shout aloud and praise God. He tells us that he could not repress his feelings. Little as we may think about it, it was rare even in those days to hear people shout. James Jenkins received many snobs and persecutions because of these outward demonstrations. He debated in his soul whether it would be right for him to restrain himself when the power of the Lord was upon him. He came to this conclusion, whether in public or private if his heart moved him he would praise the Lord aloud; for if he could help it he wouldn't choose to help it.

His first appointment was to the Cherokee circuit. On the 10th of March, 1792, he bade his beloved mother an affectionate farewell and turned his face toward the strange land. Cherokee circuit at that time extended from Hamburg on the Savannah river on up the river to old Cherokee town, thence in a line along the Blue Ridge across to Saluda. It followed the Saluda river down through the neighborhood of what is known now as Cokesbury and then on to Edgefield, embracing the counties of Edgefield and Abbeville and Pendleton. It was a six weeks' circuit being three hundred miles in circumference. Yet this was a small circuit compared with some of the others. His whole library consisted of the Bible, the Book of Discipline, one copy of Saint's Rest; one copy, each, of Preachers' Experiences and Wesley's Notes. Needless to say it did not require a four-horse team to carry this preacher's library from circuit to circuit. We hear a great deal about a portable library in this day and time; let us never forget the original portable library, the Methodist preacher and his saddlebags.

In this first appointment hardship and denial were the portion of the circuit preacher. A terrible drought caused a complete failure of the corn crop. There were only three places on this large circuit where corn could be obtained for the preacher's horse. The poor animal had to subsist on musty wheat straw and grass.

Here let me digress to say something about the faithful servant and friend of the circuit rider—his horse. James Jenkins believed in a good horse. More than once in his autobiography he refers to his faithful steed. Truly a new day has dawned upon us; a new mode of travel. But those of us who were privileged to travel on horse back or in buggy know the peculiar attachment which a circuit rider felt for his horse. In those days bridges were few and fords were deep; it was up to this faithful animal to breast the tide. While we rejoice that these poor dumb animals are spared the awful toil and hardship of the past still one cannot help but feel that a modern pastor cannot find in a "tin Lizzie" all that a circuit rider found in his horse. If there was a home beyond for the poor dumb brutes I believe the faithful old horse of the circuit rider would be the first to enter there.

The presiding elder in those days had such an extensive district he could only visit a charge twice during the year. When the stewards settled with James Jenkins for the year's work he received \$22.00, including presents. He tells us that he was greatly attached to the people and the circuit and that they were kind and considerate in view of his weakness and ignorance. Of course values were very different from what they are now, but still \$22.00 was not enough for a man to live on and at the same time feed a horse.

Surely the critic that says that preachers are out for the money has never read of the hardships and denials of these early preachers. These men lived so intensely and worked so hard that they usually wore themselves out in about five or ten years. They would have been very poor risks for an insurance company. Is it to our credit and commendation that insurance companies today say that preachers are the very best risks?

The Minutes of those early Conferences show that men had to locate on account of ill health. They had literally

burnt themselves out in the service of the Master. All this they have wrought with almost a disregard for personal comfort or even life itself. In the language of another, "The difficulties they mastered, the dangers they encountered, the opposition they overcame, the friendships they won and the martyrdom they suffered and the achievements they wrought, make a story that reads like a perpetual miracle." "In some instances they had to create a moral sense and then appeal to it. Difficulties and discouragements never dreamed of now they had to meet and master. And many of their fiercest battles had to be fought alone and in a dark room. No man however masterful and resourceful ever becomes independent of personal sympathy and support. Even the mighty and majestic Paul himself suffered most from the loneliness of leadership, and the loss of friends. These brave pioneers often had to prosecute their work without even the cheering and sustaining presence of the loved ones in the home." (Galloway.)

In 1793 James Jenkins was sent as pastor to the Oconee circuit in Georgia. Those of us who have to fight it out with the Evil One in regard to our call to preach can find some comfort in the thought that it is not a new and novel experience. James Jenkins several times was on the point of leaving his circuit, doubting his call to preach. But thanks be to God that during the year he was given such an anointing of the Spirit that all of his doubts were dissolved. He experienced a deeper work of grace in his heart and life.

Difficulties and trials multiplied; and the rivers were swollen by recent rains, and it was hard to ford them. Just about this time a charge in the lower part of South Carolina sent a request to the Bishop to please send a man to the circuit who could swim, in addition to being able to preach, as their last preacher was drowned while crossing a stream.

Troubles arose from the Indian settlements bordering on the work. James Jenkins records his conviction that wicked and unprincipled white men were the cause of most of the outrages and cruelties committed by the Indians. They provoked them to wrath and massacre by their plunderings. Almost an entire family was wiped out of existence within the bounds of his charge by the Indians.

At the end of the year Brother Jenkins received \$44.00, including presents as a remuneration for his year's work.

What he lacked from the circuit he had to take from his property at home.

It was in 1794 that he was ordained deacon. Bishop Asbury in laying his hands upon his head remarked, "You feel the hands of the Bishop very heavy, but the devil's hands will be heavier still."

We pause here to record an experience which sounds all too modern. On his way to Conference Brother Jenkins was thinking over the different circuits and comparing their advantages and disadvantages, and he decided that if he had his choice he would take the Santee circuit. He felt that it was in good condition because Isaac Smith had been there. He received his heart's desire and to the Santee circuit he went. This circuit included the counties of Sumter, Kershaw and a part of Richland. He had no sooner set foot within the charge when his troubles began in earnest. Like the Irishman who caught hold of the wild-cat he was very anxious for somebody to help him turn the circuit loose. He found firmly entrenched in the affection and estimation of the people a very troublesome member whose conduct was a disgrace and a shame. His predecessor had failed to expel him from the membership but left word for James Jenkins to be sure and expel him, and Uncle Jimmie Jenkins proceeded to do so. This brought down upon his head the wrath and indignation of a large number within the circuit. It is so easy to pass a hard and exacting task down to a successor.

James Jenkins believed in Discipline. Such a thing as tact or compromise was unknown to him. He did not believe in countenancing a member who was guilty of wrong doing. He tells us openly and candidly that he was never a popular preacher. He failed to receive his Elders Orders in 1796 on account of the ill will of some of the leading preachers. His proclivity for reproof, his zeal to do right and to see that others did so "did not smoothe his path to heaven."

There was only one steward on the large Santee circuit but he was very faithful, James Rembert, by name. This was the first year that James Jenkins received his salary in full, \$64.00.

His next appointment was the Broad River circuit. This circuit commenced in the Dutch Fork and extended to Paco-

let Springs on the north including a part of Newberry, Chester, Fairfield and Union districts. Bishop Asbury visited the work and preached with convincing power. This was a year of great bodily suffering for James Jenkins. Bronchitis, pneumonia, sore eyes, and other maladies seized upon him and he was tempted to give up the ministry, but he pressed on.

It was within the bounds of this circuit that he encountered the whiskey evil. He condemned openly and candidly the distilling of ardent spirits. Brought face to face with this evil he smote it with both hands. Throughout his entire ministry he opposed the making, selling and using intoxicating drinks.

The temperance sentiment and legislation as we have them today is the direct result of the work of these early men of God. It is a consolation to us to know that away back there, there were men so true and faithful that they would sacrifice ease and comfort, in order to adhere to the right. In condemning ardent spirits, James Jenkins cut right across the grain of popular custom. Many preachers imbibed in that day and time, and doctors recommended it; the decanter was on almost every side-board. It is easy to condemn a practice when it is unpopular and everybody is frowning upon it, but to take your stand against it when you are in a painful minority is a real test of courage. James Jenkins never had a better chance to make to himself friends who would stand by him in his financial embarrassments; but he was not forsaken. Let him but remain silent in regard to their sins and they would support him. But he was not made out of that kind of stuff. He did not know how to fawn nor flatter, he condemned an evil openly.

Despite affliction and persecution he tells us that this was the most successful year of his ministry. For the year's work he received \$52.00.

Next we find James Jenkins along with Thomas Humphries appointed to the Great Pee Dee circuit in 1796. This circuit embraced portions of Williamsburg, Darlington, Sumter, and Marion counties. Many of his relatives were within the bounds of this charge. It was during this year that his faithful horse stumbled and fell injuring the rider severely. For a great part of the year he had to preach standing on one foot and resting the other on the chair be-

hind him. His labors were abundantly blessed of the Lord and many souls were born into the Kingdom under his ministry.

These pioneer workers found that mourners invited themselves to the altar and then called on the preachers to pray for them. Preachers noting this soon gave invitations to those who desired to come forward for prayer. The mourner's bench is preeminently a Methodist institution. Alas! that we have almost lost it. This is the day of the saw dust trail and the click of the adding machine, when everybody that comes forward is numbered and counted, whether he be saint or sinner. We are in danger of lapsing into a cheap, superficial form of evangelism. It is really the dope and anodyne age, everything must be tempered down and diluted and be made pleasant.

Although James Jenkins was crippled a greater part of the year he did not miss a single appointment. This was the first year that he received travelling expenses in addition to his salary of \$64.00.

In 1797 at the Annual Conference held at Charleston he was ordained an Elder. He was sent this year to Washington circuit in Georgia. He speaks of being in the home of a Mr. Andrew who treated him like a father. There was a son in the home by the name of Jimmy who eventually became one of the Bishops of our Great Church. In the middle of the year his appointment was changed and he was sent to Burke circuit.

At the Conference in Charleston in 1798 James Jenkins preached his first sermon before an Annual Conference. His text was "Strive to enter in at the Straight Gate." Evidently, this was Uncle Jimmy Jenkins' sugar stick. We find several references to this same text in his autobiography. The brethren criticised his sermon telling him that he had most too much fire in it. But as some one has truly said, "It was not fox fire or of the sheet lightning sort, but close akin to the tongues of fire on the Day of Pentecost."

At this Conference with two other preachers he was appointed to the Bladen circuit. On his very first round he encountered swollen streams and had to swim his horse over and then return for his saddlebags and clothing by way of an old precarious bridge. Just think of the modern preacher with his "tin Lizzie" having to swim a stream.

During this year the homespun coat which his mother gave him wore out. One sleeve from the elbow down was worn to a frazzle. But rather than lose any time from his work obtaining a new one, he went almost around the circuit sleeveless in one arm. Congregations were not so exacting in that day and time and styles were very simple. Can we imagine a present day pastor meeting his appointments with a sleeveless coat? There is no excuse nor need for it now, but it seemed necessary in those early days.

Next we find James Jenkins appointed to the Edisto circuit. At one of the churches Uncle Jimmie found twenty-six members and he succeeded in expelling thirteen of them before the year was out. Some believed he was going to ruin the church, but he did not. Throughout his ministerial career he believed in exercising discipline. Some called him "Thundering Jimmie" and others the "Conference Curry Comb." He was always ready for the correction of any wrong doing in manners or morals. He was an Elijah or a John the Baptist of the early Church.

Within the bounds of this circuit lived a Mr. Weatherly, an uncle of the brothers Reddick and Lovick Pierce. James Jenkins had an appointment at Mr. Weatherly's home. The Pierce brothers obtained permission from their father to hear Mr. Jenkins and Lovick Pierce records it as the first pure sermon he had ever heard. Conviction and conversion followed; and as to results of that one sermon, count up the good done by the Pierces, their children and their children's children and on down to the Judgment Day.

James Jenkins attended the General Conference at Baltimore on the 5th of May. He sums up the proceedings in these graphic, concise words, "We talked much and did little." However, the salaries of the preachers were increased to \$80.00. Brother Jenkins opposed this increase in salary for single preachers, thinking that \$64.00 was quite enough. They had a long controversy on the use of ardent spirits but did nothing on the subject.

During the years 1801 and 1802 James Jenkins was presiding elder of the South Carolina district, and Camden district, respectively. The following anecdote comes to us from McQuarters' Camp Meeting in Santee circuit. An old German backslider by the name of Fisher attended the meeting and became awakened. In speaking of it he said:

"I went to de Camp meetins and one Shinkins preached. He took his text 'You art weighed in de balance and art found wanting.' He went on weighing a great many peoples and at last he trowed old Fisher into de balance and old Fisher did come out just nothing at all." But old Fisher weighed something before he died. He adorned the Gospel and died in the faith.

James Jenkins makes this reference to the presiding eldership. He says that his time out of the Conference was almost wholly employed in receiving money from the preachers for the books they had sold. In those days a presiding elder was responsible for all the books sold in his district.

The year 1804 will ever stand as one of the most memorable in American Methodism. It is so noted in Asbury's were enkindled everywhere. We have these glowing words from Asbury, "I have been unwell but am cheered by the glorious prospect of Zion's welfare. I mark this year, 1804; as the greatest that has yet been known in this land for religion."

In 1805 owing to ill health James Jenkins took the superannuate relation. He determined not to lose the power of godliness or be a reproach to the cause. It was not until 1805 that he married. In 1806 feeling that it was best for all concerned he located. Bishop Asbury implied that it was not altogether proper for him to occupy a seat in the Conference while not engaged in regular work. But he was fully entitled to it. The Bishop, zealous for moving cohorts, thought this was best. In 1811 he joined the Conference again but located a second time in 1813.

By eminence he was one of the most heroic founders of Methodism in the Santee country indeed for that matter in the entire state. Although as a local preacher he was compelled to labor from day to day for his bread, he would often take his horse out of the plow to serve the Church. Much of his time after he located was given to two-day meetings in Sumter and Darlington counties. How much Methodism owes to her local preachers can never be known on earth, but will be in heaven.

For all his services to the Church while he traveled he received about \$1,623. As a superannuate he received from

the Church \$547. For fifteen years he served the Church as an itinerant, for twenty-five years as a local preacher, and for fifteen years as a superannuate preacher.

Some one describes his last appearance on the Conference floor: He was very aged, and his tall, erect form, independent bearing and cast iron expression of features made an indelible impression on all seeing him. He would often give expression to an animated shout. He was almost blind yet he moved about with an energy most surprising. His whole bearing was most impressive. His thin long white locks and his absolute fearlessness made any one feel deeply.

Hear his swan song: "If my labors have been blessed at all they have been chiefly blessed to the middle and lower classes. From among the colored population the Lord has given me some precious souls for my hire. Among the laborious and industrious men of my own color—the strength of the nation and church—the pleasure of the Lord hath prospered in my hands. The Lord gave me at least twelve sons in the Gospel; seven of whom have been itinerant and five local. Some of these have fallen asleep in Jesus, and reaped their reward." These were almost his last words. The exhausted saint sank down and never rose again. He sleeps in a distant grave in Camden while God's good angels keep their loving and wakeful sentry. In 1847 at the age of eighty-three James Jenkins went to the Eternal Home. Let us thank God for such a noble man; we are what we are today under the Providence of Heaven because these heroes of the faith had their being here.