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# Wyoming Annual Conference

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Methodist Episcopal Church  
*Sixty-first Session*

HELD IN THE

Elm Park M. E. Church, Scranton, Pa.

LIVERUS H. DORCHESTER, Pastor

March 20-25, 1912

The Quality Press



Binghamton, New York

and among those who knew her enthroned in the home. She was a lover. She cared infinitely more than for the vapidness, vanity, and For many years her health was beyond the home and the circle in

which time she was tenderly ministered to and our sister quietly went to be with Christ. Before her readiness for that glorious rest and trust in Him. and one son, Albert L., survive, to the better land. in Delphi Falls and in our church the writer of this memoir.

HENRY H. DRESSER.

## WALWORTH

Ymca E. Walworth, died at her home in Croton Falls, N. Y., and was buried in Newark Valley, N. Y., where she died, January 21, 1857. She was a loving mother, and an exemplary woman's relation to God, but also in which she found great pleasure in the life of her husband's active work in the church as a helpmeet indeed. Our sister's ministry and this gift, together with her talents as well as useful in Christian service successfully as secretary of the Wyoming District, Wyoming Conference, her contributions highly complimentary and her usefulness were passed by the

many years in Candor after he, she continued the active work of the ministry. Her sister's enthusiasm in and her work in the church, is spoken of by many. During her life on account of declining health, she was in the church. But she lived out her life as gradual as the setting sun, and weaker until one day she "was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Candor, the

Ymca, of Binghamton, N. Y., where she was buried. Marie, widow of Amasa G. Genesee, and Robert Hayes, Binghamton,

the pastor, G. E. VanWoert,

G. E. VAN WOERT.

## MRS. ELECTA M. JAY

The beloved and honored sister, whose place in our Conference Hall of Fame is to be noted in this sketch, was born in Scott Township, Luzerne County, Pa., June 20, 1834. Her maiden name was Tripp. Her parents were descendants of the sagacious and hardy Pilgrims, whose loyalty to conscience and love of liberty and education made New England the lightest spot on the planet, and who sent their children westward as emigrants to make an illuminated zone, north of Mason and Dickson's line, and westward to the Pacific. No other emigration which the world ever witnessed brought greater blessings to mankind than this westward movement of the children of the Pilgrims.

Mrs. Jay's early life was spent in the atmosphere of the richest traditions and hopes of the American people. Her self poise, her clear mind, and positive personality lent themselves naturally to forming a typical American character. At about twenty years of age she was married to Oscar Griffin, a young man of her own neighborhood. A happy married life was terminated two years later by the death of Mr. Griffin. "Cast down, but not destroyed," she arose above her misfortunes, and by the conquest of self and the world, and by consecrating her life to Christian work, she became excellently qualified for her great life-work.

In the meantime, Rev. Stephen Jay, with his splendid preaching ability and seraphic voice, had come from England, and was moving out cautiously in answer to God's call to the ministry. His bride of only a few months had passed from earth, and he and Mrs. Griffin were married by Rev. S. F. Wright, one of our honored fathers, and still living, on June 30, 1873. Two years later Brother Jay united with the Wyoming Conference, and then their names, like Aquila and Priscilla, occur here and there through our territory; and, like the ancient couple, their labors were uniformly successful. There is no doubt that Mrs. Electa M. Jay, by her loving consecration to home and husband, greatly increased his usefulness, and by her own wisely directed life and labor added much to the riches of the Lord's harvest.

In frail health when Brother Jay died, she survived him only seven months, passing from their home in Dallas to the rewards of Heaven, October 15, 1911. From a Sabbath on earth to the Sabbath above.

Rev. Wilson Treible, pastor of our Dallas Methodist Episcopal Church, gave an appropriate address at the funeral, and was assisted by Rev. S. B. Murray, Rev. D. S. MacKellar, and Rev. E. E. Barker. The services were conducted in the Clark's Summit Methodist Episcopal church, and her body was laid to rest beside that of Brother Jay in the cemetery near by.

GEORGE A. CURE.

## MRS. W. S. CRANDALL

Mrs. Electa Bradshaw Crandall, the devoted wife of Rev. William S. Crandall, of Dalton, Pa., and the daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John Bradshaw, of Ashley, Pa., after a brief illness, passed from the parsonage home at Dalton, to the home and rest of the glorified; Wednesday evening, October 25th, 1911.

Mrs. Crandall was born August 17th, 1878, in a parsonage home in North Carolina, her father then being engaged as a missionary in the mountains of the South. When she was nearly five years of age her parents came to the

pastorate of Mt. Upton, New York. She was educated in the public schools of New York and Pennsylvania, and in Wyoming Seminary, from which institution she was honorably graduated in 1900. Her marriage to brother Crandall occurred August 14, 1901, and for nearly three years she served with him in the pastorate of a church in Colorado. In 1904 they returned to the Wyoming Conference, and Brother Crandall was appointed to the pastorate of the Myrtle Street Church, Scranton. She was a constant help and inspiration to her husband during his arduous toil in this pastorate, and the growth of this church from a few score of people and a small, temporary building, to a congregation of 400 members and the present beautiful edifice, speak no less eloquently of her heroism, patience, and efficiency, than they do of the usefulness and ability of her husband.

The spirit of grace and kindness seemed to grow with her, and in her early home and school life she was constantly sought on account of her innate goodness, and on all of the charges which she and her husband served, her life shone with the radiance of real goodness. She loved music, and the hymns of faith and triumph brightened the atmosphere of her home and drove away care and worry. By the spoken testimony and living example she was ever impressing her friends with the fact of her soul's communion. Her's was a life founded on the Rock, and the power of her faith was more and more manifest during the succeeding trials of life, and when the supreme test came, she rose in so glorious a triumph over the conflict with death, that even in their awful bereavement, her dearest friends mingled praise with their tears.

As we recall that scene, there appear Brother Crandall, Dr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, the parents, the three sorrowing sisters, and the brother, bowed and well-nigh broken with their grief; Paul and Ruth, but dimly realizing their loss, and in the infant, Helen, whose sweet baby face could never reflect the love-light from a mother's eyes; loving friends in helpless sorrow trying to lessen the anguish. But another was there. He came quietly, possibly unobserved, but He gave a weak, suffering woman moral courage and strength majestic. He illumined a dying countenance with that radiant light that never shone on land or sea. Yea, the Conqueror was there, and while death was going away in defeat, earthly friends were conscious of the nearness of the glory world, and exultantly were saying again, "Oh! Death! where is thy sting? Oh, Grave! where is thy victory?"

On Saturday afternoon, October 28, a great company of people, coming from the many churches in which Sister Crandall had lived and wrought; of ministers, of school friends, and of the people of Dalton, gathered for the funeral services at Dalton. The choir sang most effectively some of her favorite hymns. Scripture lessons were read by Wilson Treible and N. B. Ripley. Prayer was offered by C. H. Newing. Well deserved tributes in fitting addresses were given by H. C. McDermott, L. L. Sprague, and L. C. Murdock.

As evening shades were settling over, the body was laid away in the beautiful Dunmore cemetery. This was the night of sorrow to earth friends, but all felt that our departed sister had reached the realms of light eternal.

L. C. MURDOCK.

## MRS. SAMUEL SIMPKINS

News of the death of Mrs. Mary E. Jackson-Simpkins at Camden, N. J., on November 20, 1911, shocked and pained a wide circle of friends scattered through a considerable section of south-eastern Wyoming Conference. Only

the December before, the "innumerable cares her going. It was here were in store for her, and severe strain incident. Mrs. Simpkins thought to she had not visited a month before she was Thence she proceeded Charles Truax, an old she was severely attacked who lived in Camden their home; but physician an operation. The funeral was held at the hospital, but she died while

Mrs. Simpkins was Tuckahoe, N. J., but Clayton. At this time at that place, and in young people were there and later into marriage Clayton, then they returned. It was from this place odist ministry, the church in 1900, where they had fore they returned on and to close up his estate.

Mrs. Simpkins was had no higher praise home-keeper, and of her home. She literally children found the same her neighbors could not devotion to her religious always wholesome and her portion, she brought a coronation well desired who knew her is secured.

Services, which were held in Camden, conducted by the Methodist Episcopal Church, where, in the Methodist Church, was held, conducted by Walker, of White Mountain Church, Hawley, Delaware, of her husband in the

Mrs. Simpkins is survived by Leonard J., of Hawley, Eli E., and Matthias L. E. Jackson, all of