

**WILEY, BISHOP ISAAC W. &
WILEY, FRANCES J.**

Wiley, Frances J. Martin

See
Heathen Woman's Friend, Dec. 1870, p.63

he is not, for after a brief illness, nearly four years ago, God took him. He died as he had lived. With an unwavering faith in the Gospel which he had preached to others he fell asleep in Jesus. Mourners by thousands, from all parts of the land, flocked to his funeral; tender hands carried him to his burial, and in West Laurel Hill Cemetery, on the banks of the Schuylkill, his body now rests, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

2.—BISHOP ISAAC W. WILEY. JOURNAL, PAGE 269.

Isaac W. Wiley was born in Lewistown, Pa., March 29, 1825. He died in Foochow, China, November 22, 1884. During his early childhood his parents became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. When the son was but six years old the father died a triumphant death. His child-memories were shaded by this event. He says: "My father's death was my first great sorrow. I dearly loved my father. In his sick-room I spent much time. His death first brought me into contact with the great mystery. It made an impression upon me which has lasted through life. It solemnized me. My mind immediately began to work on religious matters. Soon after this I entered the Methodist Sunday-school; I had for my teacher one of the most saintly of women. I well remember a cluster of six godly women, members of our Church, of whom my mother was one, whose names were held in reverence in all the place as examples of real religion. My mother lived to be eighty years old, having been more than fifty years a Methodist." With such parents, and reared amid such surroundings, his early piety and his life-long godliness are accounted for. At the age of ten he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thenceforward he earnestly availed himself of all the spiritual help the Church could yield him.

A course of reading and study was begun, and pursued with untiring perseverance and success. At sixteen years of age he was appointed class-leader. At eighteen he was licensed as a local preacher. When he was only fourteen he seems to have had the conviction that his life-work was to be that of the Christian ministry. Yet, much to his surprise and disappointment, Providence turned him aside from what he had believed to be the settled plan of his life. In 1844 he began the study of medicine, and was graduated in 1846 from the medical department of the New York University.

He soon after entered upon the practice of medicine in his native State. It was not long, however, until the unerring wisdom of God's plan for him was seen; for about that time the Church needed a man equipped with special qualifications for one of her foreign mission fields.

The paths of Dr. Isaac W. Wiley and Dr. John P. Durbin, Secretary of our Missionary Society, crossed each other in the spring of 1846. Dr. Durbin asked the young doctor if he would be willing to go as a missionary physician. Wiley replied: "This

Dec bishops

has been the wish of my life." March 13, 1851, he set sail for China. July 9 following, after a voyage of more than sixteen thousand miles, he was in Foochow among its six hundred thousand people.

In this important mission field he did heroic and valuable service. He not only ministered to men's bodies as a physician, he preached the Gospel of Christ, and otherwise instructed the people—adults and children—in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. Time can never reveal the full measure of his useful labors among the natives of Foochow. Blessed results of his seed-sowing with tears are seen in the large harvests to-day being reaped among that wonderful people. The death of his faithful wife, November 3, 1853, compelled his return. On the 16th of January following, with his two motherless daughters, he embarked for New York. Soon after his return he was appointed pastor of a church in Staten Island, near this city.

In the spring of 1855 he was transferred to the Newark Conference and stationed in Halsey Street, Newark, N. J. Two years later he was appointed to Trinity Church, Jersey City. At the close of his pastoral term in this church he became President of Pennington Seminary, where for five years he rendered effective and valuable service as a Christian educator. At the close of that service he was re-appointed pastor of Trinity Church. He had, however, only entered upon his pastoral duties in Trinity when the General Conference of 1864 elected him editor of *The Ladies' Repository*; he was re-elected in 1868. Removing to Cincinnati he assumed the duties of his new position in such manner as showed the spirit of the man, and displayed his abundant capacity to meet the new demands made upon his resources. He was not content to do only editorial work. He preached frequently in Cincinnati, in the central West, and in the South. He wrought in the Sunday-school, teaching a large Bible-class in one of the churches, made up of some of the most experienced and cultured people of Cincinnati. In many other ways, also, he showed himself a true servant of Christ.

He was chosen a Bishop by the General Conference of 1872. Here he displayed his life-long characteristics of years—adaptability, wisdom, and faithfulness.

For twelve years he was an itinerant General Superintendent. He traveled into every part of the world inspecting the work of our great Church, carefully supervising its many and varied interests, and conscientiously performing the many duties required by his office. He never disappointed his friends by failure to meet his responsibilities faithfully and well. Though not blessed with strong physical powers, and at times suffering from prostration, he took his full share with his Episcopal colleagues in the general superintendency of the Church.

Bishop Wiley belonged to that class of men who are not simply equal to the duties of the office they fill, but who are greater than any position they may be called to occupy. He always impressed

one that he had a reserve of power and resources on which he could draw for even higher duties and larger trusts. Whether we consider him as physician, missionary, pastor, teacher, editor, author, or Bishop, we always see in him the man, pure, consecrated, wise, gentle, noble, unselfish, strong, faithful, resolute, rising above any one and all of the positions he so ably filled during his illustrious and successful career.

His sympathies were of the most comprehensive character. He loved man as man. He believed in the equal rights of all men, and to the extent of his ability and opportunity he persuaded others to like views. He believed that all men are brethren, and, no matter what the nationality, condition, or color of men, they should love and be loved as brothers.

He left but little earthly property for his family, but he left them the legacy of a pure character, a good name, an exalted purpose and a useful life. His memory will live in the hearts of thousands of the Lord's poor, who loved him because they knew he loved them for Christ's sake. He was a true friend. He seemed a little slow at times, to some, in forming friendships, but when once formed they were abiding. He was never in haste to believe evil of others; he chose to live in the atmosphere of charity toward all men.

He never allowed himself to cherish malice or ill-will toward any man. He loved his friends dearly, and opened his heart freely to them. One who knew him, and loved him for his worth's sake, says: "I could tell him all my heart without reserve, and his responses were so affectionate and so generous they always ennobled and helped me." Upon hearing of his death another friend wrote me: "Can it be that our dear friend is gone, and that we shall see his face no more in the flesh? I am grieved to the heart. O how grand he was! so true and so faithful; there was so much of the man; a soul so genial, so beautiful and reliable. Who ever wore dignity or honor so meekly and so unconsciously as he? I approached and revealed myself to him without reserve and without fear, knowing that under the office there was a brother's heart and a fellow feeling. He never failed to respond."

He was a plain man, simple in tastes and habits; he disliked show or display of any kind, and especially so in the services of the house of God. The preaching he loved most was that which aimed at once for the conversion of sinners and the confirmation of believers in Christ and his truth. He often said: "We have a great Christ and a great Gospel to offer the people, and if ministers will do their work as they ought there will be neither time nor disposition for display in the pulpit." Such a view of Christ and such a broad conception of the Gospel he knew well how to preach, so that the fullness and richness, the sweetness and power of the same were carried to the hearts and consciences of the people with decided effect. He loved to preach on the great themes of the Gospel, and he never faltered for a moment in his

faith that the world will finally submit to Christ. He was an attentive and helpful listener to the preaching of the word by others. He was the true friend of the pastor and in fullest sympathy with him in all his work.

I have twice been the pastor of his family, and, whenever it was possible for him to do so, he was in his pew with his family; and I have never had, in any church, a more attentive and sympathetic hearer than he.

During my first pastorate in St. Paul's Church God blessed the people with a revival of religion which continued three months. Bishop Wiley seldom missed a service during the entire three months if he was in the city. One night an unusually large number of penitents were forward seeking the Saviour; the Bishop was as earnestly engaged as any of us in telling the seeking ones how to believe on Christ, that they might receive the pardon of sins.

Among the number that came forward that night was the Bishop's daughter, Nellie; he was not aware that his daughter was among the kneeling ones. A few moments after she had knelt she said to me: "Tell father I want to see him." When he came where she was she said: "Father, I want you to talk to me and tell me how to find the Saviour." It was a blessed sight to see father and daughter kneeling and praying. Surely the Saviour was near them, for in less than fifteen minutes Nellie said: "Father, Christ has saved me;" and her face revealed the glory with which her soul was filled. The Bishop arose, father and daughter stood beside each other, and we could not tell which was the happier, parent or child; for the face of each shone with a light not of earth. A divine Presence seemed to move the great audience, and the multitudes wept like children. We felt that God was there.

Bishop Wiley was a man of unwavering faith in God; in the darkest hour and greatest trial he calmly trusted and waited, confident in God. As an illustration of this I may mention a great affliction which came upon him while I was yet his pastor. His only son, a senior in the Ohio Wesleyan University, a young man of much promise, died very suddenly. The Bishop was in the West, meeting his Conferences; he hastened home in response to our telegrams. We hardly knew what to say to him when he came, for the shock was so great and the sorrow was so crushing. As he stepped from the car we extended our hands; he was very pale, but quite calm. For a moment no one spoke, then he said to me: "Tell me all; tell me just how it happened." And when all was explained to him he said: "I firmly believe in God; I believe all that I preach—that God can and will sustain a man in an hour like this; his grace alone is sufficient for me." A few moments later he added: "The storm has struck me so often that I have gotten down to bed-rock. I am resting wholly on the promises of God. This is a very mysterious providence to me, but I have faith in my heavenly Father that he will explain it all to me some time in the great future." The faith of Job was not greater than the faith of this modest, humble, trustful man of God.

At the close of the General Conference of 1884 Bishop Wiley had assigned to him our work in Japan and China. He began at once his preparations for visiting those mission fields. The morning which he had selected for his departure came, and the scene as witnessed that hour makes a picture that will not fade from the memory of those who saw it. We are standing in the Central Depot, Cincinnati. Grouped about the Bishop are ministers, some church officials, and one of his colleagues, and his faithful wife and youngest daughter. The daughter clings to him; her face is wet with her tears. She looks into his face with that longing, yearning, loving look of a child's love. She wishes that she and mother were going with him. "We will miss you so much, papa," the dear child says. The entire group retire and leave wife and daughter alone with the dearest friend they have on earth. The good-byes are said, the great train moves slowly out and away. With eager eyes we turn and watch the train as it bears away our loved and trusted friend. We say, in whispers, "Good-bye," but we did not think it was the last good-bye on earth; but so it was.

Soon he is on the broad Pacific; he is now in Japan; he completes his work there. In feeble health he starts for China; he reaches it; finishes most of his work there. He loved China. He has a very strong desire to reach Foochow, God favors him; he reaches the city. What memories of the past sweep in upon him! He enters a house that stands on the same spot of ground where stood the house in which he lived thirty-four years before. How gladly, joyfully he is received! He exclaims: "Home! my old home!" He lingers a few days; he knows his work is about done; the end is approaching; he fears not the result. He speaks of his past life and his toils; gives words of cheer to all who enter his room; sends words of love to the Conference then in session. November the twenty-second arrives; the day wears into the afternoon, and at four o'clock, like a very weary pilgrim, so weary with the journey, he goes into a sweet sleep. That weary body wakes not again. The earthly scene is closed, and the soul of Bishop Wiley is with the Saviour, his Lord and Redeemer. He is with the great company that preceded him to the heavenly world. His body sleeps in that land where, in 1851, he began his work as a missionary for Christ.

Not a great while ago I stood on the shore of the Pacific Ocean and looked out through the "Golden Gate." I could not keep the tears back as I thought that only a little while before that one of the truest friends I ever had sailed out that way over the wide ocean, and he returns not; nor will he, for other gates have opened to him, and he will come back no more forever. The little pale-faced daughter, who clung so eagerly to her father that July morning, joined him a few months ago in the heavenly world. And the wife and mother is left utterly lonely and bereaved, but confident that the God of all grace and love will keep her safely to the hour of a glorious crowning in heaven with her loved ones.

Mrs. Isaac W. Wiley - nee A. Elizabeth Seegar

Links of Bishops, p. 771

Second wife of Bishop S. W. Wiley
Married May 21, 1867

Bishop died in London Nov. 22, 1884 and was buried in Paris.

Mrs. C. A. Meeker

1867-1884

From address of Dr. Kelley at Pennington Seminary, Fe. 4, 1911.
Wm. Valentine

June 15, 1911

PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

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Bio.

whitest and sweetest of men that this village can possibly recall.

"One more thing I have to thank Pennington for, and that is the friendship, the inspiration, the immeasurable blessing which was conferred upon me and my life by the great man whose memory we honor here to-night, Isaac W. Wiley. He gave me his friendship from the time I was a student under him. Through the subsequent years, when we have met, he has given me both his hands, and said: 'Well, my boy, how is it with you?' In the later years of his life he grew more tender, and would say: 'Well, my son, how is it with you now?'"

"I got my conception of great preaching from Isaac W. Wiley. When the principal preached in Pennington it was a great day. The war-times stirred him to tremendous sermons. It kindled his religion, and his patriotism as well, and he was the mightiest preacher in that day in the state of New Jersey. When as a boy I sat in the gallery of the Methodist church and heard that man preach, I felt as if an apostle had come out of the New Testament—a man who was surcharged with spiritual power, and able to make spiritual realities majestic. Not less great was the penetrating influence of the chapel service, and his talks and lectures to his students. I can not remember any man who had the power of bringing those who heard him pray so vividly into the very presence of God by his prayer. He used to pray the chapel into tears sometimes, and sometimes into sorrow. And this man was not a boisterous man. He was a quiet man by nature, and by the chastening of severe discipline, he had become a man of remarkable quietness. * * * His life was a religious life. His parents in Lewiston, Pa., were Protestant Episcopalians. When he was very young there broke out a Methodist revival, and three parents were brought into the Methodist Church. Isaac William, a little boy then under six years of age, had an invalid father. He used to preach to his father, this little boy five years old, in his sick-room, and his father called him the 'little preacher.' When he was ten years old his Sunday-school teacher led him to the altar to give his heart to God. He said, whether he was converted or not he could not say, because he could not remember any time in his life when he did not love God and his people and his works.

"In a religious home he was born; he was saturated and steeped in religion from his very birth. When he was fourteen years old he had settled for himself that he would give his life to the ministry. At sixteen he was a teacher in the Sunday-school; at seventeen he was an exhorter; at eighteen he was a local preacher. At that time a revival broke out in the town in which he was, and he threw himself into it with such abandon that he broke his voice, and apparently ruined his throat; and it seemed as if his ministerial career was impossible. So, being told that he would not recover his voice, he went to studying medicine in New York University, and he prepared for the practice of medicine. He went back to Pennsylvania, his native state, and began to practice. He was restless and unhappy, he felt himself out of his place, his heart was disquieted within him, it was not what he wanted. He had married when he went into the practice of medicine.

"After a while his voice came back to him. He applied for admission to the Pittsburgh Conference. In those days it was almost impossible for a married man to get into the Conference. The circuits were large; the minister could hardly have a home, he was on the go all the time on a large circuit, and a wife was an encumbrance and home impossible, and the Pittsburgh Conference declined his application. He went on with his local practice, but his heart was not in his work. Finally he made another application, and was again repulsed. Then he knew not what to do. It happened that Doctor Durbin was at that session, and learned about the facts of the case. Here was a

missionary and a physician who could not get into the ministry but wanted to devote his life to preaching the gospel. And seeing that name lying in the presiding elder's hands, and the presiding elder not knowing what to do with it, Doctor Durbin asked for it. He said: 'Give me that man for China.' He entered into correspondence with Doctor Wiley, and Wiley responded that it was the dream of his life, and that he would gladly come.

"His life was not only a religious life. The way in which his life was identified with Missions is wonderful. In March, 1851, he, with his wife and one little girl named Ada, now Mrs. Robert M. Jones, of Denver, sailed for China. They were four months on the way. In China he labored with courage, but under terrible conditions. Our Mission in China was our first mission among a really foreign heathen people. But affliction, sickness and the death of his wife, all made life impossible to him there within three years, and having done excellent service and endured great trials in those early days, he, turning away from his wife's grave in China, came back to this country with two baby girls in his arms, and when after the long voyage they sighted the shores of America, this man and wasted, this broken and almost utterly crushed missionary, stood on the side of the ship with one of the little girls in one arm, and the other in the other, and said: 'That is home, little girls.'

"He entered the Newark Conference, and gave himself to the pastorate service, until he was called to the head of this institution after serving at Jersey City. While he was here he was more of a missionary than anything else—he was forever talking to the students about Foreign Missions. He preached missionary sermons. He was forever and ever chiefly a missionary through the whole of his public career. On his shelves there were rows of the books he wrote about the fallen missions of Foochow, China; and my attention to China Missions was first directed by these volumes.

"He was a missionary. When he left this institution and went back to the pastorate, he was still talking Missions, and his heart was in the mission field. When, later, he became the editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, he put in a great deal of missionary information, which went into the minds of our Methodists. When he became Bishop, one of his strongest hopes was that he might be sent to China, and see the progress there. He was elected Bishop, in Brooklyn, in 1872. He waited five years before the Board of Bishops assigned him to visit the work in China. Then, with a glad heart, he went back to the dearest land on earth to him, the land where the wife of his youth lay buried, and where he willingly laid down his life.

"In the city of Foochow, where there had not been a single convert made, he organized the Foochow Mission into an Annual Conference; he laid his hands upon a considerable number of Chinese preachers; he laid his hands on the fourth generation of Chinese Christians, and all that had come to pass during his absence in this country. When he came back from that visit he brought with him various little tributes, articles and gifts from our Chinese Christians from those who remembered him, who remembered his being there, or whose parents remembered. One of the tributes, the gift of his Chinese preachers, was the one which after his death came into my personal possession because I was one of his boys. That one I will dispose of before this service is concluded. [Later the Doctor deposited the one with the Seminary as a sacred memento.]

"I say he was a missionary before everything else. Nothing in the field, the sense could be more complete and romantic than that he should die in China. Starting his public career at Foochow, he made the count of the years through pastoral and educational work at Pennington, through years of service, and after organizing the first Meth-

odist Conference in Japan, passed on to China, and conducting the session of the Peking Mission from a sick chamber, and getting down to Foochow at last, his career rounded to the spot where it had begun. And at last he was put in a sedan, and carried to a house which he recognized as standing on the very spot where his own house had been. With a smile, he looked upon the house, and said: 'Home! My old home.' When he was at Peking, well nigh unto death, they urged him not to go on, but he said: 'No, the end is near at hand, my work is about done. If I can get down to Foochow, where I began my work, I can lie down contentedly, and go to my rest.' And there he lay down cheerily to sleep, where he had begun his great and glorious career. * * *

Irate Passenger (to Scotch porter)—"Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you?"
Scotch Porter—"Eh, mon; yer luggage is no sic a fool as yerself! Ye're in the wrong train."

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With love for all my own;
And heart's-ease springing at my feet
For every kindness shown.

And shining, sunny marigold,
If I am brave and bright;
And lilies, for the thoughts that hold
My heart all pure and white.

Sweet violets, hiding in their leaves,
For truth and modesty;
And balsams, if a soul that grieves
Finds comforting in me.

And poppies, if my toil brings rest
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Perennials

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The Chinese Bellflower is a beautiful flower. Sow the seeds in the spring, and they grow rapidly; or roots may be secured, which do not come high. These are like a white radish, growing larger each year. They will bloom the first year from seed. The flowers keep open a long time. They continue in bloom over a month. In color, they are blue and white.

Delphiniums are coming into favor. Sown early, they will bloom the first year. The seed soon loses its vitality, and one gets a very poor stand for the amount of seed; and then, the plants incline to damp off; so as a general thing one gets but a poor yield for the outlay. I have the best success in sowing the seed along in July, as soon as ripe. They must be sown under a screen, and care must be taken to water them while germinating. I get four times as good a stand from summer sowing.

The Campanula, or Canterbury Bells, are very satisfactory. The Siberian blue is very hardy, and reproduces itself as rapidly as a common weed. Seed should be sown in the spring. It blooms the year following.

Sweet Williams have been greatly improved of late years, and they give the best of satisfaction. Sow early in the spring, and transplant in September or the following spring; or if not too thick, leave in the seed bed.

The Sibasta Daisy, until recent years, has been disappointing. Lately, however, there has been such an improvement that they are very fine. To keep them true, they should be increased by division, but as this is not always practicable, one can get seed of the best and sow in the spring and you will get soon blooms in the fall. They are not very hardy and in winter they must be covered with a thick coating of leaves weighted to keep them in place.

Pyrethrum, or Painted Daisies, are very good. They are hardy, and can be raised readily from seeds planted early in the spring.

Boltania are about the best of our late flowers. They are as hardy as horse-radish, multiply rapidly, and are in a glory of bloom when most other flowers have passed away. They do not seem to be widely disseminated yet. The white are in great demand for

funerals and weddings. The others are lavender pink—somewhat larger than the white. The last of August they are in their glory. The plants are three to four feet tall, and are covered with an immense mass of bloom, which lasts for a long time. They are so large and strong they should be planted in the background. They multiply with great rapidity. They will grow from seed, but they have root divisions like iris.

The Coreopsis must not be forgotten. There are two sorts of these, but the most prolific bloomer for the size of the plant is the Gallardia, which is loaded with flowers from spring till fall. Kelway of England claims to have one hundred varieties of them, but I doubt if they much surpass the ordinary ones.

Veronica is quite a showy flower. The kind called the Blue Jay is very attractive. It seems to stand heat and cold well. I bought plants, but I think there is no trouble in raising them from seeds.

For rank-growing plants, the Polygonum are not to be neglected. These are called Mountain Fleecy, and are quite showy in the fall. They propagate by division.



Get Knowledge

Rural World

The farmer may not crave political or social power, but if he is a man of ordinary ambitions, he craves the power to succeed in his business. It takes knowledge to succeed at farming. It used to be said when a boy wasn't good for anything else that he'd make a farmer. "It takes brains to be a merchant, doctor or preacher, but farmer—why anybody can farm." But times have changed and farming successfully on high-priced land is no snap. The brains necessary to well manage a farm would make for success anywhere after sufficient experience were gained to "know the ropes."

But it is astonishing that so many farmers are content to go along in such a reckless and unprofitable way. They never have a definite knowledge of their business operations. They know not whether it is the cows or pigs that are carrying the mortgage, whether it is the sheep or the chickens or the cornfield that is failing to pay expenses. They feed timothy hay because they have it; they have it because it is easier to cure than clover, and do not know that there is a better hay than timothy and a better crop for the soil.

The shackles of ignorance are holding many men down. Knowledge is the power which can set them free. It is not enough for the farmer to know how to hold a plow straight; he must know why he plows straight. He must know why he plows, when best to plow, how best to do so for a particular crop or season. It is not enough that he knows how to milk a cow. He must know how to feed her so she will do her best, he must know how to breed her so she will produce a better race than her own. He must know whether she is worth keeping at all or not. It isn't enough to know how many pecks of grain to sow, but how to combat the fungus and insect pests which lessen the yield. He must know what one of a great many varieties of these grains is best adapted to his farm.

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"God lives, I say,
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"O soul, how hast thou known?"
"Tis hymned by every bursting bush,
Tis whispered by the leaves,
Tis painted in the roseate flush
The sunset sky receives."
"God loves, I say,
God loves for aye."
"O soul, how durst thou hope?"
"Tis thrilled thru every mother's kiss,
Thru hearts that dream and dare."
Thru hands that work love's ministries,
Thru hearts that dream and dare."
"God rules, I say,
God rules alway."
"O soul, how canst thou tell?"
"Tis written clear in human lives,
On history's printed page,
The false succumbs, the true survives,
And spreads from age to age."

—Howard Arnold Walter, in the Japan Evangelist.

Bishop Wiley and Preaching

Rev. A. N. Spahr, D. D.

A copy of the recently issued second edition of a valuable book—"Isaac W. Wiley: A Monograph"—edited by the distinguished and beloved Richard S. Rust, D. D., LL. D., was recently put in my hands by a gracious friend. Its contents fascinated me at once. The life-like picture of the bishop recalled to my mind so vividly the years 1870-72, when I saw him so often in the Book Concern in Cincinnati, in the closing years of his work as the able editor of the Ladies' Repository. I was then pastor of Wesley Chapel, and a unique honor came to me when I was selected president of the Preachers' Meeting, and as such, sandwiched between Dr. I. W. Wiley and Dr. S. M. Merrill, then popular editors, destined to become eminent as bishops in the Church of God. The lips of the picture seemed ready to speak to me as sweetly as did the bishop in the past, but they were silent. But, turning from the familiar face and form, many eloquent pens thrilled my soul with a most inspiring vision of the "minister, missionary, educator, editor, author, bishop, philanthropist, orator, and the man"—all these incarnated in the glorious personality of Isaac W. Wiley.

The membership and ministry of our great Church ought most sacredly to cherish the memory of this laborious, worn, and homesick bishop, who, as he came near the end of toil and suffering said, "My wish is to go home and do ten years' service, but the Lord's will be done." A little later he added, "I am dying; I can not live; I want to go home to heaven."

The body lies in the Missionary Cemetery at Fuh-Chau, China, but he who inhabited that body is "at home in heaven." His works do follow him, and in this monograph he ought to have a home in every Methodist library. He was an eloquent preacher, to whom, with many thousands of eager hearers, I always listened with delight when opportunity afforded. His view of preaching, as revealed in a letter to a friend, profoundly impressed me. He wrote: "I agree with you on preaching. I love the Bible more and more, and am constantly more convinced that true preaching is preaching the Bible. I believe we have got far away from the best kind of preaching in these latter days—when preaching is emphatically lecture and essay making. True preaching is expository, unfolding the Word of God, and sending it home to the people's heads and hearts. I wish we preachers so preached, and that the people so loved the Word of God as to love such preaching. I have got sick of eloquence and logic and rhetoric and reason and theology, and the whole school of them, and want the pure word of life as it flowed from Divine and inspired lips. And I think my true business is to sit before these inspired teachers, and, from their words, try to find out what was swelling and beating in their hearts and teach it to the people."

Alas! is it not painfully true to-day that the marked

trend in preaching is toward the lecture and the essay, and, if "true preaching is preaching the Bible," are we not in some danger of getting very far from it? A layman recently said, in commenting on the sermon of a new pastor, "It was the funniest sermon I ever heard." Asked why, he answered, "He quoted so much Scripture." An intelligent layman has just written me of hearing "a real good sermon-essay" on a recent Sabbath. From the viewpoint of our Discipline and the solemn ordination vows taken by all of our ordained ministers, is not Bishop Wiley's view of preaching justified? The candidate for ordination as deacon is asked by the bishop:

"Do you unfeignedly believe all the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments?" He answers: "I do believe them."

"Will you diligently read or expound the same unto the people whom you shall be appointed to serve?" He answers: "I will."

All ordained as elders and bishops solemnly declare their "determination out of the Holy Scriptures to instruct the people committed to their charge."

Bishop Wiley evidently believed "unfeignedly" in the Holy Scriptures, and, ordained as deacon, elder, and bishop, took authority to preach the Word of God.

And is not this view of preaching in harmony with apostolic teaching and example, as especially illustrated in the ministry and teaching of that unequalled preacher, teacher, and apostle—Paul? With what tremendous authority he writes to Timothy: "As an apostle of Christ Jesus through the will of God: I charge thee in the sight of God, and of Christ Jesus who shall judge the living and the dead, and by His appearing and kingdom, preach the Word." The context gives a graphic picture of the time: "When they will not endure the sound doctrine, but, having itching ears, will heap up to themselves teachers after their own lusts, and will turn away their ears from the truth, and turn aside unto fables."

Very evidently Paul, who, by great scholarship and long training, and being led also into all truth by the Holy Spirit, was more competent than any or all destructive critics to pass judgment on the Old Testament Scriptures, did not believe they were laden with fabulous stories. On the contrary, those who turned from the Word, "turned to fables."

In view of the fact that Jesus Christ, "in whom dwell all the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God," fully indorsed, without any hesitation or faltering, the "Scriptures," appealing to them—living and dying—glorifying them, from the standpoint of "His judgment, His appearing, and His kingdom," will any other kind of preaching than the preaching of the Bible be worth while, or be finally approved when He "sits in judgment upon all who preach and all who hear?"

A great sermon preached in St. Paul Church, Eaton, Ohio, in 1872, by Bishop Wiley, when he presided over the Cincinnati Conference, lingers in my memory. The text and context suggest his line and sweep of thought: "We also have a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well to take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts." Accepting without any reservation the Divine authority of the holy Scriptures, he exalted them as such by word and deed.

May it not be our "true business," like the sainted bishop, to sit where "the pure word of life from Divine and inspired lips" may flow into every preacher's soul, and from thence into "the heads and hearts" of all who hear?

I heard a company of Ingersoll's followers discussing the utterances voiced in a large gathering of ministers in New York City a few years ago. One of their number with great vehemence declared: "Nobody believes the Bible any more. The preachers themselves do not believe it."

Recent discussions, pro and con, in "Wiley Chapel," Cincinnati, as reported in the daily press, with the comments of infidels upon the same, also add emphasis to the thought that "preaching the Bible is the true preaching" and "the preaching demanded by the times."

The exaltation of Jesus, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," as "God hath exalted Him to be a prince and Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins," demands the exaltation of the Bible in every pulpit, for it "testifies of Him." A preacher with a discredited and dishonored Bible can not "save himself or them that hear him."

much better we would be able to give out, not merely announce:

"Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,"

at the beginning of a service; and,

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on,"

at the close of a sermon on strenuous Christian life.

After sitting there, how much better we would be able to comfort the careworn by assuring them that—

"His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;"

and urge them to resolve:

"I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away."

Twenty-two of Doddridge's hymns are in our new Methodist Hymnal. They may easily be found by the index of authors, and will be profitable reading. The old-fashioned Christian used to keep his hymn-book close to his Bible. To read a chapter and a hymn was his good old rule. Such spiritual food is good for all Christians. Oftentimes the hymn will prove to be a good comment on the verses or chapter thus read. We were surprised to learn that Doddridge's hymns were not published until 1755, nearly five years after his death. Then his friend, Job Orton, brought them out. His custom was to write a hymn to suit the subject of his sermon, both written upon this table and from this chair in which we are sitting. He then "lined out" his new hymn to the congregation, who heartily sang it. Often his manuscripts were copied by admirers and loaned to the people.

Whilst thus musing, the genial Cambridge professor, after the usual pleasantry about "you Americans in historic places," called us out of our reverie, and told us it was time to move on to Olney. Before leaving Northampton we saw the exterior of Doddridge's famous academy, now a business block. From this academy went forth some of the leading business and professional men, as well as many of the leading Non-conformist ministers of the eighteenth century.

The academy stood for untrammelled thinking. Its head was accused of heresy. He was large-hearted toward the Methodists, against whom the Dissenters generally were so prejudiced. He admitted Whitefield to his pulpit, and fraternized with Wesley. He wrote, recommending a Methodist book, much to the pain and even disgust of the trustees of the academy. They charged him with "great offense," because of these things, and warned him that the prosperity of the school was endangered by such proceedings. Even good Drs. Isaac Watts and Jennings were among the objectors. But Dr. Doddridge heeded them not. John Wesley records twenty-one visits to Northampton. The first is dated Monday, March 5, 1745: "I left London, and the next morning called on Dr. Doddridge at Northampton. It was about the hour when he was accustomed to expound a portion of Scripture to the young gentlemen under his care. He desired me to take his place. It may be said was not altogether sown in vain." Wesley acknowledges that he got "useful observations" for his notes on the New Testament from Doddridge's "Family Expositor."

But we must move on from the busy commercial town of Northampton to the quiet village of Olney, pronounced "Oney," immortalized by John Newton and William Cowper, pronounced by the family, "Cooper." With the story of Newton, who was a great "miracle of grace," you are familiar. A Londoner born in 1725, the son of a sailor; himself a seaman and so wicked as to have been flogged and expelled from the British Navy for desertion. Later, a vilely swearing slave-trader's employee, and going down from bad to worse. But the Lord who arrested and unhorsed Saul of Tarsus arrested and conquered Newton in a terrific storm at sea in 1748. Henceforth he was the quiet, humble Christian. After about six years of preparation he was ordained a clergyman of the Anglican Church. To the Church of Sts Peter and Paul in Olney he came as curate, and served faithfully in this ancient parish. He here became the friend of Cowper. In the church-yard is his grave, in which he was buried, after his body was disinterred from the crypt of St. Mary, Woolnoth, London, to which he removed from Olney. Nineteen

hundred and seven is the centenary year of his death, which occurred December 21, 1807. Preliminary centennial services were recently held in Olney. The lord bishop of Durham preached in the parish church. Prebendary H. E. Fox spoke in the Cowper Memorial Congregational Church on "Some After-fruit of John Newton's Teaching." In the Market-place the children sang two of Newton's best-known hymns:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"

and,

"Glorious things of Thee are spoken."

Thirteen of Newton's hymns are in our Methodist Hymnal. As we read them we learn how God's saving grace can change a great blasphemer into a good hymn-writer, and an African slave-trader into a faithful minister of His gospel. We are not surprised to read of him that one day, on seeing a drunken man being carried to the police station, he said, pointing to the victim of strong drink, "But for the grace of God there goes John Newton." He was one of the evangelicals in the Church of England, who were later branded "Methodists," though never connected with the Methodist body.

When Newton went up to London from Olney, in 1780, to take charge of the Church of St. Mary, Woolnoth, he found only one other evangelical in all the London Churches. He was William Romaine. These two helped to found the nucleus of the London section of the Evangelical party in the Church of England, of which party Gladstone wrote, that at the close of the reign of George III there was only one in twenty, but at the death of George IV there was one in eight. These men all had a hard time of it within the pale of the old Church. Their limited spheres may show us how small would have been John Wesley's parish had he wrought only within Anglican Church lines.

An excellent lecture by the lord bishop of Durham, who is president of the "Cowper Society," and an enthusiastic student of Cowper, prepared us to visit the scenes at Olney made memorable by that poet and hymnist. The Cowper house, on the one main street of the hamlet, is now used as a Cowper Museum. Early editions of his poems and all kinds of curios are here brought together. Here is done, in the season, a thriving trade in post-cards and other souvenirs. Cowper's garden, with his old summer house pretty much as he left it, still remains. In this little hut he wrote many of his hymns and poems. The short-cut walk from the garden to the church, to avoid meeting and speaking to any one is also seen. The Cowper House, at Western Underwood, two miles from Olney, we did not visit. The bishop advised us to take "The Task" with us to Olney as a poetic Baedeker. He declared Cowper's letters to be the most delightful in the English tongue. Cowper lived in Olney from 1767 to 1786, the most eventful poetic years of his life. Mrs. Unwin was his hostess; the Rev. John Newton was his pastor, intimate friend, and co-laborer in producing "The Olney Hymns." Strange to say, this good man from his early days had "the persuasion of coming down" thrust upon him. His days of great melancholia began with a dream in 1773, nine years after he came to Olney. He never told the details of that dream. His creed was just the opposite of his impression of coming down, for he believed himself a subject of saving grace, and that such a one could not finally perish. Yet he walked in great darkness during the last seventeen years of his life. The clouds dispersed during the last half hour of his life. At his bedside at Dereham, in Norfolk, was his nephew, John Johnson. Seeing such a good man suffer so much, he became skeptical. On a sudden Cowper's face changed; it became irradiated with a light not seen on sea or land. It showed a joy unspeakable and full of glory. The young man says he then took up his uncle's Bible and laid it upon his own heart, and said, "His God shall be my God, and his faith shall be mine." The details of this conversion are held sacred in the family until this day. Cowper was a Methodist of the English Church. His pen carried the essentials of Methodism into high families, unreachd by Wesley. His poetry of nature made him the Burns of England and prepared the way for Wordsworth to unveil the face of nature that men might know and love her more. The thirteen of Cowper's hymns in our Hymnal have a new interest to us since our visit to the quiet little village of Olney.

Framingham, Mass.

WILEY, ISAAC WILLIAM, 1825-1872-1884

b. Lewiston, Pennsylvania, March 29. Protestant Episcopal parents. He became a successful medical practitioner, but was unsatisfied. When he offered himself to Pittsburgh Conference he was told that there was no room for married men. He continued as a physician and active local preacher until he was asked to go as medical missionary to China. He accepted gladly and joined East Genesee Conference in 1850. When his health failed he returned to pastorates in Newark Conference. Educator. Editor. He made an episcopal tour to Japan and China, but was unable to preside in his last Conference. He died in Foochow, November 22, and was buried in the Mission cemetery there.

From Leete. Methodist bishops

Bishop Wiley Was a Founder of The Apprentice Literary Society

By J. MARTIN STROUP
(Continued from Saturday)

One of the associations in Lewistown which had a decided influence on Ike Wiley is described by a Rev. Dr. Wentworth of Erie many years later, who wrote that Wiley was one of the organizers of the Apprentice Literary Society in 1842. "Mr. Wiley . . . was a most exemplary young man. The society which he helped organize, and of which he was the first secretary and subsequent president, received favorable attention from the people of Lewistown, and has proved a stepping stone to usefulness to many an apprentice. It still lives, and is now (1885) incorporated and owns property." The property referred to was Apprentice Hall, now the building at 13 E. Third St. owned and occupied by the Mifflin County United Fund.

Dr. Wentworth then quotes H. J. Walters of Lewistown, one of the founders and first president of the society, as saying: "The bench, the bar, the pulpit, the press, the medical profession, trade, commerce, army and navy, state and national legislature—all have or had representatives from it."

Henry Walters had just come to Lewistown from Erie, first being an apprentice to a cabinet maker, then becoming an apprentice in the Lewistown Gazette office to learn the printing trade. Ike Wiley was then apprenticed to Abraham Blymyer in the tinning trade. First the society met in the court house, then in the center of the public square. Later the society bought a lot and in 1853 erected the building now at 13 E. 3rd St.

"At the age of 14 he had settled in his own mind that he would be a Methodist preacher," wrote Dr. Butt in the "Monograph." "Accordingly he entered an academy (Lewistown Academy, located where Lewistown United Presbyterian Church house now stands.) "This was a new thing," says Wiley, "in our region for a Methodist boy to prepare for college with a view of becoming a Methodist preacher." He bravely prepared to enter the sophomore class at Dickinson College. But there was a singular interruption in his studies . . . perhaps one which has the marks of providence. An extensive revival (the Great Revival of 1842-43) took place when he was in his 13th year. He gave himself wholly to it. He gave up his studies and was engaged directly for months working for the salvation of souls. He devoted himself to it with all the enthusiasm of his youthful nature. About 300 were converted to God in connection with the (Lewistown) charge.

"This excessive labor resulted in great damage to his health, especially his voice," wrote Dr. Butt. "In the judgment of all his voice was permanently gone. This, however, did not prevent him from noble aspirations and earnest efforts. He continued the studies at the academy for six months, then taught school for the winter."

In the local church Isaac was appointed an assistant class leader at 16, an exhorter at 17 and licensed a local preacher at 18.

Again quoting Dr. Butt in the "Monograph," "The belief that his throat difficulty would prevent his becoming a preacher led to the change in his profession and his abandonment of plans for a college course. In the spring of 1844 he began the study of medicine at Mifflin, Juniata County. It was here that he met Miss Frances J. Martin, who afterward became his wife. He described her in his autobiographical sketch as a "sweet-voiced, devotedly pious, and earnestly-working Christian girl." She was the daughter of Amos H. Martin, and was married to him at her father's house in October 1845."

He entered the medical department of the University of the City of New York and remained until 1846. That year he began the practice of medicine at Blairsville and while there was married.

His success as a physician was not marked and he remained at Blairsville less than two years. Mrs. Wiley won the esteem of the people and Dr. Wiley occasionally served as a local preacher. The eccentric preacher, the Rev.

Jacob Gruber, who once lived in the house at Third and Dorcas now owned by First Methodist, had tried to persuade him to enter the ministry before his marriage, urging him to "give up both marriage and medicine."

Marriage was at that time an almost inseparable obstacle to the itinerate ministry. While at Blairsville he tried to enter the ministry but the Pittsburgh Conference had no room for married men."

He moved to Pottsville and

there in addition to the practice of medicine he did occasional preaching as a licensed local preacher.

In the fall of 1848 he moved to Port Carbon, near Pottsville, and continued as a local preacher while he practiced medicine. Here he remained until he sailed for China. Dr. Wiley still longed to enter the ministry and applied to the Philadelphia Conference. Again there was no opening for a married man.

The Rev. Dr. John P. Durbin, secretary of the Mission Society, was present at the conference and shortly afterward Dr. Wiley's pastor received a letter from Dr. Durbin asking if he would learn whether Dr. Wiley would consider being a medical missionary to China. Dr. Wiley's reply: "This has been the wish of my life." He spent the summer of 1850 arranging his affairs preparatory to his missionary work.

In preparation for his work as a medical missionary he returned to the University of the City of New York for a course of lectures and graduation as a full-fledged M. D. in Feb. 1851. The mission board voted him \$240 to purchase a medical outfit for a dispensary at Foochow. The ocean voyage of 16,000 miles down around South America to China took from March 13 to June 17 of 1851. The Wileys had one daughter, Ada Wiley, with them on the voyage.

There had been missionary work in Foochow only from 1846. Mrs. Wiley suffered a prolonged illness after the birth of their second daughter, Anna, Nov. 30, 1851. The following fall of 1852 Dr. Wiley was prostrated for six weeks with severe dysentery. Their two years and seven months

in missionary work were trying times, made so by illness and the threat of rebels. In October 1853 Mrs. Wiley gave premature birth to an infant that died and two weeks later, Nov. 3, the invalid husband was left with two motherless daughters.

During part of his time in

China, Dr. Wiley was in charge of a boys' school at Foochow. Mrs. Wiley's death rendered his further stay in Foochow with two daughters impossible and on Jan. 16, 1854 they embarked for the United States.

(Continued Tomorrow)

this soup especially interesting. Be sure to remove the garlic before serving.

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Ferguson Valley News

MRS. RICHARD R. PECHT
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Carl Vogt and Louis O. Vogt at-
tended a renderers' convention
last Wednesday and Thursday in
Baltimore, Md. and also made
a business visit in Wilmington,
Del.

David Suloff was in Pittsburgh
last Thursday and Friday, where
he attended a convention as a
delegate from the Central Penn-
sylvania Industrial Management
Club.

The Home Builders Class of the
Spring Run Church of the Breth-
ren held a meeting Friday eve-
ning at the church, with Mr and
Mrs. Kenneth Swartz in charge
of the program. Attending were
Mr. and Mrs. Swartz and children
Alan, Cindy and Kevin. Mr. and
Mrs. Leon Rhodes and children
Duane and Julie. Mrs. Joseph
Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Marlin
Dunmire and daughter Lori, Roy
Wilson, and the Rev. and Mrs.
Fred Driver and children An-
nette, David, Donovan and Lanae.

Mr. and Mrs. William H Brad-
ford entertained at a party Thurs-
day evening, honoring their
daughter, Debra Jean on her sec-
ond birthday. Debra received
many lovely gifts, and refresh-
ments were served to Mr. and
Mrs. Richard Baker and family
of Huntingdon, Star Route: Mrs.
Joseph Baker and sons of Hunt-
ingdon and Mr and Mrs. John P.
Bradford and son Nelson, Mr. and
Mrs. Roland S. Bradford, Sara
Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Edward
Seaholtz and daughter Rosemary
and the guest of honor and her
parents.

Included in those celebrating
their birthdays this week are
John F. Bradford Jr, Thelma
Clark, Donna Aurand, R. E. Nash
and Sandra Grose.

Class 2 of Ellen Chapel held an
outing Saturday night and Sunday
at the Alvin Aurand cottage,
Camp Alvin, in Licking Creek Ar-
riving Saturday night for the com-

Sharon Kochenderfer has con-
pleted her freshman year
studies at Lock Haven State Co-
lege, and has arrived home where
she will spend the summer with
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ke-
neth Kochenderfer and children
Linda and Dwight.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Vogt, M
and Mrs. L. O. Vogt, Mr. and
Mrs. Carl Vogt, Dale Vogt and
Mrs. Dean Zeigler were in Cent
Hall last Tuesday, where they at-
tended the funeral of Harry Lyn
Lockhart. The boy was the son
of Mr and Mrs. Frank Lockhart
Mrs. Lockhart is a niece of Mrs.
L. G. Vogt.

The Shining Star Class of the
Spring Run Church met Thursday
evening in the church. Devotions
were in charge of Mrs. Raymond
Harshbarger, who used the theme,
"The Mother Look." During the
business meeting, presided over
by Mrs. Garold Swartz, the group
decided to suspend their meet-
ings during June, July and August
with the meetings to resume in
September.

Hostesses Mrs. Richard Price,
Jeanne Kenepp and Floris Kenepp
served refreshments to Pearl Wil-
son, Mrs. Ira Hanawalt, Mrs.
Garold Swartz, Mrs. Jesse Swartz,
Mrs. Roy Wilson, Mrs. Wesley
Swigart, Mrs. Charles Hanawalt,
Mrs. Clair Swigart, Mrs. Fern
Rupert, Mrs. Charles Heckman,
Mrs. Merrill Wray, Mrs. Ira Dun-
mire, Mrs. Raymond Harshbarger
and Mrs. Harold Rhodes.

The Gleaners Class of Ellen
Chapel held a home products
party Tuesday evening in the
community building.

Louis O. Vogt spent two days
this week in Cambridge, Md., on
a business trip.

PRINTED PATTERN



Review Family of Bishop Isaac Wiley; Acknowledge Informants

By J. MARTIN STROUP
(Last of a Series)

It has been impossible to get complete data on Bishop Isaac Wiley's family. We know and have recorded the names of his first two wives. That there was a third wife we are certain, but of the time of the death of the second wife and his third marriage we have no information.

The first wife was Frances Martin of Mifflin and they had two daughters Adah, or Ada, was born before the trip to China. In 1911 she was Mrs. Robert M. Jones, living in Denver. A second daughter, Anna, was born in China, their "little Chinese girl" to the parents.

Three children were born to the second wife, Adeline Travis, while they lived at Pennington, between 1858 and 1863. The first was Charlie, whom they called in hope, their "missionary boy." He died in Boston in his 18th year. The second was named William Ellsworth after Col. Ellsworth, the Zuave, killed in the Marshall House in Alexandria early in the Civil War. Willie, as they called him, was killed in 1883 through an accidental explosion of some volatile oils in a store cellar, and subsequent fire and suffocation.

The third child of the second marriage was Nellie, born in their last year at Pennington Seminary.

At the time of Bishop Wiley's death in 1884 he was survived by a wife and two daughters living in Cincinnati, "one of them quite a young girl," according to one account. In 1888 the pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Cincinnati, where the Wiley's family were members, wrote of the family saying that a "little pale-faced daughter" who had bid her father farewell with her mother as he left for China on his last trip, "joined him a few months ago in the heavenly world."

Thus there were probably five daughters and two sons of Bishop Wiley. We have information of the deaths of the two sons before the father's death in 1884 and the death of a daughter a few years later. The name of the third wife and where or when he married her we have been unable to learn.

Mother Stoner's passion for souls continued until her death. In 1925 an attorney in Minneapolis, writing reminiscences of his life, recalled his conversion at a camp meeting at Manor Hill in Huntingdon County 60 years before and told of her help in his finding satisfaction at the altar there.

This was James M. Martin, a native of Vira. He recalled going with his mother, Mrs. McGinnis Martin and their pastor and wife, the Rev. and Mrs. M. L. Smith, on the all-day drive in a two-horse carriage that he had sold a colt for \$75 and invested the money in a hat, necktie, pistol, ammunition and a supply of cigars, all of which he took with him to camp meeting, planning to "have a good time."

The camp meeting was beyond McAlevy's Fort on the Manor Hill Circuit and the year was 1855. He spent the spare time between services for the first several days off alone shooting mark and smoking.

Then the Rev. Mr. Smith preached on the text, "My son give me thy heart," and Jim went to the altar. The next day he threw away the pistol and cigars and was back at the altar for the next service when, he writes in

Acknowledgements

Many persons and institutions have assisted most graciously in providing information to enable the writer to unravel the story of Mother Stoner and Bishop Wiley, 80 years after their deaths. They were listed herewith:

Dr. Raymond M. Bell of Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.; historian of Pittshurgh Methodist Conference and son of a member of the Central Pennsylvania Conference.

The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Berkheimer of Williamsport, Pa., historian of Central Pennsylvania Methodist Conference.

Dr. J. Harold Lancaster, director, Slocum Library, The Ohio Methodist Historical Society, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N. Y.; M. Dorothy Woodruff, research librarian.

Lawrence D. Kline, librarian, Rose Memorial Library, Drew University, Madison, N. J.

The Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.; Elizabeth Hughes, librarian.

Wesleyan University Alumni Association, Miss Beatrice Quinn, Middletown, Conn.

The Rev. Dr. Charles R. Smyth, headmaster, The Pennington School, Pennington, N. J.

Mrs. Ralph Barchus, granddaughter of Mother Stoner

a wife and two daughters were
Cincinnati, "one of them quite a
young girl," according to one ac-
count. In 1888 the pastor of St.
Paul's Methodist Church, Cincin-
nati, where the Wiley's family
were members, wrote of the fam-
ily saying that a "little pale-
faced daughter" who had bid her
father farewell with her mother
as he left for China on his last
trip, "joined him a few months
ago in the heavenly world."

Thus there were probably five
daughters and two sons of Bishop
Wiley. We have information of
the deaths of the two sons before
the father's death in 1884 and the
death of a daughter a few years
later. The name of the third wife
and where or when he married
her we have been unable to learn.

Mother Stoner's passion for souls
continued until her death. In 1925
an attorney in Minneapolis, writ-
ing reminiscences of his life, re-
called his conversion at a camp
meeting at Manor Hill in Hunt-
ingdon County 60 years before
and told of her help in his finding
satisfaction at the altar there.

This was James M. Martin, a
native of Vira. He recalled go-
ing with his mother, Mrs. McGin-
nis Martin and their pastor and
wife, the Rev. and Mrs. M. L.
Smith, on the all-day drive in a
two-horse carriage that he had
sold a colt for \$75 and invested
the money in a hat, necktie, pistol,
ammunition and a supply of
cigars, all of which he took with
him to camp meeting, planning to
"have a good time."

The camp meeting was beyond
McAlevy's Fort on the Manor Hill
Circuit and the year was 1865. He
spent the spare time between serv-
ices for the first several days off
alone shooting mark and smoking.

Then the Rev. Mr. Smith
preached on the text, "My son
give me thy heart," and Jim went
to the altar. The next day he
threw away the pistol and cigars
and was back at the altar for the
next service when, he writes in
his reminiscences, "A dear old
saint from our home church knelt
in front of me across the altar—
Mrs. Stoner—and said, 'James,
be quiet and listen to what they
are singing. Can't you join in
that and think what the words
mean.'"

"I gave heed and joined in the
repeating chorus—"Halleluah! It
is done. I believe on the Son. I
am saved by the Crucified One."
"Before the words were com-
pleted on the repeat, light seemed
to break and I sprang shouting
"Halleluah! It is done I believe
on the Son. I am saved! I am
saved!"

Mr. Martin says Mrs. Stoner
was from "the home church."
This would be the Vira Methodist
Church, called the Dry Valley
Church in earlier years. Mrs.
Stoner spent some time living with
her daughter Martha, Mrs. John
T. Stoner, at Vira and the
camp meeting experience was dur-
ing that period.

In 1871 Mr. Martin went to Min-
nesota where he spent the re-
mainer of his life, for many years
an active member and official of
the Hennepin Avenue Methodist
Church of Minneapolis.

Pennington School Takes Fresh Look Under Bishop Isaac Wiley

By J. MARTIN STROUP

Bishop Wiley's second marriage was at the beginning of his pastorate at Halsey Street Methodist Church, Newark, N. J., in 1855.

The bride was Miss Adeline Travis, daughter of Capt. Travis of Staten Island. Her death occurred at a later period in the history of his life.

In the spring of 1857 he was appointed to the pastorate of Trinity Church, Jersey City, one of the oldest and strongest churches of the Newark Conference. At the close of his pastorate of this church in 1858 he was appointed principal of Pennington Seminary at Pennington, N. J., near Trenton. The attachment between Dr. Wiley and the people of Trinity Church was so great that at the end of five years as principal he was reappointed to this congregation. He had only fairly entered on this pastorate before he was elected by the General Conference to be editor of the "Ladies Repository" and removed to Cincinnati.

Pennington Seminary was officially known as "New Jersey Conference Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute," started in 1839. Dr. Wiley at 33 years of age, just back from China a few years, with no experience in education, took charge as principal at a time when the affairs of the institution were at low ebb. His tenure, ending in 1863 due to broken health, did much to assure Pennington a promising future. He had given five years of effective and valuable service to Christian education.

The Rev. Dr. Charles R. Smyth, headmaster of The Pennington School, Pennington, N. J., still under control of the Methodist Church, provided the following account of Bishop Wiley's work at Pennington:

Dr. William V. Kelley, who writes interestingly of this epoch, was a student under Dr. Wiley. He says, "With the advent of Dr. Wiley the institution took on fresh life and energy—due not only to the truth phrased in the 'new broom' adage, but to the presence of a man of rare quality and of the great power." Dr. Wiley administered the school during the dark days of the Civil War. In the third year of his administration the war broke out. His biographer declares that "in the pulpit, and everywhere, he declared that the Union must be preserved, if the whole land had to be deluged with blood to save it, and the day after Colonel Ellsworth was shot at Alexandria, Va., May 24, 1861, a tall flagpole was raised on the campus, from which the ensign of the Republic was henceforth kept floating."

His biographer, Dr. Wiley, declares "that the grand ideals of human character and ministerial work, given him at the outset by the march; and still in his life, as in many another, that lustrous column, swaying forward, bears us to the front."

The above interesting information was copied from an old copy of "The History of Pennington School, 1838-1914" by the Rev. Frank MacDaniel, D. D., headmaster. It was printed and arranged by the Smith Press of Trenton, N. J., in 1914.

Now in addition to the two daughters of the first marriage there were two sons and a daughter of the second family: Charlie, whom they called in hope their "Missionary boy," who died in Boston in his 18th year; Willie, born at the outbreak of the Civil War, was to be snatched away by fire 22 years later, and Nellie, born in their last year at the seminary.

Writing in the "Monograph" Dr. William V. Kelley says, "In his third year at Pennington Seminary war broke out. In the pulpit and everywhere Dr. Wiley declared that the Union must be preserved, if the whole land had to be plunged into blood to save it. Far and near he pleaded with men of every party to merge all differences in stern agreement to save the Union intact. . . . A mass meeting held on the campus to encourage enlistments . . . was so stirred by his fervent arguments that men came forward, amid tears of mothers, wives and sisters and friends to give their lives for the country in such numbers that the requisition was

speedily filled and a large surplus over."

Although he was without editorial experience, Dr. Wiley was elected by acclamation editor of the Ladies Repository by the General Conference in Philadelphia in May 1864. The magazine was the one periodical in which the Methodist Church, in all parts of the country, had a common interest; it was an exponent of commendable literary and chaste artistic taste.

Ladies Repository was a religious and literary magazine, founded

and conducted with special reference to the sphere, works and taste of Christian women.

The memory of the devoted editor of Sunday school teacher, Mother Stoner, who, through her faithful sessions, instructions and tender prayerful solicitude led him to the Saviour, was a constant and sweet reminder of women's subtle power for good and gave him a just appreciation of the influence of the church as well as in the home.

Some of his strongest and best articles written for the Ladies

Repository were republished in a volume, entitled "The Religion of the Family," one of several books from his pen. After his first episcopal tour to the Far East in 1877 he gave the record of his observations to the church in a volume entitled "China and Japan," a book of real and rare value. Another volume from his pen, "The Fallen Missionaries of Foochow" (1858).

(Continued Tomorrow)

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U.S.-Romania Trade Talks Aimed at Weakening Red Tie

An AP News Analysis
By ENDRE MARTON

WASHINGTON (AP) — When, over a year ago, reports first reached the United States indicating Communist Romania was striving for independence from Moscow, Washington foreign policy strategists pushed un-

rel; Romania's firm resistance to Moscow-dictated planning of the economy of the entire Communist bloc.

All this was interpreted here as unmistakable proof of the great weakening of the formerly undisputed Soviet control of Eastern Europe. In addition,

ularize the thesis that the United States should treat different Communist countries differently, depending on their degree of independence from Moscow.

The basis of this philosophy was simple: It is in the American interest that the Eastern

this new thinking is the current series of economic talks with Romanians in Washington. It could be a test case, officials are hinting, and similar talks may follow with other Eastern European nations.

The very fact that Washington has invited a high-level government delegation from a Communist country is probably more significant than what is discussed.

The agenda is limited. The Romanians want more trade both ways. They are interested in buying the blueprints, and perhaps the machinery, for a modern synthetic rubber plant and want to be represented here by an ambassador instead of the minister now heading their diplomatic mission. The U.S. Legation in Bucharest would be ele-

ated simultaneously to embassy rank.

The United States agrees with these objectives in principle. Romania, thanks to its oil resources, is probably the best off of all the Red bloc countries, and it can pay for whatever it buys. The exchange of ambassadors would come as a symbolic gesture, provided the talks end successfully.

Romanian trade with the non-Communist world is increasing: from 22 per cent of Romania's total foreign trade in 1958 to 30 per cent in 1962. Trade with the United States is insignificant — \$800,000 in U.S. exports and \$600,000 in imports in 1962.

The talks started last Monday and are expected to be concluded next week. Undersecretary of State W. Averell Harriman

the administration's veteran trouble shooter, heads the U.S. negotiating team. His opposite number is Gheorghe Gaston Marin, deputy premier of Romania and chairman of his country's State Planning Committee.

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Isaac W. Wiley, 1825-1884

The Story of 'Mother' Stoner And the Making of a Bishop

This is the first in a series of six articles by J. MARTIN STROUP, former editor of The Sentinel, on the lives of two prominent people of another era. Much painstaking effort went into the garnering of facts from numerous sources.

This is the story of two careers. They were lives in which this community, especially Lewistown Methodism, can take justifiable pride. One was that of a housewife and mother. The whole community knew her as "Mother," or "Aunt," she was THAT kind of Christian.

The other career started as have the lives of many persons, a boy on the streets of Lewistown. Then, one Sunday morning in 1833 their paths crossed and he had a destiny.

A half-century later they were called to their eternal rewards in the same month. "Mother" Stoner was buried in the Methodist Cemetery on west Fourth street in November of 1884. Beside her rested her husband, Henry Stoner, and all eight of her children who had preceded her to the grave.

On the other side of the world Bishop Isaac W. Wiley died during a tour of China and was laid to rest at Foochow beside his first wife who had died there 20 years before while he served as a medical missionary.

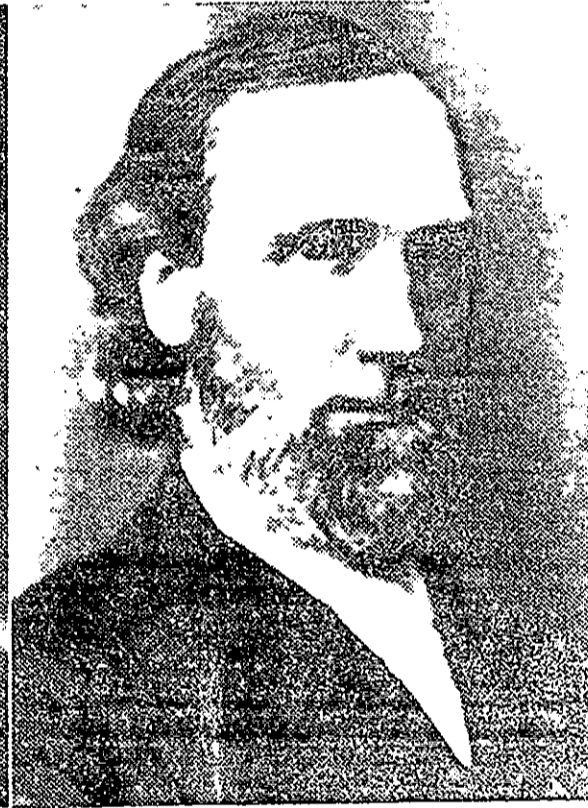
"Mother" Stoner's meeting with Ike Wiley in April of 1833 was just one of the many acts of kindness that endeared her to all who knew her and made her a legend of Christian courage in Lewistown.

Bishop Chapman McCabe visited her in her declining years and wrote of her. She was as saintly as any that this generation has witnessed.

Bishop McCabe describes the incident of 1833: "One Sunday she saw a little white haired boy (Wiley) lingering about the door of the church. She went



MRS. HENRY (MOTHER) STONER
Copy of painting in Stoner Room of First
Methodist Church, Lewistown



BISHOP ISAAC W. WILEY
Photo Courtesy: Drew University Library,
Madison, N. J.

and a prominent member of the
Lancaster County Bar.

Andrew Keiser was a potter
according to the 1800 tax lists.
By 1808 he was the owner of a
slave, and in 1811 was a tavern
keeper ("The Bear") at corner
of Clark and Brown streets,
the Russell Bank Corner with
several other pieces of real
estate. In 1814 he is listed as a
merchant, in 1822 again as a
tavern keeper. He owned con-

ditions in Lewistown were
Beverly and Dairy Townships
Henry Stoner came to Lewis-
town probably from Lancaster
County about 1827. He met and
married Elizabeth Keiser, not
long after. Their first child was
born in 1825. Henry Stoner was
a merchant with property in

Lewistown Borough and Dairy
Township, including a store
house. He was a stockholder and

Isaac William Wiley came to
Lewistown probably from Cum-

berland County about 1812. He
first appears on the tax lists in
1813. By 1814 he owned a house
and lot and a cow. From 1815
on he was listed as a boatman
or waterman owning property
both in Lewistown and Dairy
Township, including two acres
on the river shore. His death
occurred in 1837.

Isaac and Elizabeth Wiley
were married about 1812. He
was a merchant and we do not know
his date of birth. He was born
about 1785, the wife
died in 1870, aged
80 years after having been a
Methodist for 50 years. Their
eight children and their approx-
imate birth dates are as fol-

low:
Rebecca (1813), married Jam-
es E. Brown, Letitia (1815),
Eliza (1817), married Samuel

are iron gypsum and general
merchandise and poled back up
river by the ark crew.

Methodism came to the Juniata
Valley early in the 19th cen-
tury. The Juniata Circuit was
formed from Carlisle in 1804. It
included Juniata and Perry
counties, but the circuit riders
always pushed beyond the
limits of the circuits, so the
method of their mission was
to go to the frontiers and set
up new churches.

In 1833 the
Rev. John Thomas preached
here. This is the traditional date
on which Lewistown became a
regular preaching point. The
Juniata Circuit preacher in 1837
was the Rev. John Tallantire
and it is likely that the first
class was formed in Lewistown
that year. Elizabeth Keiser was
one of the first members of the

first wife, who had died mere 30 years before while he served as a medical missionary.

"Mother" Stoner's meeting with Ike Wiley in April of 1833 was just one of the many acts of kindness that endeared her to all who knew her, and made her a legend of Christian concern in her own time.

Bishop "Chaplain" McCabe visited her in her declining years and wrote of her, "She was as saintly as any that this generation has witnessed."

Bishop McCabe describes the incident of 1833: "One Sunday she saw a little white haired boy (Wiley) lingering about the door of the church. She went out, laid her hand upon his head, and invited him into her class. Some time afterward she led him to the mourners' bench."

This little white haired boy became a minister of the Gospel. Trained in medicine, he served in the China mission field, then headed a seminary. He edited a church paper and was finally elected to the highest office (that of bishop) in his denomination, the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Mother" Stoner was born Elizabeth Keiser in Lancaster County, the daughter of Andrew Keiser (1831 - 1861); Marian (1833 - 1843); Mary (1836-1845); Jonathan (1839-1862); Kate Banks (1842-1853). Thus we see only one of their eight children lived to maturity and married. Martha became the wife of John T. Stoner, late Valentine D. Stoner, many years a member of the First Methodist Church, and grandparent of Mrs. Ralph (Andrew) Baichus, auditor general, member of the General Assembly

slave, and in 1811 was a tavern keeper ("The Bear" at corner of Market and Brown streets, the Russell Bank Corner) with several other pieces of real estate. In 1814 he is listed as a merchant, in 1822 again as a

tavern owner. He owned considerable property in Lewistown Borough and Derry Township. Henry Stoner came to Lewistown, probably from Lancaster in 1790. She died in 1870, aged about 1823. He met and married Elizabeth Keiser not long after. Their first child was born in 1825. Henry Stoner was a merchant with property in Lewistown Borough and Derry Township, including a store house. He was a stockholder and director of the Bank of Lewis-

town, the second bank in the community. He died in 1852, aged 61 years. Isaac Wiley's occupation was that of one engaged in transportation before the building of the Pennsylvania Canal through here in 1829. "Arks" were large flat boats 50 to 70 feet long that were built to transport flour, grain, lumber and other natural products of the region. They could carry from 100 to 300 barrels of flour. They could only make the trip down river to markets at the time of the spring high water. Hence men had to have warehouses to store their cargoes until the spring rains came. The arks could not be brought back up river, hence were sold for lumber after being unloaded.

They were the parents of the late Valentine D. Stoner, many years a member of the First Methodist Church, and grandparent of Mrs. Ralph (Andrew) Baichus, auditor general, member of the General Assembly

and lot and a cow. From 1811 he was listed as a boatman or waterman, owning property both in Lewistown and Derry Township, including two acres on the river shore. His death occurred in 1831.

Isaac and Elizabeth Wiley were married about 1812. Her family name we do not know. He was born about 1785, the wife of Henry Stoner in 1790. She died in 1870, aged about 1823. He met and married Elizabeth Keiser not long after. Their first child was born in 1825. Henry Stoner was a merchant with property in

Rebecca (1813), married James E. Brown; Letitia (1815), Eliza (1817), married Samuel Belford; George (1819); John (1821); Maria (1823); Isaac William (1825); Catherine Melissa (1827), married Ellis Griffith. Isaac Wiley's occupation was that of one engaged in transportation before the building of the Pennsylvania Canal through here in 1829. "Arks" were large flat boats 50 to 70 feet long that were built to transport flour, grain, lumber and other natural products of the region. They could carry from 100 to 300 barrels of flour. They could only make the trip down river to markets at the time of the spring high water. Hence men had to have warehouses to store their cargoes until the spring rains came. The arks could not be brought back up river, hence were sold for lumber after being unloaded.

They were the parents of the late Valentine D. Stoner, many years a member of the First Methodist Church, and grandparent of Mrs. Ralph (Andrew) Baichus, auditor general, member of the General Assembly

The Juniata Circuit was formed from Carlisle in 1804. It included Juniata and Perry Counties, but the circuit riders always pushed beyond the bounds of their circuits, so the Juniata Circuit minister, the Rev. James Davisson, in 1805 or 1806 preached in the court house in Lewistown. In 1810 the Rev. John Thomas preached here. This is the traditional date on which Lewistown became a regular preaching point. The Juniata Circuit preacher in 1811 was the Rev. John Gill Watt and it is likely that the first class was formed in Lewistown that year. Elizabeth Keiser was one of the first members of the Methodist Church here in 1811. She was 14 years of age.

The first Methodist Church building was erected at what is now 126 - 128 E 3rd St in 1815. The year following it was not complete and Elizabeth Keiser, then 19, raised \$70 to pay for the plastering of the new church building. When she had been a member for 73 years.

The Lewistown Gazette on the week of her death had this editorial comment: "Old 'Aunt' Stoner, as she was well and familiarly known, expired this life Tuesday last at the ripe age of 87 years. She was the relict of Henry Stoner and was one of the oldest female citizens and a consistent member of the Methodist Church. Her demise, however not unexpected, was a regret to the community, she having numerous sympathetic friends who mourn her death."

(Continued Tomorrow)

er, Paul Geedy, who is hospitalized.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Moist and daughter Kelly Jo of Harrisburg visited Friday evening at the David Moist home.

Mrs. Margaret Whitsel returned to her home after having vacationed for three weeks in Wayne, Mich., where she visited her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Holmes, and children Brian and Lisa.

A barbecue was held on Sunday evening at the Parchey cottage in Ferguson Valley. Attending were: Misses Grace, Barbara and Gladys Donahey, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Crossgrove and daughter Gloria; Miss Ruth Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Stuck and children Dariene, Luanne and Randy; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Harshbarger, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parchey and children Kathy, Pamela and Andrew and Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Parchey and children Karen, Scott and Nancy.

George McMullen, who is presently employed in Florida, spent several days here with his wife and daughter Georgia.

Jeffrey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Strohecker, celebrated his fourth birthday on Saturday. Franklin, son of Mr. and Mrs. David H. Moist, celebrated his 12th birthday the same day.

Lawyer Corps Set for South

NEW YORK (AP)—“A ‘lawyers corps’ has been formed to defend civil rights demonstrators in the South this summer.

Seven major civil rights groups announced Wednesday the formation of the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee. A spokesman said 60 volunteers will spend at least two weeks each in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Florida, serving without pay.

Hughes Blocks Ballot Move

TRENTON, N.J. (AP)— Gov. Richard J. Hughes has blocked a move to make him a favorite son candidate for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination.

Hughes said Wednesday night he had vetoed a plan to commit New Jersey's 77 votes to him at the Democratic National

Convention.

“I'd rather President Johnson

running mate),” said Hughes. Hughes reiterated his intention to run for re-election.

SATURDAY SPECIAL FRIED CHICKEN

Filling and Gravy

Buttered Lima Beans

Roll and Butter

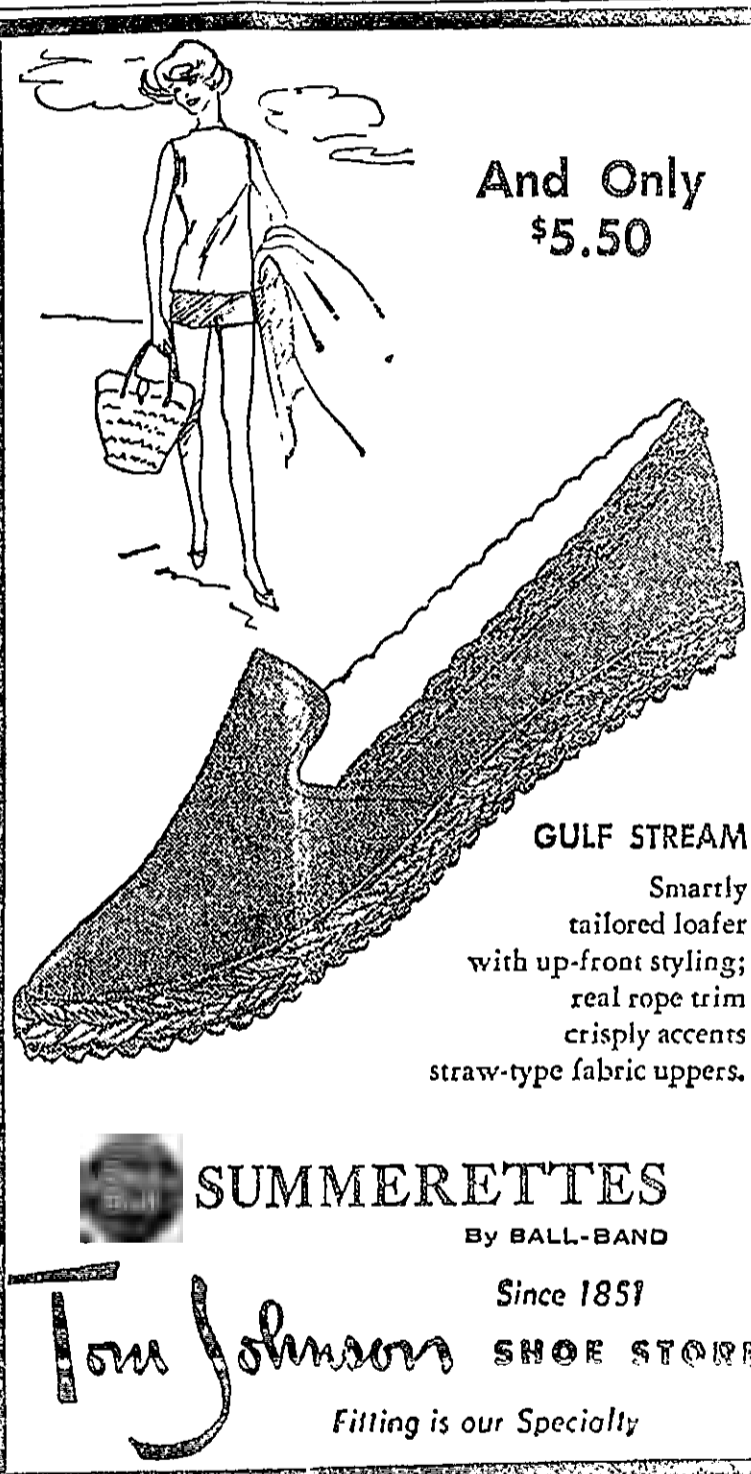
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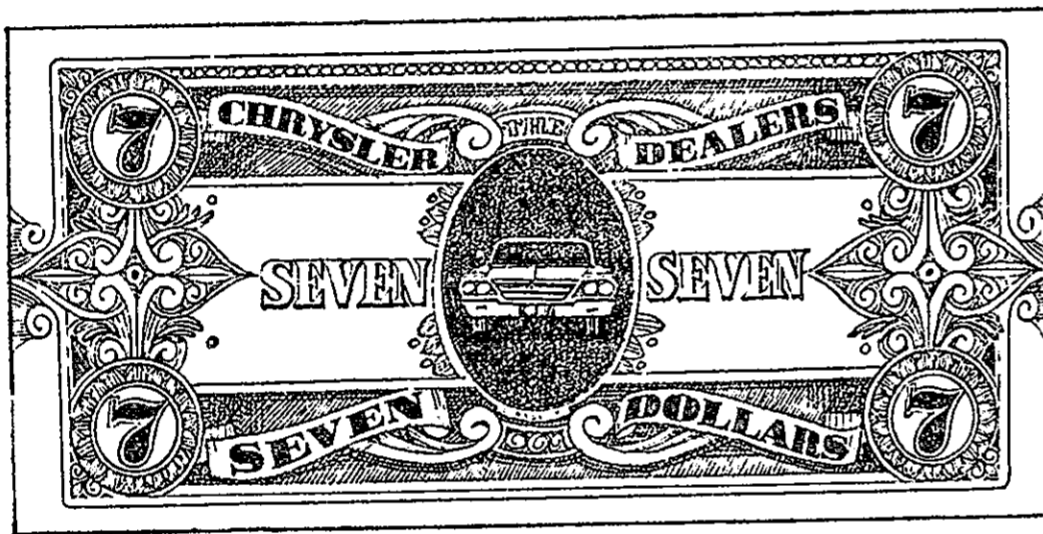
Tom Johnson SHOE STORE
Fitting is our Specialty



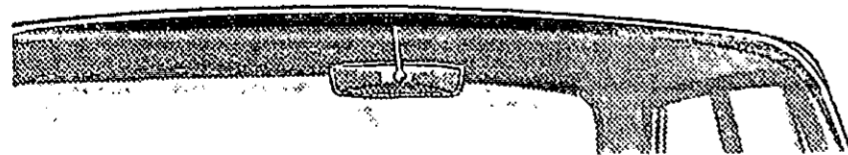
...each in Mississippi, Ala-
bama, Georgia, Louisiana and
Florida, serving without pay.

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1st \$7 a month more



Bishop Isaac Wiley Had Strong Ideas on Equal Rights Problems

By J. MARTIN STROUP
(Fifth In Series)

Dr. Isaac W. Wiley came to the office of bishop at the General Conference at Brooklyn, N. Y. in 1872 through no effort of his own. No one ever indulged in the suspicion for a moment that he was ambitious for the place. His position was indicated by the remark, "the office of bishop is too great to be sought by any man." Bishop Wiley on his election at the General Conference of 1872 was assigned to the New England Conference with residence in Boston. Bishop S. M. Merrill, writing of Dr. Wiley's term as bishop

in the "Monograph," says: "He has modestly gone in and out before the church as a chief pastor for more than 12 years, winning the confidence and esteem of the multitudes that have felt the touch of his spirit, and now that he has gone from us . . . the perfume of his consecrated life lingers to bless the church, and will pass onward to coming generations, rich with the fragrance of heaven."

In his years as bishop he displayed his lifelong characteristics—adaptability, wisdom and faithfulness.

Bishop Wiley's position on equal rights would have put him in full accord with the present position

of his church on a subject which 90 years later is still unsolved in our nation. The memoir in the General Conference Journal for 1888 says of him: "He believed in the equal rights of all men, and to the extent of his ability and opportunity he persuaded others to like views. He believed that all men are brethren, and no matter what the nationality, condition or color of men, they should love and be loved as brothers." He had been the untiring foe of slavery and greatly rejoiced in the Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln to terminate slavery Jan 1, 1863. He was active in formation of the Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Church and served as its president for many years.

While Bishop Wiley was in Iowa presiding over one of the conferences his only son, Williams Ellsworth, a senior at Ohio Wesleyan University, a young man of great promise who was about to return to the university died very suddenly. On returning to Cincinnati after receiving word of his son's death, he said: "The storm has struck me so often that I have gotten down to bed rock. I am wholly resting on the promises of God."

Bishop Wiley sailed for Japan in the summer of 1884 in poor health. The ocean voyage did not improve his health as he had hoped. Finishing his episcopal work in Japan he sailed for Shanghai and the trip made him much worse. Then the hard trip to North China nearly prostrated him, and only his resolute determination to reach Foochow and complete his work enabled him to continue. On reaching there and entering the gate of the mission compound at Foochow, he exclaimed, "Home, my old home!" remembering the house in which he had lived 30 years earlier while a missionary there.

The Rev. F. Ohlinger, one of the missionaries at Foochow described his last day: "On Tuesday morning the conference assembled for prayer and roll call after which it adjourned. . . Every one was anxious to hear the last word from the dying Bishop. He shook hands with a few of the native brethren, and mentioned them by name. Once after taking medicine he seemed to dwell on the word 'give' . . . saying 'I do not want to give you anything; I only want to give you God's blessing. God bless you.' We sang a verse of the hymn

'Forever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be.'
during which he sank into a sweet slumber

"The funeral services took place on Sunday, Nov 23. There was a large audience of Chinese and the Americans present. The services were conducted in both languages, closing with the hymn, 'Servant of God, Well Done'

"We tenderly laid him down beneath the olive trees beside his first wife and little child, in our little mission cemetery, which grows more and more sacred as the years pass, there to rest until

acquainted with grief. Few have suffered the shafts of bereavement more frequently than he, or under more excruciating conditions; but this can never happen again. He is gone

"Where those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again."

While editor of the Ladies' Repository Dr. Wiley was honored by Wesleyan University of Middletown, Conn., with the degree of Doctor of Divinity (D.D.) in 1864. In 1879 Bishop Wiley was given the degree of Doctor of Laws (L.L.D.) by Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio.
(Continued Tomorrow)

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"We tenderly laid him down beneath the olive trees beside his first wife and little child, in our little mission cemetery, which grows more and more sacred as the years pass, there to rest until the resurrection morn."

In the "Monograph" is a steel engraving picturing the mission cemetery at Foochow showing the graves and markers for Bishop and Mrs. Wiley and their child, the graves of four missionary women and five other children.

Many memorial services were held in all parts of the United States, one being at Wiley University, Marshall, Texas, a school named for Bishop Wiley, the audience being composed largely of colored people. One of the students read a paper on the relation sustained by Bishop Wiley to the Freedmen's Aid Society. The principal address was delivered by Bishop W. F. Mallalieu.

The Nov. 27, 1884 issue of the New York Christian Advocate published a tribute, "Bishop Wiley Fallen at Foochow," which closed with these words: "Bishop Wiley was a man of sorrows and

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By BEN MEYERS

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TWICE TOLD

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25 Years Ago—1939

Lewistown High School golf team vanquished Bellefonte 8-7 on the best-ball scoring basis. Buck McCurry and Mick Leeper scoring 2½ points apiece.

Three coaches named to guide destinies of Juniata Joint High School athletes during coming term were: Raymond I. Poole, football; John M. Cramer, his assistant, and S. Thomas Watts, baseball.

Thirty-sixth annual commencement of Brown Township High School saw class of 22 graduated in Reedsville Methodist Church.

Sister Pearl Ekard terminated her three-year duties as deaconess at St. Johns Lutheran Church, leaving for the Deaconess Motherhouse at Baltimore, there to be consecrated before entering a new field of service.

Barefooted, freckle-faced 12-year-old James Malanaphy, 109 Spring St., was county's best marble shooter, winning right in gruelling competition on Dickson YMCA Field to compete in national finals at Wildwood, N. J. The Sentinel sponsored the affair.

John J. Slutterback, ex-Lewistowner, former secretary of State Game Commission which he left in 1931 to go into similar work in New York, was back in his home state again. He was appointed by the State Commission to supervise game land management.

Deaths: Mrs. Ralph M. (Mary Bell) Rhodes, 21, Kistler. Mrs. J. O. (Belle Edging) Parsons, 81, E. Walnut St. James Thomas, 66, Yeagertown.

50 Years Ago—1914

Lewis H. Ruble, Civil War veteran, presided over Memorial Day exercises in the old Presbyterian Cemetery, Spruce and Logan streets.

Secretary John L. Pandel of Burnham School Board advertised for bids for eradication of a new annex of brick to be made at the borough school.

When a shuttle came off a machine at Susquehanna Silk Mill, where he was working, Ross S. Liggett, 24 Belle Ave., received a serious injury to his right eye, requiring hospitalization.

On account of an epidemic of smallpox at Mapleton, the Methodist Church was closed and the pastor, the Rev Philip T. Gorman, visited his former charge Rhodes Memorial in Highland Park.

There were 32 graduates of Lewistown High School in 1914 class, nine boys and 23 girls. Delivering orations were: Sara R. Grassmyer, Harry W. Linn, who won top honors; Joseph Paul Riden, Ida Bartha, Arlene Moyer, Dorothy Reigle.

Belle avenue residents paid W. M. Hower four cents per lineal foot front to apply gas tar to the



Washington Report

By FULTON LEWIS JR.

WASHINGTON — Twenty-two major blunder in California, on delegates pledged to Sen. Barry that could cost the Arizona Sen Goldwater will contest candidat- ator tens of thousands of vote es of the New York State GOP in the pivotal Tuesday pri organization in that state's mary. They listed their 86 dele June 2 primary. The organiza- gates in alphabetical order o tion candidates are running the primary ballot. scared. Cognizant of polls that The Rockefeller forces pu show Nelson Rockefeller's popu- their most potent vote - gette

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Chopped cashew nuts make an interesting addition to cooked rice, cooked noodles, buttered snap beans or green peas.

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Photographs from this
file have not been
included but are
available upon request.
For more information
please contact
research@gcah.org