BISHOP WILEY.

A Monograph.

EDITED BY

R. S. RUST, D. D.

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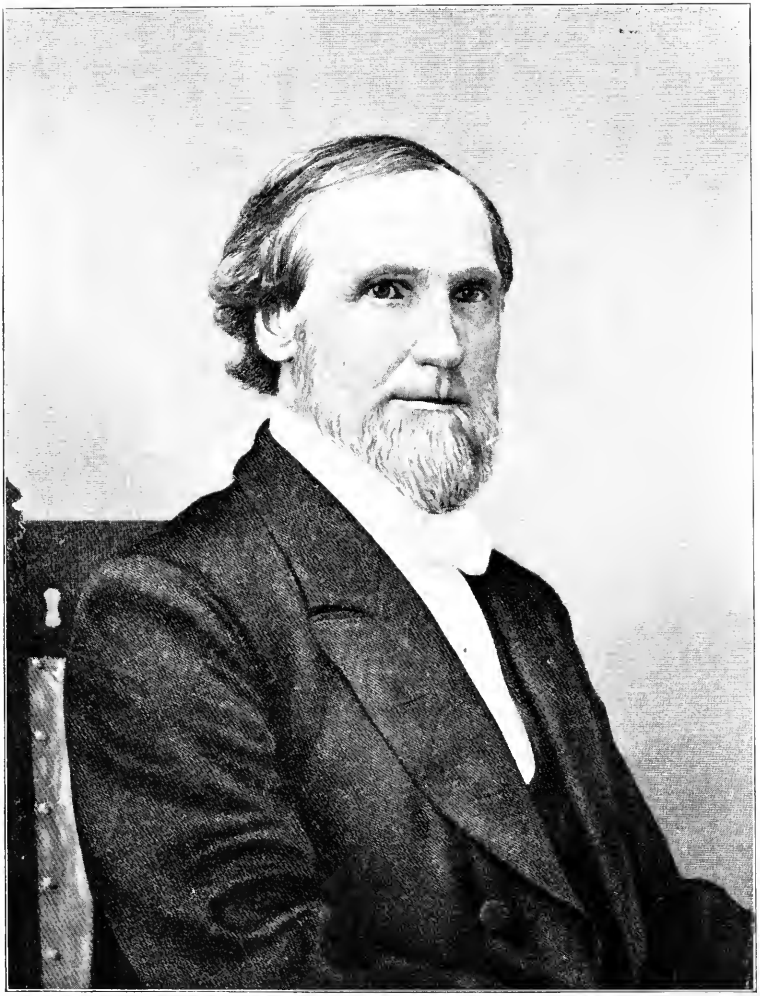

REV. I. W. WILEY, LL. D.

Late one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

ISAAC W. WILEY

Late Bishop of the M. E. Church

A MONOGRAPH

EDITED BY

RICHARD S. RUST, D. D., LL. D.

SECOND EDITION

With Prefatory Note by William V. Kelley, D. D.

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM
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PREFACE.

IN issuing this volume a few words of explanation are deemed appropriate. The association and intimacy long enjoyed with the departed bishop, the sentiments often expressed by him in regard to works of this description, the approval of the bereaved family, and the desire to do justice to the life and character of a dear friend, and perpetuate his memory and usefulness, led me to undertake the preparation of this work. The pressure of duty connected with the secretaryship of one of the benevolent societies of our Church allowed me to do but little more than solicit from a few of the large circle of the bishop's talented friends papers upon different periods of his life.

A prompt response to these solicitations has enabled me at this early date to issue this valuable volume, prepared by persons whose names and productions can not fail to arrest attention and command respect. The service thus rendered by these friends is most highly appreciated, and grateful acknowledgment of its value on the part of those interested is hereby tendered. It is a tribute of love from those who had long known and esteemed him, and had watched with great pleasure his useful and brilliant career.

True friends with sorrowing hearts bring these tributes, and lay them upon the grave of one whom they loved. These are voluntary contributions to the memory of an eminent associate in the work of the Church by those still engaged in active service, from which he has been relieved.

It consists of twelve valuable papers, prepared by different writers, presenting distinct portions of his busy life. The views of twelve persons upon any subject are more interesting and instructive, and are worthy of greater consideration, than those of any one of them; and by a wise division of labor twelve writers can furnish greater variety and richer material in a brief period than any one of them can possibly do. Each as a labor of love consented to prepare a chapter; but not one of them with his pressing duties could have been induced to write a volume.

One excellence of this monograph consists in the fact that our departed friend is allowed to speak for himself upon the living questions of the age in which he took so deep an interest, and which he discussed with great candor and ability.

This tribute of affection to our lamented bishop is sent forth to perpetuate the memory of a great and good man, to give encouragement to the enterprises of the Church in the advancement of which he took a leading part, and to furnish an illustration of what may be accomplished for the glory of God and the weal of man by a pure and consecrated life.

R. S. RUST.

Cincinnati, July 1, 1885.

Prefatory Note to Second Edition.

BISHOP ISAAC W. WILEY died in 1884. Immediately his friend, Dr. R. S. Rust, began to arrange for a memorial. The volume which he planned was not in the form of the ordinary biography, but a composite portraiture of Bishop Wiley and the history of his life by periods. It was entitled "Bishop Wiley: A Monograph." While a monograph as to its subject, it was a polygraph as to authorship, nearly thirty of the friends of Bishop Wiley contributing out of their intimate personal knowledge to the history and the portraiture. Thus a memorial somewhat unique among biographical volumes was produced.

The first edition, issued in 1885, was exhausted long ago; and copies have become so scarce that, when from time to time inquiries and requests have been made, it has been found almost impossible to obtain one anywhere. It is too valuable and popular a contribution to Methodist biography to disappear from circulation. Bishop Wiley is one of the noblest figures in the list of our bishops; in the balance and fullness of his faculties, a well-rounded and judicious man; in thought and utterance, lucid, logical, and convincing; in administration, patient, careful, steady, fair-minded, and consistent; in spirit devout; in service capable, devoted, and unfailingly faithful. The Church had continual satisfaction in him and

in his work. The singular identification of his heart and life with China, by his early missionary life at Foo Chow, and by his death and burial there, lends to his history a peculiarly beautiful pathos and romance. The story of it all makes wholesome, stimulating, and edifying literature.

Our venerated Dr. Rust, on the height of his ninety-first year, has gratified his own affectionate impulse and rendered one more service to the Church he loves by arranging for this new edition of the volume which he so wisely planned and edited more than twenty years ago. The interest of this edition is enhanced by the fact that a considerable number of the contributors to the memorial have now gone over to the great majority, among them Bishops Joyce and Merrill.

WILLIAM V. KELLEY.

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Bishop ISAAC W. WILEY.

I.

EARLY LIFE AND MINISTRY.

HENRY A. BUTTZ, D. D.

THE story of Bishop Wiley is the story of a life consecrated to the highest forms of activity and usefulness. Eventful, full of sorrow and yet full of joy, successful in the loftiest sense, it will remain as an inspiration to those who in the future would live wisely and well. Beginning life in the way common to American youth, he closed it in the most honored office known to the Church of his fellowship. Intrusted with vast power by the Church, he wielded it for unselfish ends and to the glory of Christ. A bishop of the Church, he was always a lover of the pastorate, and he died in the mission field where he had spent the earliest years of his ministry. Full of honors and widely loved, his name is as precious ointment, and his life is embalmed in thousands of hearts throughout the world. Successively physician, missionary, pastor, educator, editor, and bishop, he was faithful to every trust confided to him; and the Church, with united voice as it reviews his life, exclaims with deepest thankfulness, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

The record of Bishop Wiley's life must therefore be full of interest. It is, however, the record of a man quiet

rather than ostentatious, prudent rather than aggressive. He won his way to his high position by real worth and solid work, accompanied by the blessing of Him whose follower he was, and in whose service he lived and labored and died. The time of the birth and of the death of a great man are not in themselves so important; but they give completeness to his history, and form the boundaries of his career. They are also valuable in determining the movements in which he was called to act. The tracing of the life between these two points is the function of biography. This chapter is devoted to that part of Bishop Wiley's career from his birth until his entrance upon his work as an educator, save that most interesting part in which he was a missionary to China, which forms a special era in his history and fitly constitutes a chapter by itself.

ISAAC W. WILEY was born in Lewistown, Juniata County, Pennsylvania, on the 29th of March, 1825. The place of one's birth has much to do with the unfoldings of his character. It has been said that the mountains of New England, among which Daniel Webster passed his early years, had much influence in stimulating his mental powers. In the biography of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, it is stated that he was reared among the rocks and hills, valleys and lakes, of one of the most romantic parts of Connecticut. In his after years he refers to it with his accustomed philosophic manner, saying, "No ornamental work is needed to set off the landscape. Nature's rock will stand, and the toil that is necessary to clear the soil is just what is required to sharpen the vigor of our people. The necessities of a rough country, and an intractable soil, are good necessities." Amid scenery of a similar kind Bishop Wiley was born. No one who has ever passed through the valley watered by the beautiful Juniata River—with its variegated forms of relief, with its mountain slopes and its water-

courses—can fail to recognize his deep insight as shown in the remark which he made concerning it: "My mind was much influenced by the scenery and the mountain ranges." In this romantic region, away from the bustle and strife of the great city, where nature wears her choicest garments, the subject of this sketch was born.

But a far more powerful influence on his life was that of his parents. Their character and words made a deep impression upon him. In the autobiographical notes, written by his own pen for Dr. Liebhart and published in the *Western Christian Advocate*, to which the writer of this chapter is greatly indebted and from which he has found frequent occasion to quote, Bishop Wiley gives us a delightful view of them, showing alike their worth and his own filial love and admiration. We quote his language: "My father was a grain merchant, carrying on considerable trade by the river, and subsequently by the canal, with Eastern cities. My parents were members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. . . . My father remained in connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church till within a year of his death, at which time he was converted at a Methodist camp-meeting. He died a triumphant death. His death was my first great sorrow. I was then six years old, and he had been an invalid for three years, the result of an accident. In his sick-room I spent much time—and dearly loved my father. His death first brought me into contact with the great mystery, and made an impression upon me which has lasted through life. It solemnized me, and my mind immediately began to work on religious matters. Soon after, I entered the Methodist Sunday-school, and had for my teacher one of the most saintly of women. For over sixty years she was a most exemplary Christian, was the means of leading many souls to Christ, and was for all those years a benediction to the town. 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."

The relations of Bishop Wiley to Methodism grew, in part at least, out of his early religious environments. He was born in the same year in which the Lewistown Circuit first appears in the conference minutes as a Methodist appointment. Methodism, however, had been introduced into that part of the country about ten years earlier; and his mother was one of the earliest results, and through her the introduction of her son into the Methodist Church, and finally the ministry, took place. The death of his father, when he was but six years old, impressed him deeply; and, even in his childhood, his mind was turned to the ministry. A devoted lady, a teacher in the Sunday-school which he entered soon after his father's death—"one of the most saintly of women," as he called her—was one of the most important instruments in his training for his life-work. His own words will best describe this period in his history: "I used to preach to my invalid father in his sick-room, and was called by him his little preacher. I gathered my sisters and neighboring children into our attic, and there we had prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and even miniature camp-meetings. When about ten years of age my good Sunday-school teacher led me to the 'mourners' bench,' and prayed with me till I felt a new light in my heart. I do not know whether this was conversion or not. I knew I loved God, and his people, and all his works—and could not remember when I did not. My name was put down as a 'probationer' on the Church books, and there remained four years without any further allusion to it or me. Another gracious revival took place in our Church when I was fourteen. Again I was found at the altar, and again my name was entered as a pro-

bationer. But little attention was given in those days by the Church to the religion of children, and all religious experiences of childhood were looked upon with much doubt by even grave old class-leaders. However, at the end of six months, I was received into full connection."

At this stage in the life of the youth who was destined to fill so conspicuous a place in the history of the Church, it is fitting that we pause, and contemplate his relationships outside of his Church-life. A country village of that time had few of the opportunities which are now afforded to youth both in city and country. There were few libraries; there were no Christian associations, with their net-work of precious influences, which are now so helpful to youth starting to prepare themselves for usefulness. The Sunday-school appliances were, in some respects, very inferior to those which we have now; but the people were not without some compensations. The want of communication with the outside world, the lack of facilities for study at home, often impelled the youth to more earnest efforts; and the few opportunities which they had were improved to their fullest extent. All the possibilities of their surroundings were secured, and obstacles yielded to pluck and persistence. This is especially true of the subject of this memoir. He was the center of an association whose influence has been perpetual; and if he had done nothing more than he did in that relation, he would not have lived in vain.

Dr. A. P. Heichhold, of Erie, Pennsylvania, in a letter to Rev. Dr. Wentworth, brings to our view a decidedly interesting and instructive portion of his life. He states that, in the Winter of 1841, he was among the organizers of the Apprentices' Literary Society, which commenced its work with probably thirty members. "Mr. Wiley had, some time before that, become a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a most worthy and exemplary young man.

The society which he helped to organize, and of which he was the first secretary and subsequent president, received favorable attention from the people of Lewistown, and has proved the stepping-stone to usefulness to many an apprentice. It still lives, and is now incorporated and owns property." He quotes the Hon. H. J. Walter, of Lewistown, as saying, concerning this society, "The bench, the bar, the pulpit, the press, the medical profession, trade, commerce, army and navy, state and national legislatures—all have or had representatives from it." He remained a member of this society until he left Lewistown. Dr. Heichhold adds: "I assure you, that few men ever wasted less time than did Bishop Wiley."

Such testimony from those who knew him so early in life is certainly of the highest value. His position as secretary of the society when in his seventeenth year, and his subsequent presidency of the same, show the confidence of his associates, as well as his recognized ability. Dr. Wentworth very justly characterizes this as an "extremely interesting incident" in the bishop's early life, "showing the secret of his interest in working-men." The resemblance of this incident in the history of our lamented bishop to one in Benjamin Franklin's early life will occur at once to every one familiar with the career of the great American philosopher and statesman. It exhibited his breadth, his humanity, and his capacity. It is possible that here is the germ of that feeling which afterward, under Divine guidance, led him to consecrate himself to the missionary work.

It is, however, his Christian relations which chiefly concern the present inquiry. His fidelity as a Christian is shown in his rapid promotion, for one so young, to the various positions of usefulness which the Church opens. When sixteen years old he became assistant class-leader, at seventeen an exhorter, and at eighteen a local preacher.

It must not be forgotten, however, that these were years of mental as well as spiritual growth. He passed four years in the ordinary drill of the public school. At the age of fourteen he had settled it in his own mind that he would be a Methodist preacher, and thought it his duty to enter upon a course of preparation for his high calling. He accordingly entered an academy to begin his preparation for college. "This was a new thing," he says, "in our region, for a Methodist boy to begin to prepare for college with a view to becoming a Methodist preacher." It was no common task for a boy of his age to begin such a course of study. The encouragements were not as many then as now. There were many obstacles in the way; and yet, so far as we have any information, he had no fear of obstacles, but boldly undertook to get ready for the sophomore class in Dickinson College. He endured bravely the sneers of that time, and the terms "Methodist," "the preacher," etc., applied to him by his fellows—which were really aimed at his denomination, rather than at himself—and but for an interference, which grew out of his devotion to Christ and his work, he would no doubt have completed a full academical course. It was a singular interruption of his studies—especially when we take into consideration his intention of becoming a minister—and, perhaps, one which has in it the marks of Providence, which directs more wisely than we can comprehend.

An extensive revival of religion took place in his part of the county when he was in his eighteenth year. He gave himself wholly to it. He gave up his studies, and was engaged directly for months in working for the salvation of souls. He devoted himself to it with all the enthusiasm of his youthful nature. About three hundred were converted to God in connection with that charge.

This excessive labor resulted in great damage to his health, especially to his voice. In "the judgment of all, his voice

was permanently gone." This, however, did not prevent him from noble aspirations and earnest efforts. He continued his studies for six months in the academy, then taught school for the Winter. The belief that his throat difficulty would prevent his becoming a preacher led to the change in his profession, and his abandonment of his college course. In the Spring of 1844, he began the study of medicine in the village of Mifflin, Juniata County, Pennsylvania. It was here he met Miss Frances J. Martin, who afterward became his wife. He describes her in his autobiographical sketch, already mentioned, as "a sweet-voiced, devotedly pious, and earnestly working Christian girl." She was the daughter of Mr. Amos H. Martin, and was married to Dr. Wiley at her father's house, in October, 1846.

In pursuance of his purpose to become a physician, he entered the medical department of the University of the City of New York, where he remained until 1846. The same year he began the practice of medicine, on a physician's license, at Blairsville, Pennsylvania, fifty miles east of Pittsburg, and in the bounds of the Pittsburg Conference. In the Autumn of this year he was married to Miss Martin, already mentioned, and he devoted himself to the work of his profession. They little thought that the course of medical study through which Dr. Wiley had passed was to be the means of opening to them another field of labor in a far-off land, and that Mrs. Wiley was to be one of the first of the heroic servants of Christ who should give their lives for China. His success as a practitioner of medicine, however, was not marked; and he remained in Blairsville less than two years. Mrs. Wiley won the high esteem of the people of the place; and the doctor, in addition to his practice, served occasionally as a local preacher. It is said that an old man, now living in Blairsville, remarked, when he heard Dr. Wiley's first sermon: "The world will hear some-

thing great of that man yet." Dr. Wiley says, of his practice of medicine at this time, "It was a failure. I was not happy; I was not satisfied that I was in the line of duty. I had plenty of work to do, and had good success in healing the sick; but, financially, it was not a success."

Meanwhile, before his marriage, many of his friends had urged him to enter the ministry, and among them the "eccentric Jacob Gruber." He tried to persuade him "to give up both the marriage and the medicine." Marriage was at that time an almost insuperable obstacle to entrance upon the itinerant ministry.

The year following his entering upon the practice of medicine, and after his marriage, by the advice of his pastor and presiding elder, to whom he had opened his heart, his name was presented to the Pittsburg Conference; and, as "there was no room for married men in the conference," he was not admitted.

In his brief narrative, he mentions the conclusion which he had now reached. The circumstances which had prevented his early studies for the ministry, and led him to abandon it, had now disappeared, for his voice had been completely restored; but a new obstacle had arisen apparently more fatal to his hopes and desires than the other. To us now it seems strange that a man so well qualified, who had "gifts, grace, and usefulness," should be barred from our ministry by the mere fact that he was married; but the circumstances then were different, and we must not misinterpret the motives and acts of our preachers and people of that time. Nevertheless Dr. Wiley felt the disappointment, as shown by his determination to surrender his license as a local preacher. He now reached the conclusion that his true work was to be a physician; and when, in the same year, he removed to Pottsville, Pennsylvania, ninety-three miles from Philadelphia, within the bounds of

the Philadelphia Conference, he declined to take a certificate as a local preacher—desiring only to transfer his membership. His pastor, Rev. Wm. F. Lauck, declined to give any certificate that did not include his license as a local preacher, and Dr. Wiley declined to receive a certificate unless the local preacher's certificate was omitted; and so he went to his new home without it. His pastor, however, carried his point by sending the certificate, both as a member and local preacher, to Rev. J. B. Hagany, the pastor of the Church at Pottsville, who reported the same to Dr. Wiley. Dr. Wiley adds: "At first I was inclined to resent this; but, in a little while, felt that these good ministers were acting better and more wisely than I in the matter, and on the following Sunday night I preached for Brother Hagany."

Firmly convinced now that his calling was to be a physician, and not a preacher, he gave himself to his profession. His love for souls, and for the work of the ministry, however, did not abate. He still hoped that the door of admission to the conference would open. In the Fall of 1848 he removed to Port Carbon, where he remained until he sailed for China.

The Rev. H. E. Gilroy, of the Philadelphia Conference, who was his pastor at Port Carbon, and with whom personal friendship was continued to the close of the bishop's life, gives a most interesting account of Dr. Wiley's call to China, in a letter to the writer: "In the Spring of 1849 I was appointed to Port Carbon, Pennsylvania. Here I found him a local preacher in the charge, and engaged in the practice of medicine. He had located here only a few months before I was appointed to the place. Both of us being comparative strangers in the community, and living near to each other, we soon formed an intimate friendship—which ripened into a strong personal attachment, and a confidence in which we could freely converse

one with the other on matters of a private character. It was during the time I was his pastor (which was from the Spring of 1849 until he left for China) that I learned to know the man; and a truer and more noble spirit never lived—a man, and the 'highest style of man'—as his subsequent history showed. 'The throat trouble' which changed the purpose of his life to the practice of medicine was removed, and with this returned the burning desire for the purpose of his life. But now another trouble was in the way which seemed to exclude all hope. He was then married, 'and your conference,' he said, 'does not receive married men, and there is no chance from any other source,' as he was not known to any extent among the preachers of another conference, and only to a limited one among those of our own. He feared that if recommended he might not be received, and this would be more than mortifying to his feelings; but I urged, and finally prevailed upon him to consent to be recommended. The result was as he feared—there was no opening at the conference (1850), and this was to him the end of all hope, 'for he would never consent to it again,' he said. Dr. Durbin was present at the conference when his case was represented; and shortly after conference I received a letter from him asking certain questions concerning Dr. Wiley, and to inquire of him if he would be willing to go as missionary physician to China. I did as requested. His reply was: 'This has been the wish of my life.' I then let him know the source from which it came, and he said: 'Write at once, and say, Yes.' A correspondence soon followed between him and Dr. Durbin, and a personal interview—then the appointment—and a more happy man than he was could not be found. It was the *supreme* wish and purpose of his life." He spent the Summer of 1850 in arranging his affairs preparatory to his missionary work.

The missionary item of the *Northern Advocate*, of September 4, 1850, says: "Rev. I. W. Wiley, of Port Carbon, Pennsylvania, has been recommended by our missionary board at New York to be ordained and sent out as a missionary physician to China." He was received the same year into the East Genesee Conference, which met at Bath, New York, and, at his own request, transferred to the Philadelphia Conference, which bade him God-speed in his important work. He pursued a further medical course in the University of the City of New York, received his degree, and sailed for China, March 13, 1851. It is not the province of this paper to speak of his success in that far-off land in this early period of the missionary activity of our Church. It belongs to the record of his missionary life, and will be traced by another and more fitting pen.

His health at length failed again; and, after years of toil, in 1854 he returned with his two motherless daughters to his native land. His wife, who went out with him, had fallen in the battle for Christ. She died in China, in November, 1853, and was buried at Foochow. Her character and her heroic services have been embalmed by his own tender hand, in his book on "The Fallen Missionaries of Foochow."

On his return to America he entered the pastorate, and was appointed by Bishop Morris to Asbury charge, Staten Island, New York. At the session of the Newark Conference, in the Spring of 1855, he was transferred from the Philadelphia to the Newark Conference, with which he was identified until his election to the episcopacy in 1872—beloved and honored by both preachers and people. It was here that he became widely known as a preacher—a sphere in which he has shone with peculiar luster.

Dr. Wiley's first appointment after his transfer from the Philadelphia to the Newark Conference, in the Spring of

1855, was to the Halsey Street Church, Newark, New Jersey. This is one of the oldest Churches in the conference—the mother of Newark Methodism, now so strong and vigorous. He found a Church with a large and intelligent membership. In its pulpit he had been preceded, and has been followed, by many of our ablest and most successful ministers. This Church required in its pastor not only pulpit ability of a high order, but also large pastoral experience. The difficulties in his way were great, owing to his inexperience in the home work. His entire pastoral life in this country had been limited to a few months on Staten Island the preceding year. He had entered the ministry, and gone directly to China; and now on his return he was placed in a Church with a large membership, and where the preaching and pastoral responsibility were more than ordinarily severe. He brought to the active pastorate, however, a preparation which was both broad and deep. He had not only a rich religious experience born of communion with God and chastened by deep affliction, but intellectual qualities of a high order, and a training suitable to his work. He was preparing for the sophomore class in Dickinson College when his health broke down; he had pursued a classical course in the University of the City of New York when a medical student; he was a regular graduate in medicine; he had studied Chinese when a missionary; he was well read in language, literature, and philosophy. His scholastic attainments were recognized, at a later period, by the different degrees conferred upon him by institutions of the first order, and also by the works which he produced, which will bear his name to the future. Besides, his missionary life was no inferior teacher for a man working for sinful men everywhere. Thus was he prepared by grace and culture for his great work in the home field.

Here he wrought, however, with great fidelity—growing

constantly in the affections of the people, and doing a grand work for the cause of Christ. There was little of public demonstration, little to attract public attention, either in his preaching or in his methods of work; but he laid broad and deep foundations, and won the confidence of the Church and of his brethren of the ministry to a marked degree. He left the Church, at the end of two years of faithful service, in an excellent condition, and has always retained the high confidence and esteem of its members, and his visits to them were always hailed with delight.

It was at the beginning of his pastorate at Halsey Street that he was united in marriage to Miss Adeline Travis, daughter of Captain Travis, of Staten Island. Her memory is still precious to the people to whom he ministered, and she was known and loved by all in the several relations they were unitedly called to fill. Her death occurred at a later period in the history of his life; but her marriage connects itself directly with the period now under consideration, as an important factor in his usefulness among the people for whom they jointly toiled.

In the Spring of 1857 he was appointed to Trinity Church, Jersey City. This was also one of the oldest and strongest Churches of the conference—and here, too, he had been preceded and has been followed by many of our ablest ministers. He found an intelligent and appreciative Methodist people. They received him cordially, and soon an attachment sprang up between pastor and congregation which was broken only by his death. All through his after life, in the varied positions to which he was called, he was ever mindful of Trinity—and it was always a joy for him to preach to them, and for them to listen to him.

At the close of his pastorate at Trinity he was appointed to the presidency of Pennington Seminary, an institution under the control of the New Jersey and Newark Confer-

ences, where he rendered most effective service to the cause of Christian education for five years. This also marks a distinct epoch in his life.

The attachment between Dr. Wiley and the people of Trinity was such that, after five years' absence as principal of Pennington Seminary, he was reappointed to this charge. He had fairly entered upon his work, when he was elected by the General Conference as editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, and removed to Cincinnati.

The pulpit was Dr. Wiley's chosen field during his time of pastoral service. He loved to prepare sermons. He loved to preach them. He was a growing preacher. When he first began his work as a preacher he attracted only ordinary attention, and his congregation scarcely recognized the greatness of his abilities; but he steadily won his way, and became a great favorite as a preacher and as a platform speaker. It is somewhat difficult to analyze such a preacher as Dr. Wiley. His excellence consisted not so much in the predominance of any one faculty, or characteristic; but in the harmonious blending of many. It was not exegesis only; but his exegesis of his text was exact and discriminating, and his sermon was built upon his text. It was not rhetoric merely; though his style was singularly lucid, and his language felicitous. It was not the power of strong emotion exhibited before his audience; for whatever emotion he might feel was kept under control. It was not logic merely; though the logical consecution of his thoughts and the force of the argument were marked characteristics. There was nothing singular or dramatic about his manner; in fact, there was the entire absence of all attempt at display. His power lay in the harmonious blending of many elements. Above all else, it lay in his firm faith in the sufficiency of the truth itself, accompanied by the Spirit of God, to produce the most profound conviction.

As to his manner. He began quietly, gradually unfolding his topic—his sermon growing in intensity and power as he proceeded—until at last, when he closed, the sermon had often left an impression never to be effaced. He is said to have had the rare capacity of preparing his sermons completely without committing them to paper, so that he was able to come before his audience with a sermon prepared for delivery, even as to the language, without manuscript. His style was faultless; and many, who were most familiar with his pulpit efforts, declare him to have been a model preacher. It is worthy of note that he was not demonstrative in his manner; and, to the ordinary observer he seemed to lack the deep emotional feeling which some possess. In a letter to Rev. Dr. Charles Larew, of the Newark Conference, who was one of his successors in the pastorate at Halsey Street, and with whom Bishop Wiley had the most intimate relations of personal friendship until the close of his life, he gives a view of himself at once beautiful and explanatory of his methods and of his aims. It was written from Pennington, November 5, 1862:

"I have been longer in answering your letter than I intended—my necessity must be my excuse. I was agreeably surprised by the receipt of your letter—not by your friendship, for of that I always felt confident, but by the generous proffering of it to me. I most cordially accept it, and will give you mine in return. I have but few friends, using that term in its highest sense. Perhaps the reason is my fault—I have not sought them; not because I did not desire them, but for two reasons: *first*, I have never, hitherto, felt that I *had time* to make friends. My life has been a busy one—a hard-working one from my youth up. This has partly been my necessity, partly my nature—some would say my ambition; if so, not an unholy one, for I have never sought in return either honor or pay. I have been devoting

myself unremittingly to my studies, and what I thought and found to be my duty. Perhaps this has been my mistake. Perhaps one of my duties was to give some time and attention to cultivating the friendship of my fellow-men. But I felt that, in my earlier years, I had a work to perform, and was straitened until I accomplished it. I now feel somewhat easier. I have more years on my head than I had during the past twenty years, and one of my reasons for dispensing with personal friendships is passing away."

In another letter to Dr. Larew from the same place, on December 7, 1863, he gives further interesting views of friendship, and also exhibits his inner life in his relations to his fellow-men:

"I should judge its attributes about as follows: First, negatively—not ardent, enthusiastic, spontaneous, or impulsive; but affirmatively—a friendship pure, sincere, accumulative, and enduring, both for time and eternity. Not *amor*, but *caritas;* not φίλια, but ἀγάπη—the charity that 'suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up; that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.' Or, perhaps, like that 'wisdom that cometh down from above—that is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.' Now that kind of affection and friendship I can and do give you, and I know you give it in return. . . .

"When any one speaks to me about 'superiority,' I weigh it very lightly, and simply say to myself: Well, he does not know me as well as I know myself; or he would rather pity my imperfections, and sympathize with my infirmities. As one of Shakespeare's characters says, 'No more of that, if you love me.' I am 'superior' to nobody.

I never yet saw the man that was not my superior in some things, and from whom I could not learn something that I myself did not know. I may teach the rustic letters, but he can teach me how to raise corn—and one is as essential to man's need as the other. Where, then, is the superiority?"

The earnest view of life, the desire to be absolutely noble, to do his work living above its ordinary level, gave a seriousness to every thing he did, and made his whole career one not of show but of enduring reality. His views of himself and of his efforts were modest, and he seemed unconscious of the power that was in him. He distrusted his own efforts, and was not unfrequently cast down at what he regarded as his failures. He showed this in a remark to his friend, Dr. Larew: "O for twenty-four hours of self-complacency! to realize how it feels." Speaking to Dr. Larew at another time, on the enthusiasm of many ministers, he said: "Larew, you and I have got too little of it for success." When, however, the people got beyond his natural reserve, they became conscious that they were in contact with one of the noblest as well as one of the kindest and most sympathetic hearts they had ever known.

It is safe to say that, owing to his marked ability in the pulpit, his work as a pastor has not received the recognition that was properly his due. In the generally accepted sense of that word, he was not a popular pastor. He was not a frequent social visitor at the homes of his people; but he was very faithful to those who were in real need of his pastoral services. The Rev. Wm. Day, of the Newark Conference, who was his neighbor three times in adjoining charges, and his successor once, as well as a personal friend, gives his views of him as a pastor, as follows:

"In pastoral work Dr. Wiley had an intense aversion to mere chit-chat calls, or visits, chiefly to express social esteem. He had no time, taste, or qualification, for that

kind of exercise, but regarded it as degrading to both pastor and people. He moved among his people as their spiritual instructor and guide—the same in purpose and spirit out of the pulpit as in. His visits were comparatively few; but were made where, in his judgment, most needed—tender in sympathy, rich with instruction and prayer, and beautiful with the charm of an elevated character and life. If the quality and real value of pastoral visits are to be considered, rather than the 'number of calls,' then he was *not* 'a poor pastor,' but a truly great one. It was my privilege to succeed him in one of the heaviest pastorates of the conference. I found the memory of his visits gratefully cherished, and with the purest effects in many homes.

"Among those upon whom he frequently called during his pastoral work was an aged female member who had been confined to her bed with intense suffering for eleven long years. She was among the poorest of the poor, and there was no earthly motive to draw the pastor to her little unpainted dwelling, quite remote from the parsonage. Said Dr. Wiley to his successor: 'I often made visits there, and sat by her bedside to learn what patience is.' And in years after, the mention of his name to the sufferer would brighten her countenance with grateful, holy joy. Blessed testimony to his pastoral devotion! It is true that some in the congregation thought him a little too reserved and unbending, and the young people wished he had been 'more social;' but, in all their minds, he had left what is of infinite importance—a profound respect for the ministerial office, and a high appreciation of the Church of Christ. In conducting public service on the Sabbath, his supreme thought and purpose was the *worship of God*—and all the different parts of the service were made to subserve that one purpose. The prayer was generally as impressive and instructive as the sermon; and those who followed the pastor in the

prayer were led into the Holy of Holies, and into the presence of God. The impression made on the thoughtful attendant was, the minister believes in God, in prayer, and in the Bible as God's Word. He feared the gathering of people into the Church in multitudes, or by hasty exciting means. Persons came into the Church under his ministry, not in large numbers, but with intelligent convictions, genuine conversion, and have been remarkable for the constancy of their religious attachments and characters."

Such testimony from one so well acquainted with the work of Dr. Wiley, and who understands the facts in the case, is conclusive on this point, and shows that, although he was not given to the social side of pastoral life to a marked extent, he was not deficient in its more serious and religious aspect, and was ever ready to help those who needed either his pastoral guidance or Christian sympathy and aid.

His interest in his brethren of the conference was deep, and never wavered. He had a high regard for the amenities of the ministry, and he never allowed a brother minister to be disparaged in his presence. His sense of honor was high, and even chivalrous. The slightest offense against it was regarded by him with dislike; and the sure way to lose his confidence was to attempt to gain it by the disparagement of any one else. One who knew him well relates the following incident, as illustrative of this aspect of his character as a minister. At a gathering of his congregation on one occasion, about the time a new pastor had come to a neighboring charge, one of his people took occasion to say, of the new pastor, "He can not be of much account; why, we have never heard of him before:" and similar expressions from others were not wanting. Dr. Wiley promptly replied, with gentleness of spirit and firmness of tone: "Friends, if you please! The pastor of whom you speak

is a Methodist minister, and our brother. He is worthy of the position he occupies, and worthy of our fraternal confidence and esteem. I wish him much success, and shall be glad to help him." The immediate impression was profound, the effect elevating and lasting. The Christian lady who heard and reported this, being a member of another Church, was charmed with his magnanimous spirit and bearing. Both of them are now where fellowship is perfect and strife unknown.

This was in part the ground of the deep affection in which he was held by his brethren of the conference. They trusted him because he was worthy of their trust; and, on three successive occasions, his name appears first on the list of those whom they selected to represent them in the General Conference, viz., 1864, 1868, 1872, at the last of which he was made a bishop of the Church. After his acceptance of the presidency of Pennington Seminary, he still continued his work as a preacher and public speaker. He was in great demand on all occasions. He was frequently called upon for addresses in connection with the great organizations of the Church of Christ. His platform addresses partook of the characteristics of his preaching. They were chaste, forcible, and practical presentations of his theme. Multitudes of preachers and people well remember those days when his voice rang out, with no uncertain sound, on all the great movements of the time. He was not an unconcerned spectator of the conflicts of the Church, and of the nation. The cause of temperance was dear to his heart, and he pleaded powerfully for it. He was also an ardent patriot. He was aroused thoroughly on the subject of his country's destiny, and pleaded powerfully for the Union and for freedom. He delivered two lectures, which were well known and highly appreciated. The subjects were: "How we got in," and "How we shall get out."

These had the ring of the true patriot, and endeared him to many hearts.

While he was president of the seminary, he took charge of State Street Church, in Trenton, as pastor, still continuing his work in the institution. The depth of his religious experience at this time, and the views which he held on important questions, are shown in another letter to his friend, Rev. Dr. Larew. It reveals also the reason why he took upon himself the work of a pastor when his strength was inadequate to the task he had undertaken.

If to the general work on his hands we add that he was always a close student, we can readily realize how heavy the burden which he was bearing for the Church. His literary labors and attainments do not belong here; but they are not to be forgotten in considering the labors to which he refers in this letter to Dr. Larew, dated February 24, 1863:

"Yours has been too long unanswered. I could give you many reasons why, but need not. I will mention one, as I mean it to constitute a part of my letter—I have been in very poor health nearly all Winter, and especially since the holidays, and it has been as much as I could do to keep my duties moving, and keep up to my work. I am kept so constantly busy here, that even an additional letter adds to its weight. I am afraid my health is seriously injured. The truth is, I have done too much—I have been on a stretch for about fifteen years, working on high-pressure, and for the past five years on double high-pressure—I have had full two men's work ever since I have been in the seminary, and, a year ago, foreseeing that we would come short in the seminary, I took State Street Church pulpit, in Trenton, and that added nearly another man's work. I did it in order to save the seminary. I have done *that*, but fear I have hurt myself. Well, in consequence, I have felt somewhat low-spirited, and have had time for more serious self-thinking.

"Two consequences will result. First, I will be a better man. I feel *that* already. I have felt more need of God—I have wanted a divine Friend to lean upon. I have found him—and Christ is nearer and dearer than three months ago. I have been feeble—and have felt around for the divine strength, and have found it. My faith is stronger—I have learned a large lesson in the way of resignation and submission. I can take a cooler view of things temporal, and a brighter and sweeter view of things eternal. I have gained, what I very much needed, a weanedness from earth, and an attraction toward heaven. . . .

"There, now, I have written nearly all my letter; and it is all about myself. What a big shadow self makes on every thing. 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 all 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."

The reader will not fail to notice the delicate lines in Dr. Wiley's character here so incidentally brought to our notice, and his ripe views on preaching. His self-sacrifice for the good of the work with which he had been intrusted by the Church is clearly shown. This period properly

belongs to his history as an educator. It is only in his characteristics as a minister that a reference to this part of his life can find place here.

A beautiful and affecting tribute to Dr. Wiley at this time is given in the *Christian Advocate*, of March 5th, from the pen of General James F. Rusling, of Trenton, New Jersey—a tribute to him alike as a preacher, orator, and a patriot. The touching words will find a response in the hearts of many, both among the ministers and laymen of New Jersey, who knew and loved Dr. Wiley:

"In 1862, while still principal of Pennington Seminary, he became pastor of State Street Church here, to fill an interregnum of one year. During that year he gave his week days to the seminary, and his Sabbaths to State Street, as a rule. Fortunate Church! Happy people! It was not my good fortune to be here much then, being absent in the army; but I kept track of his splendid work, and occasionally heard his powerful discourses and addresses. He was then in the zenith of his fame, and in the fullness of his power, and seemed wonderfully stimulated by those stirring times. Though an educator and a pastor, he was also an ardent patriot, and, like Bishops Simpson and Ames, and others of that ilk, did not hesitate to speak for the Union on all apt occasions. He loved liberty. He hated slavery. He believed thoroughly in the American Republic as the child of Providence and the best hope of the race—and he boldly declared his passionate faith with a vigor, an eloquence, and a logic that disarmed criticism and bore all before him. The war was much on his lips in those days, in his prayers and sermons as well as in his public addresses; and at our great war meetings, here and elsewhere in New Jersey, he was always a much sought-for speaker. I remember speaking with him at one held in Trenton, in the Summer of 1862, when the Union cause seemed at its lowest ebb, after the

repeated disasters and defeats of our Little Napoleon; but his faith in final triumph was still full and serene, and his speech that night grand and sublime. He reviewed the salient facts of the rebellion with masterly ability; he stated the existing 'situation' with peculiar force and logic; he dissected McClellan the unready; he eulogized our rank and file; he appealed to the liberty-loving and patriotic to stand by the Union, as God's last, best gift to man, and wound up with an apostrophe to the flag, impassioned, solemn, impressive, unsurpassed in modern eloquence. He said something like this: That at the topmost point, over the very dome of the sky, floated the flag of Jesus Christ, Lord over all, blessed forever. But just beneath that, and beneath only that, over all other flags and all else whatsoever, streamed the Stars and Stripes. And, down deep in his soul, he felt absolutely sure heaven would yet speed it to final and complete victory. He looked like an inspired prophet of old that night. He spoke like the accomplished orator he was; and the effect of his superb address was most stirring and salutary then and there.

"But, while thus doing effective work as an American citizen (all honor to his civic courage!), he did not forget his greater work as a Christian minister. Of course, he could not do much pastoral visiting, absorbed as he was in seminary duties; but he put in his Saturday afternoons well, and his sermons on Sundays were usually models of learning and eloquence. Sometimes, indeed, they seemed like logic at a white heat or philosophy on fire. He was brimming over with ideas, fresh and original; but he had also the golden gift of speech—the divine art of utterance—and spoke, apparently, as easily as a bird sings, because it can't help it. He never read, and spoke, apparently, extemporaneously; but a practiced observer would note, that his sermons were very thoroughly prepared and deeply meditated. Often

many of his divisions must have been at least mentally composed, if not written out and memorized in advance, his words were so aptly chosen, and his sentences followed each other in such rhetorical connection, and with such logical precision. It is impossible for any human mind to work so accurately and logically, as his sometimes did, without some such preparatory process, though, as a rule, I judge, he trusted for mere words to the inspiration of the moment. It goes without saying, that he never preached namby-pamby or wishy-washy sermons. There was nothing of the 'Rev. Cream Cheese,' or divine dude, about him. But he was a man all through, and always spoke with a power and an unction peculiarly his own. Evidently, he always felt he had a message to deliver, and delivered it boldly, resolutely, solemnly—as if commissioned of God that day to deliver it, and he meant to obey his commission. He could not fail to impress me as a thoroughly upright and conscientious man—of wide reading, of deep experience, of fervent piety, of first-rate abilities—and, as such, of course, he soon 'held the ear of the town.'

"Our pews quickly filled up to overflowing with all that was then best in Trenton, and 1862 became a 'white year' in the history of the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church. He quickened and revived our membership; he arrested and aroused sinners; he stimulated the sister Churches—and, in short, did a sterling work for God in Trenton, both inside and outside of Methodism, that will long be remembered here. Its rich fruits in after years attest its worth in time; and what besides shall not eternity disclose? In subsequent years, when he became bishop, and had 'the care of all the Churches,' he visited Trenton occasionally, and was always welcomed; but our chiefest thoughts go out to him as our great pastor of 1862, and as such his memory here shall be green forever.

"A prince in Israel, a great preacher, a superb orator, a wise theologian, a devout Methodist, a brilliant educator, a true friend, and a typical American, I cast upon his grave this passing chaplet as a humble tribute from New Jersey Methodism, and invoke upon the Churches, and upon us all, the spirit of his great life and holy example. A worthy successor of John Wesley and Francis Asbury, a true associate of Gilbert Haven and Thomas Bowman, we may well say of him, as of the knights of old:

> "'The knight is dust,
> And his good sword is rust;
> His soul is with the saints, we trust!'"

In the Spring of 1864 he returned to Trinity Church, Jersey City, as pastor, where he was welcomed with open arms. He entered upon his pastorate with his usual earnestness. The Church, however, had other work for him to do. He was elected editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, and his dwelling place was removed from the midst of brethren with whom he had been so long identified in Church-fellowship; but his work survives, and he has a permanent home in the hearts of all his old friends and co-laborers.

We have proposed in this chapter no characterization of our now sainted bishop. That task belongs to others. It is a part of his early life and ministry, however, to speak of him as a member of the conference in its organized capacity. He did not participate largely in the debates of that body. In fact, he might properly be classed among the silent members of the conference. He was always ready to perform any work assigned him on the committees or elsewhere, but he left to others the work of public discussion. In response to one who urged him to take a more active part in the conference deliberations he merely answered: "I never take a leading part." That he had all the qualities of leadership was afterward fully demonstrated. He

was a growing man, and, probably, while listening to others, he was quietly, though unconsciously, being prepared for the broader sphere which Providence had designed him to fill. He often studies most who speaks the least. Perhaps, too, his natural reserve led him to shrink from appearing thus prominently among his brethren, unless it became necessary for him to do so. It is said of Frederick D. Maurice, that "he was too sensitive, too shy, too ready to espouse the weaker side, too scrupulously honest to make his way as an outward leader of men." Whatever be the cause, he did not regard it as his vocation to speak much on the conference floor.

The confidence, however, of his brethren in his ability was shown, as already indicated, in thrice sending him to represent them in the highest council of the Church. If it were proper for the writer of this chapter to speak of himself in this connection, he would speak of the personal loss he has sustained in the death of Bishop Wiley. He came into the conference when Dr. Wiley was among the recognized forces of a conference abounding in men, strong and noble, and true. He remembers his pale face and slight form, his dignified simplicity, his unfailing courtesy. More than once has Dr. Wiley given him wise counsel, and shown him kindness, which are unfading in his memory. He mourns him as a bishop and as a friend. The memory which he has of him is that of a man—reserved yet truly communicative, unobtrusive yet courageous, studious without pedantry, firm yet kind—with many opposite elements harmonized and blended by faith in Christ.

With the Spring of 1872 his connection with the Newark Conference ceased by his election to the episcopacy. His grand work in his high office is known and read by the whole Church. His old comrades have ever followed his career as if he were still one of themselves; they have gladly welcomed him more than once to preside over them; they

have prayed for his success, and they have sympathized in his sorrows; and now that, in the maturity of his powers, he has been called to the rest of the blessed, "they sorrow most of all that they shall see his face no more." They join with a bereaved Church in tendering to his afflicted family, in their overwhelming sorrow, their deepest sympathies, and their prayers that they may be comforted with the rich graces and promises which God, the Father of all, can alone bestow. The heavens have welcomed back their own; and his friends on earth, through their tears, gaze by faith on their departed Bishop Wiley now crowned with an unfading crown.

An Interlude.

THAT part is finished! I lay down my pen,
And wonder if the thoughts will flow as fast
Through the more difficult defile. For the last
Was easy, and the channel deeper then.
My Master! I will trust thee for the rest;
Give me just what thou wilt, and that will be my best.

How can I tell the varied, hidden need
Of thy dear children, all unknown to me,
Who, at some future time, may come and read
What I have written? all are known to thee.
As thou hast helped me, help me to the end;
Give me thy own sweet messages of love to send.

So now, I pray thee, keep my hand in thine,
And guide it as thou wilt. I do not ask
To understand the "wherefore" of each line;
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task
Just to look up to thee for every word,
Rest in thy love—and trust, and know that I am heard.

II.

MISSION LIFE.

E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

CHINA was the first really heathen missionary field entered by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Foochow, a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants, in the latitude of the Rio Grande, Texas, was the station chosen by the pioneers, White and Collins, in 1847. Dr. Isaac W. Wiley was the fifth man sent to this mission, with its second re-enforcement, in 1851.

As early as 1848 the missionary committee in New York resolved to recommend to the bishop in charge of Foreign Missions to select and appoint a missionary physician to be sent out as soon as possible, said physician to be a member of an annual conference.

July 1, 1850, Dr. Wiley's case was considered by the committee, and, on August 6th, the unanimous opinion was reached, that he be appointed, on condition that he should complete his medical education by regularly graduating at one of our medical colleges the ensuing Winter.

August 28th, Isaac W. Wiley heads the list of those "admitted on trial" in the East Genesee Conference, transferred to the Philadelphia Conference, and formally appointed to the China Mission by Bishop Waugh.

Disappointed in his cherished hope of preaching, by the failure of his voice in the Winter of 1842–3, young Wiley

had turned his attention to the study of physic, and, in 1846, after a course of lectures in New York, commenced its practice in Blairsville, Pennsylvania, under a physician's license.

Seven years' study and five years' practice had qualified him amply to profit by attendance upon a full course of lectures at the New York University, and for graduation as a full-fledged M. D. in mid-February, 1851.

February 19th, the board voted him a medical outfit of two hundred and forty dollars, with which to furnish a dispensary at Foochow. The ocean voyage of sixteen thousand miles between March 13th and June 17th, in a well-appointed clipper, was a period of health and enjoyment. That from Hongkong to Foochow, four hundred miles further up the coast, was without incident. By July 9th they were at Pagoda anchorage, in the beautiful river Min, within ten miles of their future field of labor—and here commenced, at the moment of their arrival, the education of the natives in the much-needed knowledge of foreigners, accustoming the Chinese to their presence, their ways, their society, their religion, especially familiarizing them with the sight of foreign women and children.

A boat excursion to one of the populous villages on the banks of a tributary of the Min "summoned the entire population to the banks of the stream." "A dense and moving mass of excited people thronged the banks of the creek," says Dr. Wiley, "each advance of our boat bringing a fresh accession of anxious spectators, who, for the first time, probably, were permitted to look on a company of western barbarians." A bungalow, built in 1849–50 by the bachelor missionary J. D. Collins, and vacated by his return to America in April, 1851, was ready for their reception—situated in an olive orchard on the crest of a hill, the north side of which slopes down to the populous suburb by the side of

the river, the opposite slope covered with the graves accumulated by centuries of burials from the city, and extending for miles along the ridges among the stunted pines.

The two years and seven months spent by Dr. Wiley on missionary ground, in actual contact with heathenism were little more than a record of trials—apparently unproductive labors, family afflictions, and severe personal sufferings. Of the work he accomplished we get a glimpse in a letter to his sister, dated November 4, 1851, some four months after his arrival in China:

"We are all well and happy. Very well, indeed, considering the very warm weather we have had, and the fact of our coming into a new climate at this hottest season of the year. Happy, too, in the consciousness that, coming to this distant land and devoting our lives to this sacred work, we are doing our duty. I think at last I have found my real calling. I tried, at home, many situations, and was disappointed in all. I always felt that I was not doing my full duty to God and my fellows; but, since coming here, I have been, indeed, contented and happy.

"I feel that God is with me, and blesses me—and that I am engaged in a great and glorious work, in which there is abundant room for the exercise of all my abilities, mental and bodily, whatever they may be, and, being constantly employed in the best of causes, I can not be otherwise than contented and happy. The families of our mission are all in good health. I can not say as much for the health of the members of the other missions [American Board and Church of England]; and I have had some serious cases among them, besides having something to do [professionally] in my own family.

"Health we consider our greatest blessing here. Without that we can do nothing here; and we feel very grateful that Providence has so far dealt kindly with us.

"We are doing all we can in our missionary labors—toiling daily at the language, which is the work of years. I do not find it very difficult, but it requires close application. We have already picked up quite a number of words and phrases, so that we get along with our housekeeping much better than we did at first. I am doing all I can in the way of ministering to the bodily wants of the people. We have had a great many visitors to our dispensary, where, with medicine, we have given also religious books, which, I trust, have done many of them good. The way of the Gospel seems very dark here—no converts as yet in Foochow, and it will probably be a long time before any will be converted: yet this is not discouraging.

"We can scarcely be considered as doing any thing more at present than preparing the way. In some of the most successful mission stations in the world the missionaries toiled for many a long year before they saw the fruit of their labors. The missionaries to Tahiti labored among the natives of that island for fifteen years without making a single convert. Now, the whole island is converted to Christianity!

"There has been missionary labor in Foochow only since 1846, a period of five years; and, indeed, but little was done till 1849, as none of the missionaries were able to preach in the dialect till then. Though none have been fully converted to God, we are yet permitted to see a growing interest among the people to know something about the 'new religion.' They take our books, and, beyond question, many read them, and afterward return to ask questions about them. We make great use of the written language, and circulate many excellent books, together with various portions of the Bible.

"The Chinese are a very superstitious people, and are rigidly attached to their systems of religion. There are

many temples in Foochow [two hundred], and many idols, to which they pay constant devotion. Besides these, they have a great number of joss-houses—little square buildings scattered along the streets [way-side shrines]—occupied by one or more images, before which incense is constantly burning. They are, in every sense, idolaters. They keep idols in their homes as well as in their temples and shrines, and prostrate themselves before them, and worship them. They teach their children, when very young, to worship idols. I have seen a Chinese mother teaching her child, probably not more than three years of age, to bow down before an ugly-looking idol, and clasp its little hands together, and repeat prayers to this dumb object with great veneration. The name they give their gods is 'shin' [spirit—or shan-te, supreme ruler]. Of these shins they have many hundreds—gods of heaven, gods of the earth, gods of the mountains, gods of the rivers, gods of the cities, domestic gods, gods of the kitchen, barbers, tailors, and all other trades and occupations.

"Some of their temples are very fine buildings, covering a large area, and divided into various compartments—halls for worship, and priests' residences. They keep up almost constant worship of a very noisy character, accompanied by gongs, bells, drums, loud cries, prostrations, and ridiculous and fantastic gestures. They have many religious street processions, in which they carry about idols large and frightful, with a horrible discord of horns, drums, gongs, and cymbals."

The first difficulty that confronted the new-comers was the acquisition of the language—the hardest on the face of the globe to acquire. Dr. White, co-missionary till December, 1852, now professor in Yale College, says: "Dr. Wiley was diligent and successful in learning to speak Chinese; as much so as any one, considering the time he had for its study."

Summer in the tropics is wearing upon a Northern constitution, and the Wileys arrived in Foochow in midsummer, the season of its hottest beams. Nevertheless, their heathen home was favorably situated to catch the evening breeze from the sea, and for walks, and excursions by sedan chair, on the quiet hills upon which their house fronted.

Their first severe trial was the prolonged sickness of Mrs. Wiley, after the birth of her second daughter (the first was born at Port Carbon, Pennsylvania), November 30, 1851, followed by a severe cold and acute rheumatism, which confined her to the bed for eight weeks, succeeded by painful and obstinate affections, which did much to break up her constitution, and even then threatened fatal termination. By April, 1852, medicine had had so little effect that the question of her return to America was seriously considered, to be decided finally in the negative. In September following, Dr. Wiley himself was prostrated for six weeks with severe dysentery, and for some time his life was despaired of.

The last of August of that year, Mrs. Wiley, writing to friends in Pennsylvania, says: "My own health is better than it was last Winter, though I have still some pain in the limbs. The doctor is rather weak this Summer—feels the effects of the climate, which, since the first of June, has been extremely warm."

In March, 1853, Mrs. Wiley writes again: "For several months past the doctor has not been so well, sometimes rather poorly, the effect of his severe attack of dysentery and the climate together. The climate has never agreed with him. There are but few who can endure it long. During the Winter we have lost two families, the Johnsons and Whites, both of whom left on account of sickness."

Those were, indeed, years of sickness and dying to the infant missions! The first Mrs. White contracted a slight cold in the Autumn of 1847, which, added to the exhausting

atmosphere of a new climate, re-enforced by a damp, chilly Winter, brought on a disease of the lungs, which carried her rapidly to the grave. In May, 1848, she died, and was the first to be laid in the "Mission Cemetery," after eight months of sick life in heathendom. In April, 1851, Collins left, reaching his Michigan home in September, "so wan, wasted, and broken, that his parents could hardly recognize the son that had left them, in stalwart health, four years before." The Hickoks were compelled to retire from the field after a year of sickness and feebleness in it (1848–9). In February, 1850, Dr. White was sick with fever, and feeble till September. In 1852, he and his (second) wife found the only chance of saving life was to leave Foochow, and by midsummer, 1853, they were in the United States.

In April, 1853, Mrs. Wiley writes: "While you have had a dreary March, the weather here has been beautiful—much like a pleasant, mild May with you; leaves green, flowers in bloom. I have been making garden—planting some American and English seeds, which kind friends gave us. The beets are up nicely. The doctor is engaged repairing the house on the island to be nearer the people, as well as to escape thieves and burglars, who break through our walls and steal, necessitating the employment of a watchman to protect our premises by night.

"His first professional duties are to attend the sick of our own and the American Board Mission; next, he is to labor for the souls and bodies of the heathen. He has done much toward healing their bodies, as well as toward healing their sinful hearts. He has under his charge a school of boys, twenty-nine in number, with whom he daily sings, prays, explains the Scriptures, and teaches the true religion—all, of course, in Chinese.

"He is toiling on at the language. One must study

hard to get this dialect. Even a little knowledge is acquired only at the price of much hard study. Children learn it easily—Adah and Annie chatter in English and Chinese with equal facility."

In the Spring of 1853, the Tai-ping rebels threatened the city; the rabble became restless and turbulent, and the mandarins warned foreigners that they must look out for themselves. In May, the only other two families of the Methodist Mission sought safety in Hongkong; while, as Dr. White puts it, "Dr. Wiley entitled himself to the gratitude of the Church for standing by the mission," and courageously declining to leave his post whatever might betide.

Deserted by their only white neighbors on Mirror Hill, adjoining the olive orchard, they deemed it prudent to leave a situation so lonely and exposed to thieves and burglars, and removed to the vacant house owned by the mission situated on the little thickly populated island in the middle of the river. Two separate trips by boat, down the river, for change and sea-air, were rather disastrous than helpful. In one of these they were caught in a typhoon, and exposed for over a week to all the fury of the raging hurricane, housed under the close-matting roof of a native "sanpan," or row-boat.

Dr. and Mrs. Wiley both suffered severely from the effects of this exposure. His health failed rapidly, and both were confined, most of the time, during August and September, to their beds. They determined to leave Foochow for a trip by sea in quest of health, but Mrs. Wiley was too far gone to attempt it—her malady marched steadily toward a fatal termination. In mid-October she gave premature birth to an infant, and, two weeks later, was in a dying condition. November 3d, the invalid husband was left in charge of two motherless girls, both infants, more than sixteen thousand miles from home and friends. That

he had his heart and hands full during the rest of that lonely, dreary Winter may be well believed. This is a sad chapter in the life of Dr. Wiley. We are led to inquire, what compensation Divine Providence offered for such a tissue of trials and misfortunes.

In 1858, thirty-six male and female missionaries had been sent to Foochow, of whom ten had died and thirteen were compelled to retire—leaving only thirteen still connected with the three missions. It was the experimental period. Dr. Wiley says of it: "The fact that so many have fallen, and others, under broken health, have been forced to retire, while it presents a mournful chapter in the history of missions at Foochow, is no real cause for discouragement, nor does it evidence the ineligibility of this city as a missionary station. Perhaps the proportion of fallen missionaries here does not surpass that of other new and untried mission-fields; and we must remember that, though other parts of China had been occupied several years by missionaries and foreign residents, Foochow was entirely unknown, and presented all the hazards and difficulties of a new and untried field. We knew not what articles of clothing, furniture, or food might be procured; and, for want of such information, had, in many instances, to endure grave disappointments and serious privations. We had no homes. Rude, temporary shelter had to be provided, wholly unadapted to the wants of foreign residents in a new and inhospitable climate—months and years had to pass before the prejudices of the people were so far removed as to allow us to build comfortable houses. We met, first of all, the labor of acquiring a new language, about which no foreigner knew any thing—toward which no books from other parts of China would be of any service, and for which no teacher could be provided who knew or could speak a word of English. We were in the midst of a new climate, new scenes, new modes of life—

to all of which we must learn to accustom ourselves, while, at the same time, meeting grave obstacles and performing gigantic labors. It is no wonder that so many fell. They fell, however, bearing the banner of the Great King in the forefront of the Lord's host."

Collins, in 1849, when about commencing to build the house at the olive orchard, occupied by the Wileys after his departure, and subsequently pulled down by the writer to make way for the comfortable brick edifice which now occupies the same spot, writes thus: "Chinese houses are mostly shiftless affairs. I have never seen one in which it would be prudent for a foreigner to live continuously without refitting and repairs. The roof will be leaking, and the timbers will be nests for white ants and cockroaches."

During a part of the year 1852, Dr. Wiley and family were crowded into the small olive-orchard bungalow along with the Colders, because the latter could effect no purchase of grounds, on which to build, from the reluctant natives. Of those years of privation and discomfort Dr. White writes: "In the Spring of 1848, Hickok and Maclay (the first re-enforcement) arrived at Foochow—bringing no money with them, or only a trifle, and the whole mission was on short allowance till the next December, and all crowded into one house! I could tell of some hard times during these six months—but the period was one of blessed experience of the presence and power of God to bless and sustain."

Dr. Wiley's part in this pioneer work, this breaking up of a virgin soil for subsequent fruitful and productive tillage, was an important one. Although unable to preach in the Fo-ke-en tongue, he nevertheless bore a more influential title among the natives than that of a Gospel minister. He was a physician; and the ignorant Chinese, like the ignorant and uninstructed in all countries, had implicit faith in doc-

tors. Hospitals, dispensaries, and practicing physicians have played an important part in modern missions.

Eternity alone will reveal the influence which the brief labors of Doctor Wiley among the natives of Foochow had in the work that sprang up in that mission a few years after his departure from it, and which has steadily progressed to the present hour. The *Missionary Advocates* of that period (1851 to 1854) contain frequent references to him and his work, and from these we glean such items as will interest readers at this distance of time and space from the scene of action.

No sooner had he reached Hongkong than his quick eye discerned the needs of the future work, which he mentioned in communications, on type and alphabetizing, sent to Dr. D. W. Clark, and Dr. Geo. Peck, then editor of the *Christian Advocate*. His "voyage has been prosperous and rapid." He is "kindly received by the Baptist missionaries at Victoria." He sees that "the first thing to do is to remove the apprehensions of the Chinese, generated by the recent wars, and to gain their confidence."

October 4, 1851. "Health unaffected by the climate." "Could not be induced by any consideration to abandon China now." "The best way to develop a missionary spirit is to dwell in heathendom." "We can not learn China from books; we must see it to know what it is." "There is every thing here that human wretchedness, ignorance, and depravity can present to enlist the sympathies, the prayers, the contributions of the pious and benevolent of Christian lands." He attends dispensary twice a week; Dr. White assists, interpreting and aiding. They have fifty patients a day, and twenty-five or thirty receive substantial aid.

January 8, 1852. "All well in the mission. Mrs. Wiley has been ill, but is now convalescent."

February 5, 1852. There have been two hundred dis-

pensary cases—boatmen, citizens, male and female. A blind man from the country, living some three hundred miles in the interior, comes to have a cataract removed. The operation for the right eye was successfully performed, and he insists on having the obstruction removed from the other. This restoring sight to the blind by surgical instruments is astonishing to the natives, and gives them a high idea of foreign science and skill.

February 7th chronicles an interesting case. A widowed mother brings a blind boy, her son, fifteen years old, to be cured of cataract. The operation for the right eye was perfectly successful; and, when the bandages were removed, the little fellow could see but could not tell objects or distances by sight. "When I showed him my watch he could not tell what it was till it was put into his hands, and he recognized it by feeling as formerly. When I bade him walk across the room he did so, and would have walked right into the fire but for a hindering hand. I bade him come to me, and he came square against me by not being able to calculate the distance of objects from him by his newly recovered sense of vision." Dr. Wiley concludes the interesting pathological record with the reflection: "O! that the Physician of souls would restore spiritual sight to mother and son, that they may be able to see the marvelous beauties that our blessed Savior has provided for them that love him."

March 13, 1852, is the anniversary of their embarkation, and he signalizes it by commencing, in a feeble way, to hold religious services with the Chinese in his own family circle. "For some time," he says, "I have been engaged with my teacher in preparing the Gospel of John, so that I could read it. This evening the teacher read a portion of the first chapter in the character, and explained it in the colloquial, while I endeavored to tell the nature of the book.

We sang the Doxology in Chinese, and I repeated the Lord's Prayer, tremblingly."

March 20th. "Had a talk with my teacher about America. Have felt a deep and prayerful interest in this intelligent heathen man, who has been connected with the missions for two or three years as a teacher. He manifests great interest in our books and religion. If God would give me this one soul for my hire, I should be abundantly rewarded for coming to China."

May 1st and 3d. The medical department has been seriously interfered with by the continued rains peculiar to the season.

June 5th. "We are only pioneers in this blessed work, and must expect much conflict with the superstitions and darkness by which we are surrounded. These wretched idolaters seem determined to cast the Word of God away from them."

August, 1852. Dr. Wiley has been "engaged in repairs on his house, but has attended to all calls at home from those desiring medical treatment."

In November, 1852, the mission has three residences, called by courtesy "houses" — but really tumble-down bungalows, rudely made by Chinese carpenters, of timbers stuck upright on flat stones, and covered with bamboo and plastering. In December, the boys' school, inaugurated by Brother Colder, was transferred to the care of Dr. Wiley; and he and his wife took into their family two promising Chinese youths, apprenticed for six years, to learn the English, and be otherwise educated.

In April, 1853, the quarterly report shows that Dr. Wiley is still in charge of the boys' school, though still troubled with pains in the bowels—the relics of his very severe illness with dysentery the Fall before. He has twenty-six boys in his list; and twenty in daily attendance, who,

in addition to learning their own language, receive daily instruction in the Christian Scriptures, and join in daily services of prayer and praise.

May 4th Dr. Wiley writes: "I find the boys' school under my care to be delightful work. It is pleasant to watch over and direct the studies of these intelligent and bright Chinese youth. The school has increased rapidly during the past three months, and now numbers thirty-two scholars, with an average daily attendance of twenty-six. I visit them daily, and spend one hour in listening to their exercises and catechising them. Their progress is wonderful—their understanding of Christian doctrines intelligent and comprehensive.

"On Sunday we give an hour to the catechism, and it is intensely gratifying to watch the advancement of these boys in holy things. They commit portions of the Scripture to memory; and, to aid them in understanding it, I have prepared a map of Palestine, to be hung on the wall of the school-room."

Mrs. Wiley's decease, November 3, 1853, rendered Dr. Wiley's further stay in Foochow, with his helpless infant daughters, impossible, and, on the 16th January, 1854, they embarked for the United States, in the *Houqua*, the same vessel that brought the refugees of the Tai-ping scare from Hongkong in the previous December.

How fruitful in actual results his connection with the Foochow Mission may have been we shall never know in this world. The Church in America was stirred by his numerous articles, and a countless number of missionary addresses, on all sorts of occasions and all styles of platform, flavored, if not directly inspired, by China and Foochow. One of my own immediate clerical friends and *confreres* said to me, recently: "One of the most interesting addresses I ever listened to was that of Bishop Wiley at the missionary

anniversary of the Troy Conference, at its session in Glen's Falls, April, 1881, made up mainly of his China experiences." At a missionary conference in Pittsburg, in 1873, Bishop Wiley said, of his days of darkness and bereavement in Foochow: "Brethren, it is with sorrow and joy that I recall those days. Sorrow, that I should have had a cup so bitter; joy, that I and those that I loved and lost should have had some part in the healing of the nations."

It was three and a half years after Dr. Wiley left, and ten years from the inauguration of the mission, before a single convert was baptized. Interesting dates! Mission founded in 1847; first accession of converts in 1857; organization of the Foochow Mission into an Annual Conference by Bishop Wiley in 1877.

The growth of the Foochow Mission is unprecedented in the history of China missions. There has been no sudden turning over of a whole people to Christian faith and usages, but a regular and substantial progress and increase from the first conversion to the present time.

Dr. Wiley had a hand in the seed-sowing, but saw not a single sprout of the grain—he left in 1854. He returned in 1877, as a commissioned officer of the Church, to organize an annual conference with thirty-four traveling and sixty local preachers, twelve hundred and thirty-five lay members and seven hundred and seventy-six probationers, reporting, for that year, over a thousand dollars for benevolent collections, from a membership of laborers whose average of wages is ten cents a day!

Seven years later, Bishop Wiley returns to Foochow to preach to this same conference the most powerful sermon that can possibly be preached by mortal, that of a Christian's death-bed! It is said that, after the adjournment of the General Conference, May, 1884, he coveted assignment to the work in Eastern Asia; and, when it was intimated

that the trip and climate might cost him his life, he replied: "Foochow is as good a place to go to heaven from as any other on the face of the globe."

August following he organized the Japan Mission into an Annual Conference; and, in October, directed the doings of the Pekin Mission from a sick chamber. Once, and once only, sustained by his own peculiarly self-masterful will, he visited the conference room and addressed the assembled body—China was his theme.

"He spoke of his life-interest in this work, and his labor and love for it; of his great desire to see his brethren in China once more before he went to heaven. He dwelt, for a moment, on the vastness of the country, the magnitude and difficulties of the work, and the certainty of final triumph."

Then follows a most pathetic, we might add prophetic, allusion to himself: "Now, brethren, my little part in this work is about done. The end is now at hand; but it is no matter, I am ready. If I can get down to Central China (Kiu-Kiang) and arrange matters there, and then reach Foochow and hold the conference, if it is God's will, I can lay down my life and sleep quietly where I began this work thirty-four years ago." What eye has not moistened over the printed words that so moved the little missionary band at Pekin that there was "not a dry eye in the house" while they were being spoken?

Bishop Wiley could not ascend the Yang-tse-Kiang, five hundred miles, to meet the Central China Mission, in his feeble condition. So they brought the mission to Shanghai, and transacted its business in the parlor of that prince of missionaries, Dr. Lambuth, of the Church South, a young man when I knew him and shared the hospitalities of his house nearly thirty years ago, but a veteran now.

Thence the sick bishop made his way southward, care-

fully attended, to the long wished-for goal of his dying desire, Foochow—his feebly pulsating heart to be fluttered with pleasurable excitement for the last time at the sight of the White Dogs, and Sharp Peak, Kinpai, and Min-gan passes, and the unique pagoda, with its broad river anchorage, the scene of the bloody butchery of August last, which he himself denounced as on "a parallel with the Spanish and Portuguese brigandage of three centuries ago;" the trip by "sanpan," or house-boat, up the remaining ten miles, in sight of the blue hills, the green fields, the bamboos, the banyans, the circling mountains, lofty Kooshan (drum-mountain) on the east, loveliest of resorts for invalids and worn spirits, Ke-shan (flag-mountain) in the west, Nipple mountain in the north, and Tiger hills in the south. In the very center of this circle of eternal hills he had come to make his grave.

Lifted from the boat to a sedan-chair, how natural it seemed to be borne on the springing poles resting on the shoulders of lusty, sure-footed bearers, to thread his way from the landing-place through the babel of a Chinese street, where he used to distribute Christian books, and lisp Christian doctrines in uncouth colloquial, strange to every other visiting official, but natural as life to him. He climbs once more the rocky pathway that leads to the summit of the ridge, passes, with a wistful glance, the gateway that opens upon his once olive-orchard home, and, two doors from it, enters the house of the superintendent of the mission, built, twenty-five years ago, for the occupancy of the now well-known Chinese missionary, Dr. O. Gibson. He exclaims, as he enters the gate, "Home at last!" tells the mistress of the mansion that he comes, not now as a guest to be entertained, but as a patient to be nursed—takes to his bed (November 6th) to rise no more till the general resurrection of the last day.

At the adjournment of General Conference, in May, 1884, Bishop Wiley made the last prayer, and Bishop Simpson the last address, crowned with a loving, sacred benediction. They were the first of its superintendents to be called to their reward—Simpson on the 21st of June, and Wiley on the 22d of November, exactly five months later. How different the circumstances of their exit!—the one in cultured Philadelphia, the other in heathen Foochow; the one coffined in cedar and satin and velvet and gold, resting under a canopy supported by columns of polished mahogany, the other in a rude box made by a Chinese mechanic, no canopy, no tolling knell, no hearse with nodding plumes, no long procession of Church officials and dignitaries, no funeral orations of eloquent divines! A simple funeral in a little mission church, participated in by gray-haired missionaries, C. C. Baldwin and C. Hartwell, of the American Board, fellow workers with Dr. Wiley in the field, a generation ago, cheered by the catholicity of the Church of England Bishop Burden, the tribute of high-Church exclusiveness to heroism, self-sacrifice, manly worth, and piety. Native preachers robed in white, the Chinese color for mourning, beg the privilege of bearing the remains of their beloved "kantoke" (overseer) to the grave; and the procession wends its way through narrow lanes, and along straggling pathways, over scores of hillocks, whose little granite headstones, chiseled full of hieroglyphics, indicate the shallow resting places of dead natives, to the open grave under the pines, olives, and longans, where Isaac William Wiley is laid beside Francis J. Martin, the companion of his youth, to bind forever the heart of the Church to the Mission Cemetery at Foochow.

By the aid of the friendly telegraph, the whole bereaved Methodist family crowded around the death-bed of Matthew Simpson, joined the imposing procession to the rural

cemetery, and cast sprigs of myrtle upon his coffin. Similarly, we visit the grave of the beloved Wiley with tokens of love and affection. We recall, vividly, the last moments, stand with bowed heads under a semi-tropical sun and listen to the burial service, rendered more pathetically impressive by the rain of tears from the dusky cloud of Christian converts in the outer circle. By spiritual telephone, we listen to the words (the tenth beatitude), "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors."

The tired Wiley "rests" at last. He has fought a "hard fight—not much pleasure, not much joy, a great deal of work, with much peace." One of his reported death-bed expressions was, "Now, let me rest." The reply of our hearts is:

Rest! weary head!
Laid down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,
Light from above hath broken through its gloom:
Here, in the place where once the Savior lay—
Where he shall wake thee on a future day—
Like a tired child, upon its mother's breast,
Rest! sweetly rest!

Rest! spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where toil and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock, by the Good Shepherd fed—
Beside the streams of life-eternal led—
Forever with thy God and Savior blest,
Rest! sweetly rest!

The Universal Need.

(A Favorite Poem of Bishop Wiley.)

THE world wants men—light-hearted, manly men;
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor and the song of love.

The times wants scholars—scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of dubious years,
And land the ark that bears our country's good
Safe to some peaceful Ararat at last.

The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster, Error, by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.

And heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious souls,
To taste its raptures, and expand like flowers
Beneath the glory of its Central Sun.
It wants fresh souls—not lean and shriveled ones;
It wants fresh souls—my brother, give it thine.

If thou, indeed, wilt act as man should act;
If thou, indeed, wilt be what scholars should;
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet at last shall stand on jasper flowers,
Thy heart at last shall seem a thousand hearts,
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled—
Whilst thou shalt sit with princes, and with kings,
Rich in the jewel of a ransoned soul.

III.

THE EDUCATOR.

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, D. D.

IN middle New Jersey, in the county named for the gallant General Mercer, who fell at the battle of Princeton, in the plain country called by the State geologist the Red Sandstone Valley, a healthful region of gently undulating farm-lands, with a fertile, reddish soil, is the secluded village of Pennington, eight miles north from Trenton state-house. Railroads and recent years have brought to it a somewhat larger growth; but in the days of which we write it was a few hundred well-painted, unpretending houses, built on two shaded streets—a simple harmony of white and green set in a peaceful, prosperous, and pleasant land. There was very little business in the place—no bank, two or three country stores, a drug-store kept by that faithful friend of religion and education, Mr. Ripley T. Martin, two churches (Presbyterian and Methodist), two taverns, two doctors, one lawyer, and one ice-cream shop kept by the perennial and renowned firm of Uncle & Aunty Tindal. Yet this small village was not without wide-spread and most honorable fame. Its light shone farther than many a city set on a hill. Its distinction was not the dusty din of traffic, but the training of immortal minds that should go out and write themselves upon the world. It could boast

that, probably, no other place in the land was so much an educational center. In this sweet and cleanly village were more seminaries than churches, taverns, or doctors, and its distinguishing work was as fair to the imagination as its appearance and environment were to the eye.

A pretty rural picture it made from the half-wooded slope of Bennington Mountain, an elevation somewhat higher than any of the seven hills of Rome, two miles north, whither students loved to stroll on Saturday afternoons, where hickory-trees dropped nuts, and at the base the old farmer, too much soaked with his own apple-jack, operated a cider-press and a still, which was coiled like a serpent and trickled the poison that "stingeth like an adder." Three-quarters of a mile east of the village, Stony Brook, on its way to the Raritan and Sandy Hook, bends a coaxing elbow toward Pennington, inviting successive generations of boys with the mild attractions of fishing, swimming, and skating, and offering its arm to many a bright bevy of school-girls for a stroll through beech woods, where squirrels chirp and shy birds flit, violets and May-apples grow, and deep-piled mosses spread their velvet-tufted fairy-flowered axminster, across which flickers now and then a harmless little snake, starting a maiden's scream. Six miles west, where the Delaware goes by on its way to meet the embassage and escort of the sea at the near tide-water, is the famous and oft-pictured point at which Washington crossed the river through the ice on Christmas-night, 1776, to strike the Hessians at Trenton. Thither young men, who counted themselves "stout walkers," as guide-books say, made occasional excursions on Summer half-holidays, and mused along the river-bank of *Pater Patriæ*, debating why his smooth and placid character should cast the undiminished shadow of its greatness down so far. While they rested for return, outstretched upon the grass among the willows and alders near

Washington's Crossing, there hovered as in the sky above young minds this image and object-lesson of true nobleness and just renown.

Pennington had three literary institutions, a boarding-school managed by A. P. Lasher, Methodist; "Evergreen Hall," a ladies' school, Presbyterian, in charge of the Misses Hale, sisters of Dr. Hale, many years pastor of the local Presbyterian Church; but its chief distinction and ornament was and is the NEW JERSEY CONFERENCE SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, its white cupola visible afar, opened in 1839, and continuing since then in an unbroken career of expanding influence and incalculable usefulness. The present principal, Dr. Thomas Hanlon, reports that the seminary has aided in the education of over five hundred ministers, averaging twelve annually for its first thirty years, and seventeen a year for the last fifteen—and that not less than six thousand students have been taught in its halls. It has furnished missionaries to India, China, Japan, Mexico, and other lands, and sent out two in Bishop William Taylor's intrepid band, that sailed from New York, January 22, 1885, destined for the Tushilange country in Central Africa.

The first principal of this institution was Dr. Edward Cooke, who remained seven years, and was afterward president of the university at Appleton, Wisconsin, of the seminary at Wilbraham, and of Claflin University, at Orangeburg, South Carolina. The second principal was Dr. Stephen M. Vail, who was taken away at the end of two years to be professor of Hebrew, at Concord, New Hampshire. The third was Dr. Jonathan T. Crane, who held the place nine years, and then returned to pastoral work in the Newark Conference. To the principalship, as Dr. Crane's successor, came, in 1858, Rev. Isaac William Wiley, M. D. The manner of his coming was as follows: The trustees

had become much dissatisfied with the condition of the seminary. So heavily embarrassed was it, that a change of management was imperatively necessary. The principal, at a fixed salary, was not sufficiently interested in the prosperity of the finances. The responsibility for this must be laid on his shoulders, and he be made to fare as the institution fared. Dr. Crane's refusal to accept the new plan compelled them to seek another principal. Drs. Jno. S. Porter and Geo. F. Brown were a committee to find a man. Dr. Porter meeting Dr. Wiley, then pastor of Trinity Church, Jersey City, in a New York street-car, laid the matter before him. Later consultations resulted in his acceptance and election. The plan agreed upon was that he should run the seminary himself, manage finances, pay all expenses, take a small allowance for his own support, pay the trustees a thousand dollars a year toward interest upon the debt, and any thing over should be divided between trustees and principal according to terms named in the contract. The young man of thirty-three, lately back from four years in China, with little working experience in this country, was courageous enough to take on such terms an institution that was falling grievously behind and perilously embarrassed. It is enough to say briefly that he entirely succeeded. Putting under the seminary what little money he possessed, taking from the treasury but a small amount for his own use, helping out the support of his family by supplying the pulpit at Princeton in 1860–61, and of State Street, Trenton, in 1862–63, he completely satisfied the trustees by his consummate management—more than doubled the attendance, elevated the tone and character of the school in all respects, and made it a far greater power for good than it had ever been.

The year 1858, when Dr. Wiley began his work at Pennington, was before railroads had approached nearer than

Trenton, eight miles away by turnpike. "Uncle Amos" Lanning still drove the stage; and in the morning, between breakfast and prayers, his quaint, slim figure would be seen coming across from his little house on the far border of the campus. Walking along the seminary front he would call out under the windows of the ladies' side: "Wake up your eye-brows, you pretty birds, you! All aboard for Trenton!" his lively, cheery cry ending with a queer half-chirp, half-cluck, that was all his own, while the stage stood ready at the platform outside the gate at the foot of the walk. Pleasant enough was the stage-ride in Summer; but what a "slough of despond" the turnpike was in the breaking up of Winter! The chariot "drave heavily," as if the wheels were off in that Red Sea of sandstone mud; and life seemed too short for spending so much time on the road between any two places. Dr. Wiley came in the days when good-natured Irish Katy, who waited on table in the dining-room for twenty-eight years, beginning in 1852, was in her comparative youth, with no signs of the coming of that penniless and palsied age in which her faithful service has now ended. He came before the days of water-supply in the building. Heating by furnace had just been arranged in place of wood-stoves that had occupied every room. The boys no longer had to carry up wood and make and tend their own fires, but were still obliged to bring all the water they used. A partial source of supply for the institution was the well in the rear corner of the campus near the old wood-pile; but often the water-wagon was seen making regular trips to bring from a distance a supply for the kitchen, laundry, and ladies' side of the house. Often in the early morning or cooling evening dusk of Summer days, the boys, by ones, twos, and half-dozens, went swinging their buckets through the back gate down the meadow path to the bubbling spring at the foot of the field, which poured its sweet waters under the shade

of wild rose-bushes at the base of the large-leaved, wide-branched sycamore-tree, whose inviting bark, high up and low down, had been a register of students' names since Pennington first had a seminary.

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 great power. He surrounded himself with admirable coadjutors in his faculty. There was Joshua A. Lippincott giving the earlier development to those fine teaching powers which afterward made him principal of the State Normal School, mathematical professor in Dickinson College, and now chancellor of the University of Kansas. Besides mathematics, he drilled German into students so that some of them have not been able to forget it all in a quarter of a century. There was Geo. B. Day teaching Latin and Greek, fascinating scholars with the studies and with himself—genial, sunny, healthy—free from the bitter shadow which, to the pain of many who loved him, fell on his thinking in after years. On June mornings he might have been seen sitting, about sunrise, on the steps of the Alpha Omega Hall, helping a Cæsar-class of boys translate the Commentaries. He it was who once said to a student: "Charles, one of your troubles is that you have such a powerful *Won't*." There was Daniel Clarke Knowles, of Wesleyan University class of 1858, who succeeded Day in 1860, and taught ancient languages ably (giving his Latin scholars valuable exercise in rhetorical English by making them anglicize freely Cicero's orations after first requiring literal translation) until the war carried him to the army as captain of Company D, "the Die-no-mores" of Colonel Perry's Forty-eighth New York Regiment; from which he returned to be, for three years, Dr. Wiley's successor in the principalship. On the ladies' side, Miss Hattie Barlow was pre-

ceptress, and Miss Mary Sovereign teacher of music, until succeeded by Professor Powell.

Although the entire financial management, as well as government, of the seminary was upon him, Dr. Wiley did not confine himself to these—but engaged with great energy in the work of instruction, doing a large amount of teaching—and in this he excelled. A valedictorian of twenty-five years ago writes: "I never saw his equal as a teacher, except Thompson H. Landon." He made the recitation-room a fascinating place (especially to the maturer scholars), kindled a lively enthusiasm, and compelled even dullest minds to share the interest. Often his classes were loath to have the lesson end with the hour; and he was sometimes obliged at the request of the class to give them, in geology for instance, a double session. His wonderful ability to excite and rivet attention and his gift of lucid explanation insured rapid acquisition of knowledge by his students, yet thoroughness rather than rapidity was the aim. He was determined the class should understand whatever they went over—insisting on it even in Butler's Analogy—reviewing, explaining, and drilling persistently, refusing to leave one chapter for the next until each scholar seemed to master every step and comprehend the argument. On the class in political economy he spent great pains, clarifying and giving practical elucidation to the principles of that uncertain science. His perfect clearness, patience, unfailing helpfulness, genius for illustration and exhaustive thoroughness, made him an extraordinary instructor.

In the first year of the new principal a report gained circulation on the ladies' side of the house that Dr. Wiley did not regard girls as equal mentally to boys. This aroused a competition so hot and long continued, as to draw the attention of the faculty and even of persons outside the seminary. It was known that a struggle was going on in

all the more advanced classes. After a while the ladies understood that they had convinced the principal of their equality in every thing except mathematics. Then the contest centered upon algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and grew so earnest that the class-rooms were frequented by visitors interested in the strife—Dr. Wiley being the closest observer of these Olympic Games of the mind. Examinations finally decided this spirited and ambitious contest, and the principal, proud and delighted at the pluck and ability of his girls, conceded them their victory.

From the time he was elected to Pennington he gave especial attention to young men who felt called to the ministry, endeavoring to prevent them from entering the work without the completest preparation their circumstances would permit. A considerable number of these he gathered into the seminary—interceding sometimes in the case of poor young men with their well-to-do friends to help them, and in other cases trusting the honor of students to pay when they could. He extemporized a Divinity School, marking out a two-years' course especially for these young theologians, the schedule of which, still preserved by them in his own handwriting, includes English Composition, Physiology, Intellectual Philosophy, Logic, Geology, Moral Science, Natural and Revealed Theology, Butler's Analogy, Evidences of Christianity, Church History, Hebrew, and the Discipline—all these being taught by himself; the other studies of this course, as Latin, Greek, Astronomy, and Rhetoric, being received from other members of the faculty. In addition, he met his young ministers weekly on Tuesday evenings, sometimes lecturing to them on Bible Doctrines, on Preaching, Peculiarities of Methodism, Pastoral Work, or other important subjects—inviting questions on any point not plain to them; sometimes requiring them to present sermons, essays, exercises in Scripture exposition, or formal

debates on designated topics. At other times the evening was spent in free conversation led on by questions, in which he seemed less like a tutor than like a father giving, with parental solicitude, all possible aid and counsel to his sons who were to follow in his footsteps in the Master's holy work. The whole power of the man was exerted upon them for their help—his spirit was poured into them, and, under God, their ministry has borne his stamp.

Not without educative and exemplary influence was the spectacle of a beautiful home-life, largely visible to the students—the principal's family dwelling in apartments in the east end of the building, and eating at the seminary table. One of his pastors writes that no man was ever more lovable than Dr. Wiley in his hours of rest in the society of his family, with his little ones climbing his knees and clinging about his neck. His students recall distinctly the family group of which he was the center—at his side a gentle little wife, around him the children, two when he came to Pennington, five when he left. The two oldest were graceful, fair-complexioned, flaxen-haired girls. Adah, the first, then a slender maiden,

> "Standing, with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood fleet,"

was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and, when two years old, was buffeted over seas in her mother's arms to China. She remembers the long return voyage, four years after, when the sick and desolate missionary, broken in heart and in health, brought his two nestlings away from their mother's grave at Foochow to save their lives and his own. Into her childish heart sank, beyond possibility of forgetting, even the weary, discouraged look of her father's face during that lonely voyage, as he tried, through the tedious days, to amuse his toddling baby and to restrain the wild,

venturesome little girl, who wanted to climb the masts with the captain's son and run loose over every part of the ship—the captain's wife aiding him out of her woman's pity for the "mitherless bairnies." She remembers the terrible night when, the ship being on a reef, Captain Dixie tied the three children (his own son Howard, and Adah Wiley with her wee sister), fast in one of the life-boats, which was then swung over the side of the vessel, Dr. Wiley leaning down to watch them and every few minutes calling to them "All right?" This first born daughter remembers how, when the American coast was sighted, her father lifted her and her sister in his arms and said: "That is home, my little girls." These memories which she and he shared alone between them made a bond of tender closeness, deepening in her a passionate love for him—and these experiences mingled their colors in the shading of her life, for she was not so young but that motherlessness and homelessness, a desolate father's sad look and tone, and the wild fury of ocean storms, made such impression on her as gave maturity and seriousness beyond her years, so that she grew to close companionship with him, the two reading together such a book as "Whedon on the Will" in her sixteenth year. The next daughter, Anna, was the "little Chinese girl," as people called her, born in the Celestial Empire beside the River Min, and sprinkled like her older sister with the early baptism of a widowed father's tears and the salt Pacific spray; but she was too young to realize or remember. These two sea-blown girls were the dear legacy of the brave-souled missionary-mother, whose dust lay under the olive-trees on the opposite side of the globe. Below them, in the seminary home-circle, were three Pennington-born prattlers—first, Charlie, whom they called in hope their "missionary boy," and who, when he grew into a handsome, intellectual youth, fulfilled their desire by taking a keen interest in

every thing pertaining to missions, especially making an intense study of Africa the Winter before his death in Boston in his eighteenth year. The next was Willie, born at the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, who was to be snatched away suddenly by fire twenty-two years later; and the youngest, Nellie, born in the last year at the seminary. Such was the group surrounding Dr. Wiley in the morning of his manhood, and dwelling before the students' eyes, a model family, in the unmolested tranquillity of that wholesome village, "far from the madding crowd" and its commotion, fashion, and rivalries. It was the sacred beauty of his own home that enabled him to write his volume on "The Religion of the Family."

The government of the institution under Dr. Wiley was a marvel of easy mastery. First of all, the magnetic quietness of the man helped to secure a still atmosphere, favorable to study, repressive of tumult and distraction, promotive of order and decorum, holding all things in the bonds of peace. Composure may be as contagious as nervousness. Calmness is mesmeric. His gentle dignity exerted its command as Mendelsohn uttered songs without words. It is doubtful if a seminary ever saw less show of government, or more adequate control. In five years of educational work there was not one moment when his administration lost an iota of its prestige, or lowered its eyes before a student. It sat secure, throned highly in universal respect. Deliberate action, unflurried by rashness or haste, was never obliged to retreat. Self-control kept him from going too far in correcting a student. The stool of penitence was occupied by the transgressor, never by the government.

Moreover, there was nothing spasmodic in his rule. He pursued no half-and-half policy of mixing laxity and severity in equal parts to neutralize each other. Alkali and acid make effervescence. Government by hysterics has disad-

vantages. Lord Salisbury described Gladstone's Egyptian policy, including the campaign for the rescue of General Gordon, as "an alternation of periods of slumber with periods of vehement rush." Schools have sometimes seen, now a good-natured loosening of control fostering carelessness in students, and then a sudden and irritating tightening of the reins on a disorder for which directorial negligence was responsible. Dr. Wiley's governing was temperate and equable. Mischievous students were aware of a wakeful and observant supervision, and knew there was no chance for them to hope concerning authority, as Caliban in Browning's poem does concerning Setebos, that some day he may doze. Yet the well-disposed and studious found the atmosphere of the institution as mild and genial as the air of Eden. Misdoing met a look of grieved amazement in his face, harder to endure than any amount of storming. There was never the slightest sign of temper, no fire in his patient eye, no vehemence in his manner. The solemn calmness ot his rebuke was to the last degree oppressive, well-nigh intolerable to the culprit, who could not attribute to the heat of passion any part of the weight of disapproval—but knew it to be measured out, with magisterial accuracy, as a just sentence upon his ill desert. No offender ever thought: "He is provoked now, but his anger will shortly abate." No rogue under shadow of his censure ventured to hum inwardly so hopeful a tune as, "We 'll wait till the clouds roll by." His reproof was the discomfort of searching daylight, revealing, with painful distinctness, the shame and baseness, the stained and hideous features, of the offense. The sinner felt that never, while light should last for seeing the moral quality of actions, could there be any change in the face of his misdeed—in its character as it now appeared it must always stay. There was something awful in this. The office of government was seen to be a court of justice.

Moreover, the serene goodness of the man, embodiment of high principle and feeling, was a terror to evil-doers. In his very tone and aspect there was that before which any thing low or false must instinctively quail. The half-pitying gaze of his pained nobleness was more insufferable than the lash.

The sedate immobility of Dr. Wiley's exterior was sometimes mistaken by the casual observer for indifference. A minister rode ten miles to make a fraternal call on the principal of the seminary, and many years afterward said, "I thought him the coldest man I had ever seen. I made my call brief, and walked out of his office with the determination never to seek another interview with him." One who knew him well at Pennington says: "With strangers he was apt to be reserved—partly from timidity, partly from constitutional cautiousness, partly from abstracted moods of thoughtfulness." Dean Stanley describes the natural shyness of Thomas Arnold, and his dislike of wasting words on trivial occasions; both these traits were in Wiley. Any one that had business, or a subject of importance to present, found an attentive listener—whoever needed help met kindly sympathy and aid; but the leisurely person that wished to be entertained, or to converse for conversation's sake, ran the risk of finding him irresponsive and inaccessible. A topic of interest to discuss would engage his mind at once; but the small-talk and chitchat of society he could not abide. His mind, though entirely genial, with never a touch of moroseness, was too serious for trifling.

His cool serenity, which was one of the elements of his strength, marked all the actions of his life. In 1880, as two of "his boys," who knew the true and tender heart under his silent lips, watched him presiding at the Newark Conference, one said to the other: "Notice the impassiveness of that face. Is it natural to him, or did he learn it

of the Chinese in his missionary days?" Deep emotion was indicated on Wiley's face only by an ashy paleness and a more rigid stillness. The countenance of America's greatest soldier was not more imperturbable, nor Wendell Phillips more poised and statue-calm. In 1883, a gentleman who had only seen with his eyes and knew but the surface, speaking of the tragic sorrows then falling on Bishop Wiley's family—blistering, lacerating, crushing his very life out—said: "I would think he might bear such things as well as any body, he seems so stoical!"

Few men have been so often and totally misunderstood in this respect. This white-marble exterior covered keen human sensibilities in a soul of delicate fiber. He had little patience with even the mistaken saintliness that esteems it a duty to dehumanize one's self out of all natural feelings into a sublime insensateness, as if that were the way to become like the all-tender Christ. One of his co-workers at the seminary says: "At first I thought him frigid, reserved, and haughty; but soon knew him to be one of the most kindly, guileless, child-like, and candid of men." On his coming to the principalship his reserve, so different from the genial and sometimes jocose familiarity of his predecessor, Dr. Crane, made students fear they had in him no substitute for the friend they had lost; but they were not long in discovering that the undemonstrative manner overlaid a warm, appreciative, just, and affectionate nature. A Pennington pastor writes: "The first thing that impressed me was his great dignity; and afterward, as I came nearer, his great gentleness and simplicity." Fine feelings, such as made their home with him, dwell in seclusion and do not gad about to gossip at every body's gate. Offered affection met royal response; and the love of friends he cherished with fidelity, and valued as the real wealth of life. Ruskin says: "An infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inherit-

ance of all truly great men." This quality was not lacking in Wiley—albeit it had the trout-like habit of hiding in the deep, cool, shady places of his being, and not frequenting open, sunny, babbling shallows. In this, as in all things, one marked in him "the depth, and not the tumult of the soul."

A pure, poised, manly personality—exercising mild dominion almost without effort—commanded increased reverence by its history, the spell of which was on his students' minds. He had been a missionary; his soul-life had early touched highest level; his spirit had felt the burden of a vast heathen nation's woe; he had left all for God, had potentially and well-nigh in fact, laid down his life for China on her soil. In his office were shelves full of his book, "The Fallen Missionaries of Fuh Chau." All this was greatly impressive to the imagination, and the moral nature. The modest man walked before us clothed with his own history, and trailing its glory after him like a sacred robe. We saw him against a background that fringed his person with a halo. We knew what sort of soul was back of the look of his sober eye—what deep of devout experience lay under his voice when he spoke. His past was a sounding-board, giving focused and reverberant force to his utterances. The history behind the man was like the light which the Roman sacristan holds behind the alabaster column in the crypt of St. Peter's, to make luminous and visible its internal veined, wavy, opalescent beauty.

In addition to the imposing dignity of his consecrated life, his sway was made still more complete by the power of his superb eloquence, under which his students were utterly subdued and melted. Filled with admiration at his sweeping mastery of great themes and audiences, they felt a just pride in their strong and brilliant principal.

It is probable that none of his utterances were quite so

impressive as his prayers. Russell Lowell once said: "My father knew how to pray, and Father Taylor down at the Bethel prays; but the minister's prayer at my brother's funeral, the other day, seemed directed neither to heaven nor earth, but at an angle, as if to the organ-loft." Dr. Wiley knew how to pray. Always he prayed the chapel into intense stillness—often into tears—sometimes into sobs. At the end we raised our bowed heads with the feeling that we had encountered God. When upon his knees, his soul seemed awe-struck and enrapt—tranced in humility at sight of the glory of God. One life-long peculiarity was a marked slowing and lowering of the voice as he approached any name of Deity. How characteristic and familiar to all who had long known him was the beginning of that inspired prayer which, together with Bishop Simpson's last address, providentially closed the General Conference of 1884: "Our adorable Savior!" As Nadal used often to say, "Jesus Master!" so this was Wiley's favorite word, when he spoke to or of the Lord, "adorable;" and what a soft, sonorous richness, and earnest depth of solemn tone his voice would take on as he uttered it.

It is no wonder that the atmosphere of the seminary in his day was so profoundly and pervasively religious as to make it nearly impossible for one student to come and go without becoming a Christian. Many a man in middle-life to-day feels his armor braced anew when he recalls the sound of the sympathetic, subdued "Amen!" with which Dr. Wiley used to punctuate and indorse the petitions of his boys, as they tried to pray in the chapel prayer-meeting. That encouraging response is now one of life's "lost chords;" for we know that, only in heaven, can we hear that dear Amen.

The feeling of his students toward him was such a mingling of fear and love, as held them just where they had

greatest benefit from him and he most command over them. Satellites are kept in their orbits by exact balancing of centrifugal and centripetal forces. This fine feat of balancing his subjects no one ever did with more unconscious ease than he. Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings: "To love her is a liberal education." The love inspired by Wiley was so ennobling, that the subject nature, held captive in a silken leash, felt the movement of an imitative will, and experienced a rapid, liberal, gracious development. "True love," says Stuart Blackie, "is the impassioned admiration of excellence." Exactly that was the tribute paid by Dr. Wiley's scholars. Every young man who went from Pennington to any college in those five years, felt that he bore upon him the influence of a truly great man, fit to be president of the best institution in the land. No girl-graduate hoisted her diploma like a sail, and bore away into the world beyond the purple horizon of school-days, but carried his beloved image as an imperishable treasure in her heart.

Very laborious were his Pennington years to Dr. Wiley. The entire care of the institution, a large share in the work of instruction, an extensive course of reading marked out for himself in theology, science, history, and philosophy, which he pursued with assiduous ardor—the pastorate of Princeton one year, and of State Street, Trenton, another—courses of Sunday lectures in chapel on parables, miracles, or other sacred subjects—evening lectures to the school on physiology and hygiene, or astronomy—helping his ministerial brethren in revivals, preaching in country school-houses, dedicating churches, delivering platform-addresses, carrying on his impromptu divinity-school: all this for a man of delicate physique, and never robust health, was a heavy load. But he never spared himself; and work for the Master was his ambition, his joy, his very life. Sunday morning he would rise early, take medicine for the digestive difficulty con-

tracted in China that finally ended his days, conduct prayers in the chapel at eight o'clock, deliver a lecture, get into his carriage and ride ten miles to Princeton in all weathers, preach there morning and evening, and drive home after service at night. His hearty help was given to every interest of the Pennington Church, making the pastor recognize a powerful co-adjutor in the principal of the seminary, while his influence was going abroad through cities and States.

His electric power and captivating eloquence caused him to be desired. Being invited to deliver the annual sermon before the Missionary Lyceum of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, on commencement Sunday, in gloomy war-time, he preached so mightily on God's providential purpose for this nation, that the old church rang with rapturous applause, such as its walls never heard on Sabbath before or since. From this college he received, not long after, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In his third year at the seminary the war broke out. Up to the hanging of Rev. Anthony Bewley, a Methodist preacher, by a mob at Fort Worth, Texas, September 13, 1860, Dr. Wiley had called himself a Democrat; but one morning, early in the Fall-term, he said to one of his teachers, "I was converted last night. The murder of Bewley has done it."

On the secession of the Southern States, and outbreak of hostilities, his prompt voice rang out through the region announcing the nature of the crisis, and the necessity for meeting it at any cost. 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. When a car-load of Southern college-students left Princeton for home, cheering wildly for the Confederacy, some of Dr. Wiley's young men took their departure to enlist against rebellion at Trenton, or at their own homes.

When Colonel Ellsworth was shot in the Marshall House at Alexandria, May 24, 1861, there was a week-old baby in Dr. Wiley's home, and to this boy he gave at once the name of the dead Zouave, coupled with part of his own, calling him William Ellsworth. The day after Ellsworth fell with the national colors in his arms, a tall flag-pole was raised on the campus, from which the ensign of the Republic was thenceforth kept floating. Far and near he pleaded with men of every party to merge all differences in a stern agreement to save the nation intact, and no man in the State did more to unite the people for the fiery and stupendous task.

A mass-meeting held on the campus to encourage enlistments, and fill the quota of troops required from the township, was so stirred by his fervid arguments and thrilling appeals, that men came forward, amid tears of mothers, wives, sisters, and friends, to give their lives for the country in such numbers that the requisition was speedily filled and a large surplus over.

In July, 1863, health being broken, he relinquished the principalship into the hands of Rev. D. C. Knowles, and rented the "Brown House" on the west side of the campus for a half-year of rest and recuperation. For some time the trustees had desired to sell the institution to him, and he seriously contemplated buying it—as also Lasher's school across the street; but the unsettled condition of the country and his wavering health deterred him. If he had made the purchase, would he ever have been editor or bishop? The Winter he lived in the Brown House he had a severe illness; and, while still confined to his bed, an urgent request was sent him by loyal citizens of Trenton, oppressed by the intolerable gloom of the darkest days of the war and troubled by the growing boldness of disloyalty, to come to the rescue of the perilous and well-nigh desperate

state of popular sentiment by delivering lectures to the Trenton public, the pecuniary results to go to the sanitary commission. He answered, from his pillow, that he would come as soon as God gave him strength. Probably there are not ten men alive who know at what a price he kept his word. Between his promise and its fulfillment, known fully only to his own soul and heaven, lies hid one of the most agonizing, noble, and pathetic struggles of his life. The lectures, prepared on a sick-bed, were delivered in February, to audiences that crowded the largest public hall, under the double title, "How we Got In—How to Get Out;" and were afterward published in pamphlet form by the committee, in spite of an attempt by disloyal persons to destroy the forms in the printer's office. What a chain of linked events is a man's life! Circumstances are agents of unseen intelligence, and hatch unsuspected conspiracies. To these speeches, it is affirmed, is due an eight years' editorship. When, at the General Conference of 1864, Davis W. Clark's election as bishop left vacant the editorial chair of the *Ladies' Repository*, a delegate from a distance, who had seen this pamphlet, pointed to Wiley, and said: "The man who wrote those lectures is the man to edit the *Repository*." Reading over now those brilliant, patriotic orations, which he did not write but spoke extempore, one is compelled to wonder whether any more masterly, comprehensive, and vivid presentation of the crisis was uttered by any lips in all the lurid, seething years of turbulence and bloodshed.

There is good authority for saying that, in all after life, the Pennington years seemed to him his brightest. Then was the fresh prime of his early manhood, aglow with holy ambitions, conscious of expanding powers, placed in a spacious opportunity and filling it with eminent and satisfying success—esteeming highly the imperial privilege of molding a multitude of plastic minds for godly living and substantial

usefulness. Then was the season, also, of comparative health for him and his, the period of his greatest exemption from personal sickness, and almost the only section of his history when grim death refrained from smiting his domestic circle. There, all surroundings were of merry, buoyant, rosy, laughing life, and gladness poured its sunshine broadly, undarkened by the falling of one funereal shadow.

Content in the comfort of a peaceful home, he played fondly with his growing children, joining them in the pleasures of every season, as blithe as they with joy at the bursting of the maples into tender leafage, and the beauty of young grass on the lawn in Spring; while for him there was yet nobler delight in watching and tending the fair, budding spring-time of young lives, placed by hundreds under his charge, when the promise of their future was all abloom upon them, and he was "helping God to blossom them," inserting in them, with prayerful endeavor, "the ingrafted Word which is able to save souls."

No wonder he often called this period the oasis of his life, and wrote, long after he became a bishop, that the happiest days he had ever known were those spent at Pennington with the young people. He gave no warmer greetings than those with which, in subsequent years, he met "his boys and girls" growing toward middle age, as he went up and down the world about his work. And they look back to Pennington as the place where they received their earliest and highest inspirations under the touch of a man who was animated by the same spirit that made Arnold of Rugby write in his journal two hours before his death: "Above all, let me mind my own personal task and keep myself pure and zealous, laboring to do God's work." Two little incidents may illustrate partly the spirit he exhibited and infused. Calling one of his young men into the office to tell him he must go and preach in a certain school-house

on a certain night, he said: "Now do your best this time—and always!" A pastor sitting in the office asked, as if raising a question over the exhortation, "Is that the kind of advice you give your young preachers?" "Yes, sir! A man ought to plan to *do his best every time*," replied the principal. That was his own keyed and strenuous idea of duty.

At the session of the New Jersey Conference, at Salem, in 1871, one of his students said to him: "Dr. Wiley, your boys hope to call you bishop after General Conference next Spring." His simple and grave reply was: "There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year in which a man may die." The tone and manner of his answer were not gloomy, surly, or despondent, but entirely cheerful. It was but the habitual seriousness of his mind.

This motto his teaching and example wrote upon his students' hearts: *For this life do your best; and, so doing, be mindful always that the other life is imminent!* That is the only way to make the next the better life.

One writes to say that the grand ideals of human character and ministerial work, given him at the outset by Dr. Wiley, have been the "pillar of fire" to his soul in all his twenty-five years' march; and still in his life, as in many another, that lustrous column, swaying forward, burns on at the front.

IV.

EDITOR AND AUTHOR.

BISHOP J. M. WALDEN, LL. D.

FOUR of the eight editors of the *Ladies' Repository* have been elected to the episcopacy: Hamline, Thomson, Clark, and Wiley—a fact that indicates the class of men who filled this editorial office. ISAAC W. WILEY was elected to it, by acclamation, on Saturday, May 21, 1864, the seventeenth day of the General Conference, then in session in Philadelphia. DAVIS W. CLARK, who filled the position for eleven years, had, the day before, May 20th, been elected to the episcopacy. By rare editorial skill, indefatigable industry, and a wise use of the resources at his command, he had given the *Repository* a high character, and secured for it its widest circulation. The selection of a successor who could maintain the popularity of the magazine was a matter of grave interest with the members of the General Conference. It was the one periodical in which the Church, in all parts of the country, had a common interest; it was an exponent of a commendable literary and chaste artistic taste, which was constantly becoming more widely diffused among our people; it was not only professedly but actually the advocate and guardian of Christian womanhood, and, as such, promoted the welfare of the Church by fostering the literary as well as the

social and spiritual interests of woman among all who read it, young and old—and, very properly, there was a commendable and just pride in its success—hence a solicitude as to its editorial management.

The sentiment favorable to the election of Dr. Clark to the episcopacy became so marked, that the question as to a fitting person for the editorship of the *Ladies' Repository* was forced upon the minds of the delegates early in the session, and several names were mentioned in this connection. The magazine was published in the West, and for this reason, if for no other, the preference was for an Eastern man; then, Dr. Clark, under whom it had attained its large circulation and wide popularity, had, by his identification with the East, enlarged the number of its friends in that section; but beyond such considerations was the desire to select the best man for the place, whatever his locality. Under these circumstances, the name of Dr. Wiley was suggested by his friends. He was not widely known in the Church; his name was on the honored, and then small, roll of missionaries, but it had not appeared frequently among the writers for our periodical press; he had added to the literature of missions a small volume commemorative of those who had fallen in the far-off fields, among them his own young wife, but little was known of him as an author throughout the connection. At this General Conference he was a member of the standing committees on Missions, Education, and German Work, and secretary of that on Missions. It was characteristic of him to attend diligently to the duties assigned him—a fact that must have impressed those thus associated with him in the special work of the conference, while his position on the Committee on Missions, which presented a number of reports, brought him in some measure before the conference. At that time but few challenged the propriety of the dele-

gates within the patronizing territory of a periodical, publishing-house, and the like, meeting for consultation as to the proper person to be supported for the office of editor, agent, or secretary. While no meeting was called in reference to the editorship of the *Repository*, yet the patrons of the *New York* and the *Western Christian Advocates*, respectively, did hold caucuses, at one of which, if not both, the name of Dr. Wiley was incidentally mentioned in connection with the *Repository*. The day following the election of Dr. Clark to the episcopacy, a motion to postpone the election of an editor for the *Ladies' Repository* was defeated after some discussion, during which the prevalent sentiment of the General Conference was expressed by Dr. Granville Moody, of the Cincinnati Conference, who said he believed "in taking a man from the center of the Church for this important post, and Dr. Wiley is from the right quarter, and eminently qualified." An election by acclamation followed at once.

Dr. Wiley did not bring a wide editorial experience to his new office. But this has not been exceptional with those placed in the editorial charge of the periodicals of our Church. Six of the twelve editors elected in 1864 had not served in that capacity: Wiley, Curry, Reid, Crary, Lore, and Benson. Each of them had written more or less for our periodicals, but they were alike without editorial experience. To those who study Methodism from without, this custom of intrusting the interests of an important paper or magazine to one who is without editorial experience must seem somewhat perilous. It may be admitted that there are some disadvantages; but, under the force of our connectional polity, the results have been quite satisfactory. The lack of experience may have been compensated, in good measure, by the newly chosen editors coming fresh from the pastorate, or other field, in which the relation to the people is

more personal than that of the editor. Be this as it may, the Methodist press, for half a century, has compared favorably with that of other denominations, and has, in a grand way, served its purpose among our people. A condition that affected the editorial career of Dr. Wiley, as it has that of every other editor of our Church, and through them has favorably affected our periodical literature, is the independency of the Methodist official editor. He is elected for the quadrennial term, by the representatives of the Church at large; and the only limitations to the opinions he may advocate are the recognized doctrines and established polity of the Church. He does not serve a private corporation whose cautious views may be fetters upon freedom of utterance; but he serves a Church that expects him to speak promptly and boldly, though prudently, upon every moral and religious question that ought to have consideration in a Christian journal. The effect of such editorial independency has been manifest not only in the settlement of questions incident to the progress of the Church, but also, and in a more public way throughout the land, in the pronounced influence of the Methodist Episcopal press in favor of Freedom and the Union both before and during the pro-slavery rebellion, and is not less manifest now in the definiteness of its position in the equally momentous contest with the rum power. Dr. Wiley used the freedom of his position with manly vigor and Christian prudence.

When placed in charge of the *Ladies' Repository* Dr. Wiley was not a professional editor, and he had not been a voluminous writer. The professional editor may be successful in his line without being a forcible and popular writer; but the Methodist official editor is expected to possess both qualifications in a good degree. The successful editor is quick to discern the proper tastes and real wants of his readers. This requires diversified attainments, as

well as natural aptitudes. The field of knowledge not only widens constantly, but the relative importance of its various departments, and the relative prominence of its various subjects, change from time to time. The advancement of society, the unequal progress of the various elements of civilization, are ever modifying the tastes and expectations of the readers. If a periodical have a definite purpose beyond that of being a medium for news, that purpose also will affect the scope and character of the editorial work—will have its influence in the selection and rejection of articles, and in the modifications to which articles may be subjected. The *Repository*, being at once a religious and a literary periodical, gave its editor a wide and diversified field, and brought to him exacting duties. He must be conversant with current literature and art, and keep pace with their progress; he must be equally conversant with religious work in all lands in this the most active period in the entire history of evangelization. The *Ladies' Repository* was such a religious and literary magazine, founded and conducted with special reference to the sphere, work, and tastes of Christian women. This, in view of the facts and conditions already stated, made the editorial duties all the more difficult and delicate. The magazine was the outgrowth of the sentiment and conviction that gave rise to our denominational seminaries and colleges for the better education of young women, among them the oldest chartered Female College in the land—and that has at length secured to them equal access to most of our higher educational institutions. To be the clear and prudent exponent of that sentiment and conviction at a time when the excesses that attend every true reform, obstructed the wisest efforts in behalf of woman, required a calm judgment, a keen discrimination, a firm purpose, and a conscientious and fearless devotion to duty.

The traits of Dr. Wiley's character, and breadth of his education, acquired both by study and experience, fitted him for this difficult and delicate task. The study and practice of medicine, which places one in the most confidential relations with the home; the observations of the missionary as to the influence of woman's bondage and degradation on home-life and on society; the experience of the teacher, in which he became familiar with the training of youth, woman's queenly office in the home—all combined to give him a high and correct estimate of the position and duty of the Christian woman. The memory of the devoted Sunday-school teacher who, through her faithful instructions and tender and prayerful solicitude, led him to the Savior, was a constant and sweet reminder of woman's subtle power for good, and gave him a just appreciation of the influence she was designed to exert in the Church, as well as in the home. A paragraph from his pen will reveal his views of women's highest domain, and of her endowments for the same:

"In spite of the so-called progress of modern times, and of all we have seen written or heard spoken on the rights and wrongs, the demands and destinies of woman—and we have read and heard much—we have seen nothing to convert us from the old and sublime lessons floating down to us from the lips of the Creator, and from the morning of the creation. In spite of the sneers that have been heaped upon the Word, we still believe the Creator had a lofty design in the manner of woman's creation, and that he assigned to her, as well as to man, her own peculiar 'sphere' and work, her own place in the economy of human life, and that there is no higher place or work on earth than the Creator has given to woman. What loftier, more potent, more sacred sphere is found in the world than home? What holier names are found beneath the sky than wife and mother? Home—the household—we still believe, is the sphere of

woman; and woe be to both man and woman when the world repudiates it, or woman discards it. She was not made for the toils, the strifes, the excitements of the busy outside world; and man and society are at fault when they thrust the necessity for it upon her. Gentleness is stamped upon her in all respects; and not only is a meek and quiet spirit her greatest adornment, but it is the most essential characteristic of her nature. In proportion as she departs from it, she so far loses in the grace, the beauty, and the power of her character. In the busy world she is lost—at home she shines as the sun and center. Let her be slow to exchange it for any thing else.

"Nor should she be ashamed of this position. She should rejoice in it, as the sphere in which she remains supreme. Nor should she be betrayed into underestimating its importance. What would life be for either man or woman, if it were not for this vast sphere of female usefulness and activity? if it were not for homes, for domestic joys, for fireside virtues, for social relations? What is the mere bald picture in its naked outlines, uncolored, unadorned, unshaded? So what would human society be without the softening tints, the gentle shadings, the mild beauties thrown over it by the hand of woman? What would the world be if it were not for singing birds, for blooming flowers, for sloping hills, for beautiful landscapes, and for star-lit skies? So what would human life be if it were not for the beauty, the virtue, the bliss, which spring up, and bless, and adorn it in this sphere of action which God has assigned to woman? If the great Creator himself thought it not unworthy of his labor to adorn the home of his human creature with beauty, and to throw over all his works a veil of harmony and peace, let not woman think it an undignified position when God has placed this department of life and of the world in her hand. Because the sun shines by day, shall the peerless moon blush

to ride in her chariot of silver through her dominion of stars by night? Woman's ambition should be to shine at home—to shine in the social, beautiful, and peaceful scenes of life. In this very day society has no greater want than rest, homes of peace, where both men and women can find relief from the toil and excitement of the busy life we are living; and every woman who makes and preserves such a home is a benefactress of the race that needs not blush before the philanthropist, or the philosopher, or the statesman."

These views of woman's appropriate position, and her possible influence in it, gave him a keen appreciation of his opportunity, as editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, to influence the thought and direct the efforts of thousands of mothers, wives, and daughters, for whom he edited and prepared reading matter each month in the year. Those who may have studied the editorial characteristics of the magazine while under his control, will have discerned that this part of his work was performed patiently and conscientiously, and with the purpose of making his readers wiser and better. While preparing this article, I received the following from Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., LL. D., whose ability and opportunity to form a correct estimate of Dr. Wiley's editorial work, invest the statement with special interest:

"My connection with the journalism of the Methodist Episcopal Church has caused me to study the peculiar characteristics of the several principal editors. The *Ladies' Repository* rose to its full proportions under the management of Dr. Clark; and when it passed into the hands of Dr. Wiley, though somewhat changed in its character, it was still an able and instructive magazine. The decline in its circulation during his term of office was certainly not the result of a corresponding deterioration in the character of the publication—but to a change in the public taste, and to the better character of other periodicals, both those of the

Church and those of the secular press. In looking through the volumes of the *Repository*, as I have had occasion to do carefully, I have been brought to a higher appreciation of Dr. Wiley's editorial work than I had before entertained—excelling as his work does in good taste, and in mingled instruction and amusement—never losing sight of the fact, that his office of editor was also that of a Christian instructor."

Dr. Wiley possessed, in good degree, both elements of a Methodist official editor—he was a writer as well as an editor. It may be properly claimed for him that, in his order of thought, force of expression, and beauty of diction, he excelled as a speaker—an extempore speaker. It is not improbable that his readiness and accuracy as a speaker were the fruits of a discipline that resulted in part from the careful use of his pen. His style as a writer was exuberant in its beauty, but not florid; his sentences are full and well-rounded, but not redundant. He clearly perceived the thought he desired to express; and the most fitting words seemed naturally to take their place in easy, chaste, forceful sentences. Some of his strongest and best articles written for the *Ladies' Repository* were re-published in a volume entitled "The Religion of the Family," which ought to be in every Methodist home. It not only illustrates his force and style as a writer, but also the dominant purpose that controlled him in his editorial position. He aimed to impress his readers with the dignity of woman's proper sphere in society. His views of her relation to the home and the Church were well defined and safe, and he firmly asserted them in his discussions of the various topics entitled to consideration in the magazine. A paragraph from the above-named volume will show the elevated character of the sentiments with which he enriched his readers:

"Surely the duties and responsibilities of wife and

mother are occupation enough for any woman, and the restless discontent now so prevalent in many places must arise either in those households where there are but few family cares, or where ambition or the fascinations of society and fashion make these duties unacceptable. And surely, too, it is hard to conceive of any higher, more important, or more blessed occupation than that found in the cheerful acceptance and loving discharge of these wifely and maternal duties. For these, woman is pre-eminently adapted; her vocation in this direction is impressed on every part of her being; here she can have no rival; here she reigns supreme. And yet, we repeat, it is altogether a matter of choice with her whether to enter into this sphere of life or to remain in the independence of single womanhood. We do not say that all women should marry, or that marriage is the only vocation for woman; but we claim that, when she chooses to marry, she voluntarily accepts the relations and duties of the wife, and thereafter has no right to cast them off, or substitute others for them, or to be forever complaining that they are what they are. But, whatever may be our human notions about it, marriage is what the Creator made it. Not a perfect state, that in this life is impossible; not a perfectly happy state, for that we are not yet prepared; not a state of ease and rest—it is full of employment, cares, and responsibilities. But it is the most perfect, most happy, most safe, and most restful mode of life for both men and women in our present mortal state—it is the Creator's judgment of the highest and best human estate."

Dr. Wiley became editor of the *Ladies' Repository* at a transition period in magazine literature. Two classes of literary magazines, the illustrated and non-illustrated, had been before the reading public for more than a decade. The progress in wood-engraving had increased the popularity of the illustrated monthly, and made it possible to publish

with success elaborately illustrated weekly papers of high order. This success was hastened, if not assured, by the portraiture of scenes in the civil war, the subject that so engrossed all minds as to affect the reading habits of the people. The taste for illustrated periodicals was contemporary with an improvement in the literary character of the leading magazines, and a corresponding change in the literary demands of the readers. The relatively high literary character of the *Repository* was fully maintained, but its scope was necessarily limited by the object of its publication. For years, one of its special features had been its steel-plate engravings of a high order. They had been regarded with favor because of their artistic excellence, but were lacking in popular interest. They could have no immediate relation to any considerable part of the contents of the magazine—in fact, were seldom intended to illustrate an article. In their isolation they failed to attract the general reader, as do wood-cuts that give a double interest to the articles they illustrate.

Dr. Wiley felt the force of these changes that were taking place in the field occupied in part by the *Repository;* and, as chairman of the Committee on the Book Concern, in the General Conference of 1868, he advocated the granting of authority to the publishers to make changes that would adapt it, so far as its purpose would allow, to the wants and tastes of those who ought to be its patrons. Some concessions in the right direction were made by the General Conference; and, being again elected its editor, he sought to make, in a gradual way, modifications that were authorized and practicable. It was not practicable to conduct the *Repository* in a way that would make it a competitor with other magazines in the general market. Its marked religious character must be maintained, and that would exclude classes of reading matter that formed a prominent

feature in the general magazine. Dr. Wiley's ideal was a religious magazine, Methodistic in spirit, and high and strong in its literary character. He felt that the increased activity of woman in the widening sphere that Methodism had done so much both to open and to extend, demanded such a periodical as he hoped to make the *Repository*—the advocate and record of her work in all religious and educational movements, the exponent of her best thought, and of the best Christian thought of others upon her relation to these movements. The tentative character of the action of the Chicago General Conference suggests the fact, that such changes in an established periodical, to succeed, must be progressive and not precipitate. He was persuaded that the interests of our Church demanded a Methodist magazine, such as he had in mind—and he fully believed that it would have a generous support; but, before the plans could be matured and carried out he was, in 1872, called to the episcopacy.

After returning from his first episcopal visit to Eastern Asia, he gave the record of his observations to the Church in a volume entitled "China and Japan." It is more than a journal of travel. He went to China with the knowledge of her people and their social condition gained years before as a missionary; he visited a field upon which, during the intervening years, commerce, as well as Christian missions, had made marked changes; he inspected the work of our own and other Churches, and the opening fields before them, with the interest of one who believed that the deepest gloom of heathendom is to be dispelled by the light of the Gospel; his book emanated from such a study of the two great countries he visited, and it is a volume of real and rare value—one that conveys an intelligent view of mission work in heathen lands, and will awaken in its readers a deeper interest in that work.

As few can have access to the *Ladies' Repository*, in the pages of which, for eight years, Dr. Wiley gave to the Church the product of his pen, it is fortunate that some part of the best things he wrote for the magazine, with whatever new matter was needed to give unity and completeness to the work, were prepared by himself and published by the Western Methodist Book Concern, in 1872, in the volume already alluded to, entitled "The Religion of the Family." This and his last book, "China and Japan," contain all of his writings that are readily attainable. These volumes are quite as different in style as in their subject-matter. Together, they illustrate the author's versatility as a writer. If examined only with a view of forming an estimate of his characteristics as a writer, they present an interesting study. Their intrinsic merits entitle them to a permanent place in Methodist literature, and they will be found to possess an interest with many of other communions. In the first-named volume, the author discusses the sacred relations and holy purposes of the family as an institution that has a deeper significance than merely that of uniting persons of different sex. It is more than a series of essays on Marriage, The Husband, The Wife, Parents, Divorce, and cognate themes. Few were better qualified to treat such subjects from the high plane of a true Christian sociology; and he gave his best thought to them, and has put this before the reader in its best form. A few extracts from this volume are given to illustrate, so far as they may, the thinker and writer:

"Marriage *is an honorable institution.* 'What God has made pure, let no man call common or unclean.' God has pronounced it honorable in all; and, when mistaken sanctity has set it aside, history has demonstrated that the consequences are but little less fatal than when licentiousness has ignored it. It was in the world before sin was, and is the only pure thing that has come down to us from before the

Fall. God himself performed the first marriage ceremony amid the purity and sanctity of Eden, and the grandeur and beauty of the sinless Paradise; while the 'God with us' made his first public appearance, and introduced his ministry on earth by his first miracle at the marriage in Cana of Galilee. We have always felt the fitness and beauty of the opening of this divine ministry in the family—that Christ's first work should be in the home. Here he touches, recognizes, and sanctifies the very roots of society. All begins with the family. Here is infantile humanity, the germ that is to grow and become the man, the nation, the Church; out of this first sanctuary are ever going forth the forces of society; in this charmed circle religion is ever to find her first and most genial home. The anointed Messiah, therefore, begins his sacred ministry for the world at the very foundations of human life—he sanctions and blesses first of all a true marriage!"

He thus speaks of the Family Altar:

"Religion in the family culminates in the family altar; without this the piety of the household is incomplete, however sincere and fervent it may be in personal or private manifestation. The piety of the family should express itself in a common prayer; that is, in a prayer which is the prayer of the whole family. When all bow together, and the father, as the priest of the family, offers up the one prayer of the whole family, then we have before us the crowning glory of domestic piety and devotion, and we may be sure the divine blessing is resting on that home, and that love, harmony, order, and happiness are reigning in that household. Such a daily scene creates a peculiarly sacred atmosphere in the family. It becomes one of the most sacred and precious recollections of childhood. These pictures come up in fancy and stir up within us the dear home-feelings in after years, brightest among all the bright scenes which sin has spared

to our world. When religion sits like an angelic presence by the fireside; when calm content is nursed in the lap of simple trust; when the world is conquered by the love that bears all and endures all; when all home duties are cheerfully performed, and the everlasting home is kept ever in view—then it is that marriage rises to a sublime type of the union that exists between Christ and his own body, which is his Church."

He discusses the Parental Relation from an exalted point of view, as may be seen from the following:

"But why should we look on the parental relation as a burden, and see in the sacred duties which it involves only a grievous weight of responsibility? Is it not one of the sublimest mysteries of our human life? Is not the relation one of the most pure, and dear, and holy on earth? Are not the opportunities which it furnishes for impressing ourselves on other beings, for molding and training them for honor and virtue, among the grandest opportunities of our life? Is it not a delightful work to be permitted to train these young, immortal plants for a place in the garden of the Lord? to polish these living gems to be set in the diadem of the Redeemer? Surely it is a beautiful, rather than a burdensome arrangement, that these young, expanding, priceless, and impressible minds are committed to our charge, and that to us has been given the sublime work of educating and developing them for immortality and a glorious life. How the thought ennobles the parental relation! What sanctity and significance does it impart to the Christian family! How do these immortal offshoots from our own existence rise in our estimation of their worth, and grow in the depth and earnestness of our love, while even in their beautiful and helpless childhood they present themselves to us as beings whose interests and destinies are worthy of our life's devotion! A young immortal plays around our feet—a budding

moral being blooms in our household; such is its relation to us, and such its nature, and such the means which our merciful Father has provided for our use, that we may direct its opening life, unfold its budding being, and lead each expanding faculty toward God and heaven. We may stamp divine things on its young heart; we may write lessons of heavenly wisdom on its opening mind; we may intermingle streams of sacred influences with the current of its flowing life; we may make impressions upon its expanding nature that shall endure forever. Say, are not such powers as these gracious gifts, rather than burdensome obligations? such a labor as this a beautiful privilege, rather than an onerous task? Should we not gladly turn to it as a delightful life-labor, rather than strive to evade it as a grievous life-burden?"

A single paragraph from the chapter on Divorce:

"Such protection and interference we believe are demanded of the State for the preservation of the sacredness of this vital institution, and for the guardianship of her own subjects from oppression and fraud. She has a right to demand that all marriages shall be matters of publicity, and shall be known to the State. She has a right to declare marriages accomplished through fraud and force, or deception, null and void; in certain cases of peculiar hardship and suffering, she has the right to interpose for the protection and relief of her suffering subjects, so far as to deliver the sufferer from the legal rights and claims of the oppressor; and in cases of connubial infidelity, she has the right to declare the marriage contract obliterated, and the injured party absolutely free. Beyond this she has no right to go; less than this does not sufficiently guard this institution so intimately connected with the peace and order of society, as well as with the highest moral and religious welfare of the race."

The second-named volume, "China and Japan," amply illustrates his powers of observation and readiness as a descriptive writer. Foochow was the field of his missionary work in his early ministry. Without doubt this city, and the country adjacent, had most interest to him when he made the visit of which the volume is the graphic record. To the Church it has now become tenderly associated with his memory. He wrote about it with feelings different from those inspired by new scenes; we read these chapters with other emotions than those awakened by other portions of the book. We give a part of the recorded vision:

"On Thursday morning [December 6, 1877] we found ourselves entering the mouth of the River Min, on which is situated the city of Foochow. The sun was just rising, and poured a flood of golden light over the beautiful scenery which skirts the embouchure of the river. We suddenly tacked about from our course and bore into the Min, winding our way through a picturesque group of islands, called the White Dogs, and which seem like savage sentinels guarding the entrance of the river. We can not express our feelings as we again entered this river after an absence of twenty-five years. . . . The scenery of the River Min inspires universal admiration. Travelers have frequently compared it to the picturesque scenery of the Rhine, but Americans find a better comparison in the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, which it equals in grandeur, and surpasses in the beautiful blending of rich lowlands, cultivated rice-fields, and tributary streams. The principal entrance to the river is narrow, bounded on each side by ranges of lofty and undulated hills, most of which, however, have been made to yield in many places to the ingenuity of Chinese cultivation, and exhibit in numerous spots along their steep sides beautiful verdant terraces, producing on their level surfaces a large variety of articles of food. This

beautiful and striking feature, exhibiting the industry and ingenuity of the Chinese husbandman, is constantly repeated along the steep and naked sides of the high mountain range which extends along the northern side of the river, as well as on the more gentle slopes of the numerous hills which range in varied scenery along the southern bank of the stream, and the effect is too beautiful to weary the observer by its repetition. This narrow pass is now strongly fortified by the Chinese Government.

"After passing between the two hills, which almost meet together at the mouth of the river, the stream widens into what appears to be a beautiful, hill-bound lake, enlivened along its banks with numerous villages, and dotted over its surface with a multitude of small boats, constituting the homes of a large number of natives who make their living by fishing and disposing of their supply to the people of the villages along the river. On the right bank of the river is a large village, Kwantow, where there is a military establishment and a custom-house, which used to be the general clearance office for the city of Foochow. Continuing to ascend the stream, the traveler reaches another narrow pass, called the Mingang, with columns of rocks on either side piled up to the height of a thousand feet, between which the deep waters rush with great velocity. Beyond this the stream again widens into a beautiful, broad, and deep river, skirted on the north by a high, broken range of mountains, glittering every here and there in the sun's rays, with the torrents and cascades which rush down its precipices. On the south side it is adorned by alternating hills and large, level areas of paddy fields, through which in one place is seen winding a large creek, leading back into the fertile country, and in another, opening out into a deep ravine, through which flows a large branch of the river, which here returns to meet again its parent stem, from which it had separated a few miles above

the city of Foochow. In the north-western extremity of this view of the river are seen two beautiful and, in this warm climate, evergreen islands, lifting their hemispherical forms from the bosom of the river; and about three miles to the south of this, at the other extremity of the scene, is discovered a large, triangular island, on the upper extremity of which rises the seven-storied pagoda, which has given its name to this island. This part of the river constitutes the principal anchorage for vessels of large tonnage. In it were now lying a number of sailing vessels and several steamers.

"After ascending above the Pagoda Island, the river separates into two large branches, the principal of which, taking a north-eastern direction, leads to Foochow; while the other, ascending more to the south and west, again joins with the principal branch about eight miles above the city, after encircling a large and fertile island about thirty miles long, and which, opposite the city, is six or seven miles in width. As soon as we rounded the head of Pagoda Island, we felt that the old Foochow of twenty-five years ago had wonderfully changed. As we turned toward the right bank to look for our venerable friend of twenty-five years ago, the high, picturesque mountain range of Kushan, we beheld, stretching along the line of the river, for quite a mile in extent, a large number of foreign buildings, heard the puff of steam-engines, and the clatter of hammers, which indicated to us another great arsenal and ship-yard, owned and directed by the Chinese Government. Lying in front of these buildings were four very fine-looking gunboats, that had been built by the Chinese.

"As we ascend the river the range of mountains recedes from the stream, and in irregular and broken masses sweeps along the northern boundary of the large amphitheater in which lies the city. On the southern bank of the other branch of the river is another high range of exceedingly

irregular hills, whose dark outlines are visible from Foochow, thus completing the beautiful basin in which the city is situated. One of these hills, quite abrupt and mountainous, called Tiger Hill, which towers up in the distance, just opposite the city, is supposed to have a strange influence over the destinies of Foochow. It is said that an early prophet declared that when this hill, which terminates in an abrupt precipice on the river's edge, should fall, the city would be destroyed. To prevent this great catastrophe two large granite lions are set up within the city walls, immediately facing the threatening hill, which are supposed to counteract all evil influences of this rugged elevation. . . .

"Foochow is about five hundred miles up the coast from Canton, and about four hundred miles down the coast from Shanghai. The population of the city and its suburbs will not fall far short of a million souls. On the south side of the river is a large suburb called Ato, divided into several districts, stretching for some miles along the river bank. In the lower part it expands over a level plain, presenting a mass of buildings and a dense population, with some of its streets stretching far back toward the rice fields of the country. Throughout the greater part of the length of this suburb the ground gradually rises from the bank of the river into broken hills, the faces of which are occupied with buildings and numerous temples, and the summits fringed with pine and fir trees. Along the north face of these hills most of the foreigners have built their homes, while along the river front of this suburb they have erected their hongs and places of trade. . . .

"The best bird's-eye view of the city is to be had from the tower over the north gate. It stands on a dark, rocky eminence, a little to the west of the extreme north part of the city, which rises, first by a gentle acclivity, and then by a steep and abrupt ascent, until its dark summit, over which

runs the wall, is crowned with a high, three-story tower, thus bringing you far above all the surrounding city.

"From this point may be contemplated one of the finest views in China, embracing the whole vast amphitheater encircling Foochow, bounded on all sides by the broken and irregular mountains, intersected by the winding branches of the river, and numerous canals and water-courses, dotted every here and there with little hamlets and villages, animated by the wide-spread city and its suburbs, and enlivened here and there by large paddy fields and cultivated gardens, all luxuriant in tropical vegetation. On the right, at the foot of another hill, lie the romantic and picturesque grounds formerly occupied by the British consulate; and a little farther to the right, on a bold eminence known as 'Black Stone Hill,' after many a struggle, the Church of England still succeeds in holding its place, and its two buildings rise above all the plain as a city set upon a hill. At your feet lies the populous city of Foochow, with its teeming masses of living idolatry.

"Only a few buildings rise above the general level to diversify the monotonous scene of the tile roofs. Beautiful pagodas, lifting themselves up within the city walls, and towering high above all other surrounding buildings, are prominent objects to the eye. Every here and there the eye is arrested by the tall poles of honor, indicating the yamins, or residences of the great mandarins of the city, or by the bright red color of some remarkably massive buildings, which bespeak the localities of the various temples scattered over the whole city. To your left, on another hill, not far from a pagoda, you discover two beautiful dwellings occupied by the American Board Mission. The fantastic form of the city watch-towers, and the more regular, square form of the public granaries, impart some little relief to the fatiguing similarity of the objects.

"The city is richly supplied with large, wide-spreading shade-trees, which, rising above the buildings and spreading their branches over the roofs, give to the city the appearance of being embosomed in a vast grove; but the noise and din perpetually ascending from below, the outeries and bells from the crowded streets, the beating of gongs, drums, and cymbals from the precincts of the temples, the noise of fire-works and crackers accompanying the offerings of the devout, soon convince us that it is not a grove of solitude, but is animated by a full tide of population."

From these extracts the reader may form some estimate of Bishop Wiley, both as a didactic and descriptive writer. The elevated sentiment that permeates them runs through all the productions of his pen. Foochow, of which we have given a part of the pen-picture vividly drawn in his "China and Japan," has a special interest to the Methodist Episcopal Church—being the place where her first Asiatic mission was established as early as 1847. In 1858, four years after his return from his pioneer foreign field, Dr. Wiley prepared "The Mission Cemetery," a volume comprising biographical sketches of eight missionaries who had fallen in the work at Foochow—five of them in our own mission. The introductory chapter is devoted to a notice of the city and the work to which these consecrated men and women had given their lives. It was written at a time when the abandonment of the field seems to have been feared. A few pages from this, his first book, will be especially interesting here, both as showing his earlier style as a writer, and as giving his portraiture of the mission work as it was in his mind and on his heart nearly thirty years ago:

"Notwithstanding the variable history of these missions, the many that have fallen, the large proportionate number that have had to retire, and the numerous and grave obstacles, which have presented themselves, Foochow must be

looked upon as a successful missionary station. These first ten years have necessarily been years of arduous and difficult pioneer work, in a city hitherto unknown; among a people bitterly prejudiced against the foreigner; and through the medium of a language which no foreigner had as yet ever attempted to learn; which is difficult of acquisition, and in which the new and sublime facts and principles of the Gospel had never yet been expressed. Of necessity, then, the field was one of toil and difficulty; and we wonder not, in view of the vast labors resting on these pioneer men and women, so many fell. Yet a vast work has been accomplished for Foochow. The Christian Church has been represented by thirty-six of her sons and daughters in this pagan city. Ten of them have laid down their lives in bearing testimony to our great salvation; six of them still sleep in the suburbs of this city, their silent tombs yet witnessing for Christ—two of them rest beneath the soil of their native land—two of them await in the depths of the great ocean the coming of the Lord. One hundred and thirty-nine years of actual missionary labor have been given as the sum of the toil of these men and women. The language has been mastered and reduced to a method of easy acquisition. Houses have been erected for missionary residences; schools have been founded; chapels have been opened; churches have been built; the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ has been preached; the Bible has been printed and circulated in the classic version; large portions of it have been translated into the colloquial dialect, and scattered broadcast over the city; books have been published and circulated; prejudices have been overcome and removed; the great plan of salvation has been made known to perhaps a million of souls, and a deep and wide-spread impression has been made on this pagan city in favor of Christianity.

"These difficulties have been met and overcome. The

night of toil breaks into the day of promise. Foochow is now an inviting field of labor. Its climate is understood; the wants of the missionary are known, and can be provided for; houses have been built, and comfortable residences can be rapidly procured; the language has been mastered, and made comparatively easy of acquisition; the prejudices of the people have melted away; a large foreign trade has grown up; a large foreign community is gathering into the city. Foochow is rapidly becoming an important center of commerce, and the conveniences and necessaries of missionary life can be provided on the spot. The pioneer work is nearly done. Henceforth there will be no such drain on missionary life. The climate of Foochow is delightful through eight months of the year; through the remaining four months, the only difficulty is the great heat incident to its tropical position, which can now be greatly provided against by the better homes of the missionaries, and by the numerous cool and refreshing resorts which have been found about the city. Unfortunate, indeed, would be the mistake of the Church were she now to forsake her mission at Foochow, or permit it to languish, just when her sons and daughters have finished their vast preparatory work, when the door is just widely opened, when the field is just white for the harvest, and thus throw away, on the eve of victory, these vast advantages for which she has paid the price of many precious lives. No! let us cherish the memory of these fallen missionaries; let them live in the heart of the Church; let the cemetery at Foochow, instead of startling us from the field, be as a precious voice from those that have borne the heat and burden of the day, calling us to enter into their labors."

On another page in this volume is this description of this cemetery, which lies in the southern suburbs:

"Stretching for miles among these hills, in the rear of

the population, is the city of the dead, the principal burying-ground of Foochow. Here we may wander for hours among thousands of tombs of every size, from the smallest conical mound, covered with plaster, beneath which rest the remains of the humble poor, to the spacious, well-paved and ornamented monument, covering an area of several hundred square feet, which indicates the resting-place of wealth and importance. Here, too, in a little secluded vale, covered with grass, shaded by clusters of olive and guava-trees, marked by its simple granite tombs differing from the thousands around them, and only separated from these curious graves of the natives by some clusters of shrubbery, is the 'Mission Cemetery of Foochow,' where sleep in the calm repose of death those precious ones whose memory we here preserve."

Twenty years after he had written these descriptive lines, he stood again in the now historic cemetery; in his later volume he alludes to the feeling awakened by the visit, but does not try to express them; at his feet were the graves of the loved and heroic ones, but about him, reaching even to the heart of the great empire, was the widening work of the Church; surely the mingled emotions of that hour—exultation over the success of the Gospel, tempered by the memories of the past—could not be put in words. Strange that, seven years later, he should return to that city, whose beauty was a charm to him, to close his life-work in the field of his of his early labors, and to find his last resting-place in the cemetery that his own pen had done most to make familiar to Christians in his native land.

The tomb of Bishop Wiley is at Foochow—that of Bishop Kingsley at Beirut—the one on the eastern, the other on the western verge of Asia—nearly six thousand miles apart. Over the densely peopled lands that intervene still hangs the midnight gloom of heathenism; but the

widely separated graves of these Christian leaders mark the presence of the conquering Church, and point to the approaching time when the light she has kindled on the shores, moving inland, will dispel that gloom. Let all Christians see, in the hallowed spots at Foochow and Beirut, the earnest of the subjection of all Asia to the Cross—with increasing vigor and a flaming zeal, let them press forward the work to which their honored brothers willingly gave their lives, until their tombs sentry an evangelized continent.

V.

THE BISHOP.

BISHOP S. M. MERRILL, D. D

THE writer is fully conscious of the delicacy of his task in attempting to portray one of his colleagues, and finds himself doubly embarrassed by what would, at first thought, seem to be helpful—the intimacy of personal friendship.

If one would describe a building, or a landscape, and give a just representation of its relative position and appearance, he should view it from a reasonable distance. It is so in forming an estimate of the official work of one who occupies, or has occupied, a prominent position before the public. A careful survey of what he is, and of what he has done, made in the absence of those prepossessions which come from friendly associations, might result in an estimate materially different from that which is formed under the influence of personal attachment. To me it is scarcely possible to dwell in thought upon the career and work of Isaac W. Wiley without feeling the nearness of the man—and feeling conscious that his impressive friendliness, intensified by sixteen years of the freest fellowship, may bias representations intended to be strictly impartial and just.

As a preliminary, I wish to say that our departed friend did not come into the office of bishop through any self-

seeking or management of his own. From the time his name was first mentioned in connection with this position till his election was consummated, no one ever indulged the suspicion for a moment that he was ambitious for the place, or that he was capable of turning his hand to induce any one to vote for him, or that he allowed his friends (who were most anxious to secure his election) to employ other than the most honorable means to further their object. His position in relation to the election was indicated by a remark which he was often heard to make, to the effect that "the office of bishop was too great to be sought by any man." He was seriously impressed with the responsibility of the office, as well as with the magnitude of the work, and accepted his election as he did other providential allotments, under a sense of duty, regarding the voice of the Church as the voice of God. Neither was his election the result of any sudden impulse created by one or two extraordinary efforts in the pulpit or on the platform. It was the outcome of the deliberate judgment of those who knew him well, and had the best means of estimating his capacity and worth as a man and minister, after witnessing for years his unswerving loyalty to duty.

When Dr. Wiley was elected to the episcopacy, his preference was to continue his residence in Cincinnati, where he was pleasantly located and highly esteemed; but in the adjustment of episcopal residences it fell to his lot to go to Boston. He was quite willing to identify himself with Eastern Methodism, and to establish himself in that city. Yet the arrangement demanding his removal required sacrifice, which was promptly and cheerfully met. The call of the Church was the call of duty, and his faith in the wisdom of the Divine ordering was always firm, leading him to expect good to come to him and his even in circumstances that seemed for the time unfavorable. With confidence in

God and a supreme regard for the welfare of the Church, he stepped into the broad theater of official life, with nothing lacking to make his consecration complete. Having accepted the position assigned him, he did not consult ease or pleasure. It was characteristic with him to do cheerfully and heartily whatever was to be done. He therefore made all needful preparation, and with the least possible delay took up his abode in his new home. Here, with new surroundings and with new work before him, he went forward in the prosecution of his official duties, and his labors in this field were crowned with abundant success.

Bishop Wiley had a just appreciation of the episcopal office, but was never troubled with extreme notions of its claims to veneration, except as it was honored in its incumbents by the faithful use of its functions for the edification of the Church, and for increasing the efficiency of the ministry. In this regard he entertained an exalted idea of the value of the office. While he regarded it as an honor to be chosen for the position, his belief was that it was the duty of the bishop to magnify the office—and that this could best be done by the faithful performance of the duties it imposed. More than once have I heard him express the purpose not to hold the office longer than he could be useful in it. As he looked forward to the period when the increase of years should bring infirmities, and render continuous journeyings abroad burdensome, and possibly bring an abatement of mental as well as physical vigor that would interfere with the most satisfactory discharge of his duties, he was persuaded that it would be wisdom in him to lay aside official responsibilities, and enjoy the quiet and comfort which an active life denied him. In harmony with this view, his mind was made up to retire from the office at the close of the quadrennium on which he had entered when called to the rest and reward of heaven. His desire was to do

this while his judgment was yet unimpaired, and before he was beyond the period of enjoying home, or of being useful in his retired relation.

Bishop Wiley possessed many qualifications for the office of bishop. His mind was clear, active, and well cultivated. His scholarship, if not profound, was accurate, and equal to the demands of his work. His acquirements were solid and useful, rather than ornamental. As a preacher, his gifts were excellent. If not distinguished for brilliancy, he was never dull. If not so grand or majestic in oratory as the few whose eloquence has given them renown, he was not lacking in readiness of speech, or in the power to move as well as instruct an audience. His delivery was always easy, his thoughts rich, and his words abundant and well chosen. Few excelled him in extempore address. If his lot had not fallen in the line of the general work of the Church, his superior talents as a preacher would have assured him the most important pulpits of the denomination. In addition to being an educated physician, he had experience as a missionary, as a pastor, as an educator, and as an editor; and his record was good in all these departments of work. He therefore brought to the wider sphere of the superintendency a mind well stored, and well trained in the practical work of the Church, as well as an experience more extended and varied than is often found in the life of a Methodist preacher.

Bishop Wiley was a lover of Methodism. This fact is purposely named in connection with his qualifications for the episcopal office. Without this, all other qualifications would be necessarily insufficient. He who takes the position of leader in the work of building the institutions of Methodism must not only be competent to lead, but deeply interested in the work to be done. Bishop Wiley prized highly the doctrines, the polity, the usages, and the spirit of Meth-

odism. In early life he was brought to the knowledge of Christ through Methodist influences; and he never ceased to regard with grateful affection the agencies which brought to his own soul the light of salvation. While not sectarian in the narrow sense, he looked upon earnest attachment to one's own Church as consistent with the broadest catholicity. He never apologized for being a Methodist. Nor did he esteem others the less for loving their own Churches. If he ever spoke lightly of any who professed to be Christians at all, it was of those who claimed to have no denominational preferences, and thought themselves liberal in being indifferent about their Church relations. He thought that such persons were lacking in firmness of grip on the substantials of Christian faith. He loved Methodists as Methodists, and he loved Presbyterians as Presbyterians, and Baptists as Baptists; and he loved to see them positive in their preferences, as he honored honest convictions wherever he found them.

He was hopeful for the Church. He was not troubled to find out reasons why the former days were better than these. To his vision the outlook for Christianity was encouraging. He saw the kingdoms of the earth yielding to the sway of the Messiah. This gave him heart to work for Christ at home, and to plan largely for pushing the battle in the fields abroad. He expected victory. Nor was he fanatical in this faith. He knew what heathenism was; for he had seen it in his early life, and had studied it till he knew it to the core. But he believed in God. His faith apprehended the divine promises; and he never doubted that the heathen would be given to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. To his thought the declaration, that the Gospel is the "power of God unto salvation," was a living verity, on which the Church could stand with confidence, and project her plans for the conquest

of the nations. Such faith became him, and becomes every leader of the hosts of the Lord. Without it, how can he inspire the courage that dares great things for Christ? how command the confidence that organizes success?

Bishop Wiley was endowed with a temperament that fitted him for the requirements of his office. He was self-possessed, and not easily disturbed. A nervous, fretful, or impatient man would soon wear himself out under the chafings incident to the work of the episcopacy. An impulsive, excitable person would be liable to injure himself, and damage the cause, by hasty action, or by unwise exhibitions of feeling. But Bishop Wiley was able to hold himself in equipoise while others were excited. He could withhold judgment till all the available facts were in hand. He could turn the subject over and look at the other side. The result was that his opinions were well matured before they were expressed, and his decisions were seldom overruled. His mistakes (and no one is without them) were from false or imperfect information, rather than from inaccurate reasoning from the light attainable. This power of self-control is indispensable in the work of "fixing" the appointments. There is nothing that men have to do in this world that draws so heavily on the sensibilities as this particular work. In assigning pastors to their stations, the bishop is sensible that he is affecting every possible interest of the preacher and the Church. Personal, family, and social life are all involved. Health, education, adaptation, taste—every thing conceivable—must be considered; and questions of equity, justice, and relative claims for accommodation, must enter largely into the adjustment. He who has not within himself a stern sense of justice, and willingness to give a patient hearing to every interested party, and firmness to adhere to his own sense of right when his judgment is duly formed, is deficient in essential qualifications for the performance of

such delicate duties. Where every thing that is dear in life must be touched in official action, it is plain that rudeness or rashness in the exercise of power would be intolerable and ruinous. Of course, a man without sympathy is out of place in dealing with his fellow-men in such important relations; but one whose sympathy overrides his judgment is not less out of place. Bishop Wiley was tender and kind, and scrupulously considerate of every interest committed to him; but his calm judgment gave him strength to be just, as well as generous. When occasion required the emphatic negative, he was able to say "no." He was equal to the duty of maintaining the right, and standing for the welfare of the Church, even when sympathy for an individual would lead to the accommodation of the preacher at the expense of the cause to be subserved. Such conflicts between feeling and duty often arise in almost every sphere; but in no place do they come more frequently, or with greater force, than in the exercise of the appointing power with which our episcopacy is clothed.

It could scarcely be otherwise than that one with his temperament would be reserved in manner; and this was the case in a marked degree with Bishop Wiley. In not a few instances, the inference has been drawn from his reserve that he was lacking in genial cordiality—while some have gone so far as to pronounce him cold. It is true that he did not open out to every comer with the same frankness that he showed to his tried acquaintances, and it was not the easiest thing in the world for a stranger to approach him so as to feel perfectly at home with him at the first interview. He did impress people sometimes that he was distant, if not selfish. Possibly, it was a mistake in him that he failed to cultivate a more frank and open manner, that every one approaching him should have been compelled to bask in the sunshine that really dwelt in his heart. In his high

position, this would seem particularly desirable. This great office carries along with it the obligation on the part of the incumbent not only to be gentle, but also to appear gentle, to all who depend upon his decisions for so much that, to them, is often dearer than life. But where the natural temperament leads to reticence, and the habit of thoughtfulness strengthens the disposition to be reserved, it is a most difficult thing, for one accustomed to be himself, to overcome his inclination, and successfully maintain a manner which is not the spontaneous expression of his inward nature. Few of us realize the full measure of the influence which our mere manner of intercourse with others exerts upon society; and especially are we apt to undervalue the effects of reserve or frankness upon those who depend on our words and actions for encouragement in the work of life. When we least suspect it, we are unconsciously affecting others; for the very spirit we breathe forms an atmosphere about us which attracts or repels, so that our most unpremeditated words and movements send out silent messages which are caught up and reported abroad, forming the reputation we bear in life, and largely determining the estimate that shall be placed upon us when we are dead. But Bishop Wiley, however reserved in manner, was not cold in heart. His was a generous nature—too broad in its outgoings to be little or unfeeling. His sympathies were deep and strong. If they did not bubble to the surface on every slight occasion, they did not fail to flow in a steady current in real necessities. They were not controlled by impulse, but regulated by an intelligent comprehension of duty.

Bishop Wiley was a keen observer of men. His early studies as a physician and a missionary induced in him the habit of careful observation in all matters pertaining to personal character; and, with his penetration of mind, it was not difficult to acquire facility in discerning the traits of

those with whom he came in contact. In one whose business it is to deal with men, as a bishop in Methodism must do, there is scarcely any gift that will compensate for the lack of power to discern and interpret character, and detect adaptations for particular work. It is to some extent, no doubt, a gift or an original endowment, and possibly should be regarded as intuitive; but, whether it be natural or acquired, it can be improved by exercise in practical life—and our departed friend did not waste his opportunities in this regard. When he selected a man for a particular work, he seldom made a mistake. Of course he was sometimes deceived, as every one is; but his judgment was uniformly good as to what a man could or would do in given conditions. This soundness of judgment was partly owing to his reserve, or slowness to commit himself on hasty acquaintance—and in no small degree to his clearness of perception, and skill in discovering the dominant characteristics of those he met in social or business life.

He was, in the good sense, a self-reliant man. In other words, he had the courage of his convictions. Like most men of real ability, he believed in the correctness of his own conclusions. This does not mean that he was presumptuous, or what is sometimes called opinionated; but only that, after examining a matter that could be understood, and forming an opinion, he was ready to stand by it till fully tested. His feeling was that his judgment was trustworthy for himself. He understood the processes of his own mind, and the integrity of his reasoning, and dared not relinquish the result reached till altered conditions, or additional factors, required the modification of his conclusion. This is a philosophical cast of mind of the highest importance in bearing the responsibilities of leadership in the Church, and one without which there can be no real greatness of character. In its highest development it produces a de-

gree of positiveness which is sometimes mistaken for arbitrariness, and a firmness that resembles stubbornness. Bishop Wiley was neither arbitrary nor stubborn; but that he was tenacious of opinions once formed, and found it not an easy thing to confess that he had made a mistake, is simply the truth, and not a disparagement. This kind of self-reliance is commendable; for he who possesses it will not be disheartened under the pressure of ordinary difficulties, nor will he falter in carrying out plans which command his own approval. He differs from the impulsive man who acts from feeling; and has the advantage of all who depend on the judgment or dictation of others for guidance, because his convictions are his own, and his intelligence gives him both steadiness and persistence in the pursuit of approved aims by approved methods.

As a bishop, he was self-sacrificing in the best sense of the word. To the duties of his office he devoted the energies of his mind and body with unselfish consecration. Without hesitation he went cheerfully to his work at home or abroad, in city or country, in prairie or mountain, in heat or cold, and was always the same untiring servant of the Church wherever he could benefit the cause of religion, whether among rich or poor, blacks or whites, natives or foreigners. In the plain, practical man that he was, the world would never look for heroic traits; yet his was the spirit of the hero and the martyr. Not that he sought hazardous undertakings in a wild, adventurous way, or was ambitious to be accounted romantic, or was fascinated with the idea of acting in a sphere that would attract the admiration of the lovers of the marvelous—nothing of the kind: but he accepted duty with whatever of peril it brought, knowing often that the peril was imminent; yet he accepted it not for the sake of the peril, but for the sake of the good to be achieved. In this higher sense he is to be classed

with the "men who have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus." It was in this spirit he entered upon his career as a missionary in his early manhood; and in the same spirit he went out into his wider mission as a general superintendent. With a constitution known to be frail, and health always precarious, he never faltered when journeyings by land or sea were required—nor did he consult ease or pleasure when rugged work was to be done in conference or council, in committee or board, at home or abroad. Those who have known him longest, and can best interpret the motives of his life, will not hesitate to accept the words of Paul as expressive of the sentiment that governed him: "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Well might he say, as he did, while standing in the capital city of the Chinese Empire, and addressing for the last time his beloved missionaries and their native helpers, with the celestial gates already swinging open before him, "My life has been an arduous one; not much pleasure, not much joy, but a great deal of work, and much peace."

In the presidency of the annual conferences, Bishop Wiley gave as general satisfaction as any one who has exercised the same office. No one ever gave universal satisfaction in that position. Human wisdom is not equal to that achievement; and it is not certain that angelic perfection would be able to compass it. But our departed bishop stood very high in the esteem of the conferences that came under his presidency. He was calm, patient, and conciliatory in dealing with men; and clear, prompt, and just in his rulings, whether upon questions of order or questions of law. He possessed a judicial mind, and his knowledge of the Discipline was accurate; while his ability to grasp a legal principle, and apply it to an existing state of facts, was sur-

passed by very few. He was mindful of details. He listened to the reports of the work done in the charges, and sought to know who did well and who were negligent. His colleagues confided in him, and the preachers respected him. Every one felt that, where he presided, there was little danger that the rashness of the bishop, or the precipitate action of the conference, would jeopard the interests of the Church or the preachers.

One of the best occasions for the indication of a bishop's capacity is found in the periodical consultations which each one has with his colleagues. In other words, the reports he makes in the semi-annual meetings of the board reveal the character of the work he has done, and his method of grappling with the difficulties encountered in his administration. In these meetings Bishop Wiley's reports were always instructive, and never failed to command the respect of every member of the board. His comprehension of the work in his hands, and his thorough mastery of the principles involved in the matters of administration that came before him, gave to his colleagues the highest satisfaction. There is no place in the Church where he will be more painfully missed, or where the absence of his counsels will be more sincerely regretted, than in these meetings of the Board of Bishops.

In the meetings of the General Missionary Committee, and of the General Committee of Church Extension, Bishop Wiley was a great power. It is not invidious to say that he was seldom excelled in the skillful putting of whatever he represented in these gatherings. Here the chief officers of the Church bring much of their official work, and explain their relation to actions reported, and give the views and reasons guiding them in the conclusions reached. If one comprehends his work, and takes broad views of the genius and methods of the Church, planting himself on the solid

ground of law and duty, and rises above selfish considerations, the fact will appear in the discussions that take place. If he sees clearly the needs of his own department, and proves loyal to the work he represents, and at the same time concedes the claims presented by others, so that he can be just and impartial in his final judgment—this also will appear in his work in these committees. Judged by his success on these occasions, Bishop Wiley was thoroughly qualified for his great office. Not only in consultation with his colleagues, but in those gatherings where other officials meet, he was wise, true, prudent, and eminently capable. Having clear convictions of what was right, and always combining dignity and courtesy in his bearing, he expressed himself with clearness and force; and his opinions elicited the highest respect. If he carried his point he was gratified, because he was confident of the correctness of his judgment. If he failed, he acquiesced cheerfully—for the reason that he not only recognized the rights of others, but respected their opinions, and never questioned their motives.

But it is not going too far to say that Bishop Wiley seldom failed in what he undertook to accomplish in these committees. If the matter was not important, he did not set his heart upon it; but if it was sufficient to enlist his sympathy, he was able to present it in such light as to carry with him the judgment of the majority. He was not given to experimenting in administration, and was therefore slow to take hold of measures of slight significance or doubtful utility. He was naturally conservative; and the plainly marked path of successful work afforded him stronger attractions than the by-ways of uncertainty. One of the secrets of his success in these business meetings was found in the fact that he mastered the details of his affairs, and came into the committee thoroughly prepared to exhibit the

whole bearing of his case. In this respect he has scarcely ever been excelled.

The connectional work of the Church occupied much of Bishop Wiley's time and thought. In missionary affairs he was always interested, always informed, and always ready to speak or act. In the Church Extension department he was earnest and intelligent. For many years he was the president of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and was ever active, vigilant, and careful in managing the interests of that great benevolence. The executive officers found him wise in counsel, far-seeing to plan for advance movements, and bold to prosecute all needful enterprises for pushing the educational work among the people for whose uplifting the organization exists. The freedmen found no warmer friend than Bishop Wiley; and they looked to no one with greater confidence for sympathy and advice. In regard to the cause of general education it may be said, truly, that Bishop Wiley stood in the foremost rank of the earnest advocates of a liberal policy, and that he was profoundly anxious to see the literary and theological institutions of the Church placed upon solid foundations, with ample endowments. Our publishing interests shared largely in his sympathies. He looked upon the Book Concern as among the most powerful agencies for good, and he was one of the most trusted and sagacious counselors in the direction of its affairs. The missionary societies under the management of the women, for both home and foreign work, found in him a true friend, an able advocate, and a most intelligent helper. To his thought, also, the Sunday-schools formed the right arm of the Church's power. He saw, in the religious training of the children, the controlling agency for determining the character of the Church of the future. In a word, Bishop Wiley took into his heart the whole range of Christian activity—in the school, in the family, in the organized benevolences, and in

the publishing houses—bestowing the wealth of his thoughts and energies upon all the approved methods of the Church for carrying the Gospel to the ends of the earth, as well as for building up the best types of Christian character and life in our own land. His was a broad horizon. Far down into the future he peered with faith, believing in the divinity of truth, and in the purpose of God to lift his Church on high, and make her the light of the world in conserving and diffusing the civilization which enobles humanity.

In the truest sense, his superintendency was general. He looked over the entire field. Few men have made a nearer approach to the comprehension of all the Church is doing. He studied to be informed in all lines of her polity and plans. With the skill of a great commander, he marshaled her forces, and estimated her possibilities, and cheered on her warriors in the conflict with the powers of darkness—never doubting that victory would come, and that the nations would yet hail the glory of our exalted Lord and Savior.

My task is done. It was to portray our departed friend in the office of bishop—it was not biographical. The instructive narrative of his life is furnished by other hands. Not even a summary of his work has been attempted. We have looked upon Bishop Wiley in the strength of his manhood, as he entered upon the duties of his world-wide sphere, and as he prosecuted his work in the presence of the whole Church. In describing him the ideal bishop has often been in mind. In many respects he was a model. In patience, in diligence, in fidelity and singleness of purpose, he was worthy to be commended as an example. Without prestige of name or fortune, with little impressiveness of person, without ostentation or demonstrativeness of manner, but with meekness and gentleness of demeanor, he has modestly gone in and out before the Church as a chief pastor for more

than twelve 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—gone from home, from family, and kindred, and work—gone to the rest and reward of the faithful—the perfume of his consecrated life lingers to bless the Church, and will pass onward to coming generations, rich with the fragrance of heaven.

VI.

RESIDENCE IN NEW ENGLAND.

L. T. TOWNSEND, D. D.

I WISH I could write something worthy of our noble Bishop Wiley; but my own recent sickness and the distressing illness of my wife have rendered me unfit for any except routine service. I am very glad, however, to add my few words to the grander tributes that I am sure have been sent you.

From the time that Gilbert Haven, who was one of my dearest friends, entered the New England Conference, he had upon it a remarkable hold. No man living had friends who were more enthusiastic than his. When, therefore, he was elected bishop, the New England Conference claimed him as its representative, and desired no other. But Bishop Haven was left to go South, and Bishop Wiley came to Boston. This was a sore disappointment to the friends of Bishop Haven. Many of the Boston group of friends came near resolving to be pleased with no one who might come in what was felt to be Bishop Haven's place.

New England, upon first acquaintance, is, in its best humor, frigid enough; but, when a little out of humor, is to a genial nature well-nigh intolerable. Bishop Wiley, at his coming, was received with such marks of respect as are due to the office he held; still, at the outset, he often must

have felt that this official respect was cold and unattractive as it could well be. But how calm he was! He seemed to mind it not. Whether we had smiles or frowns to give, his face was placid. He moved among us as if he felt that his coming had been divinely ordained. He came with the serenity and firmness of one of the old prophets. But this must be said, that at his first, and at all subsequent public appearances he commanded the respect, indeed, the profound respect, of every attentive listener; and that, in this latitude, was for the bishop a decided gain and a rare compliment. It was at our first introduction clearly manifest that a great and rare mind had come from the West to New England. In all matters requiring his official notice or action he made no mistakes.

Those who attended the session of the New England Conference at which he presided shortly after his coming to Boston, will never forget, at least those who studied attentively the proceedings of that conference will never forget, the sort of triumphant conquest made by the new bishop. If any one had come to conference expecting that Bishop Wiley would be puzzled by some of the complicated questions or matters arising, he went away with an entirely different opinion. All such expectations before the third day of the session gave place to the conviction that Bishop Wiley was no man to be trifled with and no man to be easily disconcerted. Hour by hour he rose in the esteem of every member of the conference. He challenged the admiration even of the most unfriendly. After that conference week, whatever had been previous estimates, our ministers felt that Bishop Wiley was no ordinary man; that he was really a great man.

His mind was judicial as well as legal. Quickness, penetration, and wisdom characterized all his decisions. In his statements of a case he was incisive, logical, clear—

sometimes having a vein of dignified humor, which, however, was not hurtful—and he was always firm, unyielding when principle was involved, and stimulating. His versatility was a surprise to all, and a marvel to those who studied attentively his work and words. Upon every subject he seemed equally well informed. His remarks at "social unions," and at preachers' meetings; his addresses at conventions and conferences, seemed, in every instance, to contain the very best thought that could be expressed upon the subject in hand.

His sermons before conferences and at dedications were not always characterized by oratorical impressiveness; but were clear as crystal, and, without exception, were faultless in rhetoric and logic—in range they were grandly comprehensive, always loyal to Christ and the Church, tender and eloquent in their appeals. As models in the art of sermonizing, and as standards of Methodist doctrine, his discourses will be found equal to any now in the possession of the Church, and should not be left unpublished.

Untiring, too, must have been his labors. A key to his life in New England is found in his last words: "If I die, I will die in the same faith in which I have lived. I have been a licensed preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church for forty years, and have always tried to do my duty. I have not been a joyous or a sad creature; but I have been a peaceful, happy, hopeful Christian. I have never been an enemy to any man, and I do n't know that any man has been an enemy to me. I am at peace with God and man. I never intended to harm any man, and I have no knowledge of any man having ever done any harm to me. With a little modification I can say with Paul, at the end of his life, 'I have fought a *hard* fight.' I will not go as far as Paul; 'I have fought a *hard* fight.'" We will say for the noble bishop, what his modesty stood in the way of his

saying for himself, "He fought a *hard* and a *good* fight;" and there was laid up for him a crown of rejoicing.

Personally, I esteem myself to have been granted a rare privilege—being permitted to see some of the more gentle and beautiful traits of Bishop Wiley's character not seen by many others. He was my bishop; I was, for a time, his pastor. No listener was more devout; none more appreciative; none more easily moved by the love of Christ. There were no gems in the sermon that his quick eye did not discover. His admiration of all things good was generous, and exceedingly helpful—which is better than extravagant praise.

One of the rarest privileges of a lifetime was an interview with this great man at the death of his son. There he stood in that death-chamber, is standing there in my memory still, confident in his faith—but with heart bleeding, as from every artery, trembling with deepest emotion, and saying: "Pray for us; pray for us." We knelt, we prayed—Paradise seemed not far off.

Great, good, true, noble bishop, whom we always respected, and whom we learned most ardently to love, thou art worthy of the most honorable and affectionate chaplet that friends can place upon thy bier.

VII.

FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

R. S. RUST, D. D.

THE General Conference of 1864 elected the Rev. Isaac W. Wiley, M. D., of the Newark Conference, editor of the *Ladies' Repository.* At this time the nation was engaged in a fearful struggle to crush the Rebellion, preserve the Union, and destroy slavery; and the Methodist Episcopal Church had rendered such distinguished service in this critical period of our country's history as to receive the highest commendation from President Lincoln. Our bishops, editors, ministers, and private members participated in the conflict. Among these, Dr. Wiley had thrown himself into the contest with all the force of his convictions and the heroism of his nature. In his speeches he vindicated the action of the government, urged a vigorous prosecution of the war, encouraged young men to enlist for the defense of the country, and inspired the desponding with courage and hope. His logic and eloquence were electric, and his audiences were moved to the highest enthusiasm by his patriotic addresses—and it is believed that the ability exhibited in these efforts suggested him as a suitable person for the editorship of the *Ladies' Repository.*

Dr. Wiley came to this editorial work, at the call of the Church, in the strength of his manhood, with the reputation

of a fine scholar, a good writer, and an able preacher. He fully met the expectations entertained of him, and quickly won the confidence and favor of the people by the freshness and vigor of his thought, the beautiful symmetry of his life and character, and the persuasive style of his oratory. He became distinguished in the West for his ability in the pulpit and on the platform; and his services were in great demand for literary addresses, anniversary speeches, and dedicatory sermons. He took rank among our ablest men, and held it with increasing favor to the last.

He cherished a deep interest in the benevolent movements of the day, and impressed all with whom he came in contact with the purity of his character and the grasp of his intellect. He connected himself with the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, an undenominational association organized for the purpose of supplying the physical wants of the freedmen and establishing for them elementary schools. Its head-quarters were in Cincinnati. In arranging the work and distributing teachers among the freedmen, the Commission declined to furnish teachers for schools connected with our missions in the South lest it should violate its constitution and become denominational in its character, notwithstanding our members were contributing liberally to its funds. This discrimination against our schools led to remonstrance, and a protracted discussion of the future policy of the association, during which reflections were cast upon our Church. To these Drs. Reid and Wiley triumphantly replied, and defended Methodism with such marked ability that their assailants quickly discovered that these new Methodist editors, who had just come to the city, were clear thinkers and eloquent debaters. This discussion hastened action already anticipated, which resulted in the organization of the Freedmen's Aid Society of our Church.

He identified himself with one of our Churches, fre-

quently filled the pulpits of his brethren in the city, attended the social means of grace, and cheerfully rendered any service in his power to advance the interests of Christ's kingdom. For years he taught a Bible-class in Morris Chapel, and its weekly meetings were seasons of thrilling interest and profit. He exhibited rare ability in explaining the doctrines of the Cross, and in elucidating the sublime truths of our holy religion—and through his efforts many renounced skepticism and embraced the truth. A leading member of this charge used to say, that, while Dr. Wiley was an excellent preacher and an able writer, he greatly excelled as a Bible-class teacher, and that his power and readiness in the class-room surpassed that of all men whom he ever met.

The solicitude felt by Dr. Wiley for the success of our arms while a resident of the East lost none of its intensity in his transfer to the West; for here, as there, he consecrated all the energies of his nature to the speedy overthrow of this organized force of the South to destroy the best government of earth. He urged the enlistment of colored soldiers in our army, believing that those who should aid in preserving the government would be entitled to its fostering care, and that those who should bear arms, and follow the Stars and Stripes into the thickest of the contest would be rewarded with the rights of citizenship and manhood. He greatly rejoiced in the Emancipation Proclamation issued by Abraham Lincoln, on the 22d of September, 1862, declaring that, if the States in rebellion did not lay down their arms and become loyal to the General Government in one hundred days, which period would terminate January 1, 1863, every slave in said territory should be free.

This is one of the great events in the history of our nation; and this great state paper deserves to be reckoned among the three most important documents ever issued to

the English-speaking people — the Magna Charta wrested from King John, the Declaration of American Independence, and the Proclamation of Emancipation. This proclamation sounded the death knell of slavery throughout the whole world, and struck the Confederacy a blow from which it never recovered. The friends of the Union took fresh courage, the Confederates became discouraged, the surrender at Appomattox followed—and the nation was saved.

Dr. Wiley recognized the emancipation of the slaves as a providential call upon the Methodist Episcopal Church to enter the South with her evangelizing forces. No sooner had the slaves been emancipated than he began to devise plans to send them missionaries and teachers. As our Church had been active in emancipating the slaves, he insisted that she should do her part in educating and preparing the freedmen for useful citizenship, so that freedom might become to them, and all interested, a blessing rather than a curse.

A fact of great significance in this connection demands a moment's consideration. Our Missionary Society at this crisis had a surplus of funds in its treasury of nearly $500,000, the only instance of the kind ever known in its history; and it was thus providentially prepared and encouraged to respond to this urgent appeal for help in the South. The claims of this neglected people for our aid can scarcely be equaled by those from any part of the world. Our benevolent associations entered this field to save the people; but it was found impossible to accomplish much good without the establishment of schools for the training of teachers and preachers. This led to the organization of our Freedmen's Aid Society.

Dr. Wiley was one of the signers to the call inviting Methodists interested in the education of the emancipated slaves to meet at Trinity Church, in Cincinnati, for consul-

tation and action in their behalf. He took an active part in the deliberations of the convention which formed the Freedmen's Aid Society, and on all appropriate occasions advocated the necessity of this organization and its claims upon the sympathy and benevolence of the Church. He was for many years its honored president, and watched over its interests with a father's love and care. He spent a great deal of time in the service of the society; delivered addresses in laying corner-stones for our buildings; dedicated school edifices; made speeches at our anniversaries, and was ever ready for any good word and work he could give in behalf of an organization he so highly prized, because he knew, from personal observation and examination, that it was accomplishing great good in the elevation of a long neglected race.

The society is greatly indebted to his calm judgment, wise counsel, and eloquent advocacy for the success it has achieved in our educational work in the South. He gave personal inspection to our schools: frequently visited them in company with the corresponding secretary, and, being an experienced educator, he suggested improvements in the methods of instruction and government, commended meritorious and industrious students, and criticised careless and indolent ones. He tenderly sympathized with our noble band of teachers in their Christlike work, and by his personal presence and encouragement inspired them with zeal and enthusiasm in their labor of love. The pupils in our schools loved him, and were incited by his familiar addresses to earnest effort to secure a good education and a higher and purer life.

To trace his influence in this enterprise would require a careful review of its whole history, for which there is not now time nor space. He thoroughly studied the whole subject, attempted to fathom the depths of degradation into

which this poor people had fallen, and earnestly appealed to the Church and the nation for help in behalf of this wronged and neglected race.

At one of the earliest anniversaries of the society he defended its policy, and pressed its claims in the following impressive manner:

"I made a bold assertion a moment ago. I said that this Freedmen's Aid Society was accomplishing greater results in proportion to the funds committed to its trust than any other in our Church; and I verily believe it. When I examine the reports, and see what has been done; when I look at the scores of schools, and hundreds of teachers in the South; when I look at the thousands that have been converted in those schools; when I remember that, very frequently, the Church at the South begins in the freedmen's schools; when I look at the fact that out of these schools come the future preachers and teachers of this great people; when I see them growing stronger, and coming up into manhood, and developing themselves—and see rising, under the fostering care of this little society, men to stand in the future and teach in their turn: I agree with my good friend, Dr. Reid, in saying, 'I am unable in any figures, or system of calculation that I have command of, to measure the grand working of this society.'

"It has another reason for its existence, and that is, in looking over the history of the world, we discover that one great principle of God's providence is this: that, though we are linked together as men, nations, societies, and communities, yet we are nations, and we are nationalities, and we are races, and we are different peoples. And God seems to have written it from the beginning that every people shall be its own regenerator—shall work out its own development, accomplish its own peculiar work, unfold its own peculiar character in the world. The African—the colored man—

must be his own regenerator; and by those strange instincts of which we have heard, those almost divine instincts that God seems to have put into the colored man, he knows that simply putting the ballot into his hands will not make him a man—that it is not by simply opening the door of your parlor and inviting him in that he becomes your equal: he understands distinctly that he must make himself a man of intelligence, of integrity—and then he comes into the parlor, into the senate, and into the pulpit. We endeavor to prepare these men to help themselves in this work of development; and there is no other power under heaven that will meet this case but Christian education—and the Freedmen's Aid Society understands this, and it is its object to provide for this great need.

"I ask your patience for a moment to meet a difficulty that we find standing in the way of the prosperity of this society. It takes on this form: We are getting too many societies, we have too many of these organizations calling for money. The question comes again and again from the people: 'Why multiply these collections, and increase these demands for money for so many enterprises and movements of the Church?' And now, brethren, who are making these demands? Is it your preacher? There is not a preacher of the Church that would not, so far as he is personally concerned, be glad to be rid of the mere labor of taking a collection. He did not make it. Did the General Conference make it? No; it was a mere organ to put into order and arrange into form a state of things it found in existence. Who makes these demands for a broad and large missionary work in the world? Our bishops? They are not in Africa, nor India, nor China; they have not opened up the highways of the world. It is not our Missionary Board, nor our bishops, nor our General Conferences, nor our annual conferences, that have spoken to the world in this way. Who

knocked down the walls of China, and beckons the nations to come in and possess it? Who opened up the doors of India, and laid two hundred millions of people at the door of the Church, and gives this opportunity to the Christian world to come in and possess it? Who set at liberty these four millions of people, and then said: 'Go down and teach them, and evangelize them, and convert them?' Who is it that is doing these mighty things in this age in which we live? Who but God himself? Who is making these claims that come upon the preacher as well as upon you? It is God, who, in his providence, is bringing the world and laying it at the door of the Church.

"Brethren, the simple fact is, we live in a grand and awful time. The mills of God are not grinding slowly, but with an immense swiftness; the car of the Gospel moves forward rapidly, and the man that would keep pace with it must run to keep up with God in his onward march in converting and saving this world. Whose heart does not beat quicker when he thinks of the grand and glorious time in which God has placed us? We ought not to be heard to complain that we are born in this time when opportunities are granted to us, greater than those of any generation that has preceded us in the past. We should be ashamed to find fault with God's providence in multiplying these grand opportunities for doing good.

"These are also startling times in the rapid development of resources and means by which the Church can go forward and accomplish its work. God first knocks down the wall of China, and then says to Great Britain and to America, 'Go in now and possess this vast empire;' and we say, 'How shall we go?' And then he shovels the sands of Australia aside, and says, 'Gather up the gold, and go.' God says to this nation, 'Now, go; the opportunities are grand and large;' and we say, 'Yes, Lord, we are willing, but

how shall we go?' And he breaks the rocks of California, and shows the shining gold, and uncovers the soil of Nevada, and it glitters with silver, and he says, 'Gather it into the Church's coffer, and go.' He gives to the nation and the Christian world these grand means at the same moment that he gives it a grand mission to accomplish.

"I plead in behalf of this Freedmen's Aid Society. It is God's movement; it is God's work; his benevolent impress is upon every page of it; his benedictions fall like a shower upon it in every way and in every movement that it makes. Take it to your hearts; let the Church look into it, examine it, and see the work it is accomplishing, and it will ever after be its friend and supporter."

After Dr. Wiley's election as bishop, he became still more closely identified with our school work. He traveled extensively in the South, presided in Southern conferences, visited the schools and homes of the people, preached in the churches, and thus became acquainted with the destitution of the country, the ignorance of the inhabitants, and the incompetence of many of the preachers. Burdened in spirit with this sad condition of affairs, he turned his attention to our schools as furnishing the most reliable hope of success in saving the people, and in permanently establishing the institutions of our Church in this land.

While he rejoiced in the liberal appropriation of funds to our missionaries, and in the rapid erection of churches, he took a very deep interest in establishing and equipping good schools, in which our young ministers might be properly prepared to instruct the people and lead them to Christ. He believed that our Church was under the strongest obligation to give our young men in the South contemplating the work of the ministry an opportunity to obtain a good English education, and a thorough training in the elements of theology, and insist upon their improving it before cloth-

ing them with the high prerogatives of a Christian teacher. He deemed it wiser to expend money in preparing young men to preach than in supporting ministers almost entirely destitute of ministerial qualifications and aspirations.

At an anniversary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, held in Boston, May 22, 1873, Bishop Wiley presided, and eloquent addresses were delivered by Drs. Mallalieu, Barrows, and Buckley. During the exercises, which were held throughout the day and evening, the Hampton Singers favored the audience with weird slave-songs. At the conclusion of the beautiful song, "We have heard from Heaven to-day," Bishop Wiley said:

"I do n't know how they hear from heaven; but they do. They get the news from there some how. They got the news from heaven when they were in darkness, sorrow, and slavery, even when they were forbidden to read the Bible. They also had news from the North; they knew what was going on in their behalf. Some good spirit enlightened and guided them. Their intuitions were right, their expectations strong, their loyalty unquestioned, and their faith unwavering. They knew that God heard their prayers for deliverance, and recognized emancipation as an answer to prayer. And now they look to us with the same confiding faith to aid them in their weakness, and assist them in their efforts to elevate and prepare themselves for usefulness, so that they may realize a nobler and a brighter manhood. This is the people for whom our Freedmen's Aid Society pleads and labors.

"Look a moment at this work. It is not temporary, as some imagine. It is an educational society for the freedmen of the South, and it is a necessity in our Church. It may not always bear its present name, it may hereafter be blended with the great educational movement of the whole Methodist Church; but, until we reach that point, the society as it is

will be a necessity. It is a necessity as a specialty; not as a specialty in the sense of caste, not a specialty in the sense of prejudice, but a specialty in the sense of a *specific work that must be done.* It is the specific and special work of education among the colored people of the South. No other society in our Church can do this work. Why should we as a Church do it? I answer, because the country is not doing its duty in this respect. For a few years, the government aided this liberated people; but it retired from this noble work too soon. They are now thrown upon the charities of Christian people; and, since the government has forsaken them, they become all the more worthy of our care and sympathy. Because they stand alone, and are not helped by other means, the Christian Church must come to the rescue. It is absolutely necessary, on the part of our country, that this people be aided and educated. We dare not leave four millions of our citizens in ignorance and degradation. They are exalted to the rights and duties of citizenship, and they must be prepared for their exercise.

"Then, again, they present their plea to us on account of the wrongs of the past. They are in a degraded condition—but it is the fault of the nation; and we owe it to them to lift them out of this as speedily as possible. They have a peculiar claim upon us as Methodists; and they have faith in us, believing that we are their friends, and that we aided them in securing their freedom. They call us the 'Mother Church,' and think they are getting a little nearer heaven when they get into the arms of the Mother Church. They are looking to see what 'mother' is doing for the children; and every thing she does comes to them with the tenderest appreciation of the gifts of a mother. They are ours; and we, of all other Churches, would be recreant unless we aid them, and lift them up to a higher manhood. We ought to do it, because we can do it and they are worthy of

it. From what I have seen and known of this society and its work—and I have been with it from its beginning until now, and I know all about it, and love it as one of my own children—and it is my profound conviction that we have no organization in our Church that commends itself more entirely to the judgment, the love, and the benevolence of our Methodist people than this society."

At the anniversary held in Pittsburg, December 10, 1876, Bishop Wiley presided, and made an address, from which we take the following:

"What must Christian philanthropy do for this people? I put this question in an imperative form. It is not now a question merely of good policy, or of Christian charity, but of absolute necessity. We can not evade it or change it from its broad, imperative character. These five millions of people are here; they are just what they are—ignorant, inexperienced, cowardly, demoralized. They are American citizens; they are voters; they do hold in their trembling hands the destiny of this nation; they are in the same ship with us; we can not throw them overboard; they will make the voyage with us, or with us go to the bottom; in their present condition they are unfit to assist in sailing the vessel, but admirably fitted for mutiny in the hold. There is but one road to safety: we must bring them out of the hold, and fit them to man the vessel with us. To depart from the figure: there is but one solution to this problem which lies before us as men, as Americans, as Christians. These millions of freedmen must be lifted up to a true manhood. We all know what a true manhood is—it is to be intelligent, moral, religious. To diffuse intelligence, morality, and religion among this race is their greatest need—our imperative duty, and the nation's only safety. Every consideration of justice, humanity, patriotism, and Christianity binds us to this course.

"It doubtless will require much labor and much money to do this work; but we can infinitely better afford to give all that it costs than to leave them what they are in the midst of this nation. A torch of fire in the hands of a blind madman in the midst of the city is a fearful thing. The wonderful Versailles, with its palaces, its statues, its gardens, its fountains, and its cost of millions, has still, after all, been less costly to France than the Faubourg St. Antoine—that haunt of misery, poverty, vice, and crime, forever breeding filth, and death, and revolutions. Infinitely better is it for us to do justice to this people—to educate and Christianize them—than to find, some day, that ignorant, trembling, black hands have cast a ballot that has set this nation to reeling like a drunken man, or thrown it again into the terrors of war. God grant that we may be wise, and just, and Christian, in this day of our visitation!"

We know of no better way in which we can give an impressive view of our work in the South, and Bishop Wiley's connection with and interest in it, than by a description of a session of the Louisiana Conference during these perilous times. Bishop Wiley presided at the Louisiana Conference, in New Orleans, January, 1877, during the exciting contest for the settlement of its electoral vote for the President of the United States. Approaching the city on the evening before the opening of the session, in company with the bishop, we met trains of cars filled with jubilant passengers returning from active participation in the exciting events of the day. During the next few days the city and the country waited with the deepest interest, as we remember to have watched at an earlier date in the great conflict raging throughout the nation, for "news from Sumter." Then it was slavery that hung in the balances; now, the slave emancipated, with the ballot in his hand, holds the destiny of the nation.

The Congressional Committee was in New Orleans investigating the election frauds. Hundreds of persons, refugees from violence and persecution, had sought shelter in the city under government protection. They were a terror-stricken company, and presented a pitiable spectacle in their distress and suffering—and the bishop's sympathies were strongly enlisted in their behalf.

The Louisiana Conference was in session in Union Chapel, and thither we wended our way. A company of Christian ministers, from all parts of the State, had come together to report the progress of their work, obtain strength from on high, and receive their appointments for another year's toil.

Many of the preachers, on account of the perilous times, were unable to reach the conference. Others had been weeks making the journey—hiding by day in the swamps, and traveling by night. We listen with the deepest solicitude as the names of these ministers are called, and as they give a report of their work an atmosphere of solemnity fills the building. It is a history of trial, of trust, of faith in divine support. Hard work, privation, and danger have been their portion. There is no recital of personal trials, anxieties, and dangers. The words are few. The story simple—no cant, no aim at effect, no attempt to play the hero. The times are too earnest for that—and yet what a world of terrible pathos is revealed above and beyond what is said. Listening, our thoughts mold themselves into reverential respect for a band of as true heroes as ever took life in their hands and went forth to do the Lord's work. The clenched hand, the averted head, the starting tear, are more eloquent than words.

To these men, the Lord and the Savior are vivid realities—living personalities—to whom they could flee for consolation and protection in their sufferings and persecutions.

One of the brethren, in reporting his work, said that he had held a revival meeting. During the progress of the meeting, the house was burned to the ground. The next day he reverently administered the ordinance of baptism to the candidates standing in the ashes of their meeting-house, and then they marched out into the "piny woods" and continued their services, when the baptism of the Holy Spirit fell in wondrous power upon them, and many were converted and cleansed.

Bishop Wiley understood the colored people—believed in them and in the genuineness of their religious experience. He enjoyed himself in their meetings—and they understood, loved, and trusted him. Their child-like faith strengthened and cheered him, while their weird tones charmed his ear and soothed his heart. There is but little circumlocution in their praying. The human soul stands naked before a personal Lord, and cries to him for help in such words as these: "Lord Jesus, I wants you to take care of my family. Lord Jesus, you promised to give us whatever we asked for—you know you did. Lord Jesus, now I wants you to take care of my poor family, in dese dreadful times, while I 'se away!" And in those times such words had a world of possible dread in them. Many times during the two weeks of our stay kind friends, solicitous for our personal safety, urged our leaving the city at once; but the bishop said: "Not till our work is done—these poor people need us."

Bishop Wiley used to say that, without doubt, in the olden times, when these men had not the written Word—dared not learn to read it—God talked with them, not only in signs and wonders, but ofttimes face to face, and led them. They seem to lean upon the arm of the Lord; and they have, sometimes, a sort of inspired, picturesque eloquence that is marvelous. Here is a passage from the

prayer made at the opening of the conference by Scott Chinn, nearly an octogenarian, and one of the noblest and truest Christian ministers that the earth ever saw: "Dear Lord Jesus, bless our dear Bishop Wiley, who has come to preside over us. Lord, bless all of de bishops, and set de whole bench of bishops on fire!" Another used this beautiful figure in prayer: "Blessed Jesus, we 'se like little birds setting on de edge ob de nest, with our mouths wide open, looking unto Jesus. Blessed Jesus, fill our mouths with what we need de most, and what will do us de most good." Said another of these dear brethren: "The old devil has been chasing me these many years, but he has n't coteht me yet; and the reason he has n't coteht me is, cause my life is hid with Christ in God—that is the reason the old devil has n't coteht me."

Scott Chinn was growing feeble, and it seemed best to superannuate him. The subject was a delicate one, for he could not quite understand the big word—and he had no idea of ever abandoning the loved work of preaching Jesus. Bishop Wiley explained it to him to be an honorable retirement from the hard work of an active itinerant life, and he became satisfied. After the action was taken, the bishop asked him to speak to the conference. Slowly and reluctantly he arose: "Brethren, I did not altogether understand this superanimation. But the bishop, he understands it, and has explained it to me; so it is all right, it is all right. I ain't a gwine out ob de conference, I ain't a gwine out ob de ministry. I 'se gwine to live with you, and I 'se gwine to die with you." Then he gave a sketch of his life. He had preached the Gospel fifty-two years; in which time, he said, "I hain't never brought any aequisation 'gainst any of my brethren, nor any of my brethren hain't never brought any aequisation 'gainst me. I 'se like the Archangel Michael, when he contended with de devil. He brought agin him

no railin' acquisation. Now, brethren, I say I never brought any acquisation 'gainst any body." When he retired from the altar, he met face to face the venerable Father Ross, a brother who had been superannuated two years, and throwing his arms around him, they stood for some time clasped in each other's arms, weeping and shouting. Their skins being dark detracted nothing from the sublimity of the picture, nor the estimation in which it is held in the loving memory of all who witnessed it.

Bishop Wiley often referred to this incident as one of the most touching in his experience among this people. It acquires additional pathos from the fact, that these two aged men, now reaching with trembling hands but strong faith over to the other shore, had spent in times of slavery many weary days and dreary nights, fastened hand and neck and limb in the stocks, in the New Orleans prison near by, and their only offense was preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. Here is a passage from Father Chinn's prayer, as the conference adjourned: "Lord Jesus, I want you to understand that I 'm perfectly reconciled. O Lord, I 'se come up to de place where all de great men and all de heroes come. De Lord came down from heaben and did his work, and died on de cross; and, when his work was done, he retired and went to his Father's house again. And George Washington fought de battles of his country, and was made President of these United States; and, when his work was done, he retired. And, O Lord, I 'se in de line ob de heroes; I 'se got one more dischargement—halleluiah; and when de discharge comes, de Lord will send a convoy'd of angels to take de old hero up to de throne. I 'spect to get to heaven; and when I get dar, and when I 'se said how-de-do to Jesus a little, I 'll shake hands with all de old bishops. Dars Bishop Janes, and Bishop Soule, and Bishop Thomson, and Bishop Gilbert Haven. And now will de Lord bless

Bishop Wiley, and be round about him till he get out of dis country, and be de cloudy pillar to him by day, and de fiery pillar to him by night; and, O Lord, put thy arm ob love round about him, and may it be to him a broad belt ob living gold."

No mere words can express the inspired earnestness of manner and the expressive modulations of the voice which characterized his prayer. He seemed to be so near to God, to talk so directly to him, that one instinctively followed the upturned eyes to see if the ceiling was not opening to show the divine radiance that shone upon the rapt face, and listened for the music of the angel choirs that vibrated through his soul. And those who looked on the face of the bishop saw in it an expression of exalted spiritual sympathy, that was scarcely less impressive than that of the old man.

During the winter of 1883, the president and secretary were requested to make a tour of visitation among the schools, ascertain defects, suggest improvements or changes that might appear desirable, and report to the board. The tour embraced a visit to nearly all of the institutions under the care of the society. An elaborate report of the work was submitted to the board by Bishop Wiley, from which we select the following concluding paragraphs:

"(1.) We take pleasure in recording our satisfaction with the places selected for the location of our institutions. Each one of them is so located as to meet the wants of a large territory—and they are so related to each other that their lines of influence so meet, as to form a net-work of educational agencies over a very large portion of the South. Even with the experience of the present hour, it would hardly be possible to locate these institutions more favorably.

"(2.) We supposed, when we started on this tour, that we should be able to see our way clear to recommend the re-

duction of the course of study in some of our colleges to a lower grade, and to concentrate the course of collegiate instruction within two or three of our leading institutions. But our observation has convinced us that this is not practicable. Our schools are far apart, and have been so located with reference to future needs that it will be our wisest policy to develop one of these institutions in each State into a college proper. We do, however, think that, in the present condition of this people, and in their present practical needs, they should not be urged to seek a complete classical education, but rather to become thorough in those practical English studies which will meet their immediate necessities.

"(3.) We were much gratified by what we saw at Atlanta and Orangeburg of the movement inaugurated to give the students an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some kind of manual labor, by which they can obtain an honest livelihood without being entirely dependent upon their mental education. We believe this to be a wise movement, and, under the peculiar necessities of this people, should be encouraged in our schools. We therefore recommend that increased attention be given to such an education as will enable, as soon as possible, young men to go out into the work of the ministry, and others to enter the wide field of teaching their own people.

"(4.) We are gratified to find in all our institutions a prevalent high tone of religion and morality, and that instruction was given in morals and good manners. We were impressed with the evidences of good order, politeness, cleanliness, and general good bearing among the students. Nearly all the schools have enjoyed revivals of religion during the year, and these are almost of annual occurrence.

"(5.) We carefully examined the financial working of each of our institutions, and were impressed with the care and accuracy with which the accounts are kept, the carefulness

and economy with which the expenditures are made, and the obvious concern of the officers to manage the interests intrusted to them as economically as possible.

"(6.) It is a matter of congratulation that we have been enabled to develop so extensive an educational system on so small an expenditure of means, establish in so short a time so many schools of a high grade, erect so many excellent and valuable buildings, inaugurate so extensive a circle of educational forces, educate so many youth, and accomplish so much in the elevation of a needy and oppressed people.

"(7.) We have been so deeply impressed with the great good accomplished by our schools in the South, and the imperative necessity for the permanence of this work, that we earnestly commend this society to the liberality of our people, urge the pastors to raise large collections for it, and our men of wealth to endow professorships in these colleges, or to erect buildings for the schools suffering for accommodations—believing that no work in our land is more urgently demanded, and that none will render a richer or earlier harvest."

The Freedmen's Aid Society having established a system of schools of great efficiency for the colored people, and having thus vindicated its wisdom and ability in the management of educational affairs—and as no other organization in the Church could see its way clear to render the necessary aid to our white members in the South, and as there was opposition to the formation of another new society—it was deemed expedient by the highest authority in our Church to intrust the education of all our people in this section of the country to the management of this organization.

This society entered in good faith upon this enlarged sphere of effort, and its action in the advancement of this interest has been limited only by its means. It has aided

institutions established for the education of white people in various ways, relieving property from the sheriff's grasp, furnishing funds to finish school buildings, donating desks for schools, contributing to make up the small salaries of self-sacrificing and heroic teachers, and assisting promising youth in their preparation to teach school and preach the Gospel.

At the dedication of the Philander Smith College, Bishop Wiley delivered an address—from which we make the following extracts:

"The object of this gathering is to dedicate this beautiful building to Christian education. It has been projected and carried forward to completion by the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. When our Church, at the close of the war, entered the South with her educational and evangelical agencies, she was immediately confronted with a very serious problem, the solution of which required the most careful and statesmanlike consideration. She found there the results of two hundred years of history. She found two distinct races, each having its own peculiar history. The one race had passed through an era of darkness and degradation under the influences of slavery. The other had lived under the broadening influences of freedom. The one race had been developed, if we may call it development, under the narrowing and debasing influences of bondage. The other had grown up under all the elevating and improving influences of liberty. The white race had gained the education, the culture, the refinement, the wealth, the power, the influence of a great people; the others were the heirs of poverty, of ignorance, of degradation, and of all the disabilities incident to two centuries of bondage. These different influences produced two distinct and separated peoples; hence the great problem, how to meet the necessities of these two races. The problem would

at once have been solved, could they have met and mingled on equal terms. This they could not or would not do. What, then, must be done? Both races imperatively needed the services of the Church, both in religion and education. The Church must meet and aid them both. If she can not do this unitedly, she must do it separately. She brings with her salvation in the one hand, and education in the other—and her high and holy mission is to offer these to both races. You may ask, Why not continue them together in the same schools and churches? We simply answer, They will not unite together. You may ask, Why not compel them to unite together? Then we simply answer, We can not. What then? Shall we abandon either race? Shall we let the white people go, and refuse to offer to them the Gospel and the means of education? Shall we turn simply to the colored people, and say to the whites, Unless you unite with these we can bring you no help? That would be simply to leave the white man unsaved and untaught, and thus perpetuate the prejudices and enmities existing between the races.

"The Church has simply accepted the circumstances as she finds them; and with her best wisdom, and with her tenderest sympathies for all men, she is trying to meet the needs of all. The Methodist Episcopal Church surely needs no vindication of her sympathy and concern for the colored race. Through all her history she has protested against their wrongs; she has worked for their good, and when the great trial came she suffered her own great heart to break rather than to be a party to the wrongs and oppressions of this race. When the war came that brought them freedom, she took her full share in the contest. When the war was over, her mother's heart yearned again for her poor suffering children. She at once came to meet you with all the fullness of the Gospel, and all the blessings of education. She built churches for you, she founded schools for you, she

sent ministers to preach the Gospel to you, and teachers to educate your children. She has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for you. Surely you can trust such a Church, that she will not be unjust nor ungenerous nor unwise in caring for any of your interests.

"The Freedmen's Aid Society, one of the loving agencies of this great Church, for the first twelve years had confined nearly all its efforts in the South to the colored people, because it was believed they needed attention the most. The Church since the war has put into educational enterprises in the South more than a million of dollars. Hardly any of this has been given to the education of the white people, and yet the Church has more than a quarter of a million of white members there. She has determined to broaden her work, and minister also to the necessities of her white children; hence the last General Conference instructed the society to enlarge its operations and provide as far as possible for the education of both races, and the society has entered earnestly upon this great work, and already the impulse of this new movement is felt in every part of the South, awakening the people, strengthening the faith, and quickening the zeal of our faithful toilers in this field."

There is wonderful fascination in this mission work in the South, and the bishop's interest in it increased from his entrance upon it until the day of his death—and in his dying moments, in a foreign land, he talked about his cherished purpose to visit once more his "poor people in the South." Those present did not understand the allusion; but his associates in this work, familiar with his labor in behalf of the freedmen, and his plans for their future elevation, know full well the depth of meaning in those expressive words.

The teachers who engage in this work catch its inspiration, take great satisfaction in its struggles and sacrifices, and retire from it with sad hearts. As there is no more

self-sacrificing work done for Christ anywhere on earth, so there is none more remunerative in spiritual comfort and joy. Earth furnishes no happier toilers than those engaged in teaching the freedmen, and in leading them to Christ. The solicitude of the pupils to learn, the gratitude cherished for their teachers, their rapid improvement in conduct, character, and attainment, added to the elevating influence of this good work upon their own souls, richly compensate the instructors for all their sacrifice and toil. There is something very touching in the confiding trustfulness of this poor people, and in their earnest appeals for aid in their helplessness and want—and every attempt to relieve these sad and sorrowing ones, and lift them to a higher plane of life, is accompanied with a consciousness of refining influence in the heart, bestowed by Him who takes the deepest interest in those engaged in relieving the wants of his suffering children.

A short time before Bishop Wiley started for China, he said to an intimate friend: "Three causes lie very near my heart—China, Utah, and our work in the South; and if God shall spare my life a few years longer, I hope to do some good service for each: but, somehow or other, my heart has been especially drawn out in behalf of the colored people, and no work that I have done in the Church has been more satisfactory to me personally, nor more fruitful of good results. I go to finish my work in China, and when I return we will visit our schools once more and put them in good order, and then commit our trust to younger and more vigorous men." But while engaged in his contemplated work in a foreign land, and even before that was finished, God relieved him from toil and suffering, and took him home to heaven, leaving the work upon which his heart was set for other hands to finish. God carries on the work, though he buries the workmen.

VIII.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ELIZABETH L. RUST.

MORE than eighteen hundred years ago Jesus visited the beautiful land of Palestine on a mission of mercy to his fellow-men, and consecrated his life to the great work of saving a lost world. He associated with the poor and suffering classes, and endeavored to lighten the burdens of the present life by awakening the hope of happiness in the life to come. He welcomed to his companionship sorrowing ones from every rank and condition of life. Strong men became his associates, and were inspired by his example to enter upon a life of purity and usefulness. Earnest women shared his confidence, caught his spirit, and fervently devoted their lives to his loving service. We can see in imagination these little companies resting upon the banks of murmuring streams, or in the cooling shade of the great rocks, listening with rapt attention to the mysterious truths that fell from his lips—for it was to these secluded places that Jesus loved to retire and commune with his disciples and friends on the great themes of human duty and destiny.

Looking down through the long centuries of struggle, of darkness, and of death, may it not have been the purpose of the Great Teacher, in the unfathomable tenderness of his

love, to give the seal of his approval to the mission of woman, and her sphere of work in the Church, when he gave to her *first* the living proof of the sublime doctrine of the resurrection, and inaugurated her ministry of hope and consolation in the following encouraging message?—"Go tell his disciples, and Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him as he said unto you." And yet the Church is slow to learn the value of woman as an element of power in the reforming agencies of the world.

Bishop Wiley entertained conservative views in regard to woman's sphere of action; and, as it is the object of this paper to set forth his opinions in regard to the organized work of woman in the Church—particularly that of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, of which he was the special friend and patron—we shall, in doing this, employ, as far as possible, his own words, as we find them in his addresses and letters. From one of these we take the following: "Blessed is the mission God has assigned to women, making them pre-eminently the preservers of the virtue and purity and uprightness of the world—and blessed is that arrangement by which they accomplish this grand result from the sphere of the home." His ideal of the home was broad and influential: "We have entered," he said, "upon a day when it seems as if almost a new revelation had dawned upon the women of Christendom in opening to them the great domain of making the world better and happier." If a new era is dawning upon us, welcoming woman to take her part in the great work of the world's redemption, her strength, Bishop Wiley thought, would be "in proportion to her labors in harmony with nature's great distinctions; and the potency of her efforts in these matters of charity will be in the fact, that she enters upon them in her womanly nature and endowments. Her value in the great contest against intemperance, licentiousness, Sabbath dese-

eration, and all forms of social vice, is not merely that she adds one more wing to the army, but that she brings an *entirely new element of power into this contest.*" Says another: "The force which works in woman, which gives her that marvelous influence which is scarcely second to any thing in the world to-day, is a force which is not gained by noise or by pushing forward into prominence. But in her own place, with her voice, with her example, with her training of children, with all that is beautiful and strong in her character, she gains control of the thought and method of those whose work is more manifest and more resounding through the world. The whole march of civilization is upon this line."

He early recognized the importance of providing for the organized efforts of woman in Christian and philanthropic work, and he cordially welcomed every judicious movement in this direction. Those who have had association with him in arranging these interests will remember his kindness, the cordiality of his manner, and the careful attention with which he studied the questions involved in the great themes of Christian duty. Ladies consulted him with confidence and hope, feeling assured that their cause would have none the less careful consideration because it was "woman's work." His judgments were deliberately formed, candidly expressed—and carried with them the weight of honest conviction.

In these consultations Bishop Wiley manifested a delicate and high estimate of woman's motives and abilities, and in word and manner there was evidenced an undertone of genuine faith in her power to achieve success that was truly inspiring. He recognized the adaptedness of natural endowments, and the providence of opportunity, in behalf of woman in her sphere as well as of man in his, and he was generous enough to welcome both to the work for which

nature and culture had qualified them. He would have admitted that Elizabeth Fry, Hannah Ball, Priscilla Gurney, Elizabeth Walbridge, Mary Fletcher, Sophia Cook, and a host of sainted women were fully commissioned by these providences and adaptations for their peculiar work. He was liberal enough to have listened with sincere respect to Susannah Wesley in her public teachings, whom he often quoted as a model of womanliness and strength combined—or to the Quaker preacher, Rebecca Collier, who spoke with such persuasive power as to convince all who heard her that she was a chosen vessel of the Lord.

He had studied in many lands, and among many peoples, the influences active in molding human character—and had become convinced that "the real power which is to move and bless the world is that which starts from pure and living centers, and thence radiates into the wider circles of human life." He regarded the Christian home as the source of all that is true and beautiful. If the fountain head, be it ever so small a spring, should be impure, the poison will be mingled with the whole current till it reaches the distant ocean; hence this close observer of nature, seeking to solve the great problem of Christianity, how to lift up fallen humanity and save a fallen world, saw one sure way in harmony with immutable law—and that was to start each soul on its pilgrimage under the enlightening and purifying influences of a Christian home. Said he: "These are the real centers of human life; and religion, and education, and civilization, all reach their highest culmination in the realization of a perfect home. The nation is still in barbarism where the home is wanting. The nation is still in a state of semi-civilization where the home is a mere secondary and unimportant consideration. The nation only reaches its highest ideal where the homes of intelligence, purity, and happiness are the real centers whence flows the national

life." Realizing how far we are, as a nation, from the ideal, it is not surprising that he should champion, with all the earnestness of his nature, a movement on the part of the women of the Church, which has for its object the elevation of the multitudes of ignorant and neglected women of this country.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society is the youngest of the benevolent organizations of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the society is greatly indebted to our lamented Bishop Wiley for counsel and co-operation in organizing and prosecuting its work. He was among the first to welcome the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to a place among the benevolent agencies of the Church. He said: "I felt that the time had fully come in the circumstances of our missions in foreign countries when the women of the Church might take an efficient personal part in the great missionary work by directing their efforts to the needs of women in the fields where the Church was working."

He was among the first to perceive the need of a special woman's work in this country. Several years before the society was organized he was so deeply impressed with this idea, that he went before the executive committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in the East, and here, and elsewhere, earnestly solicited those interested in that enterprise to drop the word "Foreign" from the name of their society, and, under one general management, prosecute missionary work in home and foreign fields. Not succeeding in this effort, he favored the special enterprise undertaken prior to 1880 having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the women of the South; and when it seemed advisable to organize a new society, those interested in the movement confidently sought his advice. In harmony with his suggestion the society at first, that it might not be overwhelmed with appeals for aid from the whole country, confined itself

to the South, but made constitutional provision for the enlargement of its fields, that it might co-operate with the educational and missionaries societies of the Church in whatever part of our country special woman's work should be needed. In a letter to the corresponding secretary soon after the organization of the society he said: "Women must work for women in the mission fields of our own country, as well as for the women of foreign lands. God's providence brought into life the former organization in due time; in the same timely way God is bringing your organization into the great field. To my mind, the work of Christian women for their needy sisters in our own country is now as indispensable as for the foreign."

He recognized the work of saving souls as one, whether in our own or foreign lands—and woman as a divinely appointed missionary in leading souls to Christ. He favored separate organizations of women as conducive to the development of the latent missionary power of the Church, and he believed that a society might be organized for the home work that would not be less useful than the one already established in behalf of the foreign. As the General Missionary Society includes both the home and foreign fields, and as the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society devotes its efforts to the foreign field, he believed it essential that there should be a Woman's Home Missionary Society, which should give its energies to the destitute parts of our own country; that provision should be made for all the neglected both at home and abroad—anticipating a generous welcome for this society from all other missionary associations. Up to the hour of his sailing for China he was ready, whenever opportunity offered, to give to the advancement of the interests of this enterprise his wisest counsels and best efforts. The members of the several conferences he held during the last four years will remember that he never

neglected an opportunity to speak a helpful word for this cause. He delivered addresses at anniversaries, and on the conference floor commended the society to the favor of the brethren.

His extensive acquaintance with the conditions of the ignorant and degraded populations in this country, and his knowledge of the superstitious habits and customs of the people of foreign, heathen lands, gave to his utterances on the subject of missions peculiar weight and authority. The address delivered by him in the amphitheater at Chautauqua, during the Summer of 1881, was clear and concise in its statements, comprehensive in its grasp, and furnished an unanswerable argument for the organization and support of our Woman's Home Missionary Society. From this speech we take the following passage:

"If there was no missionary America, there would be no India, no Church in the United States, no Japan. You know that the center, the heart of this great missionary work, is here at home; and that the important thing to work out in the destiny of Japan, China, and India, is to take the highest and best care of the Christianization of this, the central country, from which are to come the forces by which these other countries are to be evangelized. . . . There are pouring upon us great currents of foreign emigration. I believe that God has sent these people here to be Christianized in an atmosphere almost wholly different from that they leave behind them, to receive a Christianity that moves the soul, and regenerates the life and quickens a nation. It behooves, then, the Church, as these women are doing, to take this broad view of the matter—to take care of this country first. That is the supreme necessity of the day—the Christianizing of America, and we can depend with perfect certainty on this fact, that, if we take care of Christian America, American Christianity will take care of the world.

It is, then, for us to enter into this field of home missionary work, and assist the ladies in the elevation of the womanhood of this country."

The circumstances of the occasion gave emphasis to his words. Dr. J. M. Reid, secretary of the Missionary Society, preceded him in an eloquent speech in favor of this home mission work—there was the large audience, and the presence of the officers of this and other Church societies. When introducing the ladies on the platform, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, the president of the society, who presided, and Mrs. John Davis, chairman of the executive board, who was one of the speakers, Dr. J. H. Vincent said:

"The mightiest of all the agencies that are at work in this world to lift it up to God is the family, and the heart within a heart of that great organization is a woman's heart. Back of every great movement you will find a great man, and back of every great man you will find a mother. The germs of the millennium are wrapt up in the hearts of mothers, and are in the very center of the American home.

"In harmony with this doctrine of the Chautauqua platform, I am glad to welcome the representation here of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which aims, in its own earnest and wise way, to reform and bless American homes everywhere, in all sections of our land, in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South. The society in question has been singularly wise and fortunate in securing, as its president, one who has become widely known, not only in our own land but all over the civilized globe, as a faithful Christian, a good mother, and the representative of the most advanced ideas in connection with home life and woman's sphere. . . . The society here and now advocated is a blessed opportunity for woman, and deserves the cordial co-operation of every man who loves his race."

In Philadelphia, during the session of the General Conference, he held, for nearly an hour, a vast representative audience crowding every part of Arch Street Church, while he presented the subject of home missionary work in its various phases, so as to awaken in the minds of those present the deepest interest and enthusiasm. At Little Rock, Arkansas, on the occasion of the dedication of the Adeline Smith Industrial Home for Girls, February, 1884, he delivered a practical address, in which he set forth the duties of the people in the elevation of themselves and their children. The audience had gathered from all the surrounding country to witness the ceremonies and hear the speeches; and with loving reverence they listened, as the bishop addressed them with arguments natural and convincing, and won them to a higher appreciation of the dignity of labor, and the importance of skill in all the womanly duties of life.

It should be held in grateful remembrance, that almost the last work he did in this his loved native land was to supervise the work of the Woman's Home Missionary Society in our Western frontiers, and that he sent back letters from Utah and the Pacific Coast, full of wise counsels, that are a precious legacy to the society; and even from beyond the seas, during those last busy, painful months, tender messages of love and interest were forwarded to the friends at home in our behalf.

During the last few months of his life he seemed almost impatient to have the prophecy of these closing words of his Chautauqua address realized: "Let the whole Church rise up to say 'welcome' to the little one that has come into the family; and let us work with this new sister everywhere; and in a few years, I am confident, we shall stand and look with admiring wonder on the power and effectiveness of this Woman's Home Missionary Society."

Such was Bishop Wiley's faith and interest in this enter-

prise; and it is one of the incidents in his life, so full of pathos in its vicissitudes of light and shade, that these two branches of missionary enterprise in which he had been most deeply interested and strongly identified should be brought in comparison in his thought during these last moments of his life. The success of the one was personified by his medical attendant, a lady-physician sent out by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and by the members of the prosperous conference gathered around him among the scenes of his early trials and labors for the inauguration of the Foochow Mission—while the other, the younger daughter of the Church, he saw just entering upon a career of usefulness, subject to the anxieties attending the establishment of a new enterprise.

Closing this sketch we, perhaps, can not do better than give a quotation from an address that may furnish the key to his estimate of the value of woman's work. The reference is to the twelfth chapter of John: "It is easy enough in this instance, and others, to apprehend the high and true appreciation of woman by the Divine Master and Teacher. In every instance, Jesus recognizes woman in her true womanhood. He always received her with loving tenderness and sympathy. He took her into close relations with himself and his coming Church. He never exalted her to any position out of her true character and work as woman. He gave her full equality in all the provisions and privileges of his glorious redemption. He gave her full and ample scope for all her womanly nature, capabilities, and sympathies. The exaltation of woman is one of the glories of Christianity; and no small part of the glory lies in the fact that, notwithstanding the exaltation, it leaves her still a woman."

IX.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

MARSHALL W. TAYLOR, D. D.

THE motive by which Bishop Wiley was actuated and directed in the lines of work that afterward enshrined him among the venerated men of earth, and gave him both the character and the grave of one of its most distinguished missionaries was his PHILANTHROPY. He was a lover of humanity. He loved man as man, and because he was man; he gave himself little concern about races considered in their peculiar and distinctive characteristics. The question superseding all others in his mind was: *How*, without lowering, humiliating, or disarranging the social order and civic harmony of the most elevated and prosperous in life and circumstances, could he aid in lifting the less favored men of every race to an eminence and a sphere of usefulness not less desirable and gratifying to well ordered and bounded human ambition than that attained by the most fortunate of men?

He was a man of great and good heart. His impulses were naturally favorable to the helping and improving of the lives of men. In the best sense he was a resolute man, and acted from his convictions of what he regarded to be right. We find him generally in the van of executing modes for helping his fellows—yet ever moving in such a

cool and conservative orbit as to seem almost undecided, if measured by the movements or the expression of others; but the full development of his ideas came soon enough, and, when reduced to action, they were always what they should have been, and on the side of progress. He was not for the weak against the strong; but he was for both the weak and the strong, wishing to make the best of each for the help of both.

These traits of character eminently fitted him for and predisposed him to work as a helper in behalf of the weak, and as a mediator between the helpless and the mighty. He was, by his love for universal mankind, adapted to the very work which came to him as a Methodist Episcopal missionary to China, editor of an important denominational magazine devoted to social economies, president of an extensive philanthropic association, and, in his capacity of bishop, touching and having more to do with the two great races of men, the Chinese and the American Negroes, than any other one person in his sphere in his age. When the character of Bishop Wiley is understood, all that which might otherwise seem contradictory to itself, or in opposition to the views of the more impetuous of his brethren, finds an explanation. His view of the relation of the races, and the duty of our Church to each under the circumstances, was declared in his address at the opening of our college at Little Rock, Arkansas. His words were not understood at the time, and were adversely criticised by brethren who misunderstood the needs of the hour no less than they did him.

But, looking back from this distance, his purpose is all quite clear; and the rightness of it no less so. He favored every plan to elevate the people; and he was unwilling to delay action because any part of the people had not reached his own advanced position of inter-race and social

ethics. So he favored doing all that could under the circumstances be done for all, and of allowing time and right culture for whites and blacks to do the rest. This we all agree now was the better way to deal with our Southern problem. To meet the extreme views of the various elements of our people was impracticable; to do that which was at least satisfactory to him was not. He did that; and he did it, too, with the full understanding of its ultimate purport and logical result immediately to himself, and, finally, to all concerned. To place the Negroes, with their poverty, illiteracy, and social inferiority, into congregations, conferences, and schools, along with the whites, was to eclipse, overshadow, and dwarf them. He knew this, and, therefore, opposed it. This was the rule in *ante bellum* times, and resulted in thoroughly developing that docile and passive character for which the Negro has become more or less distinguished. He knew, also, that mere docility and passivity were not desirable adjuncts of freedom, but that they were attributes of slavery; hence his deep and continuous concern for the formation of colored conferences, congregations, and schools in our own Church, and the training of ministers and teachers of the Negro race to supply them. But this disposition of Bishop Wiley resulted no more from love to the Negroes than it did from love to the whites. Not even Bishop Mallalieu, in his "March of the Saxon," could utter more grand things than Bishop Wiley felt for his own race of people. He was, touching the whites, a Christian statesman and a patriot; but, touching all men, he was a philanthropist. It was his statesmanship and patriotism which suggested to him the plan of taking his white brothers in the South by the hand wherever he could find them, and of leading them thus ultimately wherever he would have them. His love of both Church and country taught him that neither could safely exist, if the whites and blacks were held to-

gether by force in perpetual strife and friction. In this he followed his judgment and his philosophy as safely and wisely as did Mr. Lincoln, who perceived that this government could not exist half-slave and half-free, and struck down slavery to save the nation.

Bishop Wiley depended upon sound doctrines and discipline to bring desired results, and was content to labor that all might be brought within the reach of these. He concluded, therefore, that his duty was done when he had seen whites and blacks alike placed within their reach. He watched the progress of development in the practical working out of his ideal with deep and zealous interest. He was, at every possible opportunity, flying about among the schools of the South with his companion and friend, Dr. Rust. Though deeply interested in the progress of these schools, he was never extravagant in his speeches and advices to teachers and students.

At Nashville, Atlanta, Orangeburg, Greensboro, Holly Springs, Jacksonville, Marshall, New Orleans, and Little Rock, he was known and loved. This was so because of the thorough acquaintance the students had with him, and the full confidence they had in him. He was a father, counselor, and friend. He stood farthest from a demagogue, and next to a true elder brother for each one of them. He devoted much of his spare time to visiting among the colored congregations of our Church, thus informing himself fully as to their real condition and wants. He staid with the colored people, the better to understand them, and to know their modes of life, habits of thought, and general characteristics at home.

He used to surprise the colored presiding elders by his knowledge of colored society when matters came up for consideration about which they supposed him wholly dependent upon them for light. He went as much as possible to the

colored conferences, generally getting around when presiding elders were to be selected. It was a common thing among us to say: "We will have one old friend," as we called him, "this year; for there is a presiding elder to be made." Three different times we had him in the Lexington Conference, and each time presiding elders were made by him, the writer being one of them. Had he been spared, he was to have held our last conference, and would have appointed the presiding elder for the Indiana District. He expected grand results from our colored conferences, especially those of them that were wholly directed by colored men—such as the Washington, Delaware, and Lexington. Here he expected a solution of the problem of the Negro's capability of growth into correct and accurate business habits. The success of these conferences always greatly pleased him for these reasons. His desire for the growth of this part of our Church work was especially evidenced in the various expressions he from time to time made use of. Some of these may be of use to show what the nature and manner of his intercourse with the Negroes were. At Jeffersonville, he was invited to dedicate a church. The membership was poor, but the pastor had arranged to entertain the bishop at his home. So did the pastor of our best white congregation in the place. And, upon his arrival, both these pastors stood waiting at the depot to receive him. Invitations were cordially given, and the matter left to his judgment and decision. Without hesitation, he announced his decision to go with Brother Bryant, the colored pastor, saying that he regarded it as his duty to do so because he was to officiate at his church. Being invited to dedicate a church at Connersville, Indiana, he made his home with Mr. Turner, a well-to-do colored citizen, a member of our Church—and in conversation afterward he referred to it as an excellent home. He dedicated Wiley Chapel, Springfield, Ohio, and

the colored people of all Churches gave him the name of "our bishop." We had a camp-meeting; and some things coming to his ears which were to the prejudice of good order, he called the writer to him, and, after inquiring into all the facts, said: "Teach the people to be like white folks. More is expected of our colored people than there is of others." When he handed the writer Bishop Peck's letter appointing him a presiding elder, he said: "Now, Taylor, you have the ability, and we are expecting a great deal of you. We shall be disappointed if you fail."

Bishop Wiley was one of the first to suggest the purchase of Union Chapel, in Cincinnati, as a house of worship for the colored Methodists, instead of their church on New Street, which had become too small. This chapel was held by the trustees of Wesley, Saint Paul, and Trinity Churches; and he urged, labored for, and, by his persistent efforts, finally succeeded in securing the transfer of their interests to the colored brethren. The Church Extension Board came to our help with a liberal gift; and when we became sorely embarrassed in making the necessary payments, we called upon the bishop for counsel and help. After fully discussing the matter, he said: "Do every thing you can, and have our colored people do their best; but remember, that only in that way can the colored people retain their use of that property." In a little while Dr., now Bishop, Walden handed us a deed to Union Chapel building, and a little later Dr. Rust advanced the necessary amount to secure the ground, and so relieved us from an onerous burden until the people could arrange for removing it. Such, in brief, was the life and work of Bishop Wiley, as the writer knew it. Forever blessed be his memory!

X.

LITERARY CHARACTER.

S. W. WILLIAMS, A. M.

IT was the fortune of Isaac W. Wiley to be elected the successor of one who had no superior in the Church as conductor of a public journal. Every one knew his predecessor. They knew that his place could be filled only with difficulty. It required gifts of a peculiar order to do what Bishop Clark had done on the *Ladies' Repository;* yet the new editor soon sat in the chair editorial like one accustomed to the position. Two things were required of him: to conduct the magazine and to edit books. Both he did well, as one "to the manner born." He had not been specially known as a man of letters, nor was his reputation as a scholar extended beyond a narrow circle; but his friends soon felt that no mistake had been made in his appointment to an editorial position.

If genius consists in extraordinary ability, Dr. Wiley was not gifted with genius; but he had what is far better—the capacity to learn, and the faculty to use. If to be a man of letters is to be thoroughly acquainted with literature, or to be an author of works which are praised in literary circles, he was not a man of letters. Nor was he a critic. Sifting statements, comparing facts, elaborating arguments, weighing probabilities, examining into the niceties

of style and the intricacies of speech formed no part of his mental constitution. Generality, not detail, characterized his literary labor. Of poetic composition he was only an admirer, not a connoisseur. His ear for rhythm was not quite perfect, and he could scan poetic measures only by his fingers. Perhaps he had not trained himself to distinguish between cadence in verse and melody in song; yet he could distinguish the sentiments, and feel a pleasure in the poetic thought, though he failed in his recognition of what constitutes perfect poetic diction. So, too, in pictures and painting, kindred arts—he had the feeling, but not the training. He judged of their merits not by rule, but by heart; what pleased him, rather than what harmonies exist between coloring and distance, exactness of form and strength of invention, was the rule by which he decided.

He was not a very polished writer. His style was solid, not showy; somewhat discursive; and plain, rather than ornamented. It possessed neither the elegance of Thomson nor the sparkle of Gilbert Haven; it lacked both vigor and lightsomeness. But he wrote in good English, committing no errors in syntax, and few in the application of his words. He said what he thought in homely guise; and his readers could get at his meaning without the help of foot-notes or glossary. But far different was his spoken style when delivering a sermon, or making an address. He seemed to be able "to think upon his feet" better than when sitting at the desk. In speaking, he had the enthusiasm of his subject, the sympathy of his hearers, and the inspiration of the occasion. Then his thoughts glowed; his words, well chosen, fitted into their places in regular order and succession—they were "apples of gold in baskets of silver." A phonographic report of some of his sermons would scarcely do justice to the speaker, because it could not reproduce the charm of his voice and manner.

The greatest orator of the modern Church was Whitefield; yet his printed sermons are trivial. Patrick Henry was our chief master of forensic eloquence; but no one would guess so from reading his extant speeches. If Bishop Wiley lacked the exceptional eloquence of Durbin, and the impassioned delivery of Simpson, his flights of oratory were better sustained than those of either. He was equal from first to last—neither soaring very high nor dropping low.

In literary judgments he was in general merciful. He often allowed his sympathies to influence his decisions; yet not so as to endanger the departments under his charge. He often said there were two kinds of manuscripts he liked to receive—those that were so good that they required no editing, and those that were so bad that they could go into the waste-basket without reading them through. The kind which gave him the most work were those which were scarcely good enough to print without revision, and were yet too meritorious to throw away. "It is not necessary," he used to say, "to drink a whole cask of wine to decide upon its quality; nor need we to read an article through to know whether it is good. In either case, a single sip is sufficient." Yet, if he determined that a manuscript was good enough to use, he carefully edited it, following the rule laid down by his predecessor: "Never change a writer's rhetoric. A man's style is his own; only see that he makes use of pure English, and writes correctly though he may write crudely." Hence he seldom changed the language, however harsh or unmusical, provided it was proper. He simply took care that the sentences were properly paragraphed, that they could be parsed syntactically, and that the words used by the writer were not applied in an unusual sense. Uncommon words—"dictionary words"—were an abomination with him, both in speaking and writing. In initiating the *Golden Hours*—a magazine for the young people of the

Church—while he endeavored to make it equal to their capacities, he aimed to give the reader a taste for literature of a higher order. He would not dilute it with wishy-washy stuff for children, for he believed, with the classic Roman poet, that "to a child the greatest reverence is due"—and that child was not by him to be treated as a human plaything, but as a being only a little lower than the angels and an heir of all immortality. Hence, while he conducted the magazine, he did it to develop, not to amuse; to instruct, not to mislead; and he was as careful of its literature as he was of its tone. Only the best is good enough for the young.

He does not seem to have been widely acquainted with what is denominated "polite literature;" yet his range of information embraced nearly all subjects of human thought. He was fonder of metaphysics and philosophy than of poetry; and I doubt whether he regarded any species of verse superior to that found in the hymn-book. He read Shakespeare, and had a passing acquaintance with Milton; but neither of them was, with him, an object of study—he read them more as a duty than a pleasure. In lighter literature, he preferred the sentimental to the exciting, the beautiful to the elaborate. The plot was indifferent, if the characters and scenes were truthful. Novels he read, indeed; but, like the Oxford mathematical professor who thought "Paradise Lost" a fine poem, but inquired "what does it prove?" he asked, What is the profit? If they did not suggest new thoughts, direct the imagination on new flights, enrich the fancy or inform the understanding, it was regarded by him as a waste of time to go through them. A friend of ours sometimes asked him, when editor, to give him an occasional novel among those which came for notice to the editorial office, "to help *make me forget*," he said. Reading does, it is true, divert the mind, and may charm

away thought; but Bishop Wiley never drowned personal and family care in fictitious literature. Philosophy, religion aside, more than romance was the solacer of his woes. A friend once asked him if he had ever read "Don Quixote." On his replying "No," his friend said: "I envy you the pleasure that is in store for you"—but it is doubtful whether he ever had that "pleasure." Life with him was too full of reality to dream any of it away in needless amusement. Much of the world's reputable literature he passed by, as neither leading the soul to Christ nor otherwise tending to the knowledge and glory of God. He had no *penchant* for "the classics;" yet he could read the Latin authors, and was acquainted with the original languages of the Old and New Testaments. These he regarded not for their own sake, but as a means to an end—a better knowledge of the mind of the Spirit, and a larger view of the plan of salvation as revealed through Christ.

His reading was select, and he usually read rapidly. It was easy for him to trace "the thread of the argument through the staple of verbosity," and some books he took in by a rapid glance at their pages. Others he went through more slowly. To scientific literature he gave more time than to *belles-lettres*. His early medical training had predisposed him to those studies in which nature constitutes a large chapter; but however interested he was in physical history, he preferred the metaphysical. He could talk lucidly upon either; but in theology—the history of human depravity, the remedial scheme, the doctrine of salvation by faith, and the benefits of the gospel—he was specially at home. He had seen the extremes of society, and knew it in all its phases. He had learned the minds and manners of many men, from their most degraded condition to their best estate. The worst in heathenism and the best in Christendom had come alike under his observation; nor was

it a passing glance which he gave to each, but he had lived with both in intimate association, and he knew both.

In study he was methodical, and he never snatched at conclusions. The ladder of knowledge he climbed step by step. As "there is no royal road to geometry," and those who will master its truths must first learn its principles, so he never advanced to his *omega* without first gaining to himself his *alpha*. Whatever may have been his intuitions, he bated to be sure of his premises and his processes; hence, his acquisitions were his to keep and to use, not to waste or to lose. This habit gave him an easy control of his knowledge. His mind was not a junk-shop, but a repository; not a bin filled with shreds and patches of information, but a treasure-house, from which he was able to bring forth things both new and old.

He had the happy faculty of being able to work in the midst of interruption. Though he liked quiet, he did not impose restraint on callers, and his doors were never locked. Accessible at all times, he was the servant of all; but he did not allow himself to spend time in idle talk or badinage, nor did others trespass upon his good nature too far in this direction. Sometimes, wearied with the labors of the pen, or the examination of books and manuscripts—and there were many that required thorough editing—he "let himself out." Though usually reticent about himself, he conversed freely with his assistant, and mentioned matters of personal history in his earlier life, and in his missionary work, to illustrate some topic of his talk.

His conversational powers were good. He enjoyed conversation with others, as a species of mental exhilaration. It was restful to him to talk with his friends; and, though he was not fond of gossip, he did not spurn light chit-chat on the common topics of the day. He had his likes and his antipathies; but he did not utter words to the discredit

of others. He was discriminating in his praises, and he did not rudely censure. If he was capable of blame, he was also capable of commendation. He endeavored to exercise toward those who differed with him the charity that thinketh no evil. If any one spoke to his discredit, he at least had no enmity:

> "He let the present injury die,
> And long forgot the past."

But Bishop Wiley was not weak. It requires courage of the highest type to forgive an injury—much more to overlook sneers and misrepresentations. This he could do. Though he consciously made no enemies, it was natural that he and others should not think alike upon matters of ecclesiastical polity. He was too conservative for radicals, and too radical for conservatives. In the "Centenary picture" which he had engraved for the *Repository* during the centenary year, 1866, he omitted the portrait of Francis Burns, missionary bishop of Liberia, while he included those of our general superintendents in America. When the plate was published, a storm of indignation burst upon him for his supposed slight to the African bishop, and his discrimination against race and color. The Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting passed resolutions, writers in the Church papers published articles, and letters were sent to him, all complaining of his narrow views of Church history, and denouncing him as a prejudiced partisan. Against all these attacks he made but little defense, and scarcely noticed them in the magazine, though he wrote an explanatory letter to the Boston preachers. He merely stated the facts, leaving to the calmer judgment of his brethren their decision of the case. The predicted loss of subscribers did not follow because of the editor's extreme "conservatism," and it was soon seen that the result approved his course.

It is an old proverb that "it is an art to conceal art." Perhaps it is equally true that scholarship is required to conceal scholarship. The smatterer parades his learning, the sciolist vaunts his information, the stripling bachelor of arts is sure of every thing—only the master feels, with Athena's wisest son,

"All that we know is, nothing can be known,"

and is, therefore, the most diffident in putting forth his opinions. Though Bishop Wiley was well informed, and in some departments was scholarly, he did not make any show of his scholarship. He never professed to be a master, but always a learner; nor was he ashamed to confess ignorance where he did not know. Yet, in conversing with him, one felt that he was in contact with a master spirit—a man "apt to teach," accomplished and thorough, and perfectly free from pedantry. It could scarcely be known from his own talk that he could read the classic and sacred tongues; and it was only by accident, after some years' acquaintance, that the writer discovered his intimate knowledge of the Hebrew. In his school instructions he may have suggested to his classes a more perfect rendering of the original Scriptures; but, in the pulpit, he adhered to the accepted version, and never ventured to hint that it did not exactly express the meaning of the Word. If Bishop Wiley was not what is known as "a man of letters," he was at least well lettered, and especially in that noblest of all sciences, divine wisdom!

XI.

THE ORATOR.

JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D. D.

I CONSIDER it an honor to be invited to attempt the analysis of qualities which gained my admiration early in my life, and retained it till the spirit in which they inhered was transported to another sphere, and the form through which they were manifested "returned to its earth." While it is an honor, and in a certain sense a pleasure—for who does not love to contemplate the character of a friend, whether living here or in heaven?—it is also a task of equal difficulty and delicacy. It is a work of difficulty—because the critic may not possess the penetration to discern, or the nice adjustment requisite to weigh, elements so subtile, or the susceptibility which attracts the invisible atmosphere which is to the man what fragrance is to the flower, or what expression is to the countenance. To present the results of such an analysis to the public is an act of delicacy; for in that public are included those who may be pre-eminently adapted to the duty required at my hands—friends who tenderly loved the subject of the sketch, many who knew him only in his official capacity, and multitudes to whom he was but an honored name, whose face they had often desired to see, but he died before they were gratified by the "sight of the eyes." Besides these there is the cynic,

whose name is legion, who is always skeptical when special merit is predicated of any but himself or those whom he admires.

Such difficulties are common to every attempt to delineate for the eye of others human character, or any phase thereof.

I am persuaded that they are less in this than in most cases, hence the pleasure of the work will be greater than the sense of responsibility. Figure is the first factor in the impression which a speaker makes upon an audience—by no means the most important, but first in the order of time. He is seen before he speaks. Bishop Wiley's presence was adapted to prepossess a waiting audience. He was neither large nor small—a little above medium height, not robust, and not effeminate. While he made no impression of physical strength, his proportions were such as to fill the idea of a man. His brow was large and well shaped, and his dark hair and beard counteracted the effect of a natural pallor, which, without these adjuncts, would have given him the aspect of debility. Some orators, otherwise well formed, have disproportionately long arms, which make all their gestures more or less ungraceful; others stoop or hold the head upon one side, assume strange attitudes, or make sudden and irregular movements not connected with the expression of thought or feeling. In the person of Bishop Wiley every thing was symmetrical, and any attitude which he took would have been suitable for a "sitting" for his portrait. The hand, a most important organ of delivery, is sometimes so small or exquisitely shaped as to attract notice. In every such case it is a disturbing element when the audience consists chiefly of young persons, or of those not come to maturity, whatever their years may be. Again, it is huge or misshapen, seeming like a weapon as its owner moves it through the air or rests it heavily upon the desk. The hand

of Bishop Wiley was large enough for a scholar, not large enough for a hewer of wood or a drawer of water. The result of the blending of form, arm, hand, brow, and face was a presence which instantly and most agreeably occupied and satisfied the eye of the spectator without diverting attention from the words which fell upon the ear as the speaker began.

From such a form there might have come a shrill, piercing tone, a weak and indistinct utterance, or a harsh, unmusical, guttural sound—for no presumption can be drawn from the appearance as to the tone of the voice, each having its own *timbre*. But, when Bishop Wiley spoke, there fell upon the ear one of the sweetest and purest of bass voices. It was not so thin as to seem like an imitation of such a tone, nor so heavy as to roll gloomily through an auditorium, nor so low in pitch as to sway continually downwards; but it was deep, not loud; strong, not harsh—always bass, yet capable of ascending with the elevation of feeling to the medium register, and, on peculiar occasions, somewhat above it, in which case it became penetrating without losing its undertone. Such was his voice as I have heard it for nearly thirty years upon the platform, in private, and in the pulpit, and such it continued until I shook his hand for the last time at the close of the General Conference of 1884. Indeed, it is such tones only that age can not impair. The deeper become rough, the higher metallic. Perhaps, some would characterize his voice as a baritone; but I think its fundamental note too low in the scale for such a classification.

His pronunciation was perfect—not, pedantic, but pure. I never heard him pronounce a word in a manner for which some good authority could not be found. This completes the outline of a scholarly man—not the ideal drawn from the closet student, nor from Charles Kingsley or Christopher Wilson, but of one who had been much with his books and pen, but who was no stranger to the "world of affairs."

The eye I have not spoken of, for it did not send out the lambent flames which startled the hearers of Durbin—nor seem to take in the distant and that which was invisible to others, as did the gaze of Simpson—but it revealed an expression of calm benignity. Nor did the features relax into a half smile. It was the countenance of a man serious, not stern; kind, but not disposed to familiarity.

Let us now try to form a mental image of this man as an orator. His predominant quality was clearness. I heard him more than a hundred times in every position which a speaker can occupy in the sphere in which he moved, and never heard him utter a sentence which it was at all difficult to understand. For this reason he made little use of the parenthesis, and indulged in very little repetition of words and similar phrases. Often his thoughts did not seem to the half-educated as great as they were, because they think that it must be hard to understand a profound thought. This is a superstition of pompous orators, and of hearers for whom they think—while they make the people believe that "as they hear they judge."

Without definiteness there can not be lucidity, hence it goes without saying that Bishop Wiley's thoughts were as clean cut as diamonds. He knew what he meant to say, or it could not have been set in forms so simple. Pertinency marked every thing advanced by him. The agonizing inquiry, "What is he aiming at?" never rose to the lips of a listener while he spoke. If any preacher ever obeyed Wesley's maxim, "Always make out what you take in hand," Bishop Wiley did so. Such a speaker must be symmetrical. He never forgot, or rather never had any occasion to remember, proportion. His transitions were always gradual; but so much in harmony with the laws of the human mind that they frequently produced all the really valuable effects of more startling antitheses.

Bishop Wiley had fine powers of illustration, and never employed a simile that itself needed illustration. Nor did he over illustrate—a vice of the present time resulting from the natural reaction from the baldness of former times, and from the premium that it places on indolence, since nothing consumes more time with greater economy of thought than illustrations beyond the needs of the situation. His language was of the most chaste character—his style being that of the "dignified colloquial," the foundation of all effective oratory upon abstract or familiar themes which do not involve persons, or relate to an imminent crisis.

In oratorical delivery he was at all times and in all places rhythmical. Even in private conversation, if he uttered more than two or three sentences continuously, the rhythm was plainly discernible. But, when he was in health, it was as far removed from monotony as possible. The Oratorio of the Messiah is rhythmical, but not monotonous. A great German critic has recently shown that the orations of Demosthenes are as rhythmical, and as obviously composed with reference to that quality, as the poems of Homer. Bishop Wiley, in most particulars, was as unlike Demosthenes as can be imagined—but in this he resembled him. Every man not an imitator has a rhythm peculiar to himself, in which his charm greatly lies. As an extemporaneous speaker, every element of his muscular, respiratory, circulatory, and nervous system kept perfect time and tune. In manner he was very calm, but not tame. As he began, his manner might suit a judge charging a jury in a grave, but not a fatal, case; as he progressed, it became that of a lecturer upon some pleasing theme; toward the close, it swelled into that of the earnest preacher—not as in a general awakening, but as on some Sabbath when all the people are willingly in the sanctuary and the pastor is trying to cheer the despondent, comfort the mourner, lift all the people nearer

to God, and cause the irreverent to feel that religion is truth, and that the Lord is in his holy temple. Animation was diffused through the discourse—the animation of the bark borne by a strong breeze, but not a gale, across a lake or along a river, not the animation of a railway train or of an ocean steamer breasting a tempest. Thus he wove a spell which, on his best occasions, brought all hearers into sympathy with each other, with him, and with the theme.

I have reserved till the last a peculiarity of Bishop Wiley which is unusual. I refer to his pathos, and mean, not that pathos is unusual, though it is by no means as common as pathos and a kind of maudlin condition of the sensibilities, but that pathos in a speaker having a bass voice is unusual. This is the voice for dignity, force, a tone of command, impressive solemnity—but, ordinarily, not for pathos. Recall the great masters of pathetic oratory—Richard Fuller among the Baptists, Summerfield and Maffitt, Durbin and Simpson among the Methodists—few such orators with bass voices. Yet occasionally they appear; and it is only when the temperament and nervous condition of the speaker admit of his voice mellowing and almost without quite breaking. When the Rev. Dr. Thomas Sewall, far gone in consumption, stood before an assembly in Brooklyn, and received from the people a token of their affection before he went South to die, he said, in that deep organ tone which only death could destroy: "My physician says I speak at the peril of my life." Then, placing his hand upon his heart, he added: "If my lips must be silent, my heart is eloquent." There was no heart in the assembly that did not beat in response to his own. Bishop Wiley's voice could thus soften. When it did, effects less boisterous but penetrating deeper than the region whence come noise and tumult always followed. I first heard him in Trenton, New Jersey, many years ago. Then I was inclined to

vehemence and great rapidity, whence came physical injury without mental or moral power. As I heard him speaking of the first and great commandment, and became conscious of his spell, I thought "how calm, yet how exhilarating and helpful." Again, I heard him before the students at Concord, New Hampshire, on "The United States in Prophecy." I remember doubting the force of some of his considerations, but being charmed with his style.

My mother, who sat by my side as I began this article, told me of the impression, never to be forgotten, made upon her by a sermon on "The love of Christ constraineth me," which she heard him deliver just after he returned from China, where he had left the body of his wife. The memory of its elevation of thought, beauty of language, dignity of manner, and depth of feeling, remains vividly in her mind, though he sleeps in far-off China, and her years are far beyond those which "he attained in the days of his pilgrimage."

Yet not in the pulpit did he show his mastery of speech so unmistakably as in the meetings of the General Missionary Committee, and similar assemblies. Here it is intellect against intellect. To convince is to persuade; at least without conviction, in the conflict of interests, it is, usually, impossible to persuade. For saying the right thing in the right way, not a word too much nor a word too little, it will be many a long year before the Church will see his like again.

At Boston once I heard him in behalf of the freedmen on the general anniversary, and had the duty of following him. It required a strong effort of the will to get out of the delightful receptive into the productive mood, and to change the temper of the audience required a violent transition. At the close he offered a congratulation, to which I replied: "Bishop, it is your benevolence which leads you to

say this." "No," said he, "every man has an instrument of his own; if he handles that well, he will always be heard with pleasure."

I have tried to describe the instrument of his oratory from which the soul hath fled, and to give some idea of its dulcet but not feeble tones when animated by that soul while yet it wore "the muddy vesture of decay."

XII.

THE MAN.

I. W. JOYCE, D. D.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church began its career with the holy purpose of doing its full share of the needed work to secure the conversion of the human race to the Lord Jesus Christ. For an hundred years that object has been steadily kept in view; and the results achieved have been reached by the agency of the Holy Spirit in consecrated individual lives. God extends his plans by sending men to the extremes of earth to make known to the world's populations the revelations of his love in Christ. These movements of Providence affect the conditions of men, of society, and of the world.

In harmony with this method of converting the world, there went out from the city of Cincinnati, July 14, 1884, an eminent servant of God, and of his Church. For twenty and more years he had been among the people of this city, preaching, and writing, and exerting a broad influence for Christ. He had many friends in almost every part of the world; but in this city, where he was best known, he was best loved. But now we find him, this July morning, clad in traveling garb, ready to go under the order of his Church to help the cause of his Savior in the distant lands of Japan and China. The scene, as witnessed that morning, consti-

tutes a picture that will never fade from the memory of those who were grouped about Bishop Wiley as he stood in the Central Depot waiting the departure of the train that was to bear him from home and loved ones.

The members of that group standing near the man who was about to enter upon a journey greater in extent than was ever undertaken by an apostle were the devoted wife, and a loving daughter; a brother bishop; the secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society; the pastor of St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church, where the bishop and his family have worshiped for many years; the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and other friends. The "good-byes" are hurriedly said; the wife and daughter linger a moment for the final word from him who was so much to them; he steps aboard the train, his face turned toward toilsome duty in distant lands, and we turn toward home, not quite so joyous now because he our friend has gone.

He stops in the city of Denver for a few days to visit a daughter; a little later he is in the city of San Francisco; and soon he is on the broad Pacific Ocean, under full sail to join his brethren in those distant lands where the Church has planted her missions, that he might look into their work, and learn how they prospered in preaching the Gospel of Christ. He does his work in Japan by organizing a new conference—the one hundredth conference for Methodism—thus making for the Church one hundred conferences in one hundred years.

In feeble health he starts for China, reaches that wonderful land, and, although greatly prostrated, he finishes most of his work. He has a strong desire to reach Foochow, and hold the conference there. It is a place dear to him; he thinks of the past: memories of other years affect him, as he thinks of Foochow. God favors him—he reaches the city, enters into a house that stands on a spot of

ground where stood one in which he lived thirty-four years before. As he enters, and is joyfully received, he exclaims: "Home—my old home." He lingers a few days; he knows his work is about done, that his race is well-nigh run. He fears not the approaching result; he speaks of his past life and toils, gives words of cheer to all who enter his room. November 22d arrives; the day wears into the afternoon—and, a few minutes before 4 o'clock, he dies as a hero, and triumphs victoriously in Christ.

Bishop Wiley was known to the world as a minister of the Gospel of Christ, and a bishop of the Church. In addition to these exalted positions, which he so greatly honored, I prefer to study him as a man. He was intellectually endowed beyond the average of men. He possessed great native strength of intellect. His mental equipoise was unusual. He was not easily disturbed. With the utmost calmness he maintained, to a remarkable degree, his mental equilibrium. From early life he was a careful and laborious student. This mental discipline fitted him for the thoughtful and comprehensive study of great subjects. He loved broad themes, and enjoyed the discussion of the principle of things. All questions relating to the prosperity of the kingdom of Christ, in the diffusion of the Gospel among the nations of the earth, received from him prayerful and intelligent study.

Dwelling almost constantly on these vast and kindred themes made prominent some well known traits in his character—great moral courage, and unquestioning faith in God. When he had a clear conviction of duty on any question with which he was connected, and which called for action on his part, he possessed the courage to do as he believed was right in the case. In the line of duty he never faltered. Many a time, in much feebleness of body, he went to meet heavy responsibilities; but he went without a murmur or

a regret. The only question he would ever ask was: "Is it my duty?" and that settled, all was plain to him after that. As one illustration among many that might be given, I quote from a letter which I received from him October 8th. It was written from Yokohama. He says: "I have finished my work in Japan. I start for China to-morrow evening. Like St. Paul I go, not knowing what awaits me there." But, had he fully known what awaited him at Foochow, that knowledge would not have deterred him in the least; with St. Paul he would, doubtless, have said: "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself."

He was a man of unquestioning faith in God. He never doubted God, nor called in question his Word. I was the pastor of his family from 1880 to 1883, and was frequently in his home—and the subjects of conversation were often the success of the Church, and the final triumph of Christ's cause in the world; and never did he express other than the most unbounded faith in Christ's final victory over the human race. He loved the house of God; and dwelt much upon the thought that the *worship* of God—not music, not preaching eloquent sermons, not social greetings, but the *worship of God*—should be the ruling thought with the people in God's house on his Holy Day. He loved plain preaching—that aimed at once for the conversion of sinners, and the confirmation of believers in Christ and in his truth. He disliked all attempt at display in the pulpit. He would sometimes say: "We have a great Christ and a great Gospel to offer men; and, if ministers will do their work as they ought, there will be neither time nor disposition for display in the pulpit." He was an attentive and helpful listener to the preaching of the Word. He was the true friend of the pastor, and in hearty sympathy with him in all his work. During the progress of the great revival in St.

Paul Church, Cincinnati, in the Winter of 1882, none were more interested in the good work than he; and, when not engaged officially, was at most of the services, taking part in and enjoying the work of grace as it swept onward in its victorious triumphs in the conversion of hundreds of souls.

He was ever gentle in spirit, tender in feeling, and unwavering in his faith in God. As an illustration of his abiding faith in God, I may refer to a great affliction which befell him while I was pastor of St. Paul Church. He was absent in Iowa, presiding at one of the conferences in that State. His only son, a senior in the Ohio Wesleyan University—a young man of much promise, who was about to return to the university at the close of his Summer vacation—died very suddenly. Telegrams were sent, and the father hastened home. He was met at the depot by two of his personal friends; he was very pale, but quite calm. He said: "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." In a moment more he added: "The storm has struck me so often, that I have gotten down to bedrock. 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 to me some time in the great future."

His life was not an easy one; for he had his full share of toils, sorrows, and earthly disappointments. Doubtless he had different phases of his life in view as he lay in distant Foochow during the last days of his illness, when he said to some friends who were with him: "I can not quite say, with St. Paul, 'I have fought a *good* fight;' but I can say, 'I have fought a *hard* fight.'" But none of life's sorrows ever took from him his supreme love to God, or his love

for his fellow-men. He walked "by faith, and not by sight;" and he lived "as seeing Him who is invisible."

He was a true friend. Perhaps he was a little slow in forming friendships; but, when once formed, they were abiding. He was always slow in believing evil of men; but chose to live in the atmosphere of charity toward all his brethren. He never allowed himself to cherish malice or ill-will toward any one. To the general public he seemed somewhat cold and reserved; but, in reality, he was not so. He had a warm heart, and a generous and confiding spirit. He loved his friends dearly, and opened his heart freely to them. Rev. Dr. Larew, a friend of many years' acquaintance and confidence, who was associated with him in conference toil in the State of New Jersey, 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." Another friend, Dr. H. B. Ridgaway, who loved him dearly, writing a few days after his death, said: "Can it be that our dear, 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 him 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." When writing me from Japan, he said: "I write you this letter because I want to feel that I am talking to you for a while. How I would like to have a real good talk with you." He then added: "I feel lonely in this far-off land, and want to talk to a friend." A man with such a heart could but draw those to him between whom and himself there would be a friendship more lasting than life.

Those who knew him best as his friends, knew him to be the true man and real friend. They also knew his real worth to the Church. He was a man of broad benevolence, in spirit and in deed. He loved man as man. He believed in the equal rights of men; and, to the extent of his influence and power, sought to promote the welfare and happiness of all. He believed that all men are brethren; and, therefore, they should love as brethren. The principle revealed in the act of the Good Samaritan was the rule by which he sought to regulate his life. With Seneca he could say, that he believed "God divided man into men, that they might help each other."

He was benevolent in deed, as well as in word. He gave liberally of his means to advance the cause of Christ. He gave to every enterprise of the Church. He encouraged others to give—and he practiced what he preached by giving liberally himself. He was never rich; and he kept himself comparatively poor by his liberality. He died leaving but little of earthly property for his family; but he has left to them the legacy of an exalted purpose, a pure character, and a good name. 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.

Bishop Wiley was a good judge of men. He readily understood their peculiar characteristics; and this readiness to read human nature was among the many things that fitted him so well for the duties of the high office the Church called him to fill.

He was a plain man, simple in his tastes and habits. He very much disliked any thing that savored of show or display. He avoided rather than sought the excitements of society; but he greatly enjoyed, in a quiet way, the companionship of his friends as they met him in his own home, or where he was called to join in the pleasures of

other home-circles—and he was ever ready, upon such occasions, to contribute to the happiness of the hour. But it was in his own home-circle where he was best known and loved; for there the qualities of the real man revealed themselves completely. He was a kind and devoted husband—he was a loving and tender father. Never possessed of a strong body, and always more or less afflicted, he needed the blessed haven of home. He loved its rest, its peace, and its quiet. He was always glad to get home; and was reluctant to leave it, even when duty called him out into his broad field of toil. Loving hearts anticipated his return, and willing hands ministered to his necessities. His valuable life was doubtless prolonged beyond what it would have been, by the constant care and tender watchfulness of his devoted wife. She was his nurse when ill, and his constant companion in times of physical depression and suffering. Therefore he loved his home devotedly—it was the haven into which he would bring his weary body for repose, knowing that here he would have complete shelter, and that love would be his inspiration, his joy, and his comfort.

These traits of character enable us to see, not so much the bishop—with the cares, the dignity, and the responsibility of office—as we see the great and generous-souled *man;* the careful, and thoughtful, and thorough student; the modest and humble Christian; the gentle and the devoted husband; the loving and thoughtful father; the prudent and safe counselor; the unchanging and considerate friend.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has been singularly blessed in the character of the men who have been called to serve its interests in the episcopal office. They have been equal to the best in the land in the sterling qualities of a pure and consecrated manhood; their influence has always been on that side of all questions looking to the highest and

best good of the people. So far from at any time compromising their character, or the influence of the Church, by assuming any equivocal position when great moral questions have been claiming the attention of the American people, or of the world, they have been the recognized leaders in some of the greatest moral reforms that have agitated the people, and swept over the land.

They have ever stood as the peers of the most manly men the nation or the world has produced. In scholarship many of them have been equal to the best; and they have vindicated their right to the highest intellectual recognition, having attested their keenness of penetration, and comprehensive grasp of great questions in writings that have become standard upon their respective subjects.

Their influence upon the world has been of the character to affect the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated alike—and thus all classes of peoples are drawn to the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ by these men, whose sole aim has ever been the glory of God and the good of mankind. This world is the poorer when such men die, but they leave an influence that will be a blessing to the human family to the end of time.

The death of Bishop Wiley has added another name to the honored list of those who have thus served God, and the age in which they lived.

Our friend and brother has gone to the Christ whom he loved and served so loyally, and whose Gospel he preached so eloquently and effectively—and with Him he rests from toil, and care, and suffering, and anxiety. His body, sleeping in its distant grave, binds the Church to the great East of Asia—while Bishop Kingsley's body, sleeping in Beirut, Syria, binds the Church to the West of that same great continent. These, surely, are pledges that the Church will do its full share of work for the redemption of that great

people, and we believe that it is fully ready to accept these pledges.

If Bishop Wiley could have been consulted as to whether he would be willing to lay down his life in that distant land for the redemption of its millions of peoples, I do not think he would have hesitated for one moment—but gladly would have made the offering. He has made it; and now reigns with his glorified Savior and Lord.

"Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare 's past:
The battle 's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

XIII.

CLOSING SCENES.

MIDSUMMER, 1884, found Bishop Wiley on the great Pacific Ocean, on his episcopal mission to Japan and China. It was arranged by the bishops that he should organize the Japan Conference, and then proceed to Northern China and Foochow, in the interest of our Church work in those vast empires. He reached Japan near the end of August, and met the missionaries at Hakodate on the 28th of that month, at which time and place he organized the conference. It continued in session a full week, and adjourned September 3d.

Having finished his episcopal work in Japan, Bishop Wiley directed his course to China. Rev. Nathan J. Plumb, one of our missionaries in Foochow, thus describes his progress, and the closing scenes in his life:

"His voyage across the Pacific did not improve his health as he hoped it would, and the journey from Japan to Shanghai made him much worse. The very hard trip to and from North China, prosecuting the work there, and holding the meeting with the Central China Mission, at Shanghai, on his return, nearly prostrated him, and only his resolute determination to reach Foochow, the last point on this episcopal tour, and thus complete the work he came

to do, enabled him to endure the voyage. During his journey north, he was accompanied by Miss S. Trask, M. D., of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and Brother Lowry, of Peking, whose constant attention and kind care did all that was possible under the circumstances to make the journey endurable. Dr. Trask returned with him to Foochow; and, giving her own work into the hands of Dr. Corey, her associate in the hospital, she devoted herself entirely to the bishop. Other physicians were also called, and all that human skill could do was done for him. As he entered our gate, he said: 'Home, my old home!' remembering that this house stands on the site of a house formerly occupied by him while a missionary here more than thirty years ago. He greeted my wife with 'I 'm sorry I 'm not coming to you as a guest, but as a patient to be cared for.' He was very weary from his journey, and went at once to his room, hoping to be better after rest.

"The next morning opened with unusually dark, gloomy skies for this season and place. We were especially sorry, as he had encountered bad weather in Shanghai, and had hoped for something better here. He was too ill to leave his bed, but only said, in his sweet, patient way, 'I think I shall keep my bed until we have some genuine, old-fashioned Foochow sunshine.' The next day he spoke of having fully considered the possibility of not being able to get any farther than Foochow; but he, evidently, did not think then that his end was so near. It was a sore disappointment to him not to be able to be present at any of the sessions of the conference, and attend to the work he came to do; but he never gave utterance to a murmur or complaint. Once he said: 'I felt I must make this last journey to visit my missions. I hoped to do that, and visit my people in the South once more; then I could have considered my work of forty years rounded up and finished.'

"For some days after his arrival here he seemed to improve slightly, retaining the food prepared for him, which gave us some hope. For weeks he had taken only liquid food, and could only retain a little of that. Then he began again to look toward home, and spoke often and lovingly of wife and children, who were expecting his return. After the first week he grew worse, and sank rapidly. The native brethren gathered here for conference were deeply concerned for him, and were constant in their inquiries after his welfare. They often came one after another to his bedside to take his hand, and look on the face they loved so well. His heroic example of patient, uncomplaining endurance of intense suffering, his complete resignation to the divine will, his sweet Christian cheerfulness, and calm composure in the immediate prospect of death, was like a benediction to us all."

Rev. F. Ohlinger, another of our missionaries, says:

"While we were thus sorrowing on account of our sick bishop, we rejoiced greatly in behalf of the brethren from the interior who had passed through fears and dangers during the conference year and came up to the conference with messages of peace and prosperity. Thousands of poor Chinamen fell before the French cannon. Many were put to a cruel death by their own countrymen because suspected of treachery or incendiarism, while the ostracized Christians came off without so much as a hair of their heads being touched. The conference sermon was preached by Ting Ka Sing. His remarks on the theme 'Through Self-denial to Victory' evinced considerable thought and careful preparation. Thursday morning, November 13th, the conference was organized by the election of a president and one English and two Chinese secretaries. The missionary sermon was preached by Rev. G. B. Smyth. The discussion of the Sab-

bath-school work took an unexpected turn. Pictorial works, cards, maps, flags, etc., were recommended as helpful in building up live schools. But the majority of the speakers, especially our older brethren, such as Hu Yang Mi and Li Tu Mi, urgently recommended the singing of Christian hymns to Chinese tunes.

"The love-feast speeches were unusually good. Hu Yong Mi's sermon was earnest and timely. In the afternoon a memorial service was held in connection with the celebration of the Lord's-supper. Two of our young and highly promising preachers on trial had passed to their reward. Touching allusions were made to their life in our Biblical Institute and the few years they spent in God's work. Some of the remarks seemed to sink so deep into the hearts of the hearers, that the only sentiment one could think of was, better work, more work, holier work for the Master. The sacramental service was an occasion of deep solemnity. In the evening, Rev. M. C. Wilcox preached from the words: 'But far be it from me that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Monday morning our beloved Bishop Wiley was reported 'much worse,' and the conference occupied the greater part of the forenoon in getting ready for the ordinations which he hoped to perform at his bedside late in the afternoon. At noon word came that Bishop Wiley could not attend to the ordinations. Sia Sek Ong said: 'This is the remnant of work he must needs leave undone to keep up the connection between this conference and the mother Church.'

"On Tuesday morning the conference assembled for prayer and roll-call, after which it adjourned to meet at the call of the president. Every one was anxious to hear a last word from the dying bishop. He shook hands with a few of the native brethren, and mentioned them by name. Once,

after medicine had been given him, he seemed to dwell intentionally on the word *give*, repeating it several times without being able to say more. We asked, 'Do you want us to give you something?' He replied, 'No,' 'Do you want to give us something?' He answered with all his remaining strength: 'I do not want to give you any thing; I only give you God's blessing. God bless you! God bless you! God bless you——forevermore, forevermore, *for*-ev-er-more! A—men! A—men! A——men!' We sang a verse of the hymn:

'Forever with the Lord,
Amen! so let it be,'

during which he sank into a sweet slumber."

We resume the narrative of Brother Plumb:

"A few days before his death he evidently realized that his end was near, and gave clear utterance to some grand testimony which will ever be treasured as precious by the thousands who mourn his loss. On Wednesday afternoon he said: 'My wish is to go home and do ten years' service, but the Lord's will be done. If it is simply a question of life or death, that does n't weigh heavily on my mind. Thirty-three years ago I came here, and now I think I may as well remain and finish my work. I think it might be a good thing to have the one who for some reason has been called the missionary bishop of China to die here. I have had some pleasurable thoughts about dying here, where my work began. If I die, I will die in the same faith in which I have lived. I have been a licensed preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church for forty years, and have always tried to do my duty.' Then, pausing for a short time, he resumed, 'I have not been a joyous preacher or a joyous creature; but I have been a peaceful, happy, hopeful Chris-

tian. I am at peace with God and man. I have never been an enemy to any man, and I do not know that any man has ever been an enemy to me. I have never intended to harm any one, and I have no knowledge of any one ever having done me any harm.' Again, he said: 'With a little modification I can say what Paul said at his end, "I have fought a *good* fight;" I won't go as far as Paul;—"I have fought a *hard* fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my work, and henceforth" '—here he broke off, leaving the quotation incomplete, but immediately adding: 'My faith is in the same Christ for whom I have lived and worked, and the same Christ through whom I hope to attain to eternal life. My faith is not as strong as Paul's. Paul saw more than I have,' evidently meaning by faith. He continued: 'I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world. I believe in the Apostles' Creed. I believe there is no redemption for the world except in the Lord Jesus Christ. I have lived a Christian for forty years; and, when I die, I will die a Christian.'

"During the time he said these things he often paused, as if to rest, and occasionally to ask that an expression be repeated to him as I wrote them down. On the following day he talked much less, and said: 'I can not talk much now, and ought not to try. You, Brother Plumb, have my testimony;' adding, 'I am dying. I can not live. I want to go home to heaven.' The Rev. C. Hartwell, of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Mission, a co-laborer with him in the missionary work here, came to see him, and when his name was called, he recognized him and reached out his hand in welcome, and seemed much pleased.

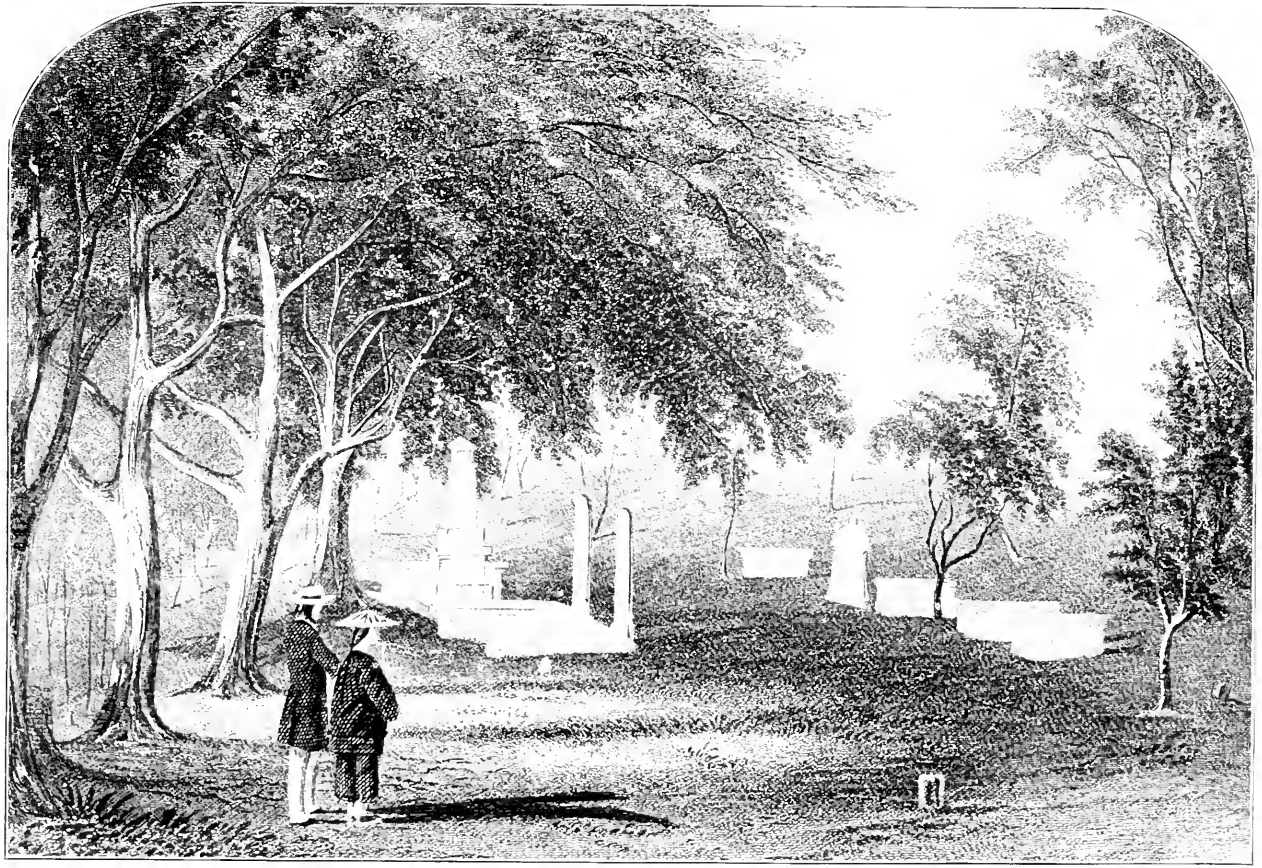
"When Mr. Hartwell said: 'I hope the Savior is precious to you,' he quickly responded, 'Yes, indeed he is.' Mr. Hartwell added: 'The Savior says, I will come and re-

ceive you unto myself.' 'Yes,' he replied; 'he will come in due time to us all.' Once he said: 'I want to go home to heaven. Let me go.' At another time, when it was difficult fully to understand him, he said: 'If I die, it will be true that Bishop Wiley will be the first missionary bishop you 've got there—that 's beyond question.' The last sentence he was heard to utter was, 'Let me go.' Death had no terrors for him. At ten minutes before four o'clock, on Saturday afternoon, November 22, 1884, a day of the brightest and most glorious Foochow sunshine, which he had so longed for, without a struggle, and so quietly and peacefully that we who watched beside him scarcely realized it, he passed away to the land of eternal sunshine.

"The funeral services took place Sunday, November 23d, at three o'clock, P. M., at Tiang Ang Tong. A large audience assembled, composed of foreigners and Chinese, and the services were conducted in both languages. The order of exercises was as follows: The Scripture texts, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' etc., were read by the writer. Rev. F. Ohlinger announced the Chinese hymn, 'Asleep in Jesus;' and, after singing, led in prayer in Chinese. Rev. G. B. Smythe read the ninetieth Psalm, and Rev. Hu Yong Mi the same in Chinese, and Rev. Sia Sek Ong read 1 Corinthians, xv, 41–58. Hymn nine hundred and seventy-one of our Hymnal, commencing 'Why should our tears in sorrow flow?' was announced by Rev. M. C. Wilcox. This was followed by remarks by Rev. C. C. Baldwin, D. D., of the American Board Mission, who gave a brief account of his association with Bishop Wiley in mission work in early years, adding some appropriate and touching remarks on Psalm cxvi, 15, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' Rev. C. Hartwell, of the same mission, gave a very comforting address in Chinese, referring specially to John xiv, 1, 2, 'Let not your heart be

troubled.' Bishop Burdon, of the English Episcopal Church, bishop of Victoria, and missionary in North China for many years, followed, and, in a few well chosen words, spoke of the need and blessedness of a revelation from God, and of the glorious life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel. A few words were added, and the dying testimony of the bishop read by the writer. Rev. J. H. Worley then announced the 991st Hymn, 'Servant of God, well done.' After the singing, the audience came forward and took a last look at the sweet face of the sainted bishop, and he was then borne to his last resting-place. The native brethren whom the bishop had ordained had requested to be the pall-bearers, and, clothed in white, according to Chinese custom, they enjoyed this special privilege. May a double portion of his spirit rest upon them, and upon us all, making our lives more fruitful in good works for the Master!

"Tenderly we 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 by, there to rest until the resurrection morn."



Bishop W ley. Mrs. W le.
Mrs. Wentworth.
Mrs. White.
Mrs. Peet.
Mrs. Doolittle.
Maclay's Child.
Swedish Child.
Hickock's Child.
Cumming's Child.
Baldwin's Child.

MISSIONARY CEMETERY, FUH-CHAU, CHINA.

XIV.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

IMMEDIATELY after the news of Bishop Wiley's death reached Cincinnati, it was determined to hold a public memorial service in St. Paul Church, where his family usually worshiped. As this city was the bishop's home, the Methodist Preachers' Meeting appointed a committee to arrange for the service, and announce the time when it should be held. It was felt that until full particulars of the bishop's last hours should be received, nothing satisfactory could be done. When finally letters were received from China, the committee had notices published in all the Churches and papers for a union memorial service on the 18th of January, 1885, at 3 o'clock P. M. There was a large attendance at the Church from Cincinnati, and the adjoining cities and suburbs. Bishop WALDEN presided. The pastor, JOHN J. REED, announced the first hymn, No. 982, "How blest the righteous when he dies," after the singing of which J. H. BAYLISS offered prayer. The Scripture lesson (Acts xx, 17–38) was read by D. J. STARR, and hymn No. 989, "When the last trumpet's awful voice," was read by W. K. BROWN.

Bishop WALDEN said that nearly two months ago the sad news reached us of the death of Bishop Wiley. In the

meantime there had been held the Centennial Conference in the city of Baltimore. Over that body a shadow was cast by the death of the senior bishop of our own Church, and also of the Church South, and by the more recent death of Bishop Wiley, who was lamented by all. But nowhere has the death of Bishop Wiley produced such profound sorrow as here in Cincinnati, where he had his home. He said that they had purposely delayed the memorial service until the full particulars of the death had been received. He had known him for twenty years, since the bishop first came to reside in this city. During that time he was associated with him in different departments of Church work. He always found him a wise counselor, and a careful, prudent, thoughtful, devoted servant of God. But he declined making an address that he might give others ample time to speak.

Bishop MERRILL was then introduced, and delivered an address on "Isaac W. Wiley as a Bishop." See page 99.

Hymn No. 150, "God is Love," was announced, by Dr. HENRY LIEBHART, editor of the *Haus und Herd*, and sung by the congregation.

Address

BY R. S. RUST, D. D.

WE shall see no more, moving among us, our beloved Bishop Wiley. No more will he grace our social circles, and our homes. No more will he administer comfort and consolation to us in our bereavements. No more will he cheer and encourage us amid the trials and conflicts of life. No more will he counsel and plan to educate the ignorant, rescue the fallen, and save the needy populations in our own and foreign lands. No more shall we see him in our pulpits, and listen to his thrilling delineations of duty here, and life hereafter. No more will he stir our souls to sacrifice and heroic effort for the world's redemption.

A little group of Christian friends met the bishop at the Central Depot, on the 14th of last July, on the morning of his departure for China, congratulated him upon the prospect of a pleasant trip, assured him that their love and prayers should follow him in all his journeyings, and that, with anxious hearts, they would wait and watch for his early return to his friends and home. But sad thoughts filled our hearts as we participated in the conversation at this parting scene. A strange interest absorbed my mind; I watched every look and movement of our departing friend; I saw the struggle that it cost him to be cheerful, as kind words of parting were spoken; but, when the farewell to wife and daughter came, his feelings triumphed, his eyes filled with tears, and he hastened into the car, which soon vanished out of sight. I remarked to one by my side that the dear ones, whose grief at parting was most intense, would never meet again on earth—not dreaming that the bishop would never come back again.

Just after noon, November 21st, a cablegram from Foochow informed us that Bishop Wiley was dangerously ill; the next day the startling news came, "Bishop Wiley is dead." The sad intelligence of his death sent anguish to loving hearts all around the world. There was lamentation over his death everywhere—in the land of his early life and ministry; in the classic halls of the seminary where he had taught; in New England, where he rendered four years of valuable episcopal service; in Utah, for whose redemption he had so earnestly toiled and fervently prayed; in the Sunny South, where he had done so much to establish schools for the elevation of the people; in our mission stations all over the world, where his name and services are held in sweet remembrance. But nowhere has his death been more severely felt (always excepting his loved home) than by our people in the South, whom, in his dying mo-

ments, he called "my people," and whom, once more before his death, he desired to visit.

His sudden removal from us is translation, not death! Like Enoch, he walked with God; and was not, for God took him. He left us, with loving words, at the Central Depot. He has not come back, as we expected. He never will! He finished his journey—not in Cincinnati, but in Foochow, and has gone home to heaven. We must finish our pilgrimage without his loving companionship. We shall meet again; not here, but over on the other side of the river, where pure and loving hearts are never sundered.

There is alleviation in our grief at the unexpected departure of our dear friend. It came when he had reached the zenith of his power and usefulness, when his beautiful life had borne its richest fruit. He had struggled up through toil, and study, and sacrifice, to the highest position in the Church. Every office to which he had been called he filled with ability and dignity.

As an educator, he possessed rare abilities. He won the love and confidence of his pupils, touched the secret springs of their being, led them to a true conception of the grandeur of the human mind, and aroused them to enthusiastic effort for the accomplishment of something sublime in life. Students of his, having reached eminence in professional life, attribute to his wise training the credit of their success.

As an editor, he exhibited good literary taste and excellent judgment. As a writer, he was able, clear, and impressive. While he edited the *Ladies' Repository* it sustained the high rank it had acquired under his predecessors; and each successive number was enriched with pure and beautiful thought which made it a welcome and effective agency in the elevation of woman and home.

As a preacher, he was philosophical and spiritual, instructive and eloquent; and when he was in the pulpit he

seemed to be upon his throne, for he was a prince of preachers. He delighted his audiences with original thought and graceful delivery. He presented "the truth as it is in Jesus" in attractive and effective style. At times, while proclaiming the wonderful truths of the Cross, the Holy Ghost would come down upon the preacher and the people, and wondrous results would follow. His sermons at conference, both before and after he entered the episcopacy, produced the profoundest impressions; but he reached heights of eloquence in preaching to our colored people that he rarely attained anywhere else.

Bishop Wiley was held in high estimation by Christians of all denominations in the South, and some of the most touching tributes to his character, services, and abilities have been found in Southern papers. But it was in our own Church and by our own members there that he was most fully appreciated and tenderly loved. He had taken our Southern work upon his heart; had studied every phase of it; had reached clear and decided convictions in regard to it, and had consecrated every power of his being to the advancement of Christ's kingdom in this section. No wonder that in this field, where his ability to grapple with perplexing problems was recognized, and his co-operation deemed essential to success, his sudden death should spread gloom over our work, and send sorrow to anxious hearts. Our schools are clothed in mourning, our teachers are in sorrow, and our poor colored people, in their cabins, give evidence of their great grief in the loss of their tried friend and benefactor.

Universally beloved and honored by the Church, with a well-rounded life of Christian service, with unwavering confidence in God and the truth he had preached for forty years, with heaven full in sight; at the place where he commenced missionary work thirty-three years before, and

where members of his family had fallen and were buried beneath an olive tree in the missionary cemetery—was it not the right time, and was not Foochow the right place, from which Bishop Wiley should ascend to heaven? Let us glance at the closing scene. When the bishop raised his head from his dying pillow, and saw the native preachers of the Foochow Conference standing by his bedside; when the grand results of thirty-three years of the mission work of our Church in China passed in review before him; when, with prophetic vision, he saw the ancient dynasties of idolatry and superstition receding before the conquering legions of King Emmanuel; when he saw the native preachers of our Church, sweeping through the Celestial Empire, proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ; when he remembered that he had been a humble pioneer in this work, and for faithful service had been promoted to the rank of missionary bishop; when the thought flashed through his mind that his grave would bring nearer to each other China and America, and bind the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Foochow Conference in closer communion: do you wonder that, in spite of love for home, wife, children, and friends, he should exclaim, "Let me go home to heaven?" Though our hearts are breaking with sorrow at our great loss, we bow in sorrowful submission to the wisdom of our heavenly Father in taking our dear Bishop Wiley home to heaven, from Foochow, on the 22d of November: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." May God comfort and sustain the bereaved family and friends.

Dr. RUST then read the following letter from the committee of native Chinese preachers of the Foochow Conference. It was sent to Mrs. Wiley in the original Chinese, accompanied with the translation:

"The Foochow Annual Conference appointed your servants, Li Yu Mi and Hu Chaik Hang, to write a letter of greeting and condolence to Mrs. Bishop Wiley.

"Your servants write this letter amid tears. Before conference convened, not one of us despaired of Bishop Wiley's coming to us and giving us valuable instruction, increasing the light of the Church and bringing the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in fullness upon the conference. Most of the preachers had arrived when the bishop came, and we were surprised to learn that he was very sick. Our sorrow was very great. Going at times to his bedside to greet him, we discovered that, although his body was very weak, his purpose was strong, and his heart fixed, not even failing to comfort us by telling us to esteem very highly the office and calling of saving souls. After conference opened we daily prayed earnestly for our bishop, hoping his precious body might receive strength so that he might be able to unite with us and impart good advice to us, so that we might all be filled. But his sickness grew worse and worse; all doctors and medicines did not avail any thing. On the 3d of the 10th month he was much worse, and we feared he was dying. We loved him in our hearts, and therefore adjourned our conference sessions, and together stood around the bishop's bed. His countenance did not in the least show fear of death. His answers to our questions were serene and full of comfort. We can truly say, faithful servant of the Lord! He said: 'I love the Church above all things in the world; you ought to take good care of it. By no means indulge in fruitless discussions.' We listened attentively, and his words were like a whip on a horse to us [that is, his words spurred us on to greater activity]. On the 4th his suffering was less again, and the president of the conference called us together in the evening to finish the business of the conference.

"Our bishop came several myriads of li [Chinese miles] three times to our country, not dreading the toil and danger of the voyage. This time he could not even meet with us once to satisfy our hunger after his advice and admonition. This is owing to our lack of merit, and is a great misfortune. May the Lord pardon all our sins. We hoped the bishop might return to America in peace, and tell the Church what he had seen in his journey. Alas! Alas! God's ways are beyond finding out. On the 5th, our bishop peacefully breathed out his life and went to live with God. We wept in our heart-sorrow, and could not be comforted. The next day the missionaries, elders, and ladies gave full expression to their filial hearts, and buried the departed as one buries his father, according to the best rules of propriety and Christian custom. We selected twelve elders and deacons as pall-bearers, to carry the coffin to the grave, where the sad and mournful burial service was held. There were about thirty Europeans assembled, including the missionaries of the Methodist Church, of the American Board, Bishop Burdon, and the missionaries of the Church Mission, the United States consul, the officers of the United States ship *Monocacy*, merchants, clerks, and visitors. Bishop Burdon and the American Board missionaries made some very appropriate remarks about the life and work of Bishop Wiley; and, at the close, the missionary in charge of the services repeated some of the last words he had uttered. Amid all this there were over three hundred people who shed tears together. Over two hundred of us natives were dressed in mourning, and followed in procession to the grave. We now dry our tears to write these few words to send to you, Mrs. Bishop Wiley, for perusal. Our hearts go with this letter to unite with you in mourning this great bereavement.

"We feel sure God will not forget our bishop's labors for China—first as missionary to preach the Gospel, then as

bishop to organize our conference, and, finally his death in our midst—but cause his love and devotion to the Chinese to redound to the spreading abroad of the Gospel and the eternal establishment of God's kingdom in our land. Our Savior says: 'Whoever loses his life for my sake shall find it.'

"We know that you are established in the faith, and that you will not mourn as those who have no hope. You do not need our words, but as we loved our bishop, and speak from the fullness of our hearts, you will deign to listen to what we have to say. We look at the bishop's beauty of character and firmness of purpose, and gladly follow in his footsteps, viewing his death as a return home. We look upon it with rejoicing. Pray for us. May the Blessed Trinity pour his abundant grace upon you, and bless you and yours with unending peace and consolation.

"Li Yu Mi,
"Hu Chaik Hang,
"Conference Committee, present respects.

"Foochow, 1884, 11th month, 25th day."

I. W. Joyce, D. D., then delivered an address on "Isaac W. Wiley as a Man." See page 175.

Address

BY WM. NAST, D. D.

I deem it very unnecessary to add another stroke to the portraiture of Bishop Wiley that has been held up to us this afternoon. We have seen in it all the elements which constitute a great man, a prince in Israel. And all the shining talents and gifts which the revered and admired leader of our Israel, who has finished his course in the militant Church, exhibited as educator, writer, orator, and bishop, are inferior to what Isaac W. Wiley was as a Chris-

tian man. The crowning glory that will inerasably be engraved on the memory of all who have known him was love, the bond of perfectness, described by Paul in his letter to the Corinthians, without which all other gifts count nothing before God. I know no man in whom I have seen this love illustrated more fully and conspicuously than in Bishop Wiley, though he himself was so covered with humbleness of mind that he was not conscious of it.

If I spoke to a German audience, I would say Bishop Wiley's individuality or inwardness consisted in his "Liebenswuerdigkeit," to which the English word "loveliness," that is, the state and faculty of exciting love, comes nearest, and in his "Leutseligkeit," that universal "charity" which Peter in his second epistle exhorts his readers to add to "brotherly kindness." In the light of these two cardinal Christian virtues do the most exalted gifts lose their luster, as stars before the rising sun. What made Bishop Wiley so lovely without as well as within the Church was the philanthropy springing from the love of God and manifesting itself in gentleness, tenderness, magnanimity, humbleness, void of all ostentation and always marked by a considerate regard for the feelings and opinions of others, free from undue bias, and unjust prepossession—that suavity or refinement of manners which enables a man to make an agreeable impression by all he says or does. A man who possesses these virtues will, as Bishop Wiley testified in his last hours, be a peaceful, happy, hopeful Christian, exhibiting patience, long-suffering, imperturbable Christian cheerfulness, and even humorous pleasantry, though passing through waters of the deepest affliction.

I am thankful for the privilege and honor bestowed upon me in this solemn memorial service to express in a few words my never-dying gratitude for having become acquainted with such a Christian and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ

as Bishop Wiley was, and for the fervent interest he felt, not only in the elevation of the Chinese and the freedmen of the South, but also in the German mission work—the necessity, difficulties, and far-reaching importance no one could better appreciate than he. More than this, I am a personal mourner in this memorial service, and desire to express my gratitude for what he has been to me personally, for his never-failing sympathy with the burden of the Lord upon my heart, for his wise counsels, and the encouragements he gave me sometimes in a manner which seemed extravagant to me, indulging in that humorous pleasantry so peculiar to him, as, for instance, in the last words he said to me, when I parted with him: "Now I want you to know that, if I shall get to heaven before you, I shall have charges ready to be presented against you, if you do not finish the work you have commenced, and which the Church expects of you." Though I considered, as I told him, the importance he attached to the work he referred to, in order to spur me on, as altogether extravagant, yet this last word, and his undeserved kind remembrance of me on his death-bed, as well as all I have seen and heard and learned of him, will be an inspiration to me for the remainder of my life; and I am strengthened in the hope that the Lord will not call me from earth before I have finished all that the Lord wants and enables me to do. I hope you will excuse my saying a word about myself. It is only prompted by grateful love. Though I shall see him no more in the flesh, the memory of his brotherly love, faith, and patience will live in my heart till the day of my redemption comes, when I hope to see him again.

The last hymn was No. 991, "Servant of God, well done," and was announced by W. N. Brodbeck, pastor of the Walnut Hills Methodist Church. The conclud-

ing prayer was offered by BIDWELL LANE, pastor of Union Methodist Church, Covington, Kentucky. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. EARL CRANSTON, agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern.

The large congregation remained to the close, and maintained a devout interest in all the exercises. Hundreds in the congregation felt that they could say with Dr. Nast that they felt themselves to be personal mourners, for Bishop Wiley was without an enemy in the city where he had his home, and was universally admired for his talents, and loved for his amiability and tireless work for the Master.

SERVICES were also held in other cities and towns of the United States, where the bishop was well known and beloved, in honor of his memory. Many of these were of the most interesting character. Those held at Wiley University, Marshall, Texas, occurred Sunday, April 19th. They are of special interest in view of the bishop's connection with that institution. The large audience, consisting principally of colored people, filled the chapel at an early hour. The services opened by singing two verses of "Jesus, lover of my soul." The ninety-first Psalm was then read by Prof. N. COLEMAN, of the university, and prayer offered by H. WEBB, presiding elder of Marshall District.

After the singing of Hymn No. 638, President CLIFFORD stated the object of the services. Rev. F. PARKER, a student of the institution, read a paper on the relation sustained by Bishop Wiley to the Freedmen's Aid Society. Hymn No. 1038 was sung; after which R. H. HARBERT, of the Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Church, made a brief address. Hymn No. 991 was sung, and Bishop W. F. MALLALIEU was introduced, who delivered the principal address.

Address

BY BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU, D. D.

We have met together on this holy day, in this consecrated place, to honor the memory of one beloved and reverenced by us all. Our dear friend, for whom this institution of learning was so worthily named, has passed away from our society, and from the sorrows and labors of this transitory life, to the joys and rest of paradise above. True, his body sleeps on the far distant shores of China, beyond the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean, but still he seems to be present with us; and it is not difficult for some who remember his last visit to these halls of learning to imagine that he is here, and that he still has an abiding interest in all that is taking place.

It is well for our own moral and spiritual natures, for our own growth and goodness, that we seriously and earnestly hold ourselves to the contemplation of the pure, and good, and noble of our race. And it is eminently fitting that a company of students should, for their own encouragement in all virtues, reflect upon the character and attainments of one who combined so many excellent traits as Bishop Wiley. And when we remember that we shall see his face no more, that his voice will never again be heard in these halls, that his footsteps will never again echo along the walks of this beautiful campus, we do well to recall once more the pure and exalted life, the manly and noble influence of him whom we, in common with all the Church, are called upon to mourn, and whose loss must be deeply felt by all.

Bishop Wiley was truly a learned man in the best sense of the word. Not that he had graduated at the high seats of learning, but because his life had been studious, even in the midst of the most exacting duties. Year by year he

added to his store—by travel, by reading, by patient thought—until he possessed a wealth of learning that was of the greatest possible value; and yet he was the last person to make a display, and never exhibited the slightest suspicion of pedantry. His studies were not confined to any one or a few closely related topics, but embraced the widest possible range. His medical training, combined with his extensive literary qualifications, and his exact theological knowledge, as well as his wide and varied observations of men and institutions in many lands, gave great breadth and scope to his culture and knowledge.

He was still further noted for the ability he had for making a wise use of all his intellectual treasures. Few men have the natural or acquired facility to utilize, at a moment's notice, the gathered wealth of many years. But, in his case, it seemed that whatever he knew he knew thoroughly, and he held it ready for instant use, whatever the emergency.

Bishop Wiley had the quality of steadfastness. Never loud or emphatic in his declarations, it might at first appear that he had not that firmness which is one element of greatness and success. He might utter his opinions in the softest tone, with a smile on his features, and yet, unless the best of reasons could be adduced for a change, he was as unmovable as a granite crag. He could be relied on. If he gave his hand or heart in friendship, there was a changeless fidelity that marked all his words and actions. He was a good, true friend, and one that never failed in the time of trouble and disaster.

He was the friend of the poor and the oppressed; and when the time came to render aid to the suffering millions long enslaved, but in God's mercy at length set free, he was one of the first to champion their cause—and he stood by them to the end of life. In weakness and weariness as he

lay dying on a foreign shore, far away from home and loved ones, he still breathed out his desire to do something more to help the masses struggling up out of darkness into light, out of Egypt into the "promised land." He counted it his chief joy to follow in the footsteps of his Divine Master, and reach out the hand of loving helpfulness to the weak. But, best of all, he was a sincere and faithful Christian; faithful as a son and brother—as a husband and father; faithful in his loyalty and devotion to Christ. He was not demonstrative in his experience of religion; but he was pure, and peaceable, and gentle, and easy to be entreated—full of the blessed fruits of the Spirit, and, in all his life, illustrating the beauty of the Gospel, and at the same time enforcing its truth by a life in harmony with its sublime principles.

But he has gone to his reward, and has joined the great company of the blood-washed saints before the throne. If it should be his privilege to look down upon this gathering to-day—if his friend, and your friend, the ever lamented Gilbert Haven, should join him in gazing upon this company—it must be that a new thrill of joy would fill their souls as they contemplate the fact, that the self-sacrifice and self-denial of their earthly lives is being blessed of God, and carried forward to the realization of all, and more than all, they ever dared hope for or anticipate.

Let us strive to imitate all that is excellent and Christian in the life and labors and example of Bishop Wiley, that at last we may meet him in heaven, and dwell with him in the presence of his Savior and ours.

Hymn No. 248 was then sung, and Rev. H. Webb spoke briefly of Bishop Wiley's last visit to the university, and of his words of encouragement. The Doxology was sung, and the congregation was dismissed with the benediction.

The exercises were conducted by President Clifford, and were of the deepest interest throughout. The singing was by the students. The audience gave reverent attention; for the colored people of our Church, and especially those interested in the university which bears the dear bishop's name, feel that they have lost a tender father and a devoted friend.

THE following minute in reference to Bishop Wiley was read at the last session of the Philadelphia Conference by C. J. Little, and adopted by a rising vote:

"Bishop Isaac W. Wiley was the gift of the Philadelphia Conference to the missionary cause. It is to-day the banner conference of our connection, but none of its contributions have exceeded this—a pure spirit, a brave heart, a penetrating mind, united to rare powers of lucid, convincing, persuasive speech, a will unobtrusive, but indomitable, a soul eager to lay the whole Eastern World at his Master's feet. Though he did not live among us, he went out from us, and his life's work as missionary, as teacher, as pastor, as editor, as bishop, seems to be in some sense a part of our history, as well as the history of the Church.

"Powerful in prayer, luminous in preaching, a wise counselor, and skilled in administration, prudent, sagacious, self-denying, his students loved and revered him, the people listened to him gladly, and those who knew him best were most devoted to him.

"Sore afflicted at times with bodily suffering, overwhelmed towards the last with the swift coming of great calamity, his faith rose triumphant above it all, and it pleased God to complete the circuit of his life by taking him to himself from the land to which he consecrated the strength of his early manhood, and for whose salvation he, being dead, yet speaketh."

XV.

EDITORIAL SKETCHES.

AS soon as the death of Bishop Wiley became known in America, our Church papers published sketches of his life and character. From these we extract the following paragraphs. Though they add little to what has already been said on the preceding pages, they will be read with interest, as showing the universal estimation in which the bishop was held by the Church. To include other notices published in the secular papers, and resolutions passed at conferences and religious assemblies, would make this volume too large:

Western Christian Advocate.

He was a good judge of men, and was wise in administration. He looked widely over the field and understood its wants. He scrutinized men and learned their qualifications. He was not blinded by prejudices, nor did he allow personal preferences to swerve his judgment. The result was that he seldom erred, either in the measures which he recommended or in the men whom he appointed.

He was opposed to ostentation, and admired simplicity in dress and in worship. He was not inflated by his elevation to the high position of bishop, but retained to the last all his old-time plainness of manner and his wonted famil-

iarity of fellowship with his brethren. Any man could approach him, and no itinerant ever found him deaf to his complaint. He could not always relieve a case, but he could always listen to it. He was a little pained that men draw away from the man who is a bishop, and leave him in a sort of mountain solitude. Bishop Wiley desired companionship.

His interest in laboring men was very marked, and no man has ever been connected with the Book Concern in Cincinnati who had a warmer place in the hearts of its employes than Bishop Wiley held.

To the pastor of his family he was as true as any man could be, and was always in his place in the congregation when it was possible, and enjoyed the plain preaching of a pure and simple Gospel. He kept abreast of the times, however, and no one knew better than he the questions which were foremost in public thought. He read several books during his last journey across the Pacific, and expressed amazement that so many of the clergy are so little informed as to what the men of the world are thinking about.

It was his habit to live among colored people when holding colored conferences, and as regularly on such occasions he preached in the churches of the colored people. No man has done more for our work in the South than he, and no man is more beloved by the colored people. He was a friend to women's work in the Church. He believed in it. At the last General Conference he was the trusted and earnest adviser of the women who had in charge the organization of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. He stood in like friendly attitude toward the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. He was not suspicious of woman's wisdom, nor jealous of her growing power, but encouraged her to follow the call of God, and enter the open fields of the world.

An accomplished scholar, an eloquent preacher, a wise counselor; a traveler who did not boast of his travels; a denominationalist without bigotry; a bishop without ostentation; generous to men who wronged him; confiding to those who loved him; a man of the people, whose elevation and power did not diminish his sympathy for common men; loving and tender in his family, and loving and strong in the work of God; a man who made the utmost possible out of life, and was not afraid to die—such was Bishop Wiley. We mourn that we shall see his face no more. He was a man whom we could ill afford to spare.

The editor of the same paper, in a later number, adds:

It brings tears to one's eyes to read how the bishop, as he entered the gate of Mr. Plumb's residence, said, "Home, my old home." He had been ill and weary for weeks, and now he came into a sheltered place, where his friends met him with open arms and tearful tenderness, and he exclaimed, "Home!" But there was more in his words than simply that his weather-beaten bark had now found a harbor. Thirty-three years ago he lived on that very spot. There he took the bride of his young manhood, and from that place he followed her to her burial. That spot was his home when our mission work in China was just begun. And now, as the dust-covered, wayworn traveler comes again to this dear place, he exclaims, "Home, my *old* home!" A home was welcome because he was sick and weary, and this home was doubly welcome because it was hallowed by the tenderest memories which come to us in this world of love and graves.

The bishop died well. His faith was unwavering, his spirit triumphant, and his dying testimony will cheer many a weary and trembling heart. He looked this way, and spoke tenderly of his loved ones in the United States, for he was a

loving husband and father; and he also looked across the river into the land of song and glory, rejoiced that he was so near it, and longed to be there. The day was glorious with sunshine in Foochow, but not so glorious as the divine and eternal day into which he passed when he left this world. We mourn that we have lost so much, but Bishop Wiley is to be congratulated that he has won and received his crown.

J. H. BAYLISS.

New York Christian Advocate.

His reputation and work are now among the treasures of the Church—the garnered harvests of its first century. As a preacher he was clear—very clear—rhythmical, and flowing, and his sermons were fit to print as they fell from his lips. His administration of the affairs of Pennington Seminary was such as to elevate it in public esteem, though his predecessors had been the energetic and shrewd Edward Cooke, the learned and affable Stephen M. Vail, the scholarly, witty, and accessible J. Townley Crane. Dr. Wiley was dignified, yet urbane, easy to approach, yet not to be trifled with by colleague or pupil.

As an editor he had a difficult position. He took the *Ladies' Repository* at a time when the new movements in magazine literature and the relations of woman to the life and thought of the age were gathering strength and concentrating; when capital far beyond our Church's resources was employed in the publication and circulation of magazine literature; when competitors without the necessary restraint of a periodical published by the Church were insinuated into every family. Under the circumstances, his success was great, his style being chaste, and the range of his mental vision sufficiently discursive to gather a due variety of material.

As a bishop, we regard him as one of the most efficient the Church has had during the past thirty years. He had not the towering eloquence of Bishop Simpson, the capacious and penetrative and aggressive personality of Bishop Ames, the saintliness and indefatigability of Bishop Janes, the placid and abstracted intellectuality of Bishop Thomson, but he was a genuine and an unusually symmetrical character. In lucidity he had no superior among his brethren; in self-restraint he was one among many; in prudence he reached, without passing, the limit of rational caution; in knowing when to speak and when to be silent in order to influence his brethren in the general committees of the Church he had nothing left to learn; as an administrator he was faithful in the little as well as in the great. Bishop Wiley neglected nothing committed to him.

Principle, rather than feeling, predominated in his moral and religious life, but a more tender heart never beat under an impassive exterior than in the breast of Bishop Wiley.

As an extemporaneous speaker of the *unexcited* type, we have not heard his equal in the Church, nor his superior in the legal profession. In 1873 a General Missionary Conference was held in Pittsburg. The writer was present, and heard from the lips of Bishop Wiley, during three days, nine addresses, arising from the current conversations on the different fields. These could not but be extemporaneous. We heard them with wonder—so calm and low and sweet was his utterance, yet so continuous and so accurate withal. There were no bursts, no Niagaras of speech, like those which startled, yet delighted, the audiences of Dr. Durbin, but a "sweet gliding Kedron" of eloquence, which flowed into the hearts of his hearers. Speaking of his days of darkness and bereavement in China, he said: "Brethren, it is with sorrow and joy that I recall those days—sorrow that I should have had a cup so bitter, joy that I and those whom I

loved and lost should have had some part in the healing of the nations." What a pathetic coincidence that he should have gone back there to die! Would he have refused the choice if the Master had placed it before him?

On his return in 1854, he published a work entitled "The Fallen Missionaries of Foochow." He is numbered among them now. Whoever edits another edition of that work must add the name of the author, and once again that mission is consecrated in the love and faith of the Church.

Bishop Wiley was a man of sorrows and 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 has gone

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

To his family, "so near, and yet so far," the heart of the Church will turn in sympathy, as it gives thanks to God for a career unspotted and very fruitful in good works.

J. M. BUCKLEY.

Central Christian Advocate.

DURING the last three years Bishop Wiley had passed through severe affliction, especially in the loss of his son, who was burned to death, and for a time his health seemed undermined. Indeed, he never fully recovered from the severe trials of his early mission experiences. He was a preacher of marked ability, courageous in the expression of his opinions, but careful and conservative in administration. His knowledge of men was something quite out of the common way, and often surprised those with whom he communicated freely. Looking over the twenty years during which we were favored with his acquaintance, we see a record of

faithful labor, entire devotion to his Master and the Church which honored him with her highest positions.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has given many of her choicest men and women to the cause of missions. Her first bishop, Coke, was buried in the Indian Ocean, on his way with the first company of Wesleyan missionaries to India. Bishop Kingsley sleeps quietly in the beautiful Prussian Cemetery at Beyroot, his tomb a chief object of interest to American and English visitors to the Holy Land. And now Bishop Wiley has laid down his life where his life work for the Church began, and where he buried the beloved wife of his youth. The heart of the Church will be deeply touched by his death. B. ST. J. FRY.

Southwestern Christian Advocate.

If Bishop Wiley was true to the guiding of duty as it led to the Christian culture of the colored people, he was no less solicitous for the moral and mental improvement of the whites in the South, and in his zeal for this he was ready to do what he could, even if that was not all he would. He distinguished between ideals and reals. He was not visionary, but practical. He would do now that which was possible, and the rest when Providence opened the way. Such were the views that actuated him in aiding the establishment of schools practically for whites and blacks where either or both classes preferred it, and conferences of the same kind. Many of his brethren differed with him—some even spoke harshly of him, especially concerning the school at Little Rock—but time has proven, not only the sincerity of the man, but the present wisdom of his action.

Bishop Wiley was not the agitator or the revolutionist that our beloved and sainted Gilbert Haven, whom the col-

ored people almost idolized, was. Haven in battle, with dauntless courage, led the host to victory. Wiley, quiet, calm, and no less courageous, bound up the wounded, and called the combatants once more to peace. Wiley had not the magisterial force of appearance and almost dictatorial dignity of Foster. His was the quiet simplicity of a child. He firmly ruled by seeming not to rule.

Wiley loses nothing in comparison with Bishop Harris, that man of matchless business capacity and exalted integrity. Harris is a thunder-storm, vigorously attacking, routing, expelling, and tearing away all impurities. Wiley was the shower of May, cleansing the dusty air, kissing the flowers into bloom, and loading the breeze with odors and life-inspiring fragrance. Each is useful in its line, and both are needful. M. W. TAYLOR.

Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Bishop Wiley was a quiet and remarkably undemonstrative man. His calm equipoise gave him an aspect of apparent stoicism, but beneath this exterior there were a large, sensitive heart and a grand soul. The unmoved demeanor in whatever presence was, in fact, the trained, studious, and alert front of a physician whose mental habit, formed in the presence of sick men, served him when he was called to watch, in his turn, the pulse of the world. That almost cold eye, which perhaps repulsed some men, won our entire respect and faith and active love. Some human eyes waste far too much time and opportunity and service in ever ready tears or perfunctory smiles in the very moments when they ought to be calmly focused to discern the timely crisis, and identify the opportune remedy. Bishop Wiley loved the Church, and held high estimates of her divine mission. As missionary, teacher, pastor, ed-

itor, and general superintendent, he succeeded and exceeded. Like Bishop E. O. Haven, who, however, had a very different temperament and make-up, Bishop Wiley, while he never dazzled or even greatly surprised an audience by pre-eminent oratory, never failed to render excellent platform and pulpit service. Every sermon and address added to the close observer's conviction that the speaker was a strong, sound, judicial, earnest, honest advocate of the truth. Rare sound sense, solid judgment, unfailing good taste, wide information, scholarly instincts, downright sincerity, unwinking courage, clean hands, unsullied lips, and a pure heart were leading characteristics of the firm personal friend whom we mourn to-day. Very few men are among the unfriendly critics of Bishop Wiley. It is just possible that in exceptional instances he was a trifle curt or fixedly over-firm. Like most men of strong convictions, he may have had a touch of the strong prejudices which do sometimes most humanly get wrongly directed. However, with his unquestionable devotion to the Church, even that possible failing leaned to virtue's side.

If we mistake not, Bishop Wiley buried the wife of his youth in Foochow, China, while he was a missionary physician there. His present wife lives in Cincinnati, where also are two daughters, one of them quite a young girl. The Church will remember that the bishop, a few years since, lost a favorite son through an accidental explosion of some volatile oils in a store cellar, and subsequent fire and suffocation. The Upper Iowa Conference will recall the wonderful exterior calm that masked the crushed heart of the father when he received the sad news during an open conference session. Those brethren will fully appreciate the moral and mental equipoise to which we allude in this article. In the upper kingdom they neither marry nor are given in marriage; there will be more than tender poetry

in the fact, should the remains of the departed bishop be laid away to rest in Foochow close beside the sleeping dust of the wife who once sailed away with him to doubly prescribe for the sick and sin-sick in heathen wildernesses. Thousands and thousands will, in thought, plant many a sweet white rose or yellow daffodil above the mound that marks the honored resting-place of those who, divided by death, are reunited in life. ARTHUR EDWARDS.

Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

BISHOP WILEY was a man possessed, in many respects, of conspicuous talents. He was a most admirable preacher. He did not possess the pathos and sweeping eloquence of Bishop Simpson, nor the grasp and force of one or two other of his episcopal colleagues, but for clear and methodical thought, ready, lucid, concise, and beautiful utterance, for tenderness and impressiveness, and for ability never to fall below an excellent average in the pulpit, it may be doubted whether he had many superiors in the ministry. He was a workman who had no occasion to be ashamed, and of whom the Church never was ashamed.

As a counselor in the different departments of the Church, his services were of the greatest value. Especially was this true of the great missionary questions. His mind was clear and incisive, and possessed a remarkable grasp. He was able to seize these subjects as a master. On missionary matters, it is said, he had come to be an acknowledged authority. In the councils of the Church, therefore, he will be greatly missed.

In literature, he was a man of excellent taste and ability. His career as an editor was a decided success. His writings have all been of the most cultured and finished class, manifesting his scholarship and care. His energies

devoted to this field would have made for him a superior reputation.

It seems a little singular that Bishop Simpson, who made the closing address to the General Conference, and Bishop Wiley, who offered the concluding prayer, should both, within six months, have joined the ranks beyond the river! And it is an impressive providence that, after thirty years of absence from that city, Bishop Wiley should return to Foochow and lay down his life and his work amid the scenes of his early missionary labors! But so it was. And so it is that God removes the great leaders from the Church, one by one, but never takes away his Presence from her. Hence, the Church goes steadily on, and, if true to him, must ever triumph. C. W. SMITH.

Northern Christian Advocate.

BISHOP WILEY was a man of great intellectual activity; not profound in thought, but quick and versatile. Both in his writings and in his sermons and lectures his style was remarkable for simplicity, perspicuity, and precision. The ease, earnestness, and terseness with which he spoke gave a peculiar charm to his preaching; and his success was doubtless due largely to those mental and moral qualities which are indicated by these characteristics. Behind all his acts and words there was manifestly the force of genuine intelligent conviction, a reverence for truth, and a definite and honorable aim. With him there was no pretense, no ostentation, no extravagance, but sincerity, moderation, and exactness. Yet he was not destitute of sentiment, and he permitted the imagination to fulfill its functions. He was, therefore, pleasing as well as instructive, vivacious as well as thoughtful.

The qualities of character thus indicated entered, of

course, into all his endeavors, and were manifest in all his habits and relations. In his deportment he was quiet, modest, and dignified. As a friend and brother, he was sympathetic and true. As an administrator, he was gentle, kind, and firm. He was quick in his discernment of character. He was especially clear and discriminating in his judgment, and hence was influential in counsel where great interests were at stake. He was a man of great faith and ardent devotion—in all relations truly and consistently loyal to Christ. Faith, hope, and charity marked his character, and shone forth in his example. Long will he be held in grateful remembrance by the Church which now mourns his sudden and unexpected departure. O. H. WARREN.

California Christian Advocate.

In the bishop's letter to us from Tokio, he referred to his parting with Drs. Gibson and Jewell and the editor of the *Advocate*, and the last sight of us as the *City of Peking* floated into the stream. We were the last to leave the ship, and ever since have felt the pressure of the bishop's hand, and his warm and affectionate farewell, and remembered his earnest, anxious look and the rare reddening and moistening of his eyes. His manner seemed to us different from any thing we had witnessed before in him. He was fond of the sea, and did not dread that, yet an indefinable tenderness and sadness seemed to come over him then. Neither war in China nor great changes in climate had any terrors for him. He had the true apostolic missionary spirit, and died on a brave, grand missionary tour. He deserves a place among the heroes of the Church. We express the wish of all the preachers out here that he should sleep where he fell, and, with Kingsley, make another tie to bind our hearts to missionary work. B. F. CRARY.

Zion's Herald.

For four years Bishop Wiley resided in Boston, and became greatly endeared to New England Methodists. Since that time he has made Cincinnati his home, exchanging pastoral residences with Bishop Foster. Bishop Wiley has held throughout his career the sincere respect of the Church. A man of unblemished character, of superior intelligence and much culture, he had remarkable endowments as a preacher. At times his sermons were especially powerful and eloquent, always well-arranged, clear, instructive, and impressive. As a presiding officer he was always self-possessed, familiar with rules of order, easy, patient, and good tempered, and always keeping the brethren to the question and urging forward the business. A good man, excellent in counsel and diligent in service, has fallen at his post. May his mantle rest upon his sons in the gospel! Many warm friends in this vicinity will feel the tenderest sympathy for his deeply bereaved family. God support them in this trying hour! B. K. PEIRCE.

St. Paul Chronicle (Cincinnati).

It were far better for society if that honor lavished so freely upon its best names, after those who bore them have gone from its presence forever, were less grudgingly bestowed before they pass away. To exalt virtue only in its buried—and hence no longer tested—representatives, evinces a stupidity or obliquity of the moral sense that robs the tribute of its value. The crown proffered to the dead fairly belonged to the living. Granted as soon as won, it would have cheered on a heroic spirit and brightened the flush of victory on the brow that, in death, is insensible even to the touch of a crown. Could the hollow temple

throb again, it would sometimes spurn the tardy bauble whose bestowal was conditioned upon obliviousness to whatever it might signify.

But treatment so ungracious costs not the hero so much as it does society, which, failing to discern and promptly revere exalted character, ignores the most hopeful means of inspiring the young with right ambitions, besides suffering that inevitable debasement which ever attends a refusal of honor to what is honorable.

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The above was written prefatory to a brief sketch of the services and character of Bishop Wiley while he was yet supposed to be in usual health on the opposite side of the globe, soon to return to his home and the friends who thus, in his absence, sought to do him deserved and special honor. But, alas! how changed the office of affectionate regard. We are startled at the coincidence of the preparations that had been made with the unexpected conditions that demand them. What love had already begun, tender veneration is left to complete. But we seem so helpless, standing with half-woven chaplets in our hands, looking away off westward, waiting for our hero—who is never to come.

How critically we study, how much we exact of the artist who paints our dead! Happy, he, if he but succeed in mingling our love-tints with his lights and shades.

More jealous still are we of the portraiture of the soul that made those features benignant and dear. Word-colors are so impotent. They have no eye that weeps, no heart that sighs, no arms that reach forth in anguish, and embrace only desolateness. How, then, shall this poor pen proceed? In the presence, almost, of a modesty that forbade every semblance of flattery, and, in the face of conventional unseemliness, it might have dared some faint outlines of the living; but now that all barriers are away, and a great char-

acter waits to be portrayed, it trembles in weakness. Not that Bishop Wiley is greater in death than he was in life; no good man is. The clipping of the thread does not alter its texture, nor the silence of the loom affect the quality of what has been woven. But the thread of his life is not cut, nor is the web removed. The pattern, as he had designed it, ran beyond the grave-line, and, though we may not see the shuttle flying, we know it has not stopped. The friction, the painful, fearful toil—this has ended.

People talk of great men, but only the fewest know them when they see them. The many are awed by assumption, and true greatness never assumes. Call the traits of mind and spirit that go to make a great man, and let any one who knew Bishop Wiley say what he lacked. An intellect vigorous, penetrating, comprehensive in grasp, under ready and constant control; a capacity for positive convictions alongside of considerate regard for the opinions of others; a spirit marked by simplicity, sincerity, judicial integrity, firmness, reverence, courage, all in high degree, and united with tenderness and magnanimity; a character brought to almost perfect poise through a thorough self-conquest, and all its well-disciplined energies devoted to the good of men—if such qualities constitute greatness, then was he a great man. Every word here written, balanced against a life in the sunlight of observation, stands challenging the records to dispute its pertinence. With a tongue set to classic English, and a diction as rhythmical as a poem, he made every theme he loved so self-luminous that its brightness could not be forgotten. And his themes were such as Jesus loved. His special burdens were China, the freedmen, and the victims of Mormonism. In this trinity of degrading agencies—heathenism, slavery, and ecclesiastical tyranny—he had compassed the great sources of human misery. China has his body, as a precious testimony of his love, and may

well be comforted; but in the lonely cabin of the freedmen there will be tears without consolation, for there also had Bishop Wiley gone as guest and friend. And here at home, outside the sacred circle where his coming not again leaves such unquenchable desire to go to him, there will be great sadness for a long time. The grand Pacific, thrice traversed at the Master's bidding, at last stretched away into a grander and ever pacific sea, whose waves are the swelling hallelujahs of the redeemed. EARL CRANSTON.

THE late loved and lamented Bishop Wiley we of Cincinnati fondly thought was peculiarly our own. Coming here in the early prime of his ministerial manhood, he spent the greater part of the last twenty years of his life in our midst. As editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, and then, later, as resident bishop, the interests of Methodism in Cincinnati and throughout Ohio had come to be, in marked degree, his own. We were proud of his abilities. We sympathized with him in his many sorrows. We rejoiced with him in his successes. He was the wise counselor and friend of our preachers. It was the pride and delight of our people to have him in their homes. As an editor, with a pure and polished pen, as a preacher, ever silver-tongued and admirable in the presentation of Gospel truth, as a platform speaker, of singular extemporaneous simplicity and strength, our departed bishop had won his way to the affection and great respect of all who knew him here. These same qualities, united to a philanthropic breadth of sympathy and thought which took in the needs of the freedmen at the South and the heathen in India, China, and Japan, commanded the high regard of all who knew him in his far-extended episcopal tours. We thought he belonged to us. We cherished him when here, followed him in prayer-

ful thought when distant, and now sorrow that we shall see his face no more. St. Paul Church, where for so many years he has worshiped, said: "Bishop Wiley belongs to us." The black man said: "He belongs to me." The Mongolian said: "He belongs to me." But God said: "He belongs to me." And, after a well-rounded life of missionary and ministerial sacrifice and toil, he ended his labors where, for the Master, they so long ago began—in his first missionary field in far-away Foochow. Though often deeply afflicted, like Enoch, he "walked with God, and was not, for God took him." We shall miss him in his accustomed pew. We mingle our tears with those of his loving wife and far-separated daughters. But we say to Church and family and friends, the wish of our Bishop Wiley is gratified. He would have chosen to die and to be buried in the distant land he loved so well. An eloquent tongue is stilled. A heroic, enduring spirit has departed. Thank God, we sorrow not as those without hope. We expect to spend an eternity of bliss in the company of such worthies as Morris and Clark and Kingsley and Simpson and Wiley. Great in goodness, they are not dead. They live for evermore.

J. J. REED.

In his episcopal office Bishop Wiley ranked with the best of our chief pastors. His excellence consisted in the symmetrical development of his whole nature. He was remarkably composed, but not indifferent; reserved, without being isolated from his brethren; undemonstrative, but having a heart glowing with piety and love. His speech was remarkably pure and sweet. It was like the flowing of a beautiful river, its waters glistening in the sunlight, its banks bordered with graceful trees, blooming flowers, and singing birds. His language was almost faultless; his

thoughts clear, concise, and logical. His audiences were moved by his eloquence, not as the whirlwind sways the forest, but as the glorious sun melts the ice, and bathing all nature in warmth makes her regal in beauty and utility.

E. T. CURNICK.

Bishop Wiley was revered and loved by Methodism's thousands in Arkansas. If this seems strange, in view of his distant residence, his labors and responsibilities elsewhere, his comparatively rare visits and short sojourns among us, it is but the simple truth. No surer evidence of the greatness of his heart can be found than that in it so many great interests found generous sympathy. China and Japan, Utah, and the broad South, from east to west, stretched out their hands to him, and found, as we did, that he was quick to hear and to help them. We never thought of his circumscribing himself to this particular field, large as it is, but knew that he could still give us his tenderest sympathies and his most careful counsel. It is allotted to few to share the toil and the glory of pioneer work. Indeed, few are qualified for its peculiar demands. Their danger is failure; their privilege is renown. But Bishop Wiley was one of the most sagacious pioneers of our Methodism in Arkansas. He saw the needs of this State and its possibilities, and straightway took it to his heart. Years ago he discerned and foretold the trend of events in connection with the growth of the Church, and adapted his plans to it. His foresight and wisdom were quickly manifest, and then the depth of his kindly nature. This is the simple story. In times of hardship and danger and sacrifice he was a father to this work, and will be remembered as its hero. He held the Arkansas Conference at Fort Smith in 1877, and at Little Rock in 1884; also, at the latter place, the Little Rock Conference, in the same year.

He dedicated, in connection with the corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, the Philander Smith College and the Little Rock University, after having entered zealously and patiently into all the plans of the secretary, which gave them existence. His championship of the cause of education was no accident, but the result of a profound conviction that this cause is a necessary ally of the Church in its great mission to the poor of this land. He was a true statesman, in that he studied history, and applied its lessons to the solution of the great problems of the future. In his mind there lay a clear, logical connection between these halls of learning and the fundamental principles upon which the evangelization of this people depends. In administering the affairs of the Churches, he was far-seeing. Nothing seemed too hard for him to do which the cause demanded, and when the brethren learned his views they were regarded with profound respect. His influence over them was very great, and his name is a household word among our people. Nor does he shine as an executive officer alone. His sermons and addresses were models of beauty and power, and were admired by our most intelligent citizens. He shone upon us as a star of the first magnitude, luminous, serene, and majestic. He was our ideal of a bishop, a Christian, and a man. It was his providential privilege to receive great power, and his immortal honor to use it well.

E. S. LEWIS.

BISHOP WILEY was our own bishop, and he loved to be thus acknowledged. His quiet, pathetic, earnest life touched our hearts and evoked our sympathies. To him, more than to any other, perhaps, is the Lexington Conference indebted for the degree of success which has been attained. He regarded it as his conference. He was wont to say, "my conference," these are "my boys." And this expres-

sion was used, not in any sense to convey an idea of inferiority, or to suggest even a thought of our "previous condition," but it was the expression of a fatherly sentiment which brought joy to our hearts. The conference reciprocated this confidence and affection, and responded with a hearty resolve and a steady purpose to bring joy to the heart of our friend and brother, as well as to the great Church of which he was an honored representative, by following the counsels which he so generously gave, and to measure up to the paternal relationship thus acknowledged.

As our presiding bishop he was one of us. He was not with us simply to preside over our deliberations, and read the appointments suggested by the cabinet, but he was preeminently one of us. He did not seem to court the favors nor fear the frowns of those who opposed his plans for our benefit. Nor did the fear of social ostracism prevent him from honoring his Master in a strictly honorable and righteous course. He loved righteousness for its own sake. To him it was better to be right than to be a bishop. He sought to become personally acquainted with us. He came to our homes, he looked into our family circles. His pious devotions kindled upon our family altars. His pleasant smile and kindly voice was the talisman that unlocked our hearts, and he took possession of them in the name of the King of kings. He took careful note of our progress from within with that spirit of charity which was characteristic of him. We hailed his coming as the harbinger of peace and good will. His presence was an inspiration, and his departure made us wish and hope and pray for his return. It is probably true that no bishop possessed a more extensive knowledge of our capabilities, possibilities, and responsibilities than did Bishop Wiley. He tried to solve the great problem of our destiny; hence he noted carefully every phase through which we passed, and all the circum-

stances by which we were surrounded, and thus gained a thorough knowledge of our moral, social, domestic, and intellectual needs.

He was the friend and patron of our schools. Believing that one of the chief instrumentalities in the uplifting of the race was an educated ministry, he encouraged by voice and pen, and by personal contribution, the establishment of enterprises for that purpose. He believed that there was a great and brilliant future before us, and he appreciated very keenly its increasing duties and responsibilities. His views on this subject were neither too radical nor conservative. Nor was he an apologist, but was at all times a safe and wise counselor. Believing that Christian education was the prime factor in the solution of the great negro problem, he was among the foremost in recognizing the relationship of the Church to this great work, and his influence and means were freely given in favor of recognizing, fostering, and cultivating the rights, the duties, the ties, and the obligations incident to its development. Our conference was singularly fortunate in having Bishop Wiley as its presiding officer during three of its annual sessions since his election to the episcopate. At the last semi-annual meeting of the bishops, he was assigned to the conference for the fourth time, and we were preparing to give him a right royal welcome; but our heavenly Father has willed it otherwise. Of all the bishops who have presided over our conference since its organization, none have surpassed Bishop Wiley in the adjustment of our conference forces for aggressive Christian work. His knowledge of our needs was marvelous. His frequent visits to our conference as its presiding officer, and a continued residence within our conference boundary, gave him some superior advantages in this respect. It is probable that he knew nearly every effective member of the conference by name. He knew the work, and being person-

ally acquainted with the qualifications of many of the men, there was general satisfaction with the appointments.

His addresses to the conference classes will never be forgotten. His parting words have inspired us to go forth with renewed zeal in the spread of Scripture holiness among the people; and the thought that he was at the head of the conference column during its annual march strengthened confidence, inspired hope, and gave impetus to its development.

Gratitude to God for the gift of such a distinguished friend mingles with our tears. How struggles the thought? We pause a moment to read the fateful message from the far away post of duty. We stand with bated breath. How sad to the stricken widow and children! to the Church which he had so faithfully served, and to us who regarded him as a true friend and a father in the Lord! With stricken heart and tear-dimmed eye we read the message, Bishop Wiley is dead! O, no, whisper Faith and Hope, he is not dead, but sleepeth. With sword still in hand, and with armor buckled on, he lay down to rest upon the field of battle. What a glorious retrospect!

We may not lift the towering granite shaft to perpetuate his memory and to commemorate his illustrious deeds, nor will "storied urn nor animated bust" be required to remind us of his devotion to our interests; but while our hearts are susceptible to an emotion, a sentiment, an inspiration, an ambition to do heroic service for God and humanity, his memory will be enshrined there, and the inspiration of his pure life will intensify every resolve to quit ourselves like men and be strong. Servant of God, farewell.

"Thou hast finished thy work; thou hast 'fought a hard fight;'
Thou hast battled for God and defended the right.
'Henceforth' take thy crown, and a robe, and the rest
That remaineth for thee in the home of the blest."

E. W. S. HAMMOND.

PRAYER AT GENERAL CONFERENCE.

We conclude this volume with the prayer offered by Bishop Wiley at the close of the General Conference of 1884:

Our Adorable Savior, we would crown thee Lord of all. Thou hast redeemed us; thou hast given thy Spirit to us; thou hast taught us the way of life; thou art our personal Savior, thou art our future hope; we crown thee Lord of all. And now, our adorable Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we come to thee at this, the close of the session of our General Conference, to acknowledge how near thou hast been to us, how great has been thy blessing upon us, how multiplied have been thy mercies, how rich has been thy grace, as day after day, and week after week, we have endeavored with honest hearts, with pure purposes, and with upright motives to do the best that we could for the highest interest of thy Church, and to meet the responsibility that thou hast laid upon us. We thank thee that we have lived; that thy kind providence has taken so good care of us; that our lives and health have been precious in thy sight; that thy loving Providence in the most instances has been mindful of our families, from which so many have been separated, and that so few have been called away from us by calamity or sickness or death in the families at home. And now, under circumstances of so great mercy, we come to finish our work. We thank thee, O God, for the powerful influ-

ence of thy Holy Spirit, by which, in so great harmony and brotherly love, we have been preserved during the deliberations of these many days. We thank thee for our personal assurance that thy Spirit has been with us to direct the deliberations of this body, so that now, as we come to its close, we can, with good conscience, lift up our thoughts and hearts to thee that thou hast been with us, and that we have done the best we could. Yet we are very conscious of our human infirmities, of our shortness of view, of our liability to error, and we would bring all our work, with its imperfections, with its possible mistakes, with the human failure that may attach to it, and lay it all at thy feet, and would pray thee, who never makest mistakes, who never art short in thy wisdom, and who art full of power—we would pray thee, O thou Head of the Church, take all that we have done, bless it, overrule, direct it in the years to come, that all that is good thou mayest make mighty for the accomplishment of thy will, and all that may be wrong thou mayest so overrule as to turn it to the highest and best good of the Church.

Now, we pray thee, dismiss us with thy blessing; let thy heavenly mercies rest upon all these thy servants; go with these ministers to their homes; fill their hearts with thy Spirit; direct and bless them in their work; and grant to make the quadrennium on which we now enter the most signal we have ever had for the triumph and prosperity of the Church. Bless these laymen who have left their business, and have made these days of sacrifice out of their love to the Church of God and this work thou hast given them. O Lord, fill these laymen and all the laymen of the Church with the Spirit of God, that they and the ministry may rise in the might and strength of God for the accomplishment of great things for thy Church.

We beseech thee to bless the bishops of the Church, to

whom now, through the labors and enactments of this conference, have been committed great responsibilities. Do thou give them great grace, large wisdom, pure hearts, consecrated lives, and fervent devotion to the Church of Christ.

Grant especially thy tenderest mercies and thy loving care to our beloved colleague and senior. The Lord let him remain long with us. We love to see his face. We love to hear his voice. We love to hear and receive his counsels. His very presence is a benediction to thy Church. Lord, spare him on earth as long as it is well to keep him out of heaven. Grant thy blessing upon the younger members of the board that this conference has given to us. O, baptize them with the spirit of Christ, and with the spirit of full consecration to this work which the Church has committed to them.

Now we part. Lord, go with us. Let thy blessing be upon all these thy servants as they journey to their homes. May they reach their homes in safety and in health. Be with us through all coming time. Direct us; use us, and accomplish thine own purpose with us; and then finally, when the end shall come, and the great day of God shall be upon us, may all we who are here, and all who have been here, be gathered with the General Assembly and Church of the first born, to dwell with thee forever. And unto the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, we will render all the glory and praise forever.—Amen.