

A BRIEF  
Account of the Life and Work  
OF  
Prof. JOSEPH H. KETRON, A. M.

BY  
HIS NEPHEW, ALBERT C. KETRON,  
TO WHICH IS ADDED AN

Original Poem

BY  
PROF. JOSEPH H. KETRON, A. M.,  
Read on the Occasion of His Graduation  
at the Illinois Wesleyan University,  
at Bloomington, Illinois.

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"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:  
for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm xxxvii, 37.

GATE CITY, VA.  
BOATRIGHT JOB OFFICE,

1902.

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A. B. Ketron,  
Bloomingdale,  
Illinois  
March 29, 1907.

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Thomas W. Ketron,  
Bloomingdale,  
Illinois,  
March 3, 1907.

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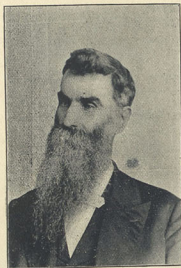
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## PREFACE.



Mortal man must die! He lives and flourishes for a few days, and then passes away. "As a flower of the field so he flourisheth; In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, but in the evening it is cut down and withereth." "So man needs but little here, nor needs that little long." But the immortal soul of man will live forever. To cultivate the inner man should be the chief concern of mortals here below.

In presenting this little volume to the students and friends of the deceased, no attempt has been made to use poetic language, but rather on the contrary, we have tried to clothe the truth in plain, simple words; neither have we tried to say all that the subject might justly demand, but brevity has been one of our chief aims.

Amid the rush of other duties that are now upon me, only a very few hours have been devoted to the preparation of this little book; hence a number of errors may occur. If so, however, I hope you will be as mild in your criticisms as your better judgment may permit.

The motives that have influenced the production of the following pages are not mercenary, for, indeed, the writer has no assurance that any PECUNIARY reward will be received; but if any one, by a perusal of what has been written, should be influenced to a higher life, then, the writer will feel himself amply paid for all this labor. Hoping that this little messenger may be received with the same spirit in which it is sent, it is now most respectfully and lovingly dedicated to any and all who may chance to read the same.

ALBERT C. KETRON.

BLOOMINGDALE, TENN., April 9, 1902.



LIFE AND WORK  
OF  
PROF. JOSEPH H. KETRON, A. M.

—><—  
HIS ANCESTRY.

MICHAEL KETRON was born in Germany September 29, 1739. He came to America in 1765 and located in Wythe county, Virginia.

HENRY KETRON, son of Michael Ketron, was born May 15, 1775, and after being married he soon located at Arcadia, Sullivan county, Tennessee, where he lived the remainder of his days.

WATSON KETRON, son of Henry Ketron, was born April 22, 1809, and died December 26, 1866. He professed faith in Christ August 25, 1825, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he lived a consistent Christian life for nearly seventy-two years, or until his death. He was a hard-working farmer, and provided a comfortable living for his family. For

many years he was a Class Leader and conducted meetings at many times and places, thereby endearing himself to his many friends in the Church which he loved.

On January 26, 1837, he was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mary Cookenour, in which relation they lived happily for fifty-nine years and eleven months. After his death his widow became entirely blind and lived in utter darkness to the beauties of earthly life for about three years, or until her triumphant death, which occurred December 10, 1901. She had great faith in Christ, her Savior, and died without a fear or a struggle. "She only sleeps in Jesus." Her youngest daughter, Mrs. Alice E. Dye, said to the writer when the corpse was being lowered into the earthen vault, "I love to think of mother, not as being in the cold grave, but as being with Jesus and with the angels."

Dear mother, now thy body sleeps  
Among the graves of those we love;  
But He who all His people keeps  
Will, one day, bring thee safe above.



#### JOSEPH H. KETRON'S EARLY LIFE.

JOSEPH H. KETRON, son of Watson and Mary Ketron, was the eldest of thirteen

children, eight girls and five boys, and was born near Bloomingdale, Sullivan county, Tennessee, November 12, 1837, and died November 1, 1901; aged 63 years, 11 months and 19 days. At the very early age of four years he began to take a great interest in books, and soon he had an intense desire to become a scholar. The English alphabet was learned at home, and in a short time such books as could be found in his father's library were being read and studied as a foundation for the great structure that was afterwards builded thereon. While other boys would rest or play, he would be profitably engaged, always seeming to know that "hard study is the price of learning;" and that no important position in life is filled without great effort. He was not content to grovel with the low and worthless engagements of earth, where only serpents and Satan's agents revel; but he was continually inclined to look upward, and to believe that "There is always room upstairs."

His early educational advantages were limited, there being only an occasional school of short session, and the tuition paid by the hard earnings of his own hands, which were laid to the plow, the hoe, the axe, etc. But this was always cheerfully done, until in the midst of his highest

hopes, the war of 1860-65 was ordered, and he was called to go out from the home of his childhood to struggle with the disappointments and cruelties of army life.

On May 17, 1863, in the Big Black River fight, near Vicksburg, Miss., a ball from a gun in the hands of the enemy struck him in the right hip, inflicting such a wound as greatly to endanger his life, and of such a character as to give him severe pain even through all his earthly life. During his immediate sufferings he was in several hospitals where his younger brother, John W. Ketrón, was at his side to administer to his wants so far as the circumstances would admit. When he had recovered sufficiently to travel he was brought home by his other brother, Reuben J. Ketrón, and was cared for with all the tenderness that a mother's hand could afford.

Even at the hour of severe trial, when all medical skill seemed to be baffled and when all hopes of life were gone from the physicians, he refused to take liquor of any kind, although its use was advised by those in whom he had great confidence. This act will, in some little measure, indicate his bold stand against intoxicants of any kind, and this dislike he always maintained and advocated as long as he lived. "Better die than yield to sin." "Beware

of the first glass." By the help of the Lord, stand for the right, if the world around you goes wrong. Speaking to a friend concerning his afflictions, he said: "While I was suffering intensely from my wounds and away from home, I rejoiced in Jesus' love and was as happy as a king on his throne."

During all his experience as a soldier in the Civil War, he was never forgetful of his obligations as a soldier in the "Christian warfare." Each day he would read his Bible and pray the guidance of our heavenly Father in the great conflict then before him.

Returning to the subject of his school life, we would give the substance of what some of his early instructors say: "He was always obedient and studious." "If all boys and girls were as well disposed as Joseph H. Ketrón, I should have no fear in governing a school." Prof. Ketrón says of himself: "When I was a small boy I heard of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and I then thought if I could only manage some way to buy one of these books I should be supremely happy." He did buy one, he bought many others. He bought dictionaries from many authors, he used them, he studied them, even tasking himself to learn one hundred words and their definitions in a single day, besides the other regular duties connected with his work.



While he was energetic and zealous in his search for knowledge in classical and scientific courses, yet he was never forgetful of the Holy Word of God. He says: "I was never too busy with my studies, or any other work, to first read a chapter, or more, from the Bible and to ask God's blessings upon me during the day." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," was his motto. After he had learned the Hebrew and Greek he would often study the Sunday School lessons in these original languages, thereby increasing his knowledge of the Scriptures, always remembering to search the Scriptures because they testify of Christ.

The following lines were composed by Prof. Ketrion while in school at New Market, Tennessee:

"The Bible you should read each day,  
Each morn and eve you ought to pray;  
That you in life may useful be,  
And happy through eternity."

From infancy he was taught to pray and to trust in God. Very early in life he was impressed that all men are sinners, being subject to condemnation and the wrath of the Avenger, and that they must be born of the Spirit if they would see God. At the age of twelve years, in a meeting at the Reedy Creek Camp-ground, conducted by the Rev. Rufus M. Hickey, he felt a Godly sorrow

for sins, and in answer to his penitent prayers, the Holy Spirit filled his soul with love to God and all his people. Jesus accepted him as a saved child, and he claimed Jesus as his personal Savior. Realizing that it is only "those that be planted in the house of the Lord that shall flourish in the courts of our God," he felt the importance of becoming a member of the visible Church on earth, and in accordance with his own choice he joined the Methodist Church, in which he lived a consistent Christian life until he was called to join the "Church triumphant, which is without fault, before the throne of God." In his youthful days he would often call upon his "old Uncle Joe" Ketrion and other good people, and consult with them on religious subjects, thus striving in every honest way to get useful information.

He never publicly advocated sectarianism in religion, and was exceedingly liberal with all Christian denominations, taking great care never to wound the feelings or rights of any person; yet he had strong convictions of his own, being very much devoted to the Church of his choice, which he so dearly loved. These lines of the poet were very dear to him:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode;

The Church our blest Redeemer bought  
With His own precious blood."

This fact is evidenced by the untiring zeal and untold labors which continued through the fifty-two years of his Christian warfare. The sacrifices which he made were cheerfully wrought, and these were not a few, for he was a very important factor in the Charge in which his membership was recorded. He even deemed it "a privilege to suffer for Christ's sake." The prayer of David was one of his favorite texts: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer." Psalm 19: 14.

A few of his favorite songs are these:

"I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like thine  
Can peace afford.

I need Thee, O, I need Thee:  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Savior,  
I come to Thee."

"Yield Not to Temptation."

"Work, for the Night is Coming."

He was a busy man, often saying: "Time is too precious to fritter away." "I had rather wear out than to rust out." His busy life was not a rude one, for he was of

a gentle, feminine disposition, being always attracted by the beauties of art as well as nature; and giving much time and thought to those themes in poetry and literature which tend to elevate and refine the coarser nature in man, and lift him to a higher life.

He was a dear lover of flowers, and often spent considerable amounts of money and labor in the production of these heaven-sent messengers that, in the springtime, filled the morning air with their rich perfume, bidding a happy good day to the early visitor, and filling his mind with thoughts of Him who painted their petals with such admirable colors. The silence of the old homestead was often broken by the melodies of his musical voice, as it rang out on the evening breeze in social conversation, or as it was lifted upward in sacred song, and then around the old hearth-stone he would lead in family prayer.

His advice to young men and young ladies was always wholesome and full of sound doctrine; his words and manner being governed by that caution and wisdom that always becometh every man of God. He often insisted that "we should live above suspicion, and that we should shun even the appearance of evil."

The Sunday School of his youth had seen and known his manner of life, so, very soon

after his conversion he was unanimously elected to superintend his home school, in which capacity he served the remainder of his life, except during four years when he was away from home. For many years he was Class Leader, Trustee, Recording Steward, District Steward, and he also served in other official positions in the Church, never missing a Quarterly or a District Conference, and very seldom missing the Holston Annual Conference. He was a member of the Laymen's Convention of the Holston Conference. Many prominent ministers and laymen of this conference and other conferences knew him and loved him.

He was elected a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1884 and as alternate delegate in 1900.

He was very reserved in his manner, never wishing to be presumptuous, never very noisy in religious matters—not like the man whose character is represented by the seeds which fell among the thorns, or upon stony ground—but rather, by those that fell in good ground, growing strong and firm, enduring to the end, and bearing much fruit.

Many times he would say: "I want it said of me when I am gone, 'He has done what he could.'"

### SCHOOL WORK.

His chief work in life was that of a Christian educator. He would often say to young ministers: "If you are called to preach, I am called to teach." Also, he would say: "A call to the Christian ministry implies a call to PREPARE for this great work." About sixty young men have studied, more or less, under his direction for the Christian ministry.

At the age of eighteen years he was sufficiently advanced to teach in the public schools of the vicinity in which he lived, and thus the six succeeding years were spent with great acceptability to those by whom he was patronized. About this time he spent a few months as a student at Fall Branch, Tennessee, and a little later a few months were spent at Rotherwood, Tennessee. At both these schools he was studious and courteous, acquitting himself with much credit.

### PRINCIPAL OF REEDY CREEK ACADEMY.

In August, 1864, at Arcadia, Sullivan county, Tennessee, two and one-half miles from the birthplace of Joseph H. Ketron, he

was elected Principal of Reedy Creek Academy, where he served with zeal and courage for nine successive years, enrolling a large number of young men and young ladies, and urging them on in the race of life, emphasizing the fact that success in life is won only through personal effort and entire consecration. Doubtless, many fathers and mothers, who may read this little sketch, will recall, with pride, the fact that they were students at Arcadia in the years gone by.

Now, more fully realizing the importance of a Higher Education, and feeling that he could be more useful by receiving a college training, he began to turn his attention in that direction. Having no one to encourage him, and no one being near who could give him information concerning such an advanced step in life, the way was not all sunshine. But being determined in his resolves, he wrote Dr. James Dean, of the East Tennessee Wesleyan University, at Athens, Tennessee, for information and advice, which he most cheerfully gave; and in the year 1874 Joseph H. Ketron entered the above-mentioned school, where he served as a tutor, as well as a student, during the one and a half years which he remained in this place.

In 1875-76 he completed the required course of studies in the Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, Illinois, where

he was graduated with highest honors. It is said of him that in all his studies, "he was exceedingly thorough, and that he received a very high grade."

After his graduation, he spent one session at New Market, Tennessee, as a teacher, in which relation he endeared himself to many who knew him there.

Not willing that the work of the Lord in the training of the young minds of his home section should go undone, and feeling that he could make the world better by working here, he chose rather to do this missionary work than to accept large financial inducements elsewhere; and accordingly, on August 6, 1877, within one mile of the old home stead, Kingsley Seminary was chartered as a Church School, with Prof. Joseph H. Ketron, A. M., as Principal, in which capacity he was a faithful, sacrificing servant until the Master called him home, while yet attending to the ordinary duties of life, having thus served in Kingsley Seminary for 25 years, and having enrolled in this one institution 1004 different students, about 495 of whom have been non-residents, coming from nine different states. All the days he spent as a teacher amount to 41 years, and the aggregate number of his students is about 2100 different boys and girls. The writer of this sketch was a student in Kingsley Seminary

for quite a number of years and an intimate associate with Prof. Ketrón for 20 years, and especially so during the last few months of his life.

Many incidents in the history of the school, and other facts concerning his life, might be interesting to mention :

His school was always opened and closed with prayer for Divine assistance.

In the course of study the Bible was always placed at the beginning, and a lesson from the New Testament was read by the students each day of the regular school. I shall now quote from one of his circulars issued in 1872: "We shall endeavor to develop the intellect, and fit students for the practical duties of life. Moral and religious training will, also, receive special attention. The Bible—the Book of books—the fountain of all knowledge—is read daily; but sectarian comments or interpretations are never made."

I have said that he began to study and to be a dear lover of books when he was only four years of age; and so during the other sixty-four years of his life he never ceased to be a close student—to "TRIM THE MIDNIGHT LAMP" was no new thing for him to do—and even two o'clock in the morning would, on special occasions, find him busy at his desk. He spared no means nor pains

in order that he might become thorough in his work, and that he might be fully prepared for the work to which his life was devoted. I have often heard him say, "I would cheerfully give \$1 for a book containing a single word, the pronunciation, or meaning, of which I do not fully understand, if such information could not be secured without such investment."

The exact number of books in his library is not known, neither can their cost be reliably stated; but it suffices to say, that a careful examination of the same will indicate that the wisdom and discretion manifested in their selection cannot be over-estimated; neither can their real value be surpassed by any individual library in any of our Southern States. In fact, when we weigh the real worth of the matter contained in each volume, it will doubtless compare favorably with, if not even surpass, many of the PUBLIC libraries in our country. And these were paid for with his own hard earnings.

For many years he was the first choice of the people in the surrounding country as land surveyor, and for many miles around he was often called to do work of this kind, always doing accurate and satisfactory work for those who employed him.

While he was exceedingly anxious for

his students to become good scholars and to make a high grade in their studies, yet he always insisted upon a high moral character and the importance of Christian integrity. A great number of students, yea, very many, were, from time to time, converted while in his school, and many of them through his immediate influence.

A Students' Prayer-meeting was uniformly conducted on Thursday evenings during all the years of the school's progress, in which prayer-meeting many of his students made their first attempt in life to lead in public prayer. However, he was always careful to get the student's consent before calling upon him publicly. Many students of Kingsley Seminary will to-day date their first Christian experience, in a public way, back to the Student's Prayer-meeting in this school. The present writer is one who gives testimony to the above statement as being true in his own experience.

Prof. Ketrón has often said: "I want to be so careful in my deportment and conversation, that if, at any unexpected hour, my mother, my sister, or any other most refined lady, should see or hear me, I should have no cause to blush," and this rule he tried to observe always. He never used tobacco in any form, and always discour-

aged its use among others, often advising young people to wholly abstain from its use and to put their money to some benevolent purpose, or to buy some good book and store their minds with some useful and elevating thoughts. O, that many who read this advice of his would heed it, and not be a slave to this needless practice.

If one good thought of his had precedence above another, it must have been that he might be made perfect before God, and that he might be used to lead others into the fields of usefulness, thereby making the world better by his having lived here. He would often express a burning desire for the success of his students, and seemed always to rejoice with them in their prosperity and to weep with them in adversity.

Preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, farmers, merchants, and all classes of mechanics will remember the many suggestive points given by him that have led, more or less, to their progress in the respective positions which they occupy, and will from time to time thank God for the life of such a man.

He was of a mechanical turn of mind, and his judgment and skill in the use of tools are very seldom surpassed, even by our experienced workmen. He helped to build the house in which his father lived most of his wedded life. His hands could be laid to the

saw, the plane, the chisel, etc., in the production of almost any useful article; and even the hammer and the anvil were sometimes made to ring under the blow of his feeble muscle. Wherever he could be most useful he was willing to go.

Already the little village of Bloomingdale and its attributes, that grew in response to his vigorous efforts, have missed his footfalls, and their silence is seldom broken, except by an occasional passer-by, while the vacant rooms, so lonely and desolate, seem to whisper, "he is not here." The postoffice, once made cheerful by his frequent visits, has missed his presence, and the tolling of the school or church bell seems but a funeral knell, proclaiming his departure to the Spirit world. There seems to be a missing link in the chain of our every day duties, as well as in the machinery of church and school. We see the works of his hands, we read the words of his pen, we remember his words of counsel, we thank God for the influence of his character and life; but we miss him beyond the mission of words to express; and while we would not, for a moment, worry or complain, yet, with the poet, we would join in saying:

But, O, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

It is said by his parents and others that Joseph H. Ketron was an obedient son, a

loving brother, a close student, a sacrificing servant of the people; a friend to poor boys and girls, a successful teacher, an uncompromising Christian, a true soldier for Jesus, and that he gave his life, his talent, his money, his all, for the cause of Christ and for the people. No boy or girl was ever turned away from his school on account of poverty.

He earned a great deal of money—some of it was collected—a great deal was not. Of the amount that was collected he spent most of it for books and for benevolent improvements; so that he died in only moderate financial circumstances; but best of all, he had his treasures laid up "where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through nor steal."

For thirty-five years he kept a diary containing an account of the most important events of his life, and also a record of the temperature of most of the days during this time. Only a very few of the records are here copied as they appear in his book:

"January 1, 1867: I am thankful to the Great Author of my existence that my life has been spared until the present time.—I intend to try to improve my time and perform my duties faithfully, if permitted to live till the close of the year.—Snow on the ground."

"January 1, 1868: Snow six or eight inches deep.—Brother John married to-day to Miss Mary J.

Agee.—I feel impressed with the shortness of time; if spared this year, I intend to try to improve it—Lord help me."

"January 1, 1870: "Surveyed a lot of land for Papa, planted some fruit trees, did a few other little jobs of work.—Read in the Bible and other books.—Drizzled rain a part of the day."

"January 1, 1871: Conducted a Sunday School Concert at Oak Grove—had a nice time—house was crowded—I gave a talk.—Completed our 'Twelve Lessons about Jesus.'—Resolved to try to improve in knowledge and to try to do right—Lord help me."

"January 26, 1887: To-day we celebrate my father and mother's 'Golden Wedding'—We had a pleasant time.—Cold day."

Many other notes similar to the above might be given, many of which would give an account of his travels in all the states east of the Mississippi river, but as it is our purpose to be brief in all of our remarks, we shall quote no others at present.

After the death of his father, and until his own death, a duration of about five years, he had general oversight of the old home—taking great care that no want of his aged mother was neglected. He held in high esteem those of the opposite sex, regarding refined ladies as man's equal in every particular; yet he never married, believing that he could do more good by remaining in single life. He was not very strong in body, and yet he was seldom confined to his room. He said to me on one

occasion: "I don't want to be a drone, lest the working bees sting me out." He was an early riser, and always recommended the same to all young people.

He was exceedingly careful in his habits, and tried to do things in their right manner. As a little specimen of this practice, let me give this simple illustration: He always laid down his pen or pencil with the point towards him, so it could be taken in hand again, ready for use, without being turned around. Try it for yourself, and then you will know why he did it! This little practice, with many others of like nature, became perfectly natural with him.

He never swore an oath in his life, and never took a dram of liquor. He never used tobacco, and for many years he drank no coffee—his diet was of a plain, simple nature, fruits being his principal luxury.

I have said he was a busy man; and now I want to emphasize this fact: He died at his post, having examined his mail and given directions concerning his work only a few hours before his departure from this world.

In March, 1901, he was attacked with Pleuritic Pneumonia, from which he never fully recovered. On this account his school had to close one month earlier than he had expected, which was the first time within



the school's existence that a Public Entertainment was not observed. His Annual Addresses, which were prepared by himself and read on Sunday preceding the Closing Exercises of each year, were always highly appreciated by the thinking class of people.

During the spring and summer of 1901 his illness kept him in the house, or near there, but he was never confined to his bed. He had all the medical aid that Dr. Alvin Roller, an experienced and skilled physician, could suggest; but as it is appointed unto man once to die, so now, this good man must yield to the disease that preyed so ravenously upon his body.

It was the writer's privilege to converse with him many times during these months.

He had a great desire to become well again, but he never worried about his afflictions, he bore them without a murmur; having settled the one thing needful—the salvation of his soul—many years ago, he had but to labor and to wait till the Master said: "It is enough, come up higher."

Only a few weeks before his death he requested his pastor, Rev. J. C. Hodge, and his cousin, Rev. Samuel G. Ketro, to come to his home and administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to his mother, himself, and a few other relatives who were there. The service was a very impressive one.

When too weak to lift a heavy book, he would have some one hand it to him, and sitting, he would turn the leaves and examine its contents in search of knowledge; and on one of the very last days of his earthly life he asked his sister Mary to sit by his side and hold the book in order that he might see to read and to look for some desired information. O, how he sought to become a full man, ready unto every good work. The last words he uttered, in the hearing of the writer, were with reference to his school work—O, how his heart yearned for the cause of education and for the success of his students.

The twenty years of association, as his student, and several years as a tutor in his school, as well as the various other intimate relations that brought us together, give abundant opportunity for the writer to speak with some confidence in regard to these matters which have been mentioned. To know him best was to love him most.

Among his many, many friends,  
Who came to mourn with all the rest,  
He sure the richest tribute lends,  
Who says: "On earth I knew him best."

During the last few weeks of his life, he suffered with Tuberculosis, which gave him great pain at occasional instances, this also rendered his breathing very unsatisfactory,

which caused him to become quite weak, finally resulting in heart failure, which was the immediate cause of his death.

On the same afternoon, or evening, of his death he walked down stairs and into the dining-room, where, in company with his mother, his sister Mary, his brother John, his cousin James C. Ketron and John W. Houchins, he ate a very bountiful supper for a man of his strength. This was his last time to dine on earth, and one of these has already joined him, where the tree of life doth bloom and yield her fruits continually.

After supper he rested in the sitting room for quite awhile, and then about 10 o'clock, by the assistance of his sister and brother who were present, he returned to his room up-stairs to retire for the night—helping to undress himself as usual, he soon lay down. But his brother John and sister, Mrs. Mary A. Gott, had already discovered that the condition of his health was worse, and that the end was near; so they at once had his brother Reuben and other friends summoned to the bedside. In quick response they came in time to see him breathe his last, which occurred about 12 o'clock—and while the world around was wrapt in silent slumbers, the body became lifeless and the spirit took its flight to the Creator of all good. And now the stillness of the midnight was broken only by

the soft footfall of friends upon the floor, and the gentle whispers of one to another, "Our dear brother is gone."

Two of his younger sisters, Mrs. Ella R. Keel and Mrs. Alice E. Dye, were the only members of the immediate family who were absent. The news was soon broken to them, and all the sisters and brothers joined in sympathy for each other in their loss. His aged, blind and afflicted mother was almost heart-broken when the sad intelligence reached her ear; but God in his Providence, only forty days later, took her to be with her son in the summer land of bliss. It is hard to say good-bye to such a man; but God who gave him knew best when to take him, and we know that our God makes no mistakes, hence we bow in humble submission and say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done, and not ours."

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#### FUNERAL.

On November 2nd, 11 A. M., at the "Old Reedy Creek Camp-Ground" Cemetery, his body was laid to rest, to await the General Resurrection, when this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. Appropriate funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. C. Hodge, assisted by the Rev. Samuel G. Ketron and the Rev. George B. Draper. The

pall bearers were chosen from among his nephews, and their names are as follows:

Joseph W. Gott, Andio B. Ketron, Thomas W. Ketron, Samuel S. Spahr, Emory J. Ketron and Albert C. Ketron. In the procession the pall bearers were accompanied by two nieces of the deceased, Miss M. Rachel Ketron and Miss Mary E. Spahr.

A very large concourse of relatives and friends were present to witness the interment and show a tribute of respect to one they loved. In company with M. W. Pool, Assistant Sunday-School Superintendent at Kingsley, a large number of Sunday-School boys and girls joined the procession, following immediately after the near relatives of the deceased, each one bearing a bouquet of flowers, which they afterwards laid on the grave as a token of love and respect for him, who, for so many years, had been their Superintendent. These flowers, with many others that were borne by other friends, were more than enough to completely cover the mound of this new-made grave. Already these smiling flowers have withered and faded and died. The delightful odors that they brought have been wafted away by the chilly winds of winter; but the message they bore still lives in the minds and hearts of his relatives. Prof. Ketron is gone, but he is not forgotten.

"He being dead yet speaketh." The impress made upon his many friends will live on, and what good he has done eternity alone can tell. Very recently one of his former students wrote the following lines:

"My thoughts naturally revert to my school-boy days at old Kingsley Seminary. Pleasant memories of those days are like the sweet perfume of fragrant flowers that clamber and climb over garden walls. I often think of the kind instruction received at the hands of the late Joseph H. Ketron. Truly, he has wrought a good work, and his most enduring monument will be that which he builded in the hearts of his countrymen, whom he served so faithfully. Time will only tend to add a lustre to his name; one of the few immortal names that were not born to die. We do not wonder at his falling asleep as serenely as the setting of a summer's sun, for truly, his eventful life was full of kind deeds and pleasant memories. Even death had no terror for him, having a cheerful confidence in the immortal life beyond, he stepped slowly down into the waters of the dark river, and the misty curtain of eternity veiled him from mortal sight."

"Many others will rise up and call him blessed." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith

the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

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

The relatives of the deceased would herein acknowledge their sincerest thanks to their many friends for the sympathy and kindness manifested in the sad hours of affliction which have been of long duration in the old home, so recently made desolate by the hand of death; and we would most earnestly pray that all who have lent a helping hand may be among Christ's jewels when he comes to claim his own.

Of the thirteen children in the home where the subject of this sketch was reared, eight have joined the "blood-washed throng" beyond the rolling tide of time; the other five are on their way to the Celestial City, expecting that when their earthly tabernacle shall fail they may enter that building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal, and in the heavens; and then with father and mother, all the children will be safe from the storms of life. It is only the true Christian who can say: "O Grave, where is thy victory, O Death, where is thy sting?"

DEAR READER—The object of this brief sketch is not simply to perpetuate the memory of Prof. Ketron, or to have his name handed down to coming generations, but it is brought to your attention, with the hope that all of you may in some way be benefited and encouraged to have your names written in the Lamb's Book of Life; and having them written there, will you not be faithful unto death, that you may receive a crown of life?

If you should fail to be made a better man or woman, a better boy or girl, by reflecting upon these statements of facts, I should feel that my purpose had not been reached, and that, perhaps, my time had been wasted in trying to bring to your attention these few words. But it is with much confidence in your ability to appreciate the truth, that they are sent forth; and now, I pray that in God's own way he may give them weight, and that learning to labor for Christ, ye may patiently bide his coming, and that when the Judge of all the earth has called you, He may say: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

## POEM.

### The Prophet Elijah,

BY

PROF. JOSEPH H. KETRON, A. M.

The following poem was composed by Prof. Joseph H. Ketrón while in the Illinois Wesleyan University, at Bloomington, Illinois; and was read as his Graduating Address in May, 1876. At that time a number of competent critics commented upon it, and pronounced it very fine. It is herewith added, believing that it will be appreciated by the thinking class of people.—A. C. K.

The ancient Hebrew prophets, stern and brave,  
Were men of worth, and were inspired with true  
Prophetic ken, to pierce the mazy time  
To come, foretell the destiny of men—  
Make known the will of God, and testify  
Of Christ, the coming Savior of the world.

Among the chief of these, from GILEAD's land,  
Behold a prophet, bold to do and dare—  
His name EIJAH—blazing forth as fire—  
His word a torch, t'illumine the moral gloom  
And pitchy darkness, spread o'er all the land.  
The smoke of sacrilegious sacrifice  
Ascends from hill and dale; and everywhere

PROF. JOSEPH H. KETRON, A. M.

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Are seen the images of Baalim  
And Ashteroth, polluting sacred soil.

O Israel, alas! alas for thee!  
Departed is thy fame,

As darkness reigns,  
And, while no cheering star is gleaming through  
The wide-spread blackness, on a sudden comes  
And stands, amid the desolation wild,  
The mighty SEER—but not without his God.

At the command of God, the prophet goes  
Alone to Cherith's waters; full of faith,  
He feels the Lord will give him food and drink,  
For 'tis declared the FOWLS shall feed him there,  
He starts—a solitary traveler—  
The promise grasps; he TRUSTS the Lord his God;  
And at the brook before the Lord,  
He dwells. Now, wild and dreary is the scene;  
Dead SILENCE reigns around, unless, perchance,  
Some lonely bird, in melancholy strain,  
May utter forth its cry. The naked peaks  
Raise up their lofty heads, and FORESTS FROWN;  
It is a deep and narrow glen o'erhung  
With tangled wild-wood all around,  
Where runs along a murmur'ing, purling brook  
That finds its way between the jagged rocks.  
In hairy mantle sits the man of God  
In his appointed home; the sky, his roof,  
The stone, his seat, the dewy grass, his couch,  
The leafy, shady wood, his domicile,  
His company, the limpid, crystal stream

Now come, and let us go to Zarephath;  
We find Elijah at a widow's home.

And mead are clothed in green ; exultant joy  
Pervades the hearts of all.

The prayer  
Of faith "availeth much ;"—Elijah prays—  
The heav'ns are brass ; he prays—the rain descends ;  
He prays—the dead, new life receives ; he prays—  
And Baa's prophets die.

But Satan's hosts  
Conspire to crush the prophet of the Lord.  
He journeyed unto Horeb's sacred mount.  
The journey far advanced, behold, he sees  
The rocky, azure mountain glistening out  
Before him, —tow'ring, piercing th'ether blue.  
Above, around, are ragged layers of stone,  
And tangled thickets ! Must he travel on ?  
He can not farther go,—his mantle close  
Around him wraps, and enters [a] gloomy cave.  
A furious mountain tempest now breaks forth,  
And bursting, crashing rocks are thund'ring loud,  
As if the winds, confined, had burst their bonds,  
To fight together. Thick and murky clouds, athwart  
The sky, now fly in wild amaze.  
The sandy desert, like a raging sea,  
Its curling billows tosses high in air.

The terrors of an earthquake next ensue,  
And rocks and mountains threaten now to fall ;  
The hills go down, the valleys rise, and chasms  
Unfold the dreadful, yawning depths below.

And now a terrifying fire is seen ;  
But God was seen in earthquake, wind, nor fire.  
Tranquillity spreads over hill and dale,  
And earth and sky in silent homage lie.  
The scene is hushed to perfect peace ; and now

Is heard "a still, small voice." And so it was,  
That, when Elijah heard, his mantle round  
Him wrapped, in tok'n of reverential awe,  
And stood, and held sweet converse with  
His Maker.

Now his work on earth is done ;  
The labors of the day are followed by  
A calm and lovely eve, all beautiful,  
And tinged with mellow, silvery light, as from  
The heav'nly world. Angelic whispers charm  
His ear. He hears the white-robed angels sing  
The golden glories of their beauteous land ;  
His placid brow is fanned by snowy wings ;  
And all is o'er.

The flaming chariot bears him home.



