

[Wiles, Browning Nichols]

IX. Rev. BROWNING NICHOLS WILES, son of Daniel and Myra (Nichols) Wiles, was born in Madison County, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1815, and died of typhoid fever at Macomb, Ill., May 6, 1880.

When Mr. Wiles was quite young, his parents moved to Perry, Genesee Co., N. Y., where he attended school, learned the trade of shoemaking, and grew to manhood. He was married, April 26, 1842, to Miss Isabella Conover who survives him. Soon after his marriage, he removed to Sandusky, N. Y., where he continued to work at his trade, devoting all his leisure to study. His early life was passed under Methodist influences; but when he grew to manhood, his vision became clearer, his faith was enlarged, and he became a Universalist. He was aided and encouraged by the late Rev. J. S. Brown, of Perry, to enter the ministry, and he fitted himself for that position while working daily at his trade for the support of his family. He was ordained Oct. 12, 1854, and his first pastorate was at Sandusky. He removed to Gainesville in 1855 and remained there six years, when he moved to Olcott. In 1862, he responded to the call of his distressed country, enlisted in Company K, 151st N. Y. Infantry, was elected Captain, and served for three years in the army. He was in sixteen hard-fought battles, and was three times wounded. When he left the army he returned to Olcott, and, after preaching there one year, removed to McHenry, Ill., where he was settled five years. He then went to Sycamore, DeKalb Co., where he preached till 1873, when he took charge of the parish at Macomb, which was his last settlement. At the time of his death, it was one of the best parishes in the State—the fruit of his zealous and faithful labors.

Mr. Wiles was one of the prominent ministers in the West; ever faithful to his convictions, energetic and active, whether he was struggling in the field to save his beloved country, or engaged in the peaceful warfare of a Christian minister. He was successful both as pastor and preacher, and was an honorable, upright, and good man, and few are more esteemed and beloved than was he. His illness was severe and protracted. He knew he could not recover, and peacefully and quietly awaited death, and finally fell asleep, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust.

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