

CT

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W584W5

In Memoriam

Obed J. Wilson



Class CT275  
Book W584W5

PRESENTED BY

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Obed J. Wilson.



# In Memoriam

## Obed J. Wilson

BORN IN BINGHAM, MAINE  
AUGUST 30, 1826

DIED AT HIS RESIDENCE  
SWEET HOME  
CLIFTON, CINCINNATI, OHIO  
AUGUST 31, 1914

Wilson, Mrs. Amanda Maria (Sandrum)  
" "



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Gift  
Mrs. Obed J. Wilson  
R. 24.14



Funeral Service  
at the Family Residence  
September 3d  
1914

Interment  
in Spring Grove Cemetery

CINCINNATI, OHIO



## Officiating Clergy

REV. A. H. CURRIER.....	Oberlin, Ohio
REV. C. G. McNEILL.....	Cincinnati, Ohio
REV. HEBER D. KETCHAM.....	Kankakee, Illinois
REV. A. H. NORCROSS.....	Zanesville, Ohio
REV. J. BENJAMIN MYERS.....	Columbus, Ohio

## Pall Bearers

MR. R. H. STONE, JR.....	Cincinnati, Ohio
MR. FRANK M. WILSON.....	Redwing, Minnesota
MR. GEORGE W. STONE.....	Cincinnati, Ohio
MR. OLIVER OBED WILSON....	Minneapolis, Minnesota
MR. OBED WILSON STONE.....	St. Louis, Missouri
MR. WILLIAM G. MINER.....	Cincinnati, Ohio

## Music

SOLOIST—MR. AARON CURRIER....	Portland, Oregon
PIANIST—MISS FANNY M. STONE....	Cincinnati, Ohio

Three of the officiating clergy, Revs. Currier, McNeill and Myers, were relatives of Mr. Wilson. All the pall bearers were nephews, the soloist a cousin, the pianist a niece.

## Order of Service

INVOCATION.....	REV. A. H. CURRIER
MUSIC—"Shadow Land".....	MR. AARON CURRIER
SCRIPTURE—Psalm XXIII....	REV. A. H. NORCROSS
REMARKS.....	REV. C. G. McNEILL
ADDRESS.....	REV. A. H. CURRIER
PRAYER.....	REV. HEBER D. KETCHAM
MUSIC—"Abide With Me".....	MR. AARON CURRIER
BENEDICTION.....	REV. J. BENJAMIN MYERS

## The Service

**Invocation—Rev. A. H. Currier**

Our gracious Heavenly Father, lift us by the power and influence of Thy Holy Spirit into the feeling of Thy presence; and make this service for which we are assembled contribute to Thy glory and the comfort of our souls.—*Amen.*

**Solo—Mr. Aaron Currier**

**Pianist—Miss Fanny M. Stone**

### THAT SHADOW-LAND SO BEAUTIFUL

In the hush of twilight's shadow  
I can hear His gentle voice;  
I can hear Him sweetly calling,  
And it makes my heart rejoice.  
'Midst the toiling and the striving,  
This message I can see,  
There's a home and loving welcome  
In shadow-land for me.

I can hear the angels singing,  
I can see them, robed in white;  
I can hear their voices blending  
With the echoes of the night:  
And in fancy I can see them  
Around the great white throne,  
In that shadow-land so beautiful,  
Our loving Father's home.

There our lov'd ones wait to greet us,  
And the gates are open wide:  
They are waiting, they are longing,  
To have us by their side.  
Thus, when weary life is ended,  
There's rest for you and me,  
In that shadow-land so beautiful,  
Beyond the tideless sea.

—P. DOUGLAS BIRD.

**Scripture Reading—23d Psalm—Rev. A. H. Norcross**

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.—*Amen.*

**Remarks—Rev. C. G. McNeill**

2 Sam. 3: 38.—“*Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?*”

Sometimes we stand so close to things that we do not and can not see them properly. An artist at work over his canvas finds it necessary, frequently, to step back a few paces to inspect his work. He can see it more clearly as it recedes from him.



So we find ourselves looking after our friend and kinsman as he takes his departure from this world, and realize, in the perspective, the great worth of the man and of his life's work, better than ever we could have realized it while close to him.

My sober judgment is, that no man lived in the last hundred years who has exerted so profound an influence on society for its permanent good. He it was who made possible the wonderful advance in education which the last century marked.

The standardizing of the school books made possible the standardizing of methods and the standardizing of courses of study. By it our schools took the form of a real system.

Every educational institution in the land, from the little red schoolhouse to the foremost university, owes him a mighty debt of gratitude for benefits received.

That means that every boy and every girl, every young man and every young woman, in these schools, colleges, and universities has been and will be benefited.

His work is abiding. It will go on. So long as the world shall stand it is not likely that through any vicissitude society will surrender the benefits he conferred.

With all this to his credit, his was a modest life, humble as it was noble. To have expressed in his presence the appreciation to which he was entitled would have embarrassed him.

And now he is gone!

But his work abides. He builded for all time,

and for eternity. And his gentle, genial, lovable personality will abide in our hearts all the journey through. He has gone ahead.

May we amend, a little, a verse from Ethel Lynn Beers:

But in my throat there's something chokes,  
Because, you see, I thought so long  
To count him in among our folks.  
I s'pose he must be happy there;  
And when His hand deals other strokes  
He'll stand by heaven's gate, I know,  
And wait to welcome in our folks.

#### Address—Rev. A. H. Currier

Obed J. Wilson was the youngest child of the family of seven sons and seven daughters of Rev. Obed and Christiana Gray Wilson. He was born in their home in Bingham, Somerset County, Maine, August 30, 1826. The last Sunday, therefore, was his eighty-eighth birthday. His relatives and friends had anticipated having the pleasure of offering to him their congratulations on that day, but he was unconscious of the presence of those about him, and he passed away from this earthly life to the life celestial the next morning, August 31st. God had appointed something better for him than a longer stay with us here.

His father was a successful minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, toiling indefatigably for forty years in the service of the Churches which this religious body had planted or was planting in the sparsely settled communities of the State. He took

high rank among his ministerial brethren as a man of strong mind, gifted with uncommon powers of clear thinking and popular eloquence. Because of his marked ability and reputation for wisdom, he was chosen, by his fellow citizens, a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution by which the "Province of Maine" was made a State in 1820-21; repeatedly was elected afterward a member of the House of Representatives of the State, and, later on, honored by being chosen State Senator.

Absent much of the time from home, on account of his ministerial and public duties, he threw upon his sons the chief responsibility and labor of managing, with the help of their mother, the farm at home. Though poor, like most of the ministers of that day, because of the small salaries received, he and his good wife were rich in their children. Few fathers and mothers have been blessed with such riches. But poor as he was, and, therefore, without the means of giving to his children the advantages of a liberal education—having himself been handicapped on account of the lack of it—he did what he could to encourage and assist his sons to acquire this by their own exertions. They thus mostly earned it for themselves, so that they all became men of well-disciplined minds, unusual intellectual attainments, and manifest culture. They did this by qualifying themselves to teach school winters, by which they obtained the means of securing in the autumn, after the work of the farm was done, the educational advantages of the county academy, the Wesleyan Institute of Kent's Hill, and of the College.

The oldest brother went to Waterville College (now Colby University), and had nearly completed its course when he died, at the age of twenty-one—the victim of exposure and overwork. The second son, Oliver, and the younger brothers, Horace and John, attended the school at Kent's Hill, which offered a good course of the higher studies.

Obed, the youngest, lost his mother when but seven years of age. His schooling was more limited than that of any of his brothers, being confined to the studies pursued at the public school and to the advantages offered by Bloomfield Academy, at Skowhegan, which he attended for several terms. My remembrance of him goes back to the time of his attendance at Bloomfield Academy. He lived with his sister Christiana on the Skowhegan side of the river. I recollect distinctly his personal appearance—a tall young man, of perhaps eighteen years of age, with an intelligent, scholarly face, starting from his sister's house, opposite to my father's store, to go over to the academy at the top of the hill on the Bloomfield side of the river. I was but a small boy, eleven years his junior, but not too young to notice this student—my mother's cousin—whose pleasant greetings pleased me, and whose resolute face and decisive step, animated by a purpose to endeavor well, impressed me.

His school days at the Academy ended, he came to Cincinnati, in 1846, in his twentieth year. He was probably drawn hither by the fact that his older brother, Oliver, was then a highly esteemed teacher of one of the city's public schools, through

whose influence he hoped to find employment here. His hope was fulfilled. He obtained a situation in the public schools, in which he taught for five years, studying law at the same time in his spare hours.

In 1851, on account of the failure of his eyesight, he was compelled to give up his teaching and discontinue his law study. Fortunately, he secured a position as traveling agent with the firm of W. B. Smith & Company, schoolbook publishers. His success in this line of work, on account of his pleasing personal address and business ability, was phenomenal, and because of it he won the high esteem of the firm and the warm personal regard of its head, Mr. Smith, who became, and remained through life, his strongly attached friend. By reason of their appreciation of his services, the firm gave to him, with increase of salary, the most important position of correspondent, literary critic, and editor-in-chief of its publications. When Mr. Smith retired, Mr. Wilson became a member of the new firm then organized, of Sargent, Wilson & Hinkle, and later senior member of the firm of Wilson, Hinkle & Co. Through their energy and business ability, the business, under the latter firm, rapidly extended so that the house became the largest schoolbook concern in America.

Because of intense application to business, Mr. Wilson's health became impaired, so that in 1869 he went abroad, with Mrs. Wilson and her niece, for its recuperation through rest and European travel. The change and the attractions of the dif-

ferent cities and places of tourist resort visited proved to be immediately beneficial, and his impaired health was restored. At Rome, he was called home by the death of a partner. Returning, he gave himself anew to his business for seven years. Having accumulated sufficient wealth to satisfy his desires, he withdrew from active business in 1877, when fifty-one years of age. He owed his remarkable success, one of his friends says, to a rare combination of the qualities of business man and writer. His ability in writing was doubtless natural, but developed to excellence by his work in the book-firm of correspondent, literary critic, and editor-in-chief of its publications.

He was not content with being a mere business man, absorbed entirely in money-making, and satisfied with the success he won in it. He diligently cultivated his mind and wished to possess the intelligence and culture of a well-read man. He was fond of books, and became familiar, through his wide reading, with the choicest literature in our language. His private library became large and well furnished with the works of the illustrious authors of the remote past and of recent times. It was a pleasure just to look over its well-ordered shelves with their beautiful, costly array of books. But this library was for use, and not for ornament. It enriched his mind and heart. No stranger could talk with him an hour without discovering him to be a man of remarkable intelligence, broad culture, and refinement. His language in conversation was always apt and felicitous. He was interested in the problems

of our times—pondered them carefully, and came usually to some conclusion in regard to them.

To the culture of books he added that of extensive foreign travel. Besides the trip to Europe in 1869, for the improvement of his health, that has been referred to, he made, after his retirement from business, three different trips abroad: one of five years, in which he visited the principal cities and capitals of Europe, sojourning for months in some of them; then, Egypt and Palestine; another, after an interval of a year spent at home with his books, in a trip around the world; and still another to the most interesting places in Great Britain. In these extensive travels, his observant eye and receptive, æsthetic nature noted and appropriated, for his mental satisfaction and enlargement of view, the profitable fruits of travel.

For the most of the time in his later years he has stayed in his beautiful home here in the society of his books and family friends. When I first visited him here, after the long interval of many years since I knew him in my boyhood as a student in Skowhegan, Me., attending Bloomfield Academy, I felt that I had made a happy discovery. I found in my cousin, who during that time of non-intercourse had almost been lost to my knowledge and acquaintance, a most attractive gentleman and valuable friend. His friendship has been a joy and source of happiness to me ever since. Of such men it may be truly said that it does one good just to look at them; and if they honor us with their friendship, we find in them the best gift God gives to man.

Standing here to-day in the atmosphere created by this religious service, which forbids any false utterance or untrue statement concerning my departed friend, I say this in regard to him, that he was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. He was remarkable for his intelligence and scholarly attainments, in view of the fact that his educational advantages were so limited. He owed nothing to any college or university, and yet he was a liberally educated man—proving that one may rightly be said to have a liberal education, though he holds no diploma from college or university, if he has diligently improved his mind by liberalizing studies. Had he devoted himself to literature instead of business, I believe he would have won distinction as an author. When a young man he prepared and printed, for private circulation among friends, in 1855, a “Biographical Sketch of Oliver Wilson,” soon after the death of that beloved and gifted brother. This sketch, presented to me by the author, is a literary gem, displaying in composition rare gifts of authorship. The reading of it has reminded me of Walton’s brief “Life of George Herbert,” a classic in English literature.

He was remarkable for his unflinching courtesy, shown alike to high and low, rich and poor. He greeted the humble driver of the carriage that came to take him out for an airing as carefully and cordially as he would have done to the Supreme Judge of the United States Court.

He was remarkable for his abounding benevolence—a radiating center of good will and helpful



generosity. He exemplified the familiar description, in homely verse, of the good man who "Counted that day lost whose low, descending sun had seen from his hand no worthy action done." His benefactions were multitudinous, multifarious, and princely.

He was a remarkable man in his home life. His home has been rightly named, "Sweet Home," for it was ideal because of the love he here displayed and inspired.

Finally, he was remarkable for his Christian character and consistent Christian life. He loved the Church of his father, liberally contributed to its support, and held essentially its evangelical faith. His faith was evidenced in various ways—in the notes of approval given to his brother Oliver's religious belief in the "Brief Sketch" I have referred to; in a recent letter to me written with his own hand with difficulty, in which he avowed his trust in Christ as his Savior; and, best proof of all, in the serenity and patience which he evinced to the last, showing that his religion was genuine, and had sanctified his soul. And so he has passed "from a Christian's life to a Christian's reward." Assured of this, we now think of him as united with those of whom our Lord Jesus said to His Father, "I will that they, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory."

We will not, therefore, reckon this occasion a sorrowful one. It is well with our departed friend. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth—yea, saith the Spirit—that they may

rest from their labors." "Delivered from the burden of the flesh, they are in joy and felicity." As you look upon his face at the end of this service, note how the peace of God is reflected in it.

### Prayer—Rev. Heber D. Ketcham

Our Father in Heaven, whose gracious benediction is ever extended to the needy of earth, we come to Thee in this hour of our sorrow to ask Thy help.

Thou art He before whom all must come: even the angels and archangels, the cherubim and seraphim, are ever bowing; and as they veil their faces, they cry to each other, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!" May we not, though unworthy, offer our tribute and call for Thy aid.

We are met to-day amidst the shadows that have gathered over this home, to sympathize in the great loss and to pray for divine help; and now, upon the home long since consecrated by the tenderest love and by the most beautiful and all-abounding faith in God, we invoke the benediction of Thy constant presence.

We thank Thee for the noble, consistent, well-balanced, and beautiful life of Mr. Wilson. He bore every burden with fortitude, made the very conflict enrich his character with the enduring treasures of grace, walked among men with candor and perfect honor, won the esteem that knew no qualification, scattered his benefactions with loving hands, linked his outer life to the law of God and the inner to the Infinite Heart of Love.

Many years were granted him in which to perfect

character and help others. We thank Thee for that help which made possible the holding, throughout life, those ideals that were worthy, and of so living that all who knew him are glad to attest a belief that he succeeded to the final hour of conscious life. We rejoice that in youth he pledged his life to the right, and after fourscore and eight years had wrought their tests, drifted their snows, and chilled his vitality, his faith was sustained and beautiful, even triumphant. And now, in ripe age, with record pure and faith strong, Thou hast permitted him, ministered to by his devoted, loving wife, helped by friends and loved by all, to quietly pass from the pains of age to the joys of immortal youth.

We believe, O God, in Thy Word, and rejoice in the bright hope of eternal life. As we stand by the side of this casket we hear the angel again say, as at the tomb near Calvary, "He is not here—he is risen." He was prepared for either world, wherever Thou couldst use him best, and already has joined that blood-washed throng who render ceaseless praise to the Giver of all good.

And now, that the pains and pleasures, the toils and triumphs of earth are over, we thank Thee for the faith that makes us believe him at home in Thy gracious presence forever. We rejoice in the glad hope of the resurrection, and pray that life shall ever be lived as though we were confidently looking for the fruition of that hope. We desire our lives fashioned according to the Word of God.

Our Father, while we thank Thee for the noble life and quiet, sustained faith of Mr. Wilson, we ask

Thy special help for the one who has walked by his side during all these years. There will be hours of loneliness, days of questioning, and nights of sorrow. But in the midst of it all we believe Thy comforting grace will ever be present. Let Thou the angel of Thy covenant encamp round about her dwelling. Be Thou her God and her guide. And with strengthening faith may she walk the remaining pilgrimage, till the chariot shall swing by, and together they shall behold the King in His beauty.

We ask Thy blessing upon those who are closely related, or who, through ties of genuine friendship, have been linked to his home. We ask Thy grace upon that wide circle of acquaintances who, unable to be here, yet mingle with us in the lament of this hour in that a trusted friend will no longer greet them on earth.

And now upon the tributes of this hour, and upon the silent love, more eloquent still, we invoke Thy special benediction. Accompany us to the nearby cemetery, only made beautiful through faith. Give to us now Thy sustaining grace. Give new and richer hope. May we, through the assurance of Thy Word, be able to look through the grave into that immortal realm into which our cherished friend has already entered, and rejoice that earth's conflict, being past, he is safe at home forever.

And now upon us all and upon the sacred interests of this home, upon the people here and everywhere, may grace, mercy, and peace abide, through Jesus Christ our Lord, forever.—*Amen.*

Solo—Mr. Aaron Currier

Pianist—Miss Fanny M. Stone

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour,  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?  
I triumph, still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

—HENRY E. LYTE.

Benediction—Rev. J. Benjamin Myers

The Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always.—*Amen.*

## At the Grave

### Commitment—Rev. A. H. Currier

“We would not have you ignorant, brethren,” says the Apostle Paul, “concerning them that fall asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others, which have no hope.

“For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.”

“I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,” says the Apostle John, “Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: for their works follow with them.”

May the comfort of this assurance of the Holy Scriptures attend us as we turn away from this newly opened grave.—*Amen.*

### Benediction—Rev. Heber D. Ketcham

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all, evermore.—*Amen.*

Memorial Service

in Honor of

**Obed J. Wilson**

at

Clifton Methodist Episcopal Church

CINCINNATI, OHIO

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September 20, 1914





*To the Members and Friends of the Clifton Methodist  
Episcopal Church,*

*Greetings:*

*One of God's saints (and one of the most perfect men I ever knew), Mr. Obed J. Wilson, of our congregation, has been called to his reward.*

*From the beginning this congregation had in him one of its most earnest and generous supporters. His gifts to our Church would run up into the thousands.*

*What less can we do than to have a dignified memorial service to his memory? This will be held on next Sabbath, September 20th, at 11 A. M., in the church. Rev. Dr. Ketcham, a former pastor, and others of the former pastors, will be present.*

*As I knew Mr. Wilson, there were elements in his character that should be known to our congregation, the majority of whom never met him. The service will be of the deepest interest, and we desire every member and friend to be present. We will honor ourselves in the service as well as revere the name of this courteous Christian gentleman, and now crowned saint of God.*

*The music will be of the highest order. A quartet of the finest singers from the Conservatory of Music and Churches in the city, chosen from the very best, will be present and sing.*

*It is a pleasure to be counted worthy to be associated with you in the work of God for another year. Mrs. Blodgett joins me in this fraternal greeting.*

*Your friend and pastor,*

*The Roanoke, Clifton, C. W. BLODGETT.*

*Cincinnati, Ohio, September 17, 1914.*

In response to the foregoing announcement, which was sent out by the pastor, a large gathering of members of the congregation, its friends, and the friends and kindred of Mr. Wilson attended this service held in the Clifton Church, which was made even more beautiful by the floral tributes which bore silent testimony of affection and esteem.

Rev. Blodgett, the present pastor, was assisted by Rev. Heber D. Ketcham, the first pastor of the Church, with whom Mr. Wilson was closely associated during the building of the church; and by Rev. J. W. Peters, another former pastor.

Those who assisted in the musical part of the service were: Miss Alice Gardner, soprano; Mrs. Callahan Nees, alto; Mr. John Hoffman, tenor; Mr. Paul Sebring, basso; and Miss Helen J. Peters, organist.

The entire service is recorded in the following pages.—M.

## The Service

**Organ Prelude**—Largo . . . . . *Handel*

**Choir**—Send Out Thy Light . . . . . *Gounod*

Send out Thy light, and Thy truth; let them lead me  
And let them bring me to Thy holy hill.

Why, O soul, art thou sorrowful, and why cast down  
within me?

Still trust the loving kindness of the God of thy strength,  
And my tongue yet shall praise Him who hath pleaded  
my cause.

Lord, our God! Thou wilt save Thine anointed,  
Thou wilt hear us from heaven;  
Tho' in chariots some put their faith,  
Our trust is in Thee!

They are brought down and fallen;  
But the Lord is our Helper,  
We shall not be afraid.

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,  
And let them bring me to Thy holy hill.  
Send out Thy light, O Lord our God!

### Remarks by Rev. Blodgett

I hold in my hand a poem written by Mr. Wilson many years ago, borrowed from a friend. It is a gem, a real classic.

I will read only the last verses of it, and shall request its re-publication in one of our daily papers.

This poem indicates the fine texture of Mr. Wilson's mind and his æsthetic temperament.

Close the scene and drop the curtain.  
Midnight, from her starry dome,  
Beacons the approaching morning,  
And I turn my footsteps home.

On such scenes, on scenes thus varied,  
Shining on from year to year,  
Will those lights that gem the distance  
Be their radiance shedding here.

I, meanwhile, as some lone taper  
Of yon myriad-blazing throng,  
Shall be swallowed up in darkness,  
While Life's waves still roll along.

Few shall miss me, less will mourn me;  
I shall pass, *as all*, away,  
Swallowed up in black oblivion,  
As those lights in dawning day.

Fit us, Father, for the future,  
Pardon all our errors past;  
Grant us Thy redeeming mercy,  
And a home with Thee at last;

With our loved ones reunited  
Where no sins or sorrows fall,  
And congenial, useful service  
Is the common lot of all.

**Hymn**—How Firm a Foundation . . . (Portuguese Hymn)

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
To you who, for refuge, to Jesus have fled?

“Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

“When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

“When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

“E’en down to old age all My people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

“The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I’ll never, no, never, no, never, forsake!”

### The Apostles’ Creed

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting.—*Amen.*

## Prayer—Rev. Heber D. Ketcham

Our Father in heaven, whose works are known upon the earth and whose gracious help is proffered to the children of men, we come to Thee at this hour to ask Thy presence with us.

We commemorate to-day a noble life, whose earthly journey we believe is now swinging out into that wider realm of the invisible, immortal world.

We are deeply pained in the enforced separation that takes from our immediate vision one we loved, but are confident he has but answered the call to that truer, nobler life only possible in the spirit world.

We thank Thee for the good inheritance that gave him the right start in the world. We rejoice in the Christian surroundings in youth and early manhood that gave the right direction to the after-years, and taught him to be in sympathy with all that is good. We thank Thee for every good thought, for every kind word, for every gracious influence that emanated from his life of eighty-eight years. We believe he helped to make the world nobler, and many now testify that his life meant their better living. As we call to mind his faith and virtues in this sacred sanctuary of worship, we invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon these moments, upon all here assembled for worship, upon the memory of happy days of work and worship in this sanctuary, upon the memory of our departed friend, and upon all who sorrow in his death.

We recall with thanksgiving that our departed brother and friend not only helped to make possible

this very house of worship, but made glad many a home and many a heart by his benefactions, and aided many organizations to places of influence for good.

And now that he has been called from this visible scene, we would here not alone commemorate his virtues, but would dedicate our lives anew at this sacred altar to a like service toward our fellows.

Wilt Thou teach us Thy perfect ways of righteousness, and grant to us strength to walk therein. Show us the importance of right living, and enable us to exalt the Kingdom of God above all the affairs of the world. May we live each day in harmony with the divine command, and, by properly directed worship, cultivate a sensitive conscience, so that its dictates may be obeyed and God's will thereby be done. We ask for that assured mood of mind, that constant desire for the right, that love of virtue which will give life its true meaning. We pray for that consciousness of the divine, that unselfish abandonment of mind and heart to the service of God that will echo, not alone in songs of praise and prayer in Thine earthly temple, but will re-echo in the corridors of that invisible world, where God reigns and His will is perfectly done.

We ask for greater confidence in Thy perfect leadership in all the struggles of life, for conquest over self and over all the outward forms of sin. We pray for the coming of Thy Kingdom among men, and that Thy will may be done in us and through us for the establishment of righteousness in the world.

We commend to Thee at this hour especially the

stricken home. Upon the one who sorrows so deeply in the departure of the companion of life's journey we pray Thy gracious benediction may rest. Upon Thy people here assembled in worship we ask that Thy Holy Spirit may abide. And upon the many unable to be with us, but whose sympathy and prayers join ours before Thy throne, we pray Thy peace.

We are met to-day in this place of worship where Thy people are accustomed to meet to honor Thy name, this place made sacred by the labors with them in the establishing of this church. Therefore, we pray, in the tenderness of cherished memory, for the pastor who speaks Thy truth from Sabbath to Sabbath here, and upon all who love and worship in this, Thy temple.

And, finally, when the toils and turmoils shall be over, when this visible life shall no longer be provided us here, give to us, then, our Father, we pray, a place in Thy eternal Kingdom, through Christ our Lord, to whom shall be glory forever.—*Amen.*

**Choir**—Lord's Prayer . . . . . (Chant)

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us:

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.—*Amen.*



**Tenor Solo**—From Oratorio, St. Paul. . . . *Mendelssohn*

Be thou faithful unto death,  
And I will give to thee a crown of life.  
Be not afraid, My help is nigh.

**Responsive Reading**—**Rev. Blodgett leading.** . 91st Psalm

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High  
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress;  
My God; in Him will I trust.

Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the  
fowler,  
And from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with His feathers,  
And under His wings shalt thou trust:  
His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;  
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day:

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness;  
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side,  
And ten thousand at thy right hand;  
But it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shall thou behold  
And see the reward of the wicked.

For Thou, O Lord, art my refuge:  
Thou hast made the Most High Thy habitation.

There shall no evil befall thee,  
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For He shall give His angels charge over thee,  
To keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands,  
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder;  
The young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample  
under foot.

Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I  
deliver him:  
I will set him on high, because he hath known My  
name.

He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him:  
I will be with him in trouble;  
I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him,  
And show him My salvation.

### **Singing of the Gloria Patri**

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the  
Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and  
ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Amen.

### **Second Lesson—Rev. Blodgett . . . . . 1 Cor. 13**

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of  
angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding  
brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And, though I have the gift of prophecy, and under-

stand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;

Does not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

**Choir**—God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.....*Field*

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,  
There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor  
crying,  
Neither shall there be any more pain.

—(Rev. 21: 4.)

## Resolutions—Read by Col. Wm. B. Melish

As the sense of this congregation of the Clifton Methodist Church, the following is presented:

God, in His Providence, having removed from earth to heaven our friend, Mr. Obed J. Wilson, we bear witness to his splendid, well-rounded, symmetrical Christian life.

In him humanity had a friend. His sympathy was as broad as his benefactions great.

During his nearly seventy years of residence in this city he commanded the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, either in a social or business way.

His life spoke louder than his words. As a Christian and a polished gentleman, he impressed his many friends and associates.

He was the inspiration of many philanthropies, conspicuous among them being "The Home for the Aged." As one of the few, he assisted in the planning of this church, and through the years of its existence he was one of its most liberal supporters. In the days of his physical retirement he still continued his abiding interest in our work.

We are thankful to God for his life and presence among and with us.

To his wife, who will so sorely miss him, and to all the relatives, we extend our deepest sympathy.

WM. B. MELISH.

CLARK W. DAVIS.

S. M. RICHARDSON.

## Address—Rev. Charles W. Blodgett

Luke 2: 25.—“*There was a man in Jerusalem whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout.*”

Proverbs 10: 7.—“*The memory of the just is blessed.*”

I might change the first text to read as follows: “There was a man in Cincinnati whose name was Obed J. Wilson, and the same man was just and devout.” Then, adding the other text to it, “The memory of the just is blessed.”

I shall, in my address this morning, only speak briefly of the early life of our friend. I could take up all of the time on this; indeed, his life and work are worthy of remembrance in book form.

He was born August 30, 1826, in Bingham, Maine, and was translated and called to his heavenly home on the 31st day of August, the day after his eighty-eighth birthday.

He came of good parentage. It is nine points in one's favor to be well born. His father was a very prominent Methodist minister in the State of Maine, and had much to do in the formulation of strong sentiment that has always prevailed there in favor of high ideals. At the age of twenty, in the year 1846, he found his home in the city of Cincinnati. For five years he taught in the public schools. He then became associated with the book publishing house of W. B. Smith & Co., and upon Mr. Smith's retirement he became a member of the firm of Sargent, Wilson & Hinkle, and then the senior

member of the firm of Wilson, Hinkle & Co., known now as the American Book Company.

He was married to Miss Amanda Landrum, a teacher in this city, whose father was a prominent Methodist minister of the State of Kentucky. Through all the years of their married life happiness reigned supreme.

I suppose every city has had its Simeon. God scatters such characters over the world. Men who, with broad sympathies, a wealth of common sense, a business capacity equal to almost any enterprise, and a Christian charity and liberality that indicate to the world that there are in existence those who are "stewards" of the manifold mercies of God. How few, seemingly, there are to take the places left vacant by the strong personalities of the age and generation of Obed J. Wilson.

To some of you this splendid man was well known, and his life needs no eulogy. I only knew him in the mellowing and ripening years of his life. To my mind, he was one of the purest and best men I have ever met. I never visited him in his home—called by himself and wife "Sweet Home"—that I did not come away with a desire to be a better man and Christian.

Obed J. Wilson was not an ordinary man. They are many. He was in the catalogue of the extraordinary. The man who does something for mankind is the man that will live. The majority may not be familiar with the name of that great Neapolitan, Flavius, and yet every steamer that plies the waves speaks his benediction. The same might be said of

Rudyard and Smeaton, who brought to practical application the focused rays out o'er the reefs and breakers and narrows to warn mariners of dangerous reefs. Gutenberg will live in type and printing, Stephenson in the steam engine, Morse in the telegraph, Field in the Atlantic cable—but what of our departed friend, Mr. Wilson? I would not refer you to the “Home of the Aged” especially, but what a blessing that is now and is yet to be; nor to his many benefactions silently and unostentatiously done, as the inspiration given to the Teachers' Association of this city in his generous gift—the first to be made; but I would call your attention to our present system of education in our public schools.

His was the master mind that largely planned it. Himself a teacher in our public schools from 1846 to 1851, he felt the necessity of better methods and system, and as the senior member of Wilson, Hinkle & Co., he gave to the world of education, for the masses, a new breath of life, and one that was not only evolutionary, but revolutionary.

First, Mr. Wilson was a New Englander from the State of Maine, and back of him was a splendid ancestry. This has something, aye, much, to do with the making of the man, of the royal, courteous Christian gentleman. To the coachman or the laborer he extended the same courtesy in his address as to the prominent gentleman entertained by himself and wife in their beautiful home.

He was pre-eminently a just man. Whom did he ever wrong? His business name was a synonym of honor and justice to employee or customer. True,

he had indomitable will and courage, but the finer elements of his life penetrated them until they were allurements rather than monarchial forces.

He commanded the confidence of all. What a lesson for the young of to-day! He had the positiveness of the just, but a refusal to acquiesce from his lips meant that he had considered every side of the proposition, and was honest in his decision.

Mr. Wilson's religion was the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, read in your hearing this morning. It was that of Paul. It is the religion of the Master in the concrete.

Second, he was a man who believed in God. The Almighty was not to him a mere name, an abstraction, but a reality. He walked and talked and lived as if he were some day (seeking so to live as to make that *some* day *any* day) to stand in the presence of his God and render an account of his stewardship.

He loved this world, humanity, his friends, his loved ones, but he loved God more. What a man thinks of, and how he acts toward God, that, man is.

No man ever rises higher than his ideals. If the ideal is purity and the supreme embodies that, he rises toward it. In early life in the home of his Methodist preacher father he became acquainted with God. He breathed in the spirit of "The Man of Galilee." His character was not the birth of a moment. From childhood to the day of translation the building process continued. I think the Redeemed of God, the spirits of just men made perfect, and the angels of the Infinite were glad to greet him, as the gates opened on the 31st day of August.



Mr. Wilson dwelt not in a negative mood. His eyes shone with a deep, keen insight into affirmations. Everything that he grasped of principles, truth, revelations, loves, he made his own, and, whilst holding them, gave them forth to the world and never grew poorer in mind or in love, but richer.

My friends, the chief fact in regard to a man is not his business, but his religion. First Corinthians, thirteenth chapter, was his in the concrete.

Who that knew Mr. Wilson ever doubted that he believed the Bible to be the Word of God. He believed as a scholar, as one seeking after God, and whilst he talked to God he let God talk to him through the Word; and the Book was to him the Book of books in the massive home library that is filled with the choice literature of the ages.

To the last of his long and eventful life, covering a period of eighty-eight years, he was looking for a brighter day. The world never had any sable curtains stretched across his pathway. He marched on and up through childhood from the Methodist manse of a New England Church, as a teacher in the public schools in this city, in his preparation for the profession of the law, as a literary editor, as a business man, not expecting every day to be sunshine; but his life said, "I will make the days of gloom, as well as those of radiance, sources of reserve power."

He never discouraged others. He could not. What an inspiration he was to me; and in the days of his shut-in life he still was deeply interested in the work of this Church, aye, of all Churches.

He reached out his trusting arms and, taking

hold of God, seemed to say, "God is great, and my belief in Him, in His omnipotence, makes me omnipotent."

You who knew him felt the electrifying influence of his personality. He was a Prince in Israel.

He tested not truth by his learning, nor by doubt, nor by the critical analysis of the scholar, but by trust. He believed in education. The best years of his life were given to it. He knew the value of the severest discipline of body, mind, and soul, yet he tried not the strength of any man by the completeness of that discipline, but by his life hid within the all-enveloping life of his Redeemer and God.

We all believe in the general providence of God. So did Brother Wilson; also in special providence. The psalm read by us responsively indicated this to you, at least his abiding trust in God to guide him.

Who that knew him ever doubted his fidelity. He loved his own. His love for his wife, the bride of his young manhood days, increasing in the passing of the years. And how she loved him! They were one. Could I picture to you this love, it would be like an Eden filled with spices, frankincense, and myrrh. One day, during the latter hours of his life, she brought to him a rose, plucked from their own garden, and held it before him that he might see its beauty and enjoy its fragrance, saying, "Husband, see this lovely rose." He replied, "Where is the hand that holds it? It is better than the rose." Those were his last words to her.

I must say a word as to his faithfulness. Some

of us that were permitted the joy of entering into the inner companionship of Mr. Wilson knew him as a friend; and how true he was in his friendship! He was no shifter, playing fast and loose. Not the rich or great alone during his long life did he mingle with (and many such felt the pulsations of his great heart), but the humble as well, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. His consolations were as swift to alleviate as the magnitude of his resources. He was not a little man—he gave, and God gave back to him.

He passed to his reward leaving an infinitely richer inheritance for what he gave away.

You ask me the secret of his influence and standing? It was not in his words in public utterance or private speech. They were few. It was not in his remarkable executive ability and business capacity, though these in the days of his activity made him a remarkable man among men.

It was not in his wealth accumulated through diligence and untiring industry; it was not in loud profession of religious convictions or experiences. What, then, was the secret?

It was his sympathy, which was the wealth of humanity injected into all of his undertakings, whether religious or secular. Wherever he was known and his name was mentioned, you seemed to hear the beat of a great big heart. Such men are inspirations, not repressions. He loved the beautiful—God in nature and humanity.

I have thought of him, as Schiller, the German poet, said, "It was through the Gate Beautiful that

he went into the dawning of a new day." The Pilot, his Pilot, God's Pilot, met him as he crossed the bar.

The words of Tennyson come to me as I have given you just a glimpse of Mr. Wilson's character, and as we look into the future:

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness or farewell  
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

**Address—Rev. Heber D. Ketcham**

As I greet you this hour, it is with the tenderest memories of the beginnings of this society. It became my privilege to organize the Clifton Church, to direct its first three years of worship, and to be

associated with the charter members of this Church in their first plans. I can scarcely restrain the emotion, asking for assertion, as the past would come to mind.

Among those who befriended this society in its very inception, and who, by generous gifts along with the others, projected this Church, free from debt, into the Christian working force of Cincinnati, were Mr. and Mrs. Obed J. Wilson. These walls echo with sacred memories. Yonder beautiful memorial window distills its chastened light upon sacred days, in their honor. The very organ speaks, and the echo of sacred music from the dedication day brings the voice of one closely related to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson's home.

As we think of Mr. Wilson, we are led to give thanks to God for his life and labor, for his Christian character and influence, and for his triumphant manhood, now assured in the rewards of the final Kingdom of God.

You have heard, in the complete and appropriate memorial tribute of the pastor of the Church, the fuller statement of Mr. Wilson's life. It, therefore, would only be appropriate for me to express the more general word of appreciation.

Mr. Wilson was of sturdy New England ancestry, his father a Methodist minister, so that he was schooled in that rigid, splendid economy, that care for others, and that love of virtue that laid the foundation for his sterling character, maintained unswervingly to the end.

For many years he stood the test of the business

world. Through all his active career he remained unquestioned, so that from the beginning to the end he was regarded as the soul of honor. It is safe to say that no man in the last half century, among those who have made Cincinnati great, has been more influential or more highly esteemed than Obed J. Wilson.

He was possessed of a keen, discriminating mind, was studious, loved the companionship of his books, loved the companionship of those who thought upon the more noble views of life, was ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and justly merited a high rank in the intellectual world. He was genuinely cultured.

As a man, he stood the test. He was gentle, tender, strong, and true; at once fearless and kind, firm yet pliable, uncompromising in every virtue, uncomplaining in every sorrow—a man of affairs, a Christian gentleman. With a grace of manner and a refinement of thought, wrought out of years of consistent self-discipline, with an all-abounding love for the good, with a mind open to the Infinite, he stood supreme in the love of his fellows.

His philanthropy knew no bounds. Not alone has he made institutions such as the "Home for the Aged" possible, but his benefactions were scattered on every hand, yet withal so modest and unassuming was he that he would blush when his deeds of kindness were mentioned. He preferred to let the good he did speak for itself, rather than himself be known as the giver. Did any one ever know him to be assuming because he had aided in the time of need? He was as courteous to the servants in his

home, to the workmen he might casually meet, as to the one who was far-famed among his fellows.

He was frank and honorable. When he expressed his opinion or preference, you were assured that no ulterior motive had determined the word he spoke. Such candor made genuine friendship possible. He was not one to whom you rushed in unrestrained and jovial manner, but rather approached in more sympathetic and thoughtful mood. His own nature seemed to suggest to you the manner of your approach. He examined carefully his friendships before giving an unreserved trust. But when you knew him, and he knew your own sincerity, friendship grappled you together and bound you by more than ordinary ties.

Possibly in no place did he exhibit the nobility of his nature more than in his home. Nowhere did his marked and beautiful character find truer expression than there. Hospitality and devotion were perfectly commingled. Mrs. Wilson, herself a daughter of Rev. Francis Landrum, an honored minister of the Methodist Church, was in perfect accord with him in all his ideals of culture, of hospitality, and of Christian living. She was devoted and tender of his every interest. He responded in that same tenderness toward her. Together they walked in love for sixty-one years. Whether in the life of Cincinnati or traveling in distant lands or among loved friends or in the quiet of their own beautiful Clifton home, they were the same, their interests one—always strong, ever hospitable, loving the good, and hallowing all by a sincere worship to God.

Mr. Wilson did not intrude his religious thought upon others; and to know him in his more deeply religious moments you would need to talk with him in the quiet of unguarded friendship. While conversing with him one day in his home about the essentials of the Christian belief, in answer to the statement that "the real point of one's committal to God and entrance into the Church was found in Christ's expression, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself,'" he looked up quickly, and, as if a light shone through his countenance, said, "Brother Ketcham, if you will make that the condition of entrance, I would unite with the Church on the coming Sunday morning." While the outward formality of Church membership may not have been recorded, yet in heart he was as genuinely Christian as any one whom we know. He lived his religion, read the Word of God and offered prayer in his home every day, walked among his fellows with a sustained and abiding confidence in God, invoked the benediction of heaven upon all with whom he dealt, endeavored to square his moral accounts each day, and, we believe, enjoyed the inward consciousness of divine fellowship to the hour of his death.

Such a man is fit for either world, wherever God will call. He is at home among the strong, is welcome among the weak, is not alone though unattended by his fellows, for he is conscious of the presence of the One who said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." While no man is per-



fect, and he would be the first to mention his own failings, yet we believe, when judged by the reasonable Christian standard by which those in our limited life may be justly judged, he was approved both before man and God. The achievement of noble character is the one thing in this life that is worth while. Men are not great because they have amassed wealth, nor because their names are known and honored, but because of the achievement of that nobility of nature which shall abide in God's presence forever.

While we sorrow in the departure of Mr. Wilson, yet we are met to-day not so much to express that grief as to do honor to his memory, and as Christians to affirm our belief in the enduring worth of virtuous character. He lived well, shared the uneven experiences of our common lot in the world, and maintained a good name to the end. He kept unsullied his confidence in God, enjoyed the blessing of an approving conscience, passed from earth amidst the quiet of his home, surrounded by those who loved him, and has already entered upon the immortal reward.

Thanks be unto God who has given him the victory and will give it for ever and ever.

### Remarks—Rev. J. W. Peters

A neighbor of ours, just returned from Germany, was passing along the street when I remarked, "When did you return?" She said, "Last Thursday." "Were you glad to get back?" "To be here

seems almost too good to be true. When I remembered the trouble and danger we had in getting out of Germany, the constant dread we had on the ocean lest we meet the ships of the enemy, the storms and fearful icebergs, all of which we escaped, why, when I saw the high buildings and spires of New York, I wept for joy, that I had reached home, a land of peace and safety.”

It was, indeed, something to rejoice over—home at last!

It is a great thing to live through a long life and come out safely. Mr. Wilson accomplished that task; he fought a good fight. The smell of fire was not on his garments. He was more than conqueror.

The words of Mrs. Barbauld seem appropriately to be put in his mouth—

Life, we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time:  
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good Morning.

Mr. Wilson has received his welcome. His works follow him; he rests from his labors. “He fell on sleep, and was not, because God took him.”

**Hymn**—Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty... (Nicaea)

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee.

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,

God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy  
sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;

Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and  
sky, and sea;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,

God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

**Benediction**—**Rev. J. W. Peters**

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of  
God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, be  
with you all, evermore.—*Amen.*



## Two Poems

ONE QUOTED IN PART BY REV. BLODGETT, IN THE MEMORIAL  
SERVICE, ENTITLED, "CITY LIGHTS," AND THE OTHER,  
"LIFE: TEMPORAL, ETERNAL," ARE SELECTED  
FROM MR. WILSON'S WRITINGS AND INSERTED  
HERE AS EXPRESSIVE OF HIS  
ABIDING FAITH.



## City Lights

*A Sketch of Suggestive Local Scenery, as Viewed from  
Lafayette Avenue Along the Crest of the Northern  
Hills of Clifton.*

I saw the sun, descending,  
    Touch the hilltops, and retire,  
While along the West went ebbing,  
    Wave on wave, its crimson fire;  
Wave on wave, its radiance golden,  
    Slowly ebbing, died away,  
And the twilight's russet billows  
    Settled 'round the grave of day.

Strolling o'er the hills of Clifton,  
    I beheld the sun go down  
And the shades of twilight settle  
    O'er the dim and dark'ning town;  
On my right Probasco Mansion,  
    On my left the Bowler Hall,  
With the Shoenberger palace  
    Rising stately over all;  
Further east, inviting villas  
    Crown with loveliness the hills,  
And rich amplitude of beauty  
    All the broad'ning landscape fills.  
Here my own Sweet Home, half-hidden  
    In among embowering trees  
Whose great age is aptly reckoned  
    Not in years, but centuries;  
Grand old oaks, the few survivors  
    Of a dense, primeval wood  
Which, in days long since departed,  
    On these heights majestic stood.

On their weathered tops the sunlight  
Of morning earliest dawns,  
And, slow descending, overflows  
The broad and verdant lawns;  
And thence, the sun departing,  
Shoots his shafts of arrowy light  
Backward, Parthian-like, resisting  
The oncoming march of night—  
Night, with its starry splendors,  
In love and goodness sent  
To beautify and glorify  
The boundless firmament.

Farther on, and up the valley,  
Down which Mah-ke-te-wa\* flows,  
The untiring train of traffic,  
Rattling, thundering, smoking, goes;  
Nearer, busy plants of industry,  
Thickly scattered here and there,  
Belch their gloom in murky volumes  
On the foully-scented air.  
Here the Indians of the aforetime  
Lived and loved and hunted game,  
Happy children of the forest,  
Ere the ruthless white man came;  
Came with smiles and suave professions,  
Lies on lip and guile in heart,  
Robbed the redman of his birthright,  
Bade him, desolate, depart.  
Sons and daughters of the spoiler,  
Ye who dwell where once they dwelt,  
Drop a tear for a banished people,  
With whom our sires unjustly dealt;

---

\* Indian name of Mill Creek.



We can not atone for the wrongs inflicted,  
We can but grieve that those wrongs were  
done:

Peace to the ashes of the poor evicted  
That line our land to the set of sun!

Down the slopes, within the valley,  
Like a pictured map outspread,  
With its grove of marble columns,  
Lies the City of the Dead;  
All its walks and drives deserted,  
All its muffled griefs suppressed,  
There the wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary are at rest;  
There no longer doubt, estrangement,  
Envy, jealousy, or wrong,  
Neighbor alienates from neighbor  
In that congregated throng;  
There all discords and dissensions,  
All misunderstandings, cease,  
In the realm of rest eternal,  
Home of everlasting peace.

As alone within the gloaming  
Leisurely I walk the heights,  
Looking outward o'er the valley  
With its wealth of kindling lights  
Bursting, flower-like, through the shadows,  
Twinkling, star-like, 'mid the gloom,  
Till the field of deep'ning darkness  
Is with radiance all a-bloom;  
Fancy, curious, wings the distance  
Over traffic's jar and din,  
Hovers round each open portal,  
Through the windows peering in,

Sketching pictures, dim or vivid,  
Of the varied scenes of life,  
From the sweet homes of affection  
To the wretched homes of strife;  
Types of ever-varying phases  
Of man's swiftly passing hours,  
Lights and shadows intermingled,  
Sadness, gladness, thorns and flowers.

Draw aside the veiling curtain,  
Be the pictures rude revealed,  
They may teach some simple lesson,  
May some useful moral yield.

Here a fair young mother, dandling  
Her sweet babe within her arms,  
Proud and happy in the promise  
Of her duplicated charms;  
There a group of noisy children,  
Joyful, boist'rous, at their play,  
Shouting, romping, wild with pleasure,  
Whiling golden hours away;  
Here a throng of guests assembled  
At the merry marriage tide,  
Offering sweet congratulations  
To the bridegroom and the bride;  
There a banquet, gay with revel,  
Rich abundance, wine, and song;  
Here the widow and the orphan,  
Heirs of penury and wrong;

Now an old man, silent, thoughtful,  
Musing o'er his vanished days,  
Neither longing for nor dreading  
The near parting of the ways;

Here a band of weeping kindred,  
Sorrowing, hushed, with bated breath,  
While the passing loved one lingers  
In the enfolding arms of Death:  
Now the silver cord is loosened,  
Broken, now, the golden bowl,  
Dust to dust at last returneth,  
And to God the immortal soul;  
Now, within His Holy Acre,  
Where the stricken come to weep,  
He, beneath the cooling shadows,  
Giveth His beloved sleep.

Close the scene and drop the curtain.  
Midnight, from her starry dome,  
Beacons the approaching morning,  
And I turn my footsteps home.

On such scenes, on scenes thus varied,  
Shining on from year to year,  
Will those lights that gem the distance  
Be their radiance shedding here.

I, meanwhile, as some lone taper  
Of yon myriad-blazing throng,  
Shall be swallowed up in darkness  
While Life's waves still roll along;  
Few will miss me, less will mourn me,  
I shall pass, *as all*, away,  
Swallowed up in black oblivion,  
As those lights in dawning day.

Fit us, Father, for the future,  
Pardon all our errors past;  
Grant us Thy redeeming mercy,  
And a home with Thee at last;

With our loved ones reunited  
Where no sins or sorrows fall,  
And congenial, useful service  
Is the common lot of all.

## Life: Temporal, Eternal

*The things that are seen are temporal; but the things  
which are not seen are eternal.*—St. Paul.

Life, like the year, has its seasons,—  
Young Spring with its fragrance and flowers,  
A Summer of promise, an Autumn of fruitage,  
And Winter with its desolate hours;  
And youth is the springtime of being,  
To plow in, to sow, and to plant,  
And the harvests we gather  
Depend upon whether  
We laze like the sluggard or toil like the ant.

The flowers of my springtime have faded,  
My Summer of striving is o'er,  
And I stand 'mid the fruits of the Autumn,  
Content with the bountiful store;  
Yet I shrink from the chill of the Winter,  
Whose snows are beginning to fall,  
And fearfully shiver  
As I draw near the river  
Whose wide-wasting waters encircle us all.

Yet they tell me that over the river  
Are homes which the worthy may win,  
In a land of perennial beauty,  
Unsaddened by sorrow and sin;  
And there the glorified children

Of wisdom, and goodness, and truth  
Meet, never to sever,  
But, for ever and ever,  
Shall dwell in the beauty of immortal youth.

Is such destiny surely ours?  
Are the tangible objects of time  
But the shadows of spirit existence  
Projected from spaces sublime?  
Is the unseen only the eternal?  
Through death does life truly begin?  
Is the real the ideal,  
And the ideal the real,  
In the life we are losing the life we may win?

Vain, fruitless, all question! No oracle answers.  
The sibyls are silent, and Delphi is dumb:  
But, lo! from the lips of the Teacher of Zion,  
The meek and the lowly, the glad tidings come:  
"In the house of My Father the mansions are many;  
I go to prepare, that with Me you may dwell  
In glory supernal,  
Unfading, eternal,  
Transcending all pleasures that mortal may tell."

So we trust, so believe, and are happy in holding  
The faith of our fathers, who in triumph passed on,  
Having fought the good fight in the conflict with evil,  
And laid down the cross, but to take up the crown:  
Then welcome, thrice welcome, the snows that are  
falling;  
No longer I'll shrink from the chill which they  
bring,  
Since over the river  
Are blooming forever  
The Eden-like gardens of perpetual Spring.

Be it mine, be it thine, noble brother,  
To meet in that radiant land,  
With the loved and the lovely, the lost and lamented,  
Reunited the dear ones, an unbroken band;  
And, 'mid genial surroundings, in glad avocations,  
By the Master, in love to us given,  
Solve the manifold mystery  
Of Creation's history,  
Through the infinite cycles of Heaven.

**A Few Tributes**





DAVID H. MOORE,  
BISHOP OF  
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
RETIRED

September 18, 1914.

DEAR MRS. WILSON:

The blow so long dreaded has fallen.

The Christian, the courtly, the philosophic, the refined, and noble Obed J. Wilson has been called up higher. What an exceptional character he was! He was in a class by himself. He lived in a different atmosphere. He walked upon the earth, but his head reached the heavens. Poesy, and art, and lofty meditation were his recreation. He was knightly in his service of humanity. He was a prophecy of the coming man.

*Requiescat in pace!*

How lonely you will be! You were so devoted to each other! His growing feebleness called out your wealth of tender affection. It will stand expectant, awaiting a call that does not come. Yet the parting can not be long. And the reunion will be so blessed.

Unto Him who is the resurrection and the life, I commend you. "His loving-kindness, O how sweet!"

In prayerful sympathy,

DAVID H. MOORE.

*Mrs. O. J. Wilson,*  
Clifton, Cincinnati.

MILTON, MASS., 29 October, 1914.

DEAR MRS. WILSON:

I thank you for the kindly remembrance of me shown by the receipt of a few of the testimonials of love and regard printed or written by those who knew Mr. Wilson. Others have come to me from my former business associates. Not a day has passed, since I received that woeful telegram, in which I have not prayerfully remembered you in your loneliness.

Words can not express how much I owe to Mr. Wilson. It is nearly fifty years since I first sat near him in the little office. I was a mere country youth: he was a scholarly man and a good business man. I do not remember that I ever received from him an express command or direct instruction, but with a gentle hint or a mirthful suggestion I was led to see where I had blundered. From him I received all my business training. To him was due my admission as a partner in his business when he was the potent chief. I have met most of the publishers of my day. Not one of them had a tithe of the power possessed by Mr. Wilson. In all the years of my business career, he was my pattern, and substantially my guide. I loved him, and I now cherish his memory. I am proud to have had his friendship.

This is not a letter of consolation. God alone can give you that. I know full well how you suffer, and you have my warmest sympathy.

Yours truly,

HENRY H. VAIL.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER  
FROM  
MISS FLORENCE M. WILSON

TOKYO, JAPAN, October 9th, 1914

MY DEAR AUNT AMANDA:

I wish I could say something which could lessen the loneliness of these sad days; but I have no words. My heart is one big ache for you.

The Good Father seems to make us see things more sanely when a terribly heavy blow falls,—something which we had felt could *not possibly* be borne,—and I know He has in some way softened this for you. I cannot but be thankful that you have been spared all these years, to be with him, always, even to the very last.

When I think of the years of travel, in all lands and under almost every kind of circumstances, it seems incredible that you two should be allowed to spend your last years in such quiet and comfort, and together, in the home you both loved. God has been very good to you, and you both have richly deserved it.

\* \* \* \* \*

You know with what reverent respect Inagaki Sama has always looked upon you and Uncle Obed. Your beautiful and continued kindness to her daughter has never been forgotten, nor has her appreciation lessened with time.

When the first word came that your dearest one had gone, she asked a few questions, first about you, then me, and then slipped away to her shrine, to light a tiny lamp to guide the traveler on the unknown way. When I went into the parlor an hour later, I saw that she had placed Uncle's picture in a niche of the tokonoma, with a scarf of white softly draped around it. Beneath was

a white vase of white chrysanthemums, and a little bronze burner holding a lighted stick of incense.

She had asked her daughter if she might do this, and she told her that Mr. Wilson was such a good man that he was worthy of the respect that could be shown by any custom of any religion. Then Inagaki Sama knelt before the picture, softly clapped her hands, and asked the gods to allow your husband to be always near you as long as your life shall last.

\* \* \* \* \*

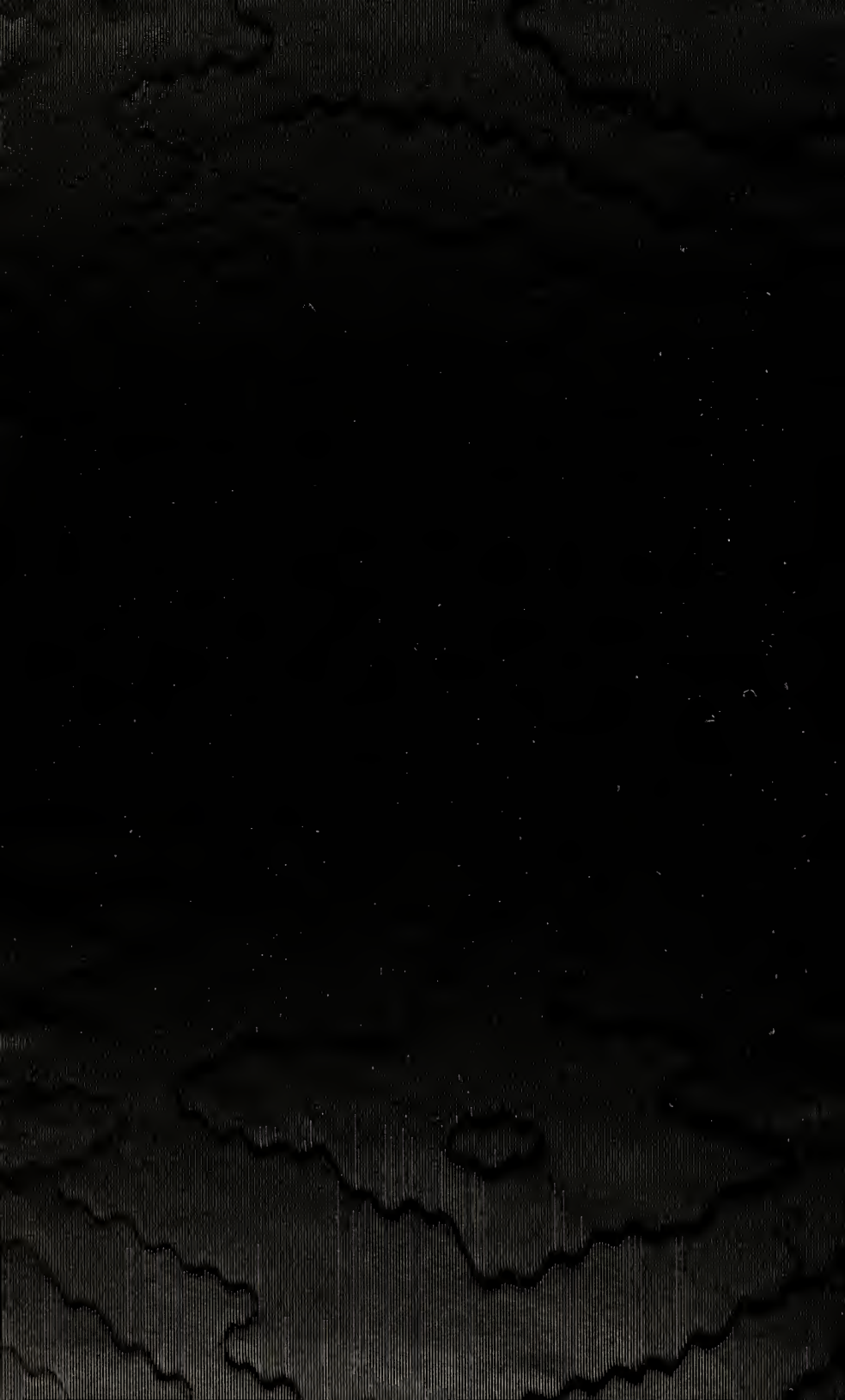
I must close. I send love from the deepest wells of my heart, and the whole household join with me in wordless, but deep, sympathy. My dear, dear Aunt Amanda, most lovingly I say goodnight.

FLORENCE.













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