

# THE CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

For the FULNESS OF JESUS and the EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD with which LIVING TRUTHS is combined.

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**S**ELDOM has a week of heavier strain been felt in the length and breadth of our Alliance than the past week. Seldom has the Gospel Tabernacle been more densely crowded by a representative audience than on last Monday morning, February 17,

when the mortal remains of our beloved friend and fellow laborer were brought to the altar where he had so often ministered in the last rites of respect and love. The services were conducted by the senior pastor of the Tabernacle, Mr. Simpson, assisted by Rev. F. E. Marsh, Rev. A. E. Funk, Rev. F. W. Farr, Rev. F. H. Senft, and Rev. Lindsay Parker, of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. The chief mourners were Miss Madell Wilson, his daughter, one of the officers of the Salvation Army, and Mr. and Mrs. Wenhant; Mrs. Wenhant, also a daughter, having been formerly known as Miss Bessie Wilson. The hymns appropriately sung were "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Jesus, I am Resting, Resting," and "Peace, Perfect Peace." After the reading of the Scriptures by Mr. Funk and prayer by Mr. Marsh and Colonel MacIntyre, of the Salvation Army, Mr. Simpson gave the following memorial address:

It is hard to realize that the voice which so often in this holy place, and with such exquisite taste and tenderness was wont to pay the last tribute of love to those that through the years have been passing from our midst to the home above, is itself at last silent, and less skilful hands must now lay the last wreath upon his breast and feebler voices pronounce his requiem.

How shall we try to draw the portrait of that strong and striking personality! Was there ever a finer specimen of perfect physical manhood, brimming with buoyancy, erect with dignity, and radiant with hope and cheer, every fiber proclaiming the man and the gentleman, and yet all so utterly free from self-consciousness or the faintest trace of vanity, pride, or self-importance? And now in the fulness of that manhood, the plate has been stereotyped, the picture has been crystal-

## Dr. Henry Wilson His Life Work and Translation



lized, and with no shadow of decrepitude, infirmity or decay to cloud the vision we shall always think of him as he stood amongst us last in his splendid manhood, and our children will have higher and nobler ideals of life because this vision has passed before them.

How shall we attempt to portray the higher gifts of his mind and heart: that wit that flashed so spontaneously, but its genial light never searched or consumed; that humor that was ever ready to give a smile, but never sank to burlesque or irreverence; that scholarship that was so accurate and ripe that his Greek Testament was his pocket companion and the manual of his devotion, but never was pedantic; that culture that was so varied; that reading that was so wide and that touch with his times that was so thoroughly up-to-date that the most gifted and cultured minds were instinctively attracted to him, and through him to the higher things that he loved to recommend. His pen was so graphic and his literary style so clear and concise that we deeply regret that his intensely active life and innate modesty prevented him from leaving behind more enduring messages which his friends would now so highly prize. If a report was to be written, if a memorial was to be gracefully expressed, if an appeal was to be presented for some great cause, his was always the touch to which we turned, the cunning hand that polished and completed the work.

And what shall we say of his character and heart? Only those who knew him in the sacred intimacy of his home and the inner circle of his friends fully realized behind the dignity which he never forgot, the deep fountains of his tender love and loyal friendship. Perhaps he had no stronger trait than a splendid uprightness that reminded one of the Bible image of the palm tree. His moral standards were so high and his sense of right so inexorable that he sometimes seemed severe when called to deal with hypocrisy and sham. But when sincerity, penitence, humility and straightforwardness appealed to his compassion, there

was no voice so tender, no hand so ready to lead the returning sinner to the Saviour's feet and bid him go and sin no more. Needless to say, he was the soul of honor and seemed incapable of doing, saying, or thinking a mean thing.

Pre-eminent above all his personal qualities was his invincible cheerfulness, hopefulness and joyousness. In all the years the writer has known him he has never seen a cloud upon his face, and has often said that if there was only one really dead Christian on earth it was Henry Wilson. One chorus was ever ringing in his heart, "It is better farther on."

But, of course, the secret of all was not mere temperament or a happy blending of natural qualities, but first and last the grace of God and the life of the indwelling Christ. A great transformation had come in his life long after he had been in the Christian ministry, and it made all things new. That was nothing less than the one simple fact which he was continually testifying to and which was the supreme burden of his ministry, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." He literally and utterly believed in the re-incarnation of Jesus Christ in a consecrated Christian life, and he lived it simply, sublimely and to the end. We have never seen this precious truth more sweetly or clearly declared than in the messages about The Internal Christ that have fallen from his lips and pen in the past few years. Not only was Christ the life of his spirit, and to him the substance of all holiness, happiness and even intellectual life and vigor, but for nearly a quarter of a century he took Him and he lived upon Him as the Source of his physical strength, and loved to tell us from this platform and in every part of this land how day by day he drank in His quickening life, breathed His very breath, and lived and moved and had his being in Christ, his living Head.

While there was nothing sentimental about his wholesome and practical nature, yet his devotion was fervid, and we can still remember how he used to sing with unutterable tenderness until all hearts were melted at the altar where he ministered.

"Oh Calvary, dear Calvary,  
Where Jesus shed His blood for me,  
Oh Calvary, dear Calvary,  
Speak to my heart from Calvary.

"There would I clasp Thy bleeding feet,  
And kiss and bathe them with my tears.  
The story of Thy love repeat  
In every trembling sinner's ears."

The story of Dr. Wilson's life work is a varied one. Born in Peterboro County, Canada, in 1841, educated at Trinity College, Toronto, where he took high honors and several degrees, and ordained to the ministry of the Episcopal Church in 1866, he was a conventional Episcopal clergyman in Kingston, Ontario, for the first eighteen years of his public life. In 1884, after a profound spiritual experience, he came to New York as assistant to Rev. Dr. Rainsford in the great parish of St. George's Church, where he labored with great earnestness for five years. In the year 1889 he retired from the ministry of St. George's and became associate Pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, which relation he sustained for the past nineteen years until his death. He had been in the ministry forty-two of the sixty-seven years of his life. Several years ago the claims of the vast home work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance led the Board to call him from his pastoral work to spend the larger portion of his time as Field Superintendent of the Alliance work in the United States and Canada. During this time he has traveled over almost all parts of the continent and preached Christ in His fulness in hundreds of places and to tens of thousands of people.

In summing up the leading elements of his ministry it should be said that he preached the old gospel in its simplicity and power and was always loyal to the evangelical faith and the cross of Calvary. He had no hankering for a polychrome Bible, a bloodless gospel, or a new theology. It was, however, as a Christian teacher that he was specially used in his public ministry. His cultivated mind, his wide information, his accurate scholarship and his clear and concise thought and expression gave his messages of Christ and His fulness great freshness and force, and we have all recognized the increasing value and power of his addresses at our conventions during the last few years.

His heart was too large to allow him to be a mere conventional part of any organization or system. While loyally true to the testimony of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, whose message of the crucified, living and coming Lord had been burned into his inmost being, his sympathies went out to all true workers for the kingdom of God and the welfare of man. He loved the Salvation Army, under whose auspices he had received some of the deepest and mightiest inspirations of his life. He loved the work of Rescue Missions, and was in close touch with all the noble men and women who are in the front of the battle, and was the moving spirit in the annual rally of these workers in this place every October. He was the President of the Seamen's Mission at the time of his death. He was deeply interested in education and was one of the founders, and at the time of his death the President of the Nyack Seminary for the co-education of young people with careful safeguards for their moral and religious training. He has been for many years the Chaplain of Magdalen Home, and his messages there have reached thousands of discouraged lives.

But it was pre-eminently as a pastor that Dr. Wilson excelled. He loved to be among the people. Wherever there was sickness, sorrow, poverty or loneliness he went with willing feet and words of comfort. No distance was too great, no hardship was too trying. "Taking a bite," as he loved to call it, at any humble cottage that might give him welcome, he would spend the day tramping the streets of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, and come home at night refreshed and radiant, having left a shining track of hope and cheer behind him. This was his great delight, and when he could get home from conventions he always hastened to take up his parish work as his chosen recreation.

But more than all, Dr. Wilson was the children's pastor and their own particular friend and comrade. The first word of sympathy which came to us after the tidings of his death was a little poem sent by one of the boys in the Nyack Seminary, of which he was President, mourning his loss and glowing with holy aspiration to follow in his steps. How the children will miss him! His last ministry in the vicinity of New York was to spend Thursday, a week ago, in the interval between his Canadian trip and his visit to Atlanta, at Nyack attending a meeting of the Board of the Seminary and in talking to the boys and girls. The "Big Baby Brother" of all the little fellows, he came down to their level and took them all in his arms, and yet always maintained their respect and veneration as well as love. What a heaven that must be to him where perhaps nine out of every ten of the glorified inhabitants are translated little boys and girls! We may well imagine that he has already joined the children's choir and is still singing with them the song of the Lamb.

The story of the end is briefly told. He returned from a convention tour in Canada during the first week of February, having passed through a blizzard of unusual severity. Writing to his boy and girl friends just in the midst of that trip he thus refers to the weather and gives out one of those bursts of sunshine and good cheer which were so normal in his life.

"My Beloved Wee Ones:—

"Once again I am away on convention work. This time in Canada, the land of my birth, and at this season, the land of snow and ice, with cold weather, below zero, and sharp enough to make your hands and face tingle as you breast the keen wind blowing over the ice-covered bay, stretching out for miles into the great Lake Ontario beyond. But to me this cold, clear air is a tonic, and as I write I am praising God for the privilege of being with my dear old friends in Kingston once more, and enjoying with them the twofold air: (1) the lower for the body, and (2) the upper for the soul, and taking both directly from God. We have had meetings full of power in Toronto and here, and to-morrow we go to Ottawa for a few days. Then home for two or three days and once more away, this time to Atlanta and the Sunny South, to be busy with our dear people there till nearly the end of February. So you see I am in all kinds of weather within a short month. From ten to twenty below zero in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, to the balmy air of Georgia, where I expect to see flowers blooming in the open air before I return to New York at the end of the month. And best of all, kept by the power of God in body and soul, so sweetly that I seem to be walking on air, above all the microbes and malaria

of the lower world, and exchanging my strength for God's mounting up with wings as an eagle; running and yet not weary; walking without growing faint. Isaiah xl. 28-31 has become real to me and grows more and more so as the days go by, and there is no night in this land of light and love, where the Lord and I are living. How I long and pray that you, dear children, your parents, teachers and friends, may all come into this better country soon, and not wait till you die before singing as a present fact, for everyday use,

I've reached the land of corn and wine  
And all its riches freely mine.  
Here shines undimmed one blissful day  
For all my night has passed away.  
The Saviour comes and walks with me  
And sweet communion here have we.  
He gently leads me by His hand,  
For this is heaven's border land."

On Friday, February 7, he left for Atlanta, Georgia, to begin a series of conventions in the South. He appears to have been unwell on his arrival but preached once on the following Sabbath. The dread disease of double pneumonia gradually developed. Everything that love and skill could do was done, but after Wednesday the gravest symptoms developed and messages reached us calling us to united prayer in his behalf. He was surrounded by many praying hearts in Atlanta, and was entertained in a home of wealth by two of his oldest friends, where every comfort and attention possible were bestowed. But he continued to sink rapidly, and on Thursday night, a little before midnight, his spirit passed to its eternal rest. Two members of his family were hastening to his side, but they were unable to arrive in time to see him alive. His end was peace and triumph, and the last hymn which cheered his departing spirit was,

"Jesus I am resting, resting,  
In the joy of what Thou art."

The following quotation from a letter just received from the nurse who attended him in his last illness, gives a beautiful picture of the triumph of his passing hours.

"Our Father permitted me to minister to our beloved Dr. Wilson the days before his homegoing. I felt I wanted to write you something of those last hours. As a nurse I was permitted to be with him constantly, and felt it a privilege to have those last days with him, and even in the deep sorrow, rejoice with joy unspeakable, the very room being filled with the glory of God.

"There was much in those days which spoke of his complete rest and trust in God. Over and over he repeated and tried to sing,

Jesus, I am resting, resting,  
In the joy of what Thou art.

"His last service was on Tuesday afternoon with his beloved little ones, and he said on Thursday, just before going home, as I told him the children were waiting for 'Big-Baby Brother,' 'Take them a message from me and tell them I will soon be with them.'

"Later he felt he was leaving us, and said, 'I have tried to grasp Him for life. If I fail He knows all,' and with one of his smiles, and reaching both arms toward Him, said, 'Tell the loved ones there is perfect rest in Him, and if He takes me home to-night it is all right. Tell them I shall be with Jesus at the right hand of the Father praying for you all and praying that some time He will reveal to you why this need be.'

"He often said, 'Oh, such rest! such joy! and then just a short time before going home he opened his eyes and said, 'I have had such a blessed vision of victory. Jesus came to me and is with me. His presence and glory fill the room and His angels are all about me. Oh, the joy, the joy, the rest in Him!'"

Dr. Wilson's greatest ministry was his own victorious life. "Do not write a book, but be a book," was Sir Walter Scott's dying message to one of his young relatives. Dr. Wilson's life was an open book, illuminated and illustrated by innumerable pictures of light and love, and a book which even the youngest child has loved to read and whose story will yet be told to children's children by these little ones.

The next great lesson his spirit is bequeathing us is the gospel of hope, of cheer, of holy gladness, of shining faces and songful

souls. Surely, if we can do nothing else, we can, like him, learn to "rejoice evermore" and shine for Jesus.

And finally, if he could speak from heaven to-day surely his last and tenderest bequest would be, "Don't forget the children, the children of America, the children of heathen lands," for whose support he personally contributed through his little bands more than fifteen hundred dollars every year and for whom his last thoughts and plans were actually engaged. How he used to teach the little ones to sing, Let us not forget the chorus:

Jesus loves the little children,  
All the children of the world.  
Brown and yellow, black and white,  
They are precious in His sight,  
Jesus loves the little children of the world.

The Master is saying to us through his simple, childlike and child-loving life, "Lovest thou Me? Feed My lambs." Oh, how they will miss him! How we all are missing him! God help us to take up the trust that he lays down, to put on his mantle of faith, hope, love and joy and with him to share an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

Three faces are looking down on us from heaven, three men who have been very near and dear to us as these years have gone by. The first is the face of John Cookman, a face of love, and some of us can remember how we often thought of the words spoken of Stephen that "his face seemed as the face of an angel." The second is the face of A. J. Gordon, a face of peace. The very memory of him is a benediction of peace. The third will henceforth be the face of dear Henry Wilson, the face of light, of sunshine and of hope and gladness. Let us catch the reflection of these glorified faces as the gates open while they pass in, and let us take heart that "we sorrow not even as others that have no hope," but press on a little longer and be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Friend of our hearts, farewell,  
How swift Thy heavenly call!  
But yesterday we clasped thy hand  
To-day the funeral pall.

'Nay, not the pall, the bier,  
For thee no death can be,  
Thy radiant soul is shining on  
These cerements hold not thee.

The Chrysalis has burst,  
Thy winged soul has flown;  
Thy song has struck a nobler key  
Before the jasper throne.

With countless little ones  
Who passed this way before,  
We seem to see thy radiant form  
Upon that shining shore.

Thy loved ones, too, are there,  
All pain and parting past,  
Thy spirit breathes its native air  
And finds its home at last.

Thou wast too bright for earth  
To hold thee longer here,  
Pass on, we would not wish thee back  
Amid these shadows drear.

But on we also press,  
And may thy mantle fall,  
And leave on many a quickened heart  
Some new and heavenly call.

Where is Elijah's God?  
Elijah's course is run,  
Lord, clothe us with Thy changeless might,  
Until our task is done.

After the reading of the Scripture lesson, from I. Corinthians xv., Dr. Parker spoke as follows:

In the prayers, and in the words which were spoken to us to-day, so fittingly and beautifully, one thought, it seemed to me, was specially emphasized and one impression must have been made upon the minds of all who were listening, or certainly this impression

was made upon me. Here was a man who believed in and realized, day by day, the living, vivifying, inspiring presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. To quote the word that has been used to-day, he was anything but a "conventional" Christian: his religion was the great reality of his life. Only yesterday I came upon some words which reminded me of dear Henry because of the contrast which they suggested to his own blessed and happy experience. "We have seen the spring sun shine out of a soulless heaven upon an empty earth, and we have felt with utter loneliness that the great companion is dead." Yes, as I read those words I thought of Henry Wilson, my brother, and the words of a namesake of his, Bishop Wilson, came quickly to my memory. "I am a witness to the fact that Jesus Christ is alive and though invisible is accessible. I have been cultivating and enjoying a personal acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ for over forty-seven years." That acquaintance in our brother's case had ripened into an intimate and blessed fellowship. It seems to me that as he lived and labored, so diligently and incessantly, so buoyantly and gladly, so loyally and lovingly, in His Master's service, these words might have been his:

"So I am waiting quietly every day;  
Whenever the sun shines brightly, I rise and say  
Surely, it is the shining of His face!  
And when a shadow falls across the window of the room  
When I am working my appointed task,  
I lift my head and ask  
If He has come."

Well, the Master has come and called for His beloved, and we have left us the lesson, and example, and inspiration of a beautiful and blessed life.

There was one point in Dr. Simpson's exquisite analysis of our beloved brother's character, which I am sure commended itself to all who knew him, because of its instantly recognized truth. He was such a happy soul! When I used to write to him playfully I would many a time address him as 'My beloved happy one.' The last letter I received from him was in reply to one which I had written to him and in which I asked, "Well, Henry, happy as ever?" He wrote back, "Yes, beloved, happy, happier, happiest; and I am in the last class."

That Greek Testament of his which has been referred to! Yes; it was his companion. It was as familiar to him as his own vernacular, and many a profitable and blessed hour I have had with him, when for some happy years we were together, as in very intimate and precious fellowship we read the Greek Testament side by side. It was not simply criticism of the text or the exegesis of the meaning; as we read, it became a revelation, and, morning after morning, it seemed to me, as if more and more wondrous things opened out to us as we bent over the inspired page.

Here is a definition which I want to repeat to you. Don't you think it is applicable? And oh, let me say, before I give it, what a beautiful tribute this service has been! How glad and thankful I am to have been permitted to take part in it, to look into your faces—so far as one could with tear-blinded eyes—see what you thought of this dear man and how you loved him. But let me give you this definition. Drummond quotes it, not knowing the source whence it came. "Holiness is an infinite compassion for others. Greatness is to take the common things of life and to walk truly among them. Happiness is a great love and much serving." Henry Wilson was a happy man. May we not say, glorifying God as we speak the words, he was a holy man, for he had an infinite compassion filling his heart, ever pouring itself out in tenderness and helpfulness? He was a great man, in God's sense, for he walked with that splendid dignity of which we have heard, and that noble manliness, which was so characteristic, among the common things of life. And what a happy man he was according to this definition! "Happy! Happier!" Yes, he was one of the "happiest" of men, if happiness be "a great love and much serving."

I thank God that I knew him, and I shall cherish as a blessing and as an inspiration for the rest of my life the dear memory of my friend.

Suffer a last personal word: If I had passed on before him I had meant that he should do for me what I am permitted to do for him to-day. God has willed it otherwise. Well, a part of the joy

of the good Master's presence will be meeting once more my brother and fellow servant of that blessed and beloved Master where there shall be fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

A vast concourse of sorrowing friends viewed the remains and the body was deposited in a vault in the Kensico Cemetery to be afterwards transferred to its permanent resting place.

#### "The Lord Hath Need of Him."

The world hath need of him, ah, such deep need!  
For it is full of doubt, and sin and fear.  
And suffering souls, and broken hearts that plead  
For strength and comfort, faith serene and clear,  
And it is full of laughter, too, and cheer,  
And splendid hope, and high, heroic deed,  
And longs for his quick smile, his hearty cheer;  
Oh, in both grief and joy how great its need!  
Nay, but the Lord hath need!

The Church hath need of him, such sore, sore need!  
Nor yet the church triumphant, struggling still  
Against the powers of darkness, hate, and greed,  
Striving with good to overcome the ill,  
Striving its holy mission to fulfill.  
Of his sane view, his generous breadth of creed,  
His consecration to his Master's will,  
And of his loving service, ah, what need!  
Yes, but the Lord hath need!

And we have need of him, yes, bitter need!  
We friends among whom he went out and in,  
Who knew his sympathy of word and deed,  
His thoughtful love and patience—so akin  
Unto Christ's pity for all souls that sin—  
Who knew his high, true manhood, wholly freed  
From pride or malice, brave to fight and win,  
For his dear presence, oh, with tears we plead!  
Dear hearts, the Lord hath need!

Yes, God hath need of him, the Lord hath need!  
For some sublimer service, in that land  
In that fair country where his servants stand,  
Where angels on God's errands gladly speed,  
Where tears are wiped away by God's own hand;  
And in his unveiled face his blessing read;  
Some wondrous ministry awaits that hand  
So long our strong support to help and lead.  
Amen, the Lord hath need!

Note—Written by Miss ISABELLA CAMPBELL on the death of the Rev. T. S. Hamlin, D.D., and taken from the *Westminster* of July 20.

The following lines were written by Stephen Bradford, one of the students of the Nyack Seminary a few hours after hearing of the death of their beloved President, Dr. Wilson.

#### In Memoriam.

As we stand beside the casket  
Looking on a face we love,  
Of a friend whose work is finished,  
Who has passed to rest above;  
Words cannot express our sorrow.  
Language fails to tell our loss,  
Brother, father, Christian soldier,  
Who can ever take his post?

Yet our sorrow is not hopeless,  
There will come a glorious morn,  
When the dead in Christ shall meet us  
As 'tis written in His Word,  
Likewise we, who still remain here,  
We, who tarry till He come,  
Shall be changed into His likeness  
So, to be with Him at home.

Let us then fulfil our duty  
In the field assigned to each,  
Do our part by toiling, praying,  
While our Captain fills the breach,  
And as nearer draws the morning  
When we'll meet on yonder shore,  
Still continue watching, praying,  
For that time shall be no more.