

To his brother, Mr. George Cookman, of Philadelphia :

“NEW YORK, Tuesday afternoon.

“In accordance with your suggestion, I have just written the long-promised letter to J— C—. I trust that it may comfort and profit him in the midst of his protracted affliction. The illness of our precious Bruner has so engrossed my time and thoughts and feelings, that friendly correspondence has been almost entirely out of the question. Since our return to New York he has been steadily declining. He is now confined to his room, and spends a good part of his time in a reclining posture, propped up with pillows. The action of his heart evidently gets worse and worse. This produces a violent cough, which is terribly racking to his system, and an exceedingly delicate stomach, which refuses almost every thing. Most of the time he is the victim of nausea. All this, with a swollen state of his system and frequent spells of oppression, will give you some idea of the sufferings of this precious boy. Oh ! it is hard thus to see him suffer. Although my dearly beloved son, our first-born, and the object of cherished hopes in connection with the future, yet I could consent to close his eyes in death, if he might escape all that suffocation and weakness and pain which now seem to make his life a burden to himself. Our sympathies are terribly tasked. We want to do something, and suffer under a sense of our inability. It is the trial of my life. Still, my dear George, I will not murmur. My kind Heavenly Father can not err or be unkind. If He slay me or mine, still I will trust in Him. You will be rejoiced to know that the grace of God is so supporting during the season of sorrow. To lose Bruner is like taking away a part of my heart, but, oh ! Christ has had, does have, and shall have all—all for time and eternity. My precious wife bears up better than you could expect. Like myself, she is in the furnace, but sweetly realizes the presence of the faithful Jesus.”

To his sister-in-law, Miss Rebecca Bruner :

“NEW YORK, September 17, 1862.

“Annie is so much engrossed with the duties of a sick-room that I have consented to undertake the department of correspondence. You will regret to learn that Bruner is manifestly declining. Ever since his return to New York he has been steadily running down. Arriving on Friday afternoon, the following Sabbath found him considerably swollen, which is regarded as a most discouraging symptom of his disease. This swelling not only continues, but seems gradually to increase. This is occasioned by the feeble circulation, as we judge from the fact that his extremities have to be frequently and violently rubbed. The action of his heart is evidently worse.

A little distance from his body you can hear an audible sound. His heart pressing upon his lungs, he suffers with a racking and distressing cough—pressing also upon his stomach, he is the subject of almost constant nausea. All medicine and even the plainest food seem to disagree with him. Associate all these symptoms with frequent spells of oppression, when he really lives with great effort, and you have some idea of the condition and sufferings of this precious boy. The doctor said to me yesterday afternoon that he thought we would have to make up our minds to lose our cherished son. It is a trial—a terrible trial—the trial of our life, for Bruner is not only our first-born, the object of cherished hopes in connection with the future, but, as you know, a boy of principle and integrity; his influence with his little brothers has been most wholesome. I feel as if Providence was about to transfer a part of my heart to heaven, and yet I must not murmur. It is my Heavenly Father; let Him do as seemeth Him good. Annie, of course, is carrying a heavy burden. She was proud of Bruner, and you are aware of his special love for her. At the present he can scarcely bear her out of his sight. The prospect and probability of losing him stirs all the depths of her sensitive and affectionate heart. God is gracious to her. I think she is leaning more heavily than ever before on the Almighty arm.

“Little Rebecca Evans changes very much from time to time—now better and then not so well—but on the whole is, I think, gradually improving. The other children are very well and exceedingly good. George and Frank go regularly to school. Sister and Will play very nicely together. George is very tender and affectionate with Bruner. He sits at his side, and seems to be full of interest and sympathy. Your little pet talks often about aunt Beckie. You are a queen in her heart. How long Bruner will last we can not tell. If he runs down as rapidly in the future as he has during the last ten days, he will soon be at rest. Pray for us, and write as often as you can.”

The following letter to Mr. Thomas W. Price, of Philadelphia, on the loss of an infant child, named for Mrs. Cookman, evinces the facility and heartiness with which Mr. Cookman could enter into the feelings of his friends. No wonder such a nature should have touched depths and drawn to it affections which lie quite unmoved by ordinary men:

“COLUMBIA, August 5, 1862.

“Glancing through the columns of yesterday’s *Inquirer*, my eye fell on a notice of the death of your dear little Annie Cookman. It shocked us not a little, for when we last saw her she was the very picture of health. How

often is it the case that our cherished ones, whose promise for long life is the most flattering, are the first to be smitten by death's relentless hand!

"You will believe me when I assure you that this bereavement has awakened in our hearts the liveliest sympathy and sorrow.

"We recognized in this little namesake a living and breathing bond, to bind even more closely that special affection which subsists between our families. We remember the interest and love with which you regarded this last-born, we are reminded of the unusual sweetness and loveliness of the babe herself, and then feel that you have sustained a sad loss. Another breach is occasioned in your affections.

"In circumstances like these, how consolatory are the truths of our holy religion. The unseen hand of God's providence has taken from your family nest this little immortal, and, lifting her up, constituted her an angel in the paradise above. Thus the attractiveness of heaven is increased. As we pass on in life, meeting such afflictions, earth becomes more and more a strange land, while heaven wears more and more of a home-like aspect. Associated with the little brother who some years since was wrested from your parental embrace, the two now, as I doubt not, stand on 'the shining shore' to welcome the family into everlasting habitations.

"When you sing in the future that line of the long-metre doxology, viz., 'Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,' it will possess a deeper meaning, awaken more tender feelings, and enkindle more heavenly aspirations.

"So far as I am aware, this is the first Annie Cookman that has entered those realms of light; and if spirits can know one another, then I am sure *her name* in that world will immediately introduce her to the fellowship of some dearly beloved ones who have gone before.

"God bless you abundantly, my cherished brother and sister. My heart has always been full of love for you both, and now in your affliction I want to say something or do something that may lighten the burden which this bereavement has laid upon your tender and deeply affectionate hearts. May I not pray that our covenant-keeping God will sanctify this dispensation to your good, vouchsafe you special consolation and grace, and make you eventually an undivided family in the skies? I would have been at the funeral but for the illness of our babe. For about ten days she has been hovering between life and death. Her condition is still very critical. I shall not be astonished if these precious children (*little Annie and Rebecca*), of about the same age, should both be in a better world about the same time."

One of Mr. Cookman's first steps on coming to New York was to find his way to the meetings for the promotion of holiness held at the house of Dr. Palmer, on Rivington Street.

He was in close sympathy with their specific aim, and became during his ministry in New York not only a receiver of great good through their agency, but also a contributor to their usefulness. His presence was regarded with great respect and joy by the large class of thoughtful, earnest, and devout persons who frequented the place. His words were uniformly discriminating and weighty—directly to the point and full of unction; and were perhaps as efficacious in nourishing the life of holiness as the words of many who were more advanced in years.

The following remarks, made at these meetings some time in the year 1862, and taken from his lips at the time by a friend, are valuable as examples of his brief testimonies:

“Brother Elliott said last Tuesday that while we were not bowed in prayer, yet prayers all the time were going up! Do we pray without ceasing? Do we talk with Jesus? I have been thinking so much of that exceeding great privilege to walk and talk with Jesus. As I pass along the noisy thoroughfares of this busy city, I feel that Jesus is near. I remember to have spent a few hours with Dr. Olin, whose portrait hangs yonder, having been his companion when I was a youth in a little journey he made in the vicinity of Washington City. I wanted to be silent, and drink in every word he uttered. I remember now that I have intercourse and association with a greater than Dr. Olin. I am so glad to be a friend of Christ’s: ‘Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you,’ comes to my mind very sweetly. Within the last few weeks a sentiment of Luther’s has been very present, in which he speaks of the first great step, the second, and the third, in a life of piety, being *humility*. I have been able to say for years, *I am saved through the BLOOD of JESUS CHRIST*. I have no doubt of my personal purity, but I want to be filled with the Spirit. I am hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and God is filling me. I have been too anxious for all the fullness *at once*; now I am willing to be filled by little and little, as God may determine. I am climbing up.

I don't leave my present stand-point, but I am climbing up, and wish to do so forever and ever.

“I do realize that the blood of Jesus Christ does cleanse me from all sin. There are two little sentiments which have been the subjects of frequent and delightful thought. One is ‘WHITER THAN SNOW.’ Wonderful that I, so low and so unworthy, should have this present personal experience—that CHRIST'S BLOOD should MAKE ME whiter ‘than snow.’ The other sentiment is ‘LIFE HID WITH CHRIST.’ Christ takes me into His bosom—Jesus wraps me up, envelops me in Himself. I want my words, actions, and all to be filled *with the Holy Spirit*. I want to avoid any action or word which may not be in harmony with the will of God. My self-examination leads me, in the midst of infirmities and deficiencies, to declare that I have the sense and witness of heart-purity. How can this be? It is all through Christ. I am made pure through the infinite atonement of the Lamb of God. Pray for me; it is the especial desire of my heart that I may be filled with God—be faithful, devoted, and ready for every good work.”

The spirit breathed in these expressions was the spirit in which the devout pastor lived all the while. His conversation was in heaven. Meeting him one day on the street, near his own house, he said, “I want to go to heaven; I would like to be off if it were God's will; not that I am tired of life, or do not feel I have much to live for, but, oh, to be with Jesus is much more desirable!” Again, walking Broadway with him on one occasion, he put his arm around me and drew me affectionately to him, and said, “Oh, brother Henry, I wish you could see your way clear to come out decidedly on this great subject of perfect love, not only to enter into it, but to profess it—remember your sermon on ‘spiritual discernment:’ as in regeneration, so in entire sanctification, it is only when we have experienced the blessing that we can discern its nature.”

One cold afternoon in November we left the old Book Con-

cern, Mulberry Street, together, and, reaching Broadway, we intended to get into omnibuses, as it was snowing violently—he into one which turned off toward Seventh Avenue, and I into one which ran up Fourth Avenue. The omnibuses were crowded. He suggested that we walk on. We did so, and soon we became so absorbed in conversation as to forget the stages and the snow. When we arrived at the parting-point we both expressed surprise. The delight of conversation had subdued the cold and the distance. “Thus it is,” he quickly said, “when we walk and talk with Jesus. It smoothes all the severities of life.”

Before following Mr. Cookman to his next charge, I must present an example of the patriotic speeches which he delivered, and also of the firm and advanced opinions which he expressed on national affairs, in the great crisis of the country. In the summer of 1862, while on a visit with his family at Columbia, an immense war meeting was held at Lancaster, and he was one of the speakers. I quote from a report of it which appeared in one of the daily papers:

“FELLOW-CITIZENS: This is to me a somewhat unexpected call, but I should feel myself recreant to every great principle of patriotism and of truth if I refused or even hesitated in this my native county, for it may not be known to many of you that I first opened my eyes upon God’s world within the limits of old Lancaster; it gave me a being, and it gave me one of the best of wives, so that I feel under immense obligations to it. [Cheers.] I say that I should feel myself recreant to every principle of truth and right if I hesitated to seize this opportunity to say, in the language of old John Adams, ‘Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and my hand’ to these Union measures. It is my living sentiment, and with the blessing of God it will be my dying sentiment—liberty and the Union now, liberty and the Union forever. [Great applause.]

“It is useless for any of us to disguise the fact—the stern and startling fact—that this Union, which is so unutterably dear to our hearts, is at the present time in imminent peril. Thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens, organized and armed, are intent upon the overthrow of this, I dare to say, the very best Government that yonder sun ever looked down upon; a Government which ought to be just as dear to them as to our-

selves ; a Government with which our own hopes and the hopes of our children and children's children are intimately bound up to the very latest generation ; a Government closely connected, as we think, with the cause of liberty throughout the world, for if our experiment of self-government should prove a failure, we are satisfied that it must put back the hand of freedom on the dial-plate of time at least fifty or one hundred years ; a Government which, so far as we may judge, is one of Jehovah's right hands of power for the overthrow of despotism, error, ignorance, and every thing which could hinder the coming of His kingdom. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens, with worse than vandal-like violence, are rushing forward to destroy the superstructure of that Government. Now the practical inquiry occurs, What is to be done ? The answer, it appears to me, is an easy one.

"My fellow-citizens, what would you do if to-night at twelve o'clock you were to find an assassin in your bed-chamber, fully resolved upon your life ? I make no question but that you would spring from your slumbers and grapple with him, and not even hesitate to put him to death in order to save your own life. Parent, what would you do if a rebellion were to arise in your domestic circle ? Would you not stretch forward the hand of authority and quickly quell it ? Citizens of Lancaster, what would you do if an infamous mob should rise up in these streets to destroy valuable property and imperil precious life ? I make no doubt that you would take down the muskets and rifles still remaining among you, and with the point of the bayonet or with the use of ammunition drive back and put down such a mob. And you would do right. Self-protection would demand such a course. And in this case it is a stern duty. As Luther remarked on one occasion, 'May God help us, we can not do otherwise.' That flag yonder must float ; our Government must be maintained. [Cheers.] Our Union must be preserved and perpetuated in all its purity and integrity. [Cheers.] Millions may be spent, hundreds of thousands of lives may be sacrificed, a whole generation may be blotted out, and still we insist that it is of the very first consequence that our nationality be vindicated. ['Good,' and cheers.] Now I apprehend that it is with this great principle in view we are assembled and associated this afternoon.

"A remark of Colonel Forney's brought to my mind a circumstance which transpired many years ago. It is said that in a military engagement which occurred somewhere near the boundary-line which separates England and Scotland, a young chieftain fell just at the moment when, at the head of his troop, he was furiously and successfully charging the foe. His comrades in arms, seeing him fall, were immediately seized with consternation, and be-

gan to retire in confusion. Witnessing this, his soul immediately filled with sorrow, and, although he was feeble, he managed with some effort to raise himself upon his elbow, and while the life-blood was fast gushing from the gaping wound, while eternity was opening before him, he seized his sword, and, waving it over his head, shouted at the top of his voice, 'My boys, I am not dead! I am not dead, but I am looking to see that every man does his duty.' [Cheers.] So I am here this afternoon to say that our Union is not dead. She has been wounded, foully and fearfully wounded; and, observe, too, in the house of her friends. Still she is not dead. Hear it, you daughters and sons of Lancaster, she is not dead—never dead; but, sword in hand, she is looking to see that every citizen does his duty. [Great applause.] She is looking to ascertain whether, in this time of exigency, we will rally to the rescue; whether in this, the darkest hour of the Republic, we will come up united to the help of freedom and the help of God. For, remember, this is the cause of truth; this is the cause of justice; this is the cause of freedom; this is the cause of the Union; this is the cause of God. [Cheers.] I insist that God is always on the side of truth and justice and freedom. Will you not, then—will you not—will not all these young men and citizens, esteem it at once an obligation and a privilege and a joy to consecrate their energies, their substance, their time, their lives, and their all upon the altar of our country's cause? [Cheers.]

"Allusion has been made to the patriot daughters of Lancaster. God bless them! I see them in these windows and assembled in the vicinity of this stand. God bless them! Mothers, wives, daughters, sisters collected here, we have some faint idea of the sacrifices you are called upon to make, and of the sufferings which you, in the providence of God, must still undergo. Still I trust that at least an overwhelming majority of you have the spirit of that mother in the city of Philadelphia, who said the other day, 'What are sons worth without a country?' [Cheers.] I trust you have the spirit of a friend and former parishioner of mine in the borough of Harrisburg, who has sent six stalwart sons to the scene of strife. Just before they left home and their mother's presence they assembled in a photographic gallery and had their pictures taken, the eldest son standing in the midst of his other brothers, and grasping the flag of the stars and stripes, and that picture left with the mother is an evidence of undying affection. I think, too, in this connection of a mother in the State of New York, whose son the other day proceeded to the seat of war. He was connected with the Sheppard Rifles, Colonel Fareira commanding. It so occurred that the young man's position was at the end of the platoon, near the curb-stone, and the mother, anxious to be with him as long as he remained in New York,

took her place at his side. As the regiment moved along Fourteenth Street and down Broadway, that heroic old American mother walked with her boy, keeping step with him. To relieve him while she could, she took his musket from his hand, and stuck it over her old shoulder, and so she marched with him, side by side, carrying his musket; and the boy was so much moved by her devotion that the tears literally ran down his cheeks. 'Don't cry—don't cry, my boy,' she said; 'be brave, and then, with God's blessing, all must and will be well.' [Cheers.] So, mothers and wives and sisters and daughters of Lancaster, say to your cherished ones, 'Go, go!' It is like tearing the heart out of our living and breathing bodies; it is like enshrouding our present and future with a gloom that must all the time be felt; nevertheless, go and fight these battles of truth and justice and liberty, and God's blessing must be upon you and yours. [Applause.]

"As the last speaker remarked, it is a gloomy hour in our country's history; but I apprehend, my fellow-citizens, that if we look over the events of the last fifteen months we will still find reason for thankfulness. Is it nothing that that effeminacy which was beginning to curse our citizens has met so powerful and sufficient an antidote? Is it nothing that that spirit of insubordination which has been so painfully rife in our happy land, and which is, perhaps, one of the very causes of our present troubles, is receiving so effectual a check? Is it nothing that our patriotism, which seemed almost cold, is to-day burning with a brilliant flame? That that sentiment, which had almost died out, has become a principal passion in the nation's heart? I take it upon myself to say that there have been more acts of moral heroism in this land within the last fifteen months than in all our history previously. [Cheers.] And is all this nothing? Is it nothing that success from time to time has crowned our arms? Is it nothing that Nashville is ours? Is it nothing that Memphis is ours? and New Orleans is ours, and Norfolk is ours, and Winchester is ours, and the Shenandoah Valley is ours, and that Richmond is, we trust and think, soon to be ours? [Cheers.] Is it nothing that that flag which we all love so much—and, by the way, I am just here reminded of a sentiment of a rebel prisoner, who said to a friend of mine, that when they came within sight of the old flag they were very likely to feel weak in the knees. [Laughter and applause.] I say, is it nothing that that grand old flag on the last Fourth of July floated in every one of the thirty-four states? [Cheers.] Is all that nothing? [Great applause.]

"Some of you, perhaps, have heard of a very remarkable iron egg, said to be still preserved in the city of Dresden. There is a legend connected with this egg, which runs somewhat to this effect: On a certain occasion, a prince sent the iron egg to his betrothed. When she received the gift she

looked at it, and, becoming entirely disgusted with so rude a present, she flung it in disgust upon the ground. As it struck the earth, a secret spring was touched, and lo ! a silver yolk rolled forth from the egg. As she gathered up the yolk, she touched another secret spring, and lo ! a golden chicken was evolved. She took the chicken in both hands, and in doing so she touched a secret spring, and lo ! a ruby crown appeared. She touched a secret spring in the ruby crown, and lo ! her eyes were blessed with the sight of a magnificent marriage diamond ring. So let me remind you that this nation from the hand of God's providence seemed to have received an iron egg—an egg all crusted with tears and clotted with blood ; but lo ! with the dismantling of Sumter a secret spring was touched, and a silver yolk appeared, which, like a shield of patriotism, spread over all the Northern States of this great and glorious Union. A secret spring in this silver yolk of patriotism was touched, and instead of one golden chicken we have a brood—McClellan [cheers], Halleck, Banks, Burnside, Hunter, Foote, Farragut, Grant, and Buell, and many others whom I might, and perhaps ought to name. [Cheers.] Now these golden chickens are each one bringing a ruby crown of victory. McClellan, Yorktown ; Halleck, Corinth ; Banks, Winchester ; Burnside, Roanoke and Newbern ; Grant, Forts Henry and Donelson ; Buell, Shiloh ; Foote, Island No. 10 ; and Farragut—not a very pretty name, but certainly a very pretty deed—has given us New Orleans. Each one has contributed his ruby to make up a great crown of victory, and when the secret spring in that crown shall be touched the ring of the Union will appear still unbroken, and rendered more beautiful and valuable than ever before by the addition of the sparkling diamond of universal liberty. [Tremendous applause.]

“ ‘The cloud is vanishing from the day ;
Lo ! the right is about to conquer—
Clear the way !’

“ Men of thought, men of action, clear the way—clear the way ! Our army at Harrison's Landing, our country dismembered and bleeding, the cause of freedom throughout the world, and God sitting upon the circle of yonder firmament, are making powerful and resistless calls upon us to do our duty, and our whole duty, to our country. [Cheers.]”

The session of the New York Conference held in the Washington Square Church, New York City, was one of marked interest and solemnity, especially on account of the Report which was adopted on the state of the country. One of the members of the Conference, Captain Pelatiah Ward, who had volunteered

early in the war, had been killed in battle during the past summer. He was a generous, valiant man, and much loved by his brethren. The President of the United States had issued the proclamation of emancipation, the justice and policy of which were yet much debated, and the unanimity which at the outbreak of the rebellion universally prevailed had become much disturbed by factious opposition. Mr. Cookman felt it was no time for Methodist preachers to mince words, to stickle over questions of constitutional nicety, but that the trumpet from them, as leaders of public opinion, must give a certain sound. He drew up the report. Its reading excited the deepest emotion; thrilling speeches were made by leading members of the Conference, and with but slight opposition it was adopted amid great applause. I give the resolutions:

“*Resolved*—1. That as members and ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church within the bounds of the New York Annual Conference, we cheerfully renew our vows of uncompromising and unconditional loyalty to the United States of America—a nationality we are proud to acknowledge, and resolved, with the blessing of Heaven, to maintain.

“2. That it is our duty, enforced alike by the Word of God and our Book of Discipline, to submit to and to co-operate with the regularly constituted civil authorities, and to enjoin the same upon our people.

“3. That while we do not deny, but rather recognize and defend, the right of our people to discuss the measures and policy of the Government, at the same time we would counsel that, in the present critical condition of public affairs, this right is to be exercised with great forbearance, caution, and prudence.

“4. That the conduct of those who, influenced by political affinities or Southern sympathies, and under the pretext of discriminating between the Administration and the Government, throw themselves in the path of almost every warlike measure, is in our view covert treason, which has the malignity without the manliness of those who have arrayed themselves in open hostility to our liberties, and is deserving of our sternest denunciation and our most determined opposition.

“5. That slavery is an evil, incompatible in its spirit and practice with the principles of Christianity, with republican institutions, with the peace and prosperity of our country, and with the traditions, doctrines, and disci-

pline of our Church ; and that our long and anxious inquiry, 'What shall be done for its extirpation?' has been singularly answered by divine Providence, which has given to Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, the power and the disposition to issue a proclamation guaranteeing the boon of freedom to millions of Southern bondmen.

"6. That we heartily concur in this proclamation as indicating the righteousness of our cause, securing the sympathies of the liberty-loving the world over, and, above all, insuring the approbation of the universal Father, who is invariably on the side of justice and freedom.

"7. That we find abundant reason for gratitude and encouragement in the recent revival of the nation's patriotism ; in the maintenance of our public credit ; in the change of public opinion abroad, especially in England ; and in the gradual but, we trust, sure progress of our arms.

"8. That we cordially accept the President's recommendation to observe the thirtieth day of the present month as a season of solemn fasting and prayer ; and that, assembling in our various places of worship, we will humble ourselves, and earnestly supplicate the great Ruler of nations to forgive our national offenses ; to guide, sustain, and bless our public rulers ; to look upon our army and navy mercifully, giving success to our arms, so that this infamous rebellion may be speedily crushed, and peace, at once righteous and permanent, may return to and smile upon our American heritage.

"9. That our interest in and sympathy for those who represent us in the field continues unabated, and that to all those who are suffering in consequence of the havoc or desolations of this terrible war, we offer our sincerest sympathies and Christian condolence.

"10. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the President of the United States, and that they be published in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*."

It was such action as this on the part of the Methodist ministers, sustained by the laymen for whom and to whom they spoke, both at the ballot-box and on the battle-field, that led Mr. Lincoln to say that no Church had done so much to support the Government in its efforts to maintain the Union as the Methodist ministers and people. It was not a little due to Mr. Cookman that the declaration of the New York Conference, representing a large popular sentiment in the commercial heart of the nation, assumed a shape so positive and incisive. It was but the emanation of his own convictions.

The pastorate of Mr. Cookman closed at the Central Church with the universal regret of its members. The young people had become ardently attached to him. He had taken especial pains to draw together and render efficient the young men of the congregation, and for this purpose had organized among them a society called the "Christian Brotherhood," which held regular meetings for business, religious, social, and literary exercises, and also took general supervision of the young men who attended the Church services. This society was pleased to express their appreciation of their retiring pastor by passing resolutions which are valuable as a tribute to him and as a hint to other ministers :

"Whereas, Rev. Alfred Cookman, our late pastor, has, in the economy of our Church, been transferred to another field of labor—

"Resolved, That we remember with great pleasure our relations during the term of his pastorate, and that we deem his unusual interest in our Association, and continued efforts to promote its prosperity, as worthy of particular mention and record.

"Resolved, That to his regular attendance upon our meetings, his courteous yet earnest participation in our discussions, his evident anxiety that our organization should prove of the highest benefit to the Church, and his constant endeavor for this result, is due much of its prosperity and usefulness.

"Resolved, That upon retrospect of the term of Brother Cookman's service, we are led to believe that the pastors of our churches would add greatly to the effectiveness of their labors by more fully interesting themselves in the established meetings and organizations of their charges ; as an active sympathy in concerns already enlisting the sympathies of their people must afford opportunity not otherwise enjoyed of learning their dispositions and peculiarities, of securing a place in their affections, and of gaining confidence, respect, and influence, as also, by counsel and co-operation, of promoting wiser action and developing wider results.

"Resolved, That the name of Rev. Alfred Cookman be placed upon the list of honorary members of this Brotherhood."

CHAPTER XV.

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEW YORK.—THE ARMY
OF THE POTOMAC AND THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

MR. COOKMAN was next appointed, in the spring of 1863, to the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church on West Thirty-fourth Street. Here his ministry proved highly acceptable and useful. The congregations were never larger than while he was pastor, and there were many valuable accessions to the Church. There are some persons still connected with Trinity, and some belonging to other churches in the city, who were the fruits of his fidelity at this time, and who are among the most useful and active Christians in New York. The savor of his piety diffused itself rapidly through all the departments of the station. He established a service on Friday afternoons, under his personal control, for the advancement of Christian purity, and succeeded in gathering to it many of the earnest lovers of holiness within his own charge, and some beyond it. These meetings were very helpful to the piety of the Church, and were instrumental in bringing not a few into the clearer light of perfect love. In their use his personal religious experience was also greatly enriched, and his ministry correspondingly nourished.

The most marked event of this pastoral term was Mr. Cookman's visit to the Army of the Potomac on special service under the direction of the Christian Commission. He showed himself ready not only to talk sacrifice, but to go to the front, that he might cheer, in the capacity of minister and brother, the hearts of the valiant and exposed soldiers. The best epit-

ome of his thoughts and doings while thus engaged is furnished in his letters written to friends at home. The Sanitary and Christian Commissions, organized for the relief of the soldiers of the United States, in addition to what was done for them directly by the Government, were sustained wholly by the voluntary offerings of the people, and constituted in their work one of the brightest features of the war. Never before was stern suffering so alleviated by the tenderer aspects of Christian and humane sentiment. The benevolence of the country rose in a majesty and beauty which signally contrasted with the dark clouds of fratricidal conflict. The Christian Commission aimed not only to extend to the fainting warrior the delicacies which the body and mind so much needed, but also, and chiefly, the Word of Life—in the shape of Bibles, good books, tracts, preaching, and pastoral visitation. It drafted for its occasional services ministers and laymen of the first talents; and the good it accomplished, while abundantly attested in the records of its history, can not be fully known until all earthly accounts are written up.

To his wife :

“ WASHINGTON, Saturday night, 1864.

*** “Not for a single moment have I faltered in my faith that this path in which I am walking has been appointed by my faithful Heavenly Father. Oh! how unspeakably precious He has been since we parted yesterday morning. I am leaning on His almighty arm, and feel assured that all will be well. Every thing is transpiring just as I could desire. In the New York train I found Dr. Stryker, my neighbor; Mr. McAllister, Sr., of Harrisburg; and Mr. Chidlaw, who has been in the employ of the Christian Commission. The time passed quickly.

“Reaching Philadelphia, I dined with Mr. George H. Stuart, who was enthusiastically affectionate and attentive; purchased many needful articles, etc. Proceeding to George’s, I rather surprised them with my visit and mission, and spent a most delightful evening in their society. This morning left Philadelphia at eight o’clock; found friends in the car; traveled without interruption; had about two hours in Baltimore, but owing to a chafed foot, which was quite painful, could not visit friends. Left about half-past three;

found some friends in the car again (Pittsburgh friends); arrived in Washington about half-past five. To-night I am with my old friend Scott. We supped and will sleep together. To-morrow I preach for the Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment, and on Monday morning, with my friends Hatfield and Watkins, start for the front. The Christian Commission show us every attention. They are evidently anxious to make a good impression on our minds, that, like the spies, we may take back a 'good report.'

"Do not give yourself any anxiety about me. I will try to be careful for your sake. Whenever I can I will drop you a line. As I suggested when with you, if necessary, telegraph to Ebenezer Scott, No. 393 Pennsylvania Avenue, who can communicate immediately, through the Commission, with the army. If you write before you hear from me again, direct to the care of E. Scott, Box 285 (a new number). My friend is waiting for me, and I must close. Tired as I am, I feel as if I could thus communicate with my darling wife for an hour longer. *Pray for me.* Oh! I do so much want to be useful in the work to which I am going. My soul to-night is sweetly reposing in God. 'He is my song and my shield.'"

To his wife:

"WASHINGTON, Saturday night, 10 o'clock.

"You will not object to a short note, I am sure. I am finishing my first Sabbath in the service of the Christian Commission. This morning I proceeded, according to arrangement, to the camp or barracks of the First New Hampshire. To our surprise and disappointment, we found that they had suddenly left the night before. Part of another regiment, however, had come in, and the proposition was for us to preach to them in the afternoon. Thereupon I hastened to Wesley Chapel, and heard a masterly sermon on the subject of the Transfiguration from my friend B. Peyton Brown; met any number of old friends; yielded to the pressing invitation of Mrs. T—, and accompanied her home to dinner.

"After dinner Brother Scott called, and we proceeded again to the camp of the First Maine. The men were drawn up in a hollow square. It was a magnificent spectacle. They appeared in full dress uniform and under arms, accompanied by a brass band. Surrounded by a large company of Washingtonians, I held forth the Word of Life. It was an open-air service, and consequently very exhausting. Nevertheless I got through comfortably. The men were solemn and attentive, and I trust good was done. After the service I distributed some papers and hymn-books, and seized the opportunity to converse religiously with a number of the soldiers. With Brother Charles Lane, my first class-leader, I then went home to tea. Oh, how very, very cordial he was. I praise my Heavenly Father for his friendship

and love. At seven I went to the Armory Square Hospital, and preached to a chapel full of soldiers. Never have I addressed a more attentive or apparently interested company of men. They hung on every syllable. At the close about twenty rose for prayers. The power of the Highest rested upon the assemblage. We sung 'Going home,' 'Marching along,' 'Rest for the weary;' oh, how the noble boys poured out the tide of song! I thought while I was preaching to them, many a faithful mother and sister are pouring out their souls in earnest prayer for their absent sons and brothers. God gave me their hearts, and the chaplain is clamorous for me to remain and labor among them during the present week. I leave the determination of this to that faithful God whose I am and whom I serve.

"This ends my first day of labor. Glory to God to-night for his mercy shown the very feeblest of all his messengers. Oh, how my soul trusts and rejoices in the God and rock of my salvation! To-morrow I move, as a good soldier of Jesus, just where my Captain directs. My foot has been very sore, obliging me to limp in walking; still I have not been hindered in any department of work. Remember me to all friends. Ask my people to pray for their absent pastor, that God will own and bless his humble labors in behalf of our brave soldiers. Kiss my children for papa. Tell dear mother and sister Mary, and John and sister M——, to remember me specially before God, and believe me yours devotedly."

To his wife:

"BRANDY STATION, AT THE FRONT, February 29, 1864.

"Here I am at the front, within a few miles of General Lee's army, and yet as calm as a summer's eve. We left Washington this morning about ten o'clock, and, after a most interesting ride of seventy miles, reached our place of destination at half-past two this afternoon. The country through which we passed wears an air of desolation, which was dismal to contemplate; no fences, no houses, no cultivation whatever, only the *débris* of destroyed property and continuous camps of soldiers. By my side in the car sat a Captain C——, of Camden, New Jersey, who has been connected with the army since the commencement of the war. He was very kind and communicative, pointing out the scenes of several battles, and calling attention to various points of interest.

"My companions in the service of the Commission, Brothers Hatfield and Watkins, were very fraternal and pleasant. Arriving at Brandy Station, we found our head-quarters quite near, an ordinary camp-meeting tent, with a front and rear apartment. Here we have our bunks for sleeping, rather rough, but better almost than I had expected. Our commissary prepared

our dinner. When we sat down we could not restrain immoderate laughter. It was primitive truly. Tin cups for chocolate, tin plates, the brownest sugar, and no butter. However, we got along gloriously. My precious little George would have enjoyed it, for there was plenty of good molasses to eat with our bread. The meal dispatched we sallied forth, and spent an hour very pleasantly in the contraband camp, which is quite near. As the Commission can not give us work until to-morrow, we arranged for a meeting to-night among the colored people. There is an Uncle Ben and an Uncle Dick who are represented as most interesting characters. We have just dispatched our supper—tin cups and plates, of course, but some butter and beef-steak—a right good meal. I have made up my mind to my circumstances, and hope to enjoy and profit by them.

“My friend Scott was very kind in completing my outfit. I think I have every thing needful for one in my circumstances. My only trial now is my absence from my family. I think of you very frequently, and ask my Heavenly Father to watch over and preserve you all. My mind is still kept in perfect peace. God opens my way, and strengthens and comforts me as I walk in that way. Blessed be His name. The brethren are hurrying me to accompany them to the negro meeting. Tell the Friday-afternoon meeting to pray for me specially.”

To his wife :

“CAMP SIXTH N. Y. HEAVY ARTILLERY, March 2, 1864.

“Will you not confess that I am a faithful army correspondent? I believe that I have written every day since we parted. Yesterday we were confined at Brandy Station by the storm. It was one of the most dismal days I ever witnessed. Shut up in our tent, letter-writing was an agreeable pastime. This morning I rose after a good night's rest to look forth upon a cloudless sky; but the mud—oh, the mud! I now better understand the difficulty of army movements. The passage of army wagons (of which there is no end) and heavy artillery is almost entirely interrupted by the condition of the soil.

“This morning I visited head-quarters, and had a most agreeable interview with General Meade. He received us very politely, invited us into his tent, bade us be seated, and chatted very familiarly and kindly. His photographs are very good; perhaps they give the impression of a larger and more rugged man than the original. His recent illness has left him thin, but he professes to be enjoying excellent health at the present. A care-worn expression lingers round his face; but is this wonderful when we consider the burden of care which rests upon his patriotic heart? He impressed me with

his gentlemanly bearing and kind spirit, rather than with his superior soldierly appearance. We called at the same time on General Patrick, who is one of the notabilities here, occupying the position of Provost Marshal of this division of the army. He is an intelligent, affable, and interesting man. I have reached my field of labor. The N. Y. Sixth Heavy Artillery numbers about 1300 men. Besides these there are New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts batteries, and the ammunition trains, all around us, numbering together 3000 or 4000 men. Here, then, I am to toil for their advantage. It is not exactly the place I would have chosen for myself, nevertheless it may be the right place. When it was mentioned to me, I did not dare to murmur or remonstrate, for I have put myself in God's hands, and, without any agency of my own, want to see what He proposes to do with me during my sojourn at the front.

"The soldiers are in winter-quarters—log huts covered with canvas. The officers' quarters are exceedingly tasty and comfortable: little homes that would not disfigure Central Park. Many of them have their wives here, and seem disposed to enjoy life while it lasts. To visit the men in their tents, converse with them, etc., etc., will occupy most of my time. A little while ago I walked over to look at the battery of the N. Y. Fifth Heavy Artillery. A young lieutenant whom I providentially met was singularly polite and kind—escorting me to various points of interest, showing me all the appurtenances of their heavy Parrot guns, etc. I was careful to introduce the subject of religion, and was delighted to find him respectful and tender. How is my dear wife this afternoon? I have not as yet heard a word from home. I suppose that my correspondence will almost necessarily be a good deal interrupted. Our quarters here are considerably rougher than they were at Brandy Station; but never mind, they are better than I deserve."

To his wife:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF RESERVE ARTILLERY, March 3, 1864.

"I am sitting in our chapel tent, which is used by the soldiers during the day as a kind of reading-room. They find here books, papers, with all the necessary articles for penning letters, etc. It is very thoughtful and kind in the Christian Commission to furnish them with these conveniences.

"Last night I commenced operations in this vicinity, preaching to a company of soldiers who crowded our chapel tent. They were very attentive, and thirteen rose for prayers. I have appointed an inquiry and experience meeting for this afternoon, and expect to preach again to-night. I say 'expect,' for every thing in an army is very uncertain. Owing to the soft condition of the soil, the corps of heavy artillery, especially, will hardly be

able to move for a number of weeks, and yet as I write the roar of cannon fills my ears. It may be only target-practice, or it may be the commencement of an engagement; most probably the former. Do not at any time be alarmed about me. I am led by infinite wisdom, defended by infinite power, comforted by infinite love. I do not allow myself to live in the future, for three weeks would seem long, but a day at a time I try to do my work, looking unto Jesus.

“Our accommodations are not even what we had at Brandy Station. Our tent is about ten feet square. In that little space we do our cooking and sleeping. The former is supervised by a superannuated soldier, who does the best he can. The sleeping was decidedly cold last night. I had to withdraw my nose from the air, which was full of frost, and roll myself up in a coil or bundle, to make all the animal heat available. Even then I spent some sleepless hours through chilliness. I do not repeat these things by way of complaint—nay, I am too good a soldier for that. This is only a reference to the seasoning process I am undergoing. I feel very well to-day, and hope, with the blessing of God, to endure hardness, and then return to you in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace. Give my love to my dear people. Tell them to pray for me very specially.”

To his wife :

“RESERVE ARTILLERY, March 4, 1864.

“A few moments before dinner will afford me an opportunity to pen you a short letter. This, I am sure, will not be unwelcome. It is now one week since I left you. I am not sorry the week is gone, for, Providence favoring, I am that much nearer my loved home. To-day it is blustering, raw, disagreeable; most probably the herald of another storm. Last evening we had even a larger crowd of soldiers than the night previous. They were deeply serious. Six or seven rose for prayers. I trust that good influences are at work. We followed the sermon with a prayer-meeting. Four prayers were offered; two of them by lieutenants of the regiment—noble fellows. Tattoo sounds at eight o'clock, at which time the roll is called, and the soldiers are required to go to their tents. This, of course, limits our services. If we had another hour, say till nine, I have no doubt it would be for the advantage of all concerned.

“Another disadvantage is the godlessness of the officers; that is, most of them, for there are a few honorable exceptions. Last night they had a regular ball in the camp, which was attended by their wives and sisters. The festivities were protracted until a late hour, for one of my last remembrances was the strains of music. I slept very comfortably last night, piled on the

coats and shawls, made myself warm, and got through the night in a refreshing way. This afternoon I propose to ride on horseback over to Brandy Station and find my correspondence, for up to this hour I have not heard a word from home.

“Tell sister M—— that I am waiting upon God; sitting with a teachable spirit at the feet of Him who has said, ‘Learn of me.’ I want to be instructed in the deep things of God, and furnished unto every good word and every good work. I surrender myself into the care of my infinitely wise and powerful Father, trusting that He will lead me into usefulness and truth, plenty and peace. I am sure He will; but it is sometimes a trial to walk blindly, not knowing the how or the wherefore. Bless His holy name, there is nothing, so far as I am aware, between Him and myself, and I trust momentarily and sweetly in the merit of Jesus Christ my Lord. Kiss my children for their absent papa. I shall be delighted to clasp them in my arms again. Love to all. They are calling me for dinner.”

To his wife:

“HEAD-QUARTERS RESERVE ARTILLERY, March 5, 1864.

“After writing to you yesterday, I borrowed the horse of one of the captains, and had a delightful ride over to Brandy Station. I thought of my boys, and wished that they might be here for a little while to enjoy the privilege of galloping over the Virginia fields. At Brandy Station I found a letter in waiting, the one you sent by the hand of sister M—— to Philadelphia, and while I tarried the cars arrived, bringing another written on Tuesday evening. Thank you kindly for these affectionate epistles. They come like angel visitants. I need not say that they were read and re-read. I was sorry to hear of the continued illness of the children; perhaps by this time they are all better. Leaving them in the care of our faithful Heavenly Father, I feel assured that He will order all things well. Remember that if their illness is serious or dangerous, you must at once telegraph for me. Parting with sister and little ‘Streak of Sunshine’ must have been another trial for you. That boy Will would be the life and light of any home.

“Last night I preached again to a company of soldiers that entirely crowded the tent. I trust that seed was sown in their hearts which will speedily appear in the form of fruit. After the service was over, and all were gone, I sat in my tent reading; while thus engaged the curtain was drawn aside, and a soldier entering, glided to my side. ‘Chaplain,’ said he, ‘I can not rest—can not sleep—I must have relief. Won’t you pray for me?’ ‘Oh yes, soldier,’ said I, ‘most gladly;’ and after preaching unto him Jesus, we knelt down together, and I poured out my soul in prayer for his speedy

salvation. These facts are my inspiration and encouragement during this time of exile from home.

"Last night I rested rather comfortably ; my shawl makes a good pillow, and my overcoat, thrown over my blanket, contributes to the warmth of my bed. To-day it is raining again ; most probably this will prove a repetition of last Tuesday's storm. Softening this Virginia soil, these rains will oblige the army to remain where it is. In my experience I am panting for more of God, more of His truth, more of His holiness, more of His power ; 'hungering and thirsting' expresses my feelings at this time. Oh ! I want to return home in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace."

To his wife :

"ARTILLERY RESERVE, March 7, 1864.

"My last letter was written on Saturday. In the evening of that day we had an experience-meeting ; I would have given almost any thing to have had you present. The testimonies of Christian soldiers melted my heart to tenderness, and my head was literally a fountain of tears. One and another spoke affectionately of pious and praying mothers. A noble Ohio soldier said, 'When I left my home, a dear, kind sister gave me that little Testament' (drawing the book from his side-pocket and holding it up). 'I had not been a member of the army long, before I realized I must have a friend. Who should be my friend ? I opened my little Testament and read of JESUS. Oh ! what a friend He has been to me. This book has been a great comfort to me in my absence from home. It is full of sweet promises. One is, "In my Father's house are many mansions," etc. If I fall on the battle-field, I believe I shall go to occupy my mansion in the everlasting kingdom of God.'

"But I can not begin to tell you all. It was one of *the* hours of my life. Twelve or fifteen rose for prayers, and all testified 'It is good to be here.' Yesterday I preached in the afternoon, and again in the evening. The interest is constantly on the increase. Last night the tent was packed, and numbers went away unable to get in. Men rose in every direction asking our prayers. Some came to me after the meeting, and with unrestrained tears said, 'Chaplain, pray for me.' The Christian men of the regiment and batteries are in the best of spirits, while the outsiders are evidently interested and impressed. Some are insisting that I shall accept the chaplaincy of the regiment, and march with them during the approaching summer ; but this is not practicable. I am sitting at the Master's feet, anxious to know His will concerning me. Lord ! teach me and lead me, is my constant prayer. I enjoy the divine presence more in preaching than at any other time. I am waiting for revelations of God beyond any thing I have ever experienced.

“The discomforts of my present situation will make me appreciate and enjoy the advantages of my home when I return. For the last two days we have been smoked out. The wind has driven the smoke down the pipe of our little stove, making it almost impossible to breathe. When I would rest upon the bed, I have been obliged to cover my face with my handkerchief, and breathe through the linen. This morning the wind has shifted again, and we get along better. My foot is still pretty sore, preventing me from walking far; but I do not suffer much, and get along very well. To-day we are to have a grand review of this division of the army. The weather is pleasant, and I suppose it will be a grand affair. I wish my boys could witness it.”

To his wife:

“SIXTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY, March 8, 1864.

“Yesterday was a great day. It brought me *three* letters from my darling wife—no, two from yourself and one from George—that was it. Didn’t I devour them—roll them over and over as a sweet morsel, extract the meaning and sweetness of every sentence. They were a rich feast for my hungry heart. I am thankful that you continue well, though I was sorry to hear of any neuralgia twinges. If my wishes could govern, you should not have an ache or a pain. Yesterday we had a grand review of the Artillery Reserve. It was very fine. The appearance and evolutions of the troops equal any thing I have ever seen. The soldiers in their costume do not present that shabby appearance I had anticipated. The colonel is one of the most tasteful of men, and one of the strictest of officers. Consequently every thing shines, even to boots. The regiment yesterday might have marched up Broadway alongside of your famous Seventh.

“In the evening I preached to another crowd. Large numbers rose again for prayer. I trust that God’s spirit is actively at work in the minds and hearts of the soldiers. If we had the co-operation of the officers, I think we would have a sweeping and blessed revival; but they hold themselves aloof from the men, and are altogether too great to stoop to the consideration of any thing so insignificant as personal religion. I am myself waiting on God, not making that rapid headway in personal experience that I had anticipated—not *losing*, but concerned to learn those lessons it is so important for me to know. Respecting the Bible money, you will take that, as I wished you to take the six dollars for Mrs. —, out of the benevolent drawer—the drawer *underneath*, that *draws out*. How lonely you must feel without sister and Will. Do you wish me to call for them on my return? I would be glad if you would send me the *Advocate*, *Methodist*, and *Independent*. We do not get them here until they are about ten days or two weeks old.”

To his wife :

“SIXTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY, March 9, 1864.

“Yesterday, I believe, is the first week-day that I have failed to write to you since our separation. The reason was a jaunt to Culpepper Court-house, distant about ten or twelve miles. I started in the morning about ten o'clock, called at Brandy Station (but found no letters), pushed on to Culpepper, which I reached a little after twelve. This has been quite an important Virginia town. Some of the houses are respectable, but, like all Southern villages, and especially those that have been ravaged by war, it has an untasteful and dilapidated look. The soldiers have been very rude. Only one of a number of churches is fit for occupancy. I met with some friends and enjoyed my visit. About half-past two I started back, making a little detour from the road, and calling at the house of Hon. John Minor Botts. He is faithful among the faithless. A member of Congress when father was chaplain, he remembered father, and this fact secured me a warm welcome. Leaving his comfortable mansion (the only one I have seen in the Old Dominion), I reached my present quarters about half-past four.

“The horseback ride of twenty-two miles left me wretchedly stiff and sore. Nevertheless I preached in the evening. The Spirit of the Lord seemed to rest upon the soldiers. Upward of twelve rose for prayers, and the meeting which followed was spirited and profitable. The night before we had an experience-meeting. It was glorious. One old soldier said, ‘I was converted in 1843; ran well until I joined the army. Then I began to lose ground. Like *Peter*, I denied my Lord, and, soldiers, I do not know but in some instances, like *Peter*, I blasphemed. I said bad words. I came to this meeting. In this tent God found me as he found *Adam* in the garden. He said, “Soldier, where art thou?” Like *Adam*, I thought to hide myself. I tried to get away. No use. Now I stand up, make this humble confession, and ask you to pray for me.’ A number profess to have experienced religion within the last few days, and still the work goes on. The Christian Commission is the *Church in the army*. And though it may be attended with sacrifice, all patriotic parties ought to be willing to take their turn in serving the Church.”

To his wife :

“SIXTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY, }
Friday morning, March 11, 1864. }

“I have been writing this morning a letter to a wife who resides at Garrison Station, on the line of the Hudson River Railroad. Last night her husband was powerfully converted. The case is a thrillingly interesting

one. Two weeks since he tore himself from a dear, pious, and faithful wife and three beloved children. His companion remonstrated with tears in her eyes. Still he enlisted.

"After great hardship he reached this camp on Wednesday morning. In the evening he came to the tent. The preached Word affected his heart, and he rose for prayer. All day yesterday he was a subject of powerful awakening. Last evening, during our experience-meeting, he rose up (a noble-looking man), and, with tears raining down his cheeks, said, 'Oh, fellow-soldiers, how much I want to be saved. All day I have been wrestling with conviction. Now I yield—I yield, I can hold out no more. I am resolved to seek and serve God. Oh, won't you please to pray for me.' I dropped on my knees, and poured out my soul in importunate pleading. All the soldiers were wonderfully interested and engaged. Prayer finished, the soldier rose again and said, 'Fellow-soldiers, I must tell you; I believe God has heard and answered prayer. The love of Jesus is shed abroad in my heart. I am happy in God. I came to be a soldier of the nation—now I am in addition a soldier of Jesus. When we were coming here, very many of our company were sorry that they had enlisted; but oh! if you will enlist in the service of Jesus you will never be sorry.' Thereupon another soldier sprang upon his feet and said, 'I will enlist to-night. Two of my children are in heaven. I want to meet them there, and I intend to march with that dear man. Hear, fellow-soldiers, I enlist to-night.' I can give you no idea of the meeting. It was wonderful—glorious—surpassed any thing I ever witnessed. My own soul was richly baptized. I lay down on my bed with a heart melting in gratitude before God.

"Yesterday was one of the stormiest I ever saw. It rained violently and blew fearfully. I thought again and again our tent must be prostrated. God, however, watched over us, and at the close of the day we were living to praise Him. This morning it is foggy and misty. The wind still lingers in the northeast. I am sustained by the conviction that I am in the line of duty, and God strengthens and blesses me. When the time comes to return home, I will feel great joy in turning my face and directing my steps to the dearest spot on earth to me. How are you this morning, my darling Annie? and how are my beloved children? If I had the 'wishing cap' or the 'seven-league boots,' I would know all about you in a little while. Our omnipresent and omnipotent Father watches between us while we are absent one from another. Blessed be His name. Give the children three kisses apiece for papa. Remember me affectionately to all relatives and friends. Tell sister M—to pray on. God hears and is answering her prayers. Ask all my friends to remember me at a throne of grace."

To his wife :

“SIXTH N. Y. HEAVY ARTILLERY, Saturday, March 12, 1864.

“We have had a long, dismal rain-storm. Yesterday we had in the morning a regular northeast drizzle ; in the afternoon and evening most violent thunder-showers. This weather has shut us up in our tents, and left the country around in a most terrible condition. The streams are swollen to twice or thrice their original size, while the soil is stirred in its depths. I think there is a good deal of solicitude at Washington respecting an advance of the army ; but while the roads are in their present condition the troops must almost necessarily continue stationary. This will harmonize with the views of the soldiers, who, from previous experience, seem to dread exposure, especially lying out, at this uncertain season of the year. If they remain in winter-quarters ten days longer, it will include my term of service, and leave me free to return home without the necessity of accompanying them in their proposed marches. I think, however, any movement of the army now would be a sufficient reason why I, with only a few days of furlough* remaining, should retire from the front.

“This morning the sun shines brightly, and the air is as balmy as the breath of May. I am quite well, barring a little rheumatism in my shoulders, which makes it difficult to get my coat off and on. My foot has been giving me a good deal of trouble. For two weeks it has been discharging more or less. I consulted the surgeon of the regiment ; he gave me some lint and plaster, which I think did not do it much good. Some salve I am using now seems to be healing it up.

“Our meetings yesterday were delightful. In the afternoon it was a prayer and experience meeting ; at night I preached on the subject of forgiveness of sins. The attendance was large and the interest unabated. Large numbers rose for prayers. One new convert got up last night and exhorted his fellow-soldiers powerfully. After this he prayed with great tenderness and unction. I realize in my own experience great nearness to the Saviour. Oh, what would I do without the love and fellowship of Jesus ! Just now an old soldier brings into our little tent a box he has received from home. Opening it for pa—apples, chickens, preserves, eggs, cakes, etc. Noble fellow ! he is insisting that we shall help ourselves. He would be glad if we would take half that he has. Perfectly delighted, he says, ‘Ain’t it nice !’ ‘How thoughtful and kind are my family at home.’ Oh ! what a glorious thing it is to be kind and generous and noble. So I have filled up my daily epistle. To-morrow is the Sabbath of the Lord. Oh, that it may prove the best day of my life !”

* From his Church.

To the Rev. John E. Cookman :

“ARTILLERY RESERVE, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, March 17, 1864.

“The blessed Bible resting on my knee constitutes my desk or table, and, in the absence of pen and ink, you will be satisfied with pencilmanship. I am getting along right well in my spring campaign. Excepting these sickening rheumatic aches I sometimes have in my arms and shoulders, keeping me awake all night, I have been blessed with uninterrupted health. Occasionally I get a horse and have a glorious ride. If you could see me darting over these Virginia hills, you would think of an aid-de-camp of General Meade, or perhaps one of Kilpatrick’s cavalry in citizen’s dress. I did not know I could ride so well.

“My letters come irregularly. More than a week has elapsed since I heard from home. But for Mary’s sweet, affectionate letter yesterday, I should be tempted to believe some one is ill. I have written enough to you for the present, as I must take a little space for my sister. Thank you a thousand times for your affectionate letter.”

To his sister, Miss Mary B. Cookman :

“March 17, 1864.

“I do not know what I should have done yesterday but for your tender and more than welcome letter. Not having heard from home for some days, I procured a horse and rode like a courier to Brandy Station, confident of a budget. But for your kind consideration, I should have suffered a great disappointment. Your gentle words and sisterly assurances satisfied the want, and I cantered back more leisurely to my temporary home in this Virginia wilderness.

“In my letter to John I have written of my physical welfare. Let me tell you of my spiritual condition and ministerial success. God keeps my soul in peace. When I walk these hills alone, I feel I am not alone. My Heavenly Father vouchsafes me His presence, and I am allowed precious communion with Himself. Oh, what would I do in my exile and loneliness if I had not the love of Jesus and the fellowship of the Spirit. Our meetings are still largely attended and decidedly interesting. Every night there are some new cases of awakening and conversion. On Tuesday evening, besides a number who rose for prayers, four noble soldiers stood upon their feet, confessed their sinfulness, expressed their purpose to do better, and asked the prayers of all present; two of them professed to find Jesus before the close of the meeting. Oh, how much I wish you could enjoy one of our experience-meetings. Last night an old regular in the United States service

rose, and with a face illumined with celestial sunshine, he told of his love for Jesus and his hope of heaven.

"My labors in the field are nearly concluded. Next Monday, God willing, I shall start for Washington, then home again. My home and its relations never seemed more attractive or lovely than now. How much I praise God that the lines have fallen unto me in such pleasant places. May I say that your sweet love and sisterly devotion are highly appreciated and fully reciprocated by your unworthy brother. I feel that I do not deserve the confidence and affection with which my kindred and friends seem to regard me. This, with all my other blessings, is of the Lord, and to Him shall be the praise and glory. Now I must close. Receive the assurance of the undying love of your brother."

To his mother, Mrs. Mary Cookman :

"March 17, 1864.

"Last, but not least, my long letter would not be complete if you were overlooked, but that is farthest from my thoughts. You have been with the Army of the Potomac for nearly three weeks—not in person, but in the affectionate remembrance, aye, enshrined in the heart of your eldest child. I am delighted to know that you are maternally watching over my precious ones at home. Take good care of them, and, with the blessing of God, we will soon resume our pleasant associations in New York. Believe me your devotedly attached son."

To his sons, Bruner, George, and Frank :

"ARTILLERY RESERVE, March 19, 1864.

"This is your letter from your papa. A little rough stool is my table, but it does almost as well as my study desks. How very often I think about you, my dear boys. When I see the soldiers drawn up in their evening parade and hear the drums beat, then I think about you and wish you were here to look upon these stirring scenes. When I get astride of a nice horse I think about you, and wish you were here to have a ride. When I lie upon my blanket at night I think about you, and pray our kind Heavenly Father to take good care of you during my absence.

"Yesterday afternoon we had a great 'scare.' Word came that the rebels were advancing upon us. Sure enough, they were crossing the Rapidan River, the dividing line between the two armies. Orders came from headquarters to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Accordingly the soldiers packed their knapsacks, filled their haversacks with three days' rations, and for a while all was excitement. Papa thought he was in for it, but in God

was his trust. About seven o'clock the order to march was recalled. This morning the regiment is all ready. While I write fighting is going on. We can distinctly hear the cannons roar in the distance. Papa had almost made up his mind to leave this morning for Washington, but he thought, 'No, Monday is my time, and I will wait and trust in my Heavenly Father, who has always taken such good care of me.' How blessed it is, my boys, to love God and feel that He loves us. Then we are safe any where. I want you all to be good, and then all will be well.

"How sorry I was to hear of the accident which befell your little friend M— S—. Almost killed! How near he went to heaven or to hell! I hope the former, for I trust he is trying, and now will try more than ever to be good. I want *my* boys to give God their hearts, so that if they suddenly die we may be able to say that they have certainly gone to heaven. Tell your precious mamma that I received a letter from her yesterday afternoon. Oh, how glad I was to get it! Tell your dear grandma, too, how much obliged I am for her sweet letter. Will you be glad to see me again? Papa feels as if he would give all of this State of Virginia to be with his family again. If all is well, I hope this time next Saturday to sit down in No. 263 West Thirty-fourth Street. But if the rebels should get me, it will only be a little longer. Let us pray our Heavenly Father, if He wills, to prevent this. Now, after you read this letter, go every one of you and give mamma one of your sweetest kisses, and tell her that it is straight from papa. Then go to little Beck and little Mamy, and give them each a nice kiss; then kiss one another, then kiss sister M—, then grandma, aunt Mary, and uncle John. That's all."

To his wife:

"COLUMBIA, Wednesday, March 23, 1864.

"I am thus far on my way home. Yesterday I left Washington in the seven A.M. train, passed through Baltimore, and reached Philadelphia at two o'clock. Had only time to hurry from one dépôt to the other, and at half-past two P.M. started for Columbia. Arrived at the old homestead about seven o'clock. Found the family in the sitting-room, gathered around the little table. There was our lovely little daughter, with her calm blue eyes and gentle, quiet face, and alongside little 'Streak of Sunshine,' with cheeks like roses in full bloom. I was an unexpected but most welcome visitor. The children clambered up on my knees, and I was one of the happiest men in the State of Pennsylvania. Sister and Will are very well and very happy. This morning the first thing my door was pushed open, and a sweet little voice said, 'Papa, it is time to get up.' I had had the best night's rest since

I left home. Looking out from the bed-clothes I saw a perfect little face. Will never looked prettier. He kept faithful watch while I dressed, and then acted as my escort down stairs. Sister is full of love, but not any more than her dear papa. With the exception of Davis, the family are very well. The children seem anxious to return with papa to New York. The grandparents and the aunt evidently would like to keep them longer in Columbia. It is in my heart to gratify the little folks and the old folks both, and I must wait for to-morrow to decide what is best.

"On Monday evening I received a Washington letter from yourself, Mary, G. S. Hare, and Southerland. Brother E. Scott was very fraternal. I preferred to stay with him rather than go by urgent invitation to the hospitable home of my old friend and class-leader, Charles Lane. On my arrival in Columbia, I received another letter from yourself. Thanks for these little messengers from home. I hope to see you on Friday. To-morrow morning I propose to start for Philadelphia, spend the afternoon in that city, and on Friday turn my face New-York-ward. Concerning appointments on the Sabbath, I would very gladly hear rather than be heard—but whether my people would acquiesce, I am not so sure. This I must leave until my return."

It was always a great trial to Mr. Cookman to be separated from his family. He had scarcely got settled upon his return from the army, when the physical condition of his children required that some of them, at least, should be taken to the home-stead on the banks of the Susquehanna, and the others with the mother soon followed. We are indebted, however, to these separations for those familiar and tender letters to his wife and children which reveal so charmingly the family side of his character.

To his sons George and Frank :

"NEW YORK, June 24, 1864.

"You must not think that papa has forgotten you because he has neglected to write you a letter. Every day he thinks about his little George and Frank, and wonders how they are getting along. I hope that you are very obedient and kind to aunt Beckie and grandma, and all the rest. I trust that you never quarrel with one another. Remember, little brothers should be always full of love. You must not forget your prayers morning and evening. Never say bad words or associate with bad boys. If you hear a boy swear, turn your back upon him, and say he can not be my playmate or

companion any longer. Always go to Sunday-school, and remember to behave well in church. People around are looking at you, and expect good conduct from the sons of a minister. I am pleased to know that you go to school every day, and go so cheerfully. Give attention to your lessons, and learn as much and as fast as you can. Be very attentive and kind to uncle Cyrus. Do not climb up on him as you used to do, for that might give him pain in his wound. Run his errands. Do every thing you can to make him happy, for you know he is your noble, brave soldier uncle. When you are large boys or big men you will refer with pride to your patriot uncle, who was wounded in the service of his country.

“Yesterday *we*—that is, mamma, Brune, sister, Will, and myself—accompanied the Seventh Avenue Sabbath-school on their excursion to Staten Island. The day was warm, but we had a real nice time. Swings, football, copenhagen, and other sports, interested the little folks. No accident occurred, and we returned to the city about seven o'clock in the evening. I suppose you would like to know about your little brothers and sisters. Well, *Brune* is still very pale and thin, but I think a little better than he was. He is very anxious for the time to come when we shall go to Columbia, for he wants very much to see his little brothers again. *Sister* has been sick, but is better again. She has had her large doll fixed up, and is quite proud of it. She is a dear little girl. *Will* is still a little ‘streak of sunshine’—is as fond of papa’s study as ever. Both he and sister have new porte-monnaies. Will has about twelve cents, and sister six. He is perfectly delighted with his treasure. Beck Evans has taken a deep cold, which has fallen in her eyes. Poor dear little girl, she has all kinds of ailments and afflictions, but notwithstanding is very ‘weenty.’ Little Mary is a honey-drop. Kisses sweeter than ever. Now, Frank, don’t your mouth water for a kiss? On the second Sabbath of July (10th) I expect to be in Harrisburg. Perhaps some time the week before I will bring mamma and the rest to Columbia. Will you be glad to see us? Now my letter is full. Good-bye. Give our love to all. Be good boys.”

To his son Willie :

“NEW YORK, July 19, 1864.

“Did you ever receive a letter before? Now remember that this is all yours, so that when mamma has read it to you, you can fold it up and put it in the envelope again, and carry it about in your pocket, and say ‘This is papa’s letter to “Little Sunshine.”’ Won’t that be splendid? How papa misses his little boy. The *study* is so quiet now; the chairs keep in their places; the old valise stays in the cupboard; no *whoop* to tell that the locomotive is coming; no *invitation* to go in the cars to Columbia; nobody

asks for my *lead-pencil* now; or for a sheet of *white paper* now; or for a *book with pictures* in now. When papa sits down at the table he is all alone. No little darling Will to sit close alongside and wait for his buttered bread, or perhaps for a little sip of papa's coffee, which you know is particularly nice. Don't you pity poor papa? Never mind. It won't be long. Two or three weeks, and then papa will get in the steam-cars again. The old '*locomoshs*' will go 'chu! chu! chu!' and after a while he will come to Columbia. Then he will look out of the car window, and there will be bright-eyed little Willie on the fence waving his white handkerchief, shouting, 'Hurrah, boys! hurrah! here comes my precious papa!' Won't that be splendid? But I hear my little boy say, 'What will you bring me?' *Kisses*—ever so many sugar-candy kisses. Don't you love my kisses? I am sure I love yours. I wish you were here to give me one of those real, ripe, sweet, juicy kisses that grow on your little red lips. Tell mamma that papa is right well. He has just been writing letters to uncle Frank and Edmund Y—. This afternoon he expects to attend Dr. Palmer's meeting, and perhaps afterward ride out to Harlem and see grandma. Now, if little '*Streak of Sunshine*' were along we would go on board the *Tiger Lily*, and sail as far as High Bridge. Wouldn't that be splendid? I hope that while I am away you will be a first-rate boy. Never strike your dear little sister—no, indeed! Never quarrel with your little brothers, or pout or be disobedient to your precious mamma. At the table do you eat with your fingers?—no, indeed, but with your fork. Did you know it? William Wilberforce Cookman is a perfect little gentleman. When I get back to Columbia, I will ask mamma and aunt Beckie and grandma, and if they say you have been a good boy, then you shall have one of those nice, new, beautiful two-cent pieces. Now don't you laugh—it is so. I will put it in that fat little hand, and you shall feel—'it is *mine*.' Now I must close Willie's letter. When mamma gets through reading it, then give her a splendid kiss, and tell her that is from papa; and then go all around and give every one one of your best, and tell them all it is from your dear papa. Good-bye, my little darling."

To his wife :

"NEW YORK, 10 o'clock, Thursday night, 1864.

"I have just returned from Dr. Stryker's church. The national fast-day is over. It has for me been eminently profitable. With considerable sacrifice and self-denial, I remained to supervise these services, and I have been richly recompensed in my own experience. In the morning we had Dr. Stryker, who preached an excellent sermon to a large congregation. I

prayed and read the Scriptures. It was a delightful service. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, I had the large Bible-class room entirely filled (Mrs. D— among the rest), and a precious hour it proved. In the evening I held forth in an address in Mr. Stryker's church. The audience-room was comfortably filled, and I enjoyed rather more than ordinary freedom in unfolding our duties and hopes as citizens in the present important and fearful crisis. To-morrow morning early I expect to start for Poughkeepsie, where I will probably spend the day. Then Saturday, then Sunday, then Monday, and, if the Lord will, my darling wife and beloved children. In *patience* I must possess my soul."

The following brief note affords evidence of the scrupulous fidelity with which Mr. Cookman always regarded the expectations of the children under his pastoral care.

To Mrs. W. B. Skidmore :

"December 27, 1864.

"We exceedingly regret that our Sabbath-school festival, which occurs this evening, will oblige us to ask a postponement of your visit until Thursday. The little ones, and larger ones too, expect to find us in the midst of our flock. We hope, however, Providence permitting, to enjoy your society on Thursday evening. Will you be kind enough to advise Sister B— of this change? We hope it is not too late to wish you a *very happy Christmas*—happy in its memories, in its present experiences, and in its sweet hopes of seeing for ourselves that 'blessed Jesus' whose birth we so joyously commemorate."

To the Friday-afternoon meeting :

"TRINITY PARSONAGE, January 27, 1865.

"I should exceedingly delight to share with you the privileges of the Friday-afternoon meeting. As this is deemed impracticable, may I speak to you from the furnace of affliction—not a seven times heated furnace, nevertheless a furnace signalized by the presence of the Fourth, nay, the First, the fairest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely.

"Since the last Sabbath I have been realizing very specially the preciousness of perfect love. In the midst of pain and physical prostration, I have found beneath and around me the Everlasting Arms, while, as I have glanced into the future, I have not been startled or stirred by a single doubt or fear. Oh, how sweet has been the conviction! I have nothing to do now—all has been done by my blessed Saviour. I stand complete in Him. My heart

overflows with gratitude to the blessed Holy Spirit that has inducted me into the belief and experience of the doctrine of Christian holiness—a doctrine that is so sweet and satisfying both in sickness and in health. From this time I feel as if I should hold it more firmly, preach it more faithfully, love it more fully, labor for it more zealously.

“Dear friends, be assured of my Christian love. Divinity, as I feel, is the bond which unites our hearts together. We are one in Christ Jesus. Let us be faithful, that our precious spiritual privileges may be reduplicated on the other side of Jordan, where, with all the sanctified, we will eternally sing ‘Glory to the Lamb!’ Will you not sing it this afternoon? Sing it for me. I will join your chorus in my sick-room. *You* will not hear me, but *Jesus* will. Let us fill his ear with our songs, and his heart with our joy.”

To the Friday-afternoon meeting :

“April 7, 1865.

“I very much regret my inability to be with you this afternoon. It is for me a serious disappointment. I must, however, yield to the wishes of a dear friend, and accompany the remains of his only child to their last resting-place. Suffer just one word of testimony—*My mercies abound*. My chief, my overshadowing mercy is *Jesus, my sanctification*. He has been unspeakably precious during the present week. Oh, how delighted I should be to sit in the midst of you this afternoon, and hear you again sing His praise, and speak of His love, and implore His presence and blessing! This can not be; nevertheless we will praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that is to come. God bless you all with an unprecedented blessing. In haste.”

Before leaving Trinity, Mr. and Mrs. Cookman suffered a deep affliction in the death of little Rebecca, a child three years and six months old. She was absent from home when she died. This was the first time the Destroyer had invaded their family circle. The father thus touchingly alludes to their bereavement.

To Mrs. Skidmore :

“Monday evening, April 10, 1865.

“We have this afternoon received a telegram acquainting us with the *death* of our dear little daughter Rebecca. She breathed her last to-day about half-past twelve. We were exceedingly shocked at the announcement, for, although we had heard of her sickness, we had no idea that she was

seriously or dangerously ill. To-morrow morning we leave for Columbia. The *little representative of Central Church* is the first taken from our domestic circle. God has constituted her a *glorified link* to unite Central Church in our thoughts to Heaven. Oh, how real and blessed the eternal home seems this evening! My dear wife is overwhelmed with sorrow, nevertheless she submits uncomplainingly to this providence of our faithful God.

"We need not solicit your sympathies and prayers, for four years of intimate Christian friendship assures us that your large, noble, and affectionate heart will be afflicted in our affliction. God bless you forever for your kindness to and love for two of His unworthiest servants. Of course we can not enjoy the congenial circle that will be associated at your hospitable home on Wednesday evening."

To his sister, Miss Mary B. Cookman:

"We have just been placing in the cold grave another beautiful germ, to develop and re-appear in the promised resurrection. Our sweet little Rebecca is now in the special keeping of Him who looks down and watches all her dust till He shall bid it rise. I have many times sought to comfort bereaved parents. God, by this providence, has been better preparing me for this part of my ministerial duty. Our precious darling was incomparably more beautiful in death than during life. Losing all her baby-like look, she presented the appearance of a lovely little girl—her features regular and perfect, her face little wasted, and indescribably sweet in its expression; indeed, her exceeding beauty in death was a matter of universal remark. I felt to-day what a trial it is to bury one who is 'bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh.'

"Returning from the grave, the heart-stricken mother could not restrain the audible 'Farewell, my precious darling!' I thought, 'Yes, until we meet again in a tearless and deathless realm.' Oh, how precious the word 'Comforter' is to me this afternoon! The blessed Third Person comes unusually near, and comforts me with the comfort of God. I have no doubt that this experience is in answer to the prayers of those who are very dear to me."

Thus closed the pastorate at Trinity, and with it Mr. Cookman's ministry in New York. The General Conference, at its session of 1864, in Philadelphia, had extended the time that a minister could be appointed to any one charge from two to three successive years; but, for reasons which seemed sufficient

to all concerned, he declined a re-appointment for the third year, and accepted a pressing invitation to return to Philadelphia. He and the Trinity people parted on the most agreeable terms, and among them to this day no name is more revered for the fragrant memories which cluster about it than his.

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA.—PASTORATE OF THE SPRING GARDEN STREET CHURCH.—AMONG THE CHILDREN.

THE immediate cause of the transfer of Mr. Cookman again (1865) to the Philadelphia Conference so soon after leaving it for New York, was that his services were earnestly sought for the new church which had been erected in Philadelphia on Spring Garden Street. Several of his former parishioners at Green Street were active men in erecting the new church, and they felt that no one was so well qualified to build up the new charge, to give it consistency and stability, as their former beloved pastor.

As explanatory of his views and feelings upon this and like occasions, I give the correspondence between the committee of the Spring Garden Street Church and himself in relation to the matter.

Messrs. A. W. Rand, George Milliken, Thomas P. Campbell, John W. Clark, and Charles B. Barrett, Committee, to the Rev. Alfred Cookman :

“SPRING GARDEN STREET CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, }
September 13, 1864. }

“Inasmuch as the time is rapidly approaching when it must be determined who shall be our next pastor, we all naturally feel very solicitous that he who shall be sent to us shall be one who will not only be acceptable to the people, but who will, by the blessing of God, be the means of advancing and building up the spiritual and temporal interests of our Church.

“We believe that *you* possess all the qualifications to make you thus eminently useful among us ; and at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held last evening, we were appointed a committee to confer with you and solicit your advice.

“Are you aware of any obstacles which would be likely to prevent our consummating an arrangement with you? Have you any personal objections to serving us in the capacity of pastor?”

“We take leave to add that we believe there is but one wish and opinion in the Church and congregation upon this subject, and shall await your answer with very great interest.”

The Rev. Alfred Cookman to Messrs. Charles B. Barrett, A. W. Rand, and others:

“NEW YORK, September 30, 1864.

“I am in receipt of your official communication. It came perhaps a fortnight since, and should have been answered sooner, but indeed I felt as if I wanted a little time for careful thought and special prayer respecting a step of this kind. The changes of a Methodist itinerant are so frequent and necessary that we are apt to think he need not have much difficulty in deciding such matters—but in my own case (and I suppose this is a general experience) I am so painfully anxious to keep in my providential path that I often hesitate, wanting to be fully persuaded in my own mind. You ask for a full expression of my views and feelings respecting the pastorate of your Church for the next Conference year.

“I reply frankly and sincerely, there is no unwillingness in my own mind to return to Philadelphia, and serve you in the relation referred to. Many, perhaps most of your members, are dear friends, with whom I have been pleasantly situated in past years. They know that I am only a simple, plain, and, I hope, faithful minister of Jesus Christ; and if they could be satisfied with me, a very ordinary servant of the Church, I certainly ought to be more than satisfied with them—so true and liberal, sympathizing and affectionate. These are my feelings.

“Now for my circumstances. Next spring I shall have been at Trinity, my present charge, two years. A number of the friends have expressed the desire and expectation that I remain with them the third year. My presiding elder has conversed with me on the subject, saying that while he will not throw a difficulty in my way if I conclude to return to Philadelphia, still he very much hopes that I will remain in the New York Conference. Thinking that the old two-years’ law might be the rule in the matter of appointments next spring, the friends at Poughkeepsie have approached me on the subject of their next pastorate. Seventh Street, New York, and Hanson Place, Brooklyn, have also spoken to me for next year. I refer to these matters not, of course, to show that my humble labors are in demand, but to explain my perplexity in deciding what is my providential path, and

also to illustrate what kind feelings I must break through in leaving this part of the work.

"Now what shall I do? I wish to do right. Your city is a desirable place of residence for me. Your Conference is my cradle Conference. Your Church will be one of the most pleasant appointments in the connection—a thousand times better than I deserve. These are interesting, and yet to me minor matters. I think my greatest concern is respecting my usefulness. Can I accomplish most for Christ and the Church in the Philadelphia or New York Conference? I place myself in your hands and with the authorities of the Church. Bishop Simpson is among you, and, while he is concerned for the success of your enterprise, I believe he is interested for me. He has always allowed me to regard him with the love and approach him with the confidence of a son; and I shall respect and be satisfied with his decision.

"When any definite conclusion is reached let me know, for it will be but just to advise my Trinity friends, who will thus have time to make their arrangements for the next Conference year.

"I have written very freely and frankly. And now, thanking you for this most emphatic and practical expression of your kindness and confidence, allow me to subscribe myself as ever your brother in the blessed Jesus."

The authorities having determined upon Mr. Cookman's transfer to Philadelphia, he hastened to the session of his old Conference at Harrisburg. Thence he wrote to his wife:

"HARRISBURG, March, 1865.

"I would have written yesterday, but duties multiplied, engrossing all my time; among the rest the responsibility and trial of preaching last night. Oh! it was a heavy burden, but I took it up in the name of my Master, *and was helped*. I feel very humble and quiet and grateful this morning. We have commenced an eight o'clock prayer-meeting this morning; the season was very blessed. You will be interested in every step of my progress, and so I will go back. On Tuesday night I left Philadelphia with quite a number of ministerial brethren. Comfortably ensconced in a berth of the sleeping-car, I dozed until Harrisburg was announced; proceeding to our friend C.'s, I met a most affectionate reception. The brethren at Conference were very cordial; business was rapidly dispatched, and a place assigned me on one or two committees, and at the close of the morning session my appointment for evening was announced. During the day I met friends in every direction; they were as cordial as though I had been their pastor last year. God has given us a strong hold upon the hearts of this people.

"The duty of preaching last night involved a terrible trial. I would rather have taken severe lashings; *but I dared* not refuse—it seemed to me that it might be in the order of God; and what is my will in comparison with the Divine will. My Heavenly Father knows how simple and pure was my motive. I *had a good time*—the brethren say great good was accomplished; but this morning I feel like a whipped child, indisposed to look any body in the face. My soul, however, is full of tender love for Jesus; I cling to Him with increasing affection and devotion. 'Happy, if Thou, my Lord, approve.' Pray for me: I want that this Conference time may be a Pentecostal *season for us all.*"

Mr. Cookman's welcome was, if possible, even heartier than on the occasion of his return from Pittsburgh. It is doubtful if any friends are like the heart's first friends. His early associates were now more deeply attached to him than ever before. His re-entrance into their ranks was hailed with delight; and he, as was natural, felt again the tranquilizing sense of home, which gave him a new spring for his chosen work. The reception which the people would give him could not be questioned in view of his popularity when stationed in the city, and the enthusiastic greetings which always met him on his occasional visits. His brother George wrote in the winter of 1863 to his mother after one of these brief sojourns:

"We enjoyed Alfred's visit hugely. He is a prime fellow, and his trip over here was productive of great good. I never saw such a sight as the Monday evening he preached at Green Street—altar crowded, and some thirty or forty in the congregation rose for prayers. We are going to have him back to Philadelphia some of these days."

The Spring Garden charge presented the most favorable conditions for Mr. Cookman's resumption of the Christian ministry as a pastor in the great city of the Keystone State. The new, capacious, and elegant church, with every modern facility for effective Church work, was admirably located to accommodate the growing population in the north-west section of the city. It was thoroughly manned by official boards full of energy, zeal,

and liberality. Its success was assured from the beginning. The new pastor's name was a tower of strength. The pews immediately after the dedication were rapidly taken, and it entered promptly upon a career of usefulness such as has been hardly surpassed by any charge in any of our great centres.

Among the features of the Church was its large and well-conducted Sunday-school. No minister ever more highly appreciated the Sunday-school as an arm of pastoral success than Mr. Cookman. He was in the truest sense in all places a part of his school, regarding himself as responsible for a close contact with it and a most intimate knowledge of its workings. He felt that the same heart must send its pulsations through the whole congregation, composed alike of adults and children. His habit was to know and to be known to teachers and scholars, to meet them on the most familiar terms, and so to inspire them with affection as to be able to utilize them as instruments and as materials for the incessant supply of workers in the Church and additions to its members. The secret of his great power with children was his love for them. This the children could always see and feel, and hence he invariably enlisted their sympathies. He was one of the most successful talkers to youth America has known. His tact in awakening and keeping attention, by presenting truth under the drapery of description, or in the form of illustration, or by some apt question, or by the flash of gentle humor, or by a tone of solemn appeal, was really consummate. Who ever knew an audience of children to tire under him? Who has not seen congregations of them, wearied by some prosy homilist who had preceded him, suddenly electrified as he rose before them, and his look of familiar sweetness and voice of melody caught eye and ear! He was never happier than when before the upturned faces of his "little brothers and sisters," as he loved to call his youthful auditory, or when, surrounded by a throng of them, they plucked familiarly at his coat to catch his notice, or when, seated at the

fireside of his own or some other Christian home, the boys and girls drew about him to listen to his naïve and simple stories.

It is said of the celebrated John Charlier Gerson, who was Chancellor of the University of Paris, and the theological leader of the reformatory councils of Pisa (1409) and Constance (1415), that, after taking a prominent part in all the great questions of his age, he retired to a convent at Lyons, and found his chief delight in the instruction of children.* Alfred Cookman was never greater than when in his humility he stooped to be the companion and friend of Christ's little ones. Talking one day with a lad of one of his charges, he said, "Willie, do you pray?" "Yes, Mr. Cookman," was the reply. "When you pray, what do you pray for? You know we must have an object when we pray." "Why, sir, I have a very bad temper, and I pray to God to help me to overcome it." "And does He help you?" "Yes, sir, I think He does." Such was the affection, the directness, with which he approached the children and youth of his parishes.

It may not be amiss here to present at some length in his own words his views of the relation of "the pastor and the Sunday-school." The report, though not full, is very suggestive :

"A practical talk on the relation of the pastor to the Sunday-school was made by the Rev. Alfred Cookman.

"He did not design discussing the theory of this relation, but to give his views of what it should be, illustrating by his own experience in trying to carry out his convictions on this subject.

"1. A pastor ought to spend a part of every Sabbath in the midst of his school; be intimately interested and identified with it. He should, if possible, know the name, secure the confidence, and engage the affections of every child in his charge. To further this, he may pass around the school from time to time quietly, unostentatiously, taking the hand of the teacher, smiling upon or speaking to the class, or to members of it, by name, as, 'Brother Charley, I hope that you are very well to-day;' or, 'Harry, my little brother, I trust that you are enjoying your lesson—do you find it diffi-

* Lange's Comm. on Matt., p. 323.

cult?' or, 'Mary, my little sister, you must not fail to give God your heart;' or, 'Lizzie, I am hoping that, after a while, I shall have the pleasure of meeting you in heaven, as I now have the pleasure of meeting you in Sabbath-school.' Thus the presence of the pastor will be greeted as a living, moving blessing, and as he crosses the threshold of the room little eyes will brighten, and hearts overflow with loving gladness.

"The pastor should also recognize his scholars in the street and at their homes, as well as in the school-room. The speaker had charged his children to run up to him and take him by the hand in the street, and to make themselves known whenever and wherever they should meet him.

"2. A second suggestion is that the pastor should preach steadily or regularly to the children of his Church, members of his Sabbath-school. This is not to say that he should monopolize the superintendent's time by remarks, but have fixed periods when, after due preparation, he shall speak a word of loving counsel, warning, or encouragement. 'After due preparation,' mark, for there can hardly be a greater mistake than to suppose that this exercise requires little or no preparation. Dr. Newton, that prince of children's preachers, had told him that he devoted as much time and labor to his 'children's sermons' as to those which he prepared for the great congregation. The reason why it has come to be a received truth that so few are adapted to talk to children, is because so few take the time and thought necessary to *prepare* themselves for the work. Then, after thorough preparation, they must put themselves in sympathy with their youthful hearers, and should aim rather to *talk* to them than 'address' them.

"In connection with the service called 'Children's Sermon,' Mr. Cookman has found it advantageous to encourage the older scholars to submit to him, the Sabbath after they have heard it, a report of his sermon, which may be longer or shorter as they may please. He receives it, takes it home, carefully examines and corrects it, marks it 'very good,' 'excellent,' 'good,' according to its merits, and signs it carefully, 'Your affectionate pastor,' appending his name. The report is then returned to the scholar. The idea has proved useful in several very obvious ways.

"3. As a third suggestion, a pastor would find it helpful to him and his school to have a week-day meeting of a children's class, over which he could have supervision in the matter of Christian duty and walk. In most of his charges, Mr. Cookman had held such a class on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock. Punctuality is insisted upon, the roll called, and absentees marked. If a scholar is absent two or three weeks consecutively, without an excuse, his name is stricken from the roll. After singing and prayer, and singing again, the pastor asks a few questions bearing on practical religion, as,

whether they have remembered to read their Bibles daily, and pray to God morning and night since they last met, the answers being given by raising the hand. In such an exercise the speaker had been impressed with the fact that so few of his scholars were accustomed to pray *twice* a day. They are then encouraged to stand up in their place and recite a passage of Scripture on a topic announced the week before, or one having the name of Jesus in it, or one beginning with A, B, C, D, etc., going regularly through the alphabet. An opportunity is then given to the pastor to reply personally to the scholars, giving a short word to each on the text they have recited perhaps, and then general remarks to the class for fifteen or twenty minutes, with the aid of the blackboard, concluded with singing. These exercises last three quarters of an hour, never exceed an hour. Tracts and children's papers and reward cards are then distributed, and the class separates. Each child is taken by the hand on parting, and some such sentiment expressed as, 'I hope you will be found obedient at home, kind to little brothers and sisters during the week,' etc.

"4. As a last suggestion, the pastor should be concerned to organize a Bible-class, composed of his teachers and members of the larger classes who might choose to join it. This class may meet during the week to study their next Sunday's lesson. They had organized one in the speaker's charge, which promised most important results. It meets on Saturday evening. The first hour is devoted to the lesson in asking and answering questions, using the question-book as a guide, but not confining themselves to it. This exercise is made a free, familiar interchange of thought and inquiry. The next half-hour of one week is devoted to teachers' experiences, the relation of encouragements and discouragements, or to prayer over the work. On the next week this half-hour is given to reading by the pastor of short biographical or other sketches of religious interest, making it eminently practical. On the third meeting two or three short essays, written by scholars, are read. On the fourth, after the regular exercises, committees appointed by the pastor on various subjects, such as sick and delinquent members; on new members; the prayer-meetings (which the young men and young women conduct separately); on sick and afflicted Church members; on tract distribution, etc., all make their reports. Thus an interest is taken in all the work of the Church, and the pastor is training helpers all around him. The whole secret of his success lies in some such efforts, by which his flock, young and old, shall be kept employed in the Master's vineyard.

"For a pastor to neglect the command, 'Feed my lambs,' and thus to turn aside from a field 'white to the harvest,' is to indicate a strange unfitness for the very work to which he ought to believe himself divinely called beyond any question."

Several letters of Mr. Cookman to his children have already been given. I insert others here, written about this date, as illustrative of his manner of dealing with his own children, and as pertinent to the above remarks. His children were sum-mering at or near Columbia.

To his eldest son, Bruner :

“You will be glad to receive a letter from papa. He thinks a great deal about his little boy, and hopes you will not get sick again. I suppose you would like to have your velocipede and little carriage in Columbia. As, however, we could not very well send them so far, they will have to remain, and you can enjoy them when you return to the city. Grandma Cookman often talks about you. She will be glad to see you again. You must be a good boy, obey mamma, love your brothers, take care of sister Puss, read your Bible every day, pray to your Heavenly Father, and then you will grow to be a first-rate man.”

To his son George :

“This letter is for ‘Posse kin,’ as mamma sometimes calls you. I expect you are having an elegant time at grandpa’s—rolling your hoop, flying your kite, playing with Rollo, and helping grandma to make garden. You must not eat up all the gooseberries and cherries and currants before papa comes to Columbia ; if you do, papa will lay you down on the floor, and he will tickle you—oh, how he will tickle you ! I hope that you are a very good boy, that you obey every thing that aunt Beckie tells you, that you say your prayers every morning and evening, that you never quarrel with little Bruner, and that you keep away from the railroad and river. Would you not like to see the little sister ? She is a bouncing, beautiful girl, and begins to crow like a chicken. Frank Simpson talks a great deal about Bruner and George ; he says, ‘Boys gone in the cars—gone to Columbia.’ When papa and mamma come they will bring Frank and the little sister. Then you will take Frank in the garden and show him the flowers, won’t you ? and you will put little Annie in a carriage and take her riding. Then papa will get a big carriage and a live horse, and with his little boys he will drive out in the country. Won’t we have a good time ? Now remember to be a good, obedient boy, and papa will bring you a pretty present. Give a kiss to grandma, grandpa, and aunt Rebecca, and all the rest. When they will let you see that new baby at uncle Aby’s, you must ask him to let you give it a kiss for papa, and let it

be one of your very best kisses. Papa and mamma send you a *locomotive* full of love."

To his boys :

"You will be glad I know to hear from us. After leaving you on Monday I proceeded in the direction of Philadelphia, reaching home about six o'clock in the evening. I found all well. The next day we started in the noon train, and arrived in Columbia early in the afternoon. The children were very much surprised and delighted to see us. Will is stout and healthy. Sister is sunburnt and thin. Mary is fat and saucy. We took to sister, Maze, and Mame, wax dolls and paper dolls, and to Will, Alfred, and Harry we gave knives, arrows, and blow-guns. Yesterday I rode out to see the new camp-ground, which is about twelve miles from Columbia. The grove is very beautiful. Aunt Beckie will have a tent. The friends are expecting about one hundred and twenty tents. I shall take sister and Will some day and let them see a camp-meeting. Uncle Abe's stable is nearly finished, and both his horses are here. Their names are Frank and Mike. They are strong, noble bays. In a few days he expects to have his carriage, and then look out for splendid rides. I hope you continue very good boys. Remember to do as uncle John or cousin Emmy require. Be polite at the table; make as little noise as possible; do not go in the way of danger; keep away from the machines and from the horses' feet; keep your clothing tidy; be sure not to quarrel; read your Bible; say your prayers; resolve to be just as good in the absence as in the presence of your parents. We desire to hear from you, so that you must remember to write every week. I suppose you are having a grand time hunting eggs, picking blackberries, digging calamus, riding horses, and helping cousin Davy in the harvest-field. Get all the enjoyment you can, and then be ready to go back to school and *study like nailers.*"

To his daughter Mary :

"DEAR LITTLE HONEY SISTER,—How I would like to have you in my arms just now. I would give you a splendid squeeze, and then I would kiss those dear little cheeks. Papa often looks into your crib and then thinks of his precious daughter. Won't you come to Philadelphia some of these days, and sleep alongside of your darling papa? To-day I was looking at your basket-cradle in which you rock your dolls. When you come back to the city papa will get you a new doll for your cradle; but you must be a very good little girl. Do not eat any green grapes. You may jump rope, and sew with your '*needa,*' and play with your '*yabbit,*' but you must not get sick. Now give me one of your best kisses and bid me good-night."

To his older sons :

“Bruner’s letter came to hand this morning. We were glad to learn that you were quite well and enjoying yourselves. You must be very good boys during your stay in Columbia. Make as little noise and trouble as possible. Grandma and grandpa are both old, and therefore can not bear as much as they once could. You must try and remember this, and when you are in the house talk in subdued tones and sit quietly in your chairs. I think you ought to take a part of every day for reading. If all study and no play makes Jack a dull boy, then all play and no study makes Jack a very good-for-nothing boy. Select some interesting book, read more or less every day, and when I come to Columbia you can each one report the number of pages you have read, for I shall certainly ask the question. Do not quarrel with one another ; such conduct is disgraceful, and especially between brothers. This spirit often leads to blows, and blows to serious injuries, and even death. Nothing could grieve me so much as to know that my boys did not feel kindly or affectionately toward each other. Always be gentle and patient and affectionate in your conversation and sports and intercourse.

“Another thing—never forget that you are young Christians, members of the Church. The eyes of others are upon you. I do not suppose that you would tell falsehoods or say bad words, or take what did not belong to you. But remember that angry tempers and angry words are inconsistent with the Christian character. You have not left your religion in Philadelphia, but taken it with you. Let it influence you to *read your Bible every day, to pray three times a day*, and to go to class-meeting every week. Ask aunt Beckie if she will not take you with her ; and though it may be a trial—a great trial—yet for the sake of your dear Saviour consent to the trial, and resolve to attend a class-meeting every week. In this matter take your father’s advice. He knows what is best, for he has been through all your experiences. Read this letter over and over again, think of and remember the advice we have given. *Be quiet as possible, read a little every day, don’t quarrel, act like little Christians, go to class-meeting.* About going down the country, we will see when I go to Columbia. This morning we are all pretty well. The baby, who was quite sick all day yesterday, seems better. This is probably owing to the agreeable change in the weather. Mamma says that when it suddenly becomes cool you must not forget to put on thicker clothing. Will scalded his foot this morning, and for a while was a lame and crying little soldier. But petroleum and flour have cured him so far that he is now out of doors playing. How is little sister Puss ? Let every brother give her two kisses for me. I am glad she was pleased with her book. Of course she will read it all through, and be able to tell us all about it when we meet.”

To his son George :

"How are you getting along? I hope, as Frank would say, 'berry well.' I thought when I saw you that there was not enough flesh on that little body of yours. See if you can not get right fat by the time I go to Columbia. Look here, George, do you know who can speak,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand?"

Yes, you do. It is a little fellow just about your size, and that looks just as you do. Now the boy that can speak as well as you do, ought not to be noisy or rude or disobedient. Do you think he ought? I want you to be one of the best boys in all the world. You know you are named after grandpa Cookman, and he was one of the best men that could be found."

A meeting for the promotion of holiness was promptly established at Spring Garden; but for sufficient reasons Mr. Cookman allowed it to be removed to the Methodist Book-rooms, on Arch Street. He by general consent was continued the leader of the meeting while he remained in the city. This "Friday-afternoon meeting" has become an institution, and is resorted to by persons of all denominations from far and near. Mr. Cookman also frequented, as when previously in Philadelphia, the meetings under the conduct of Mrs. Keen.

A letter written about midsummer of this year makes pleasing reference to this and kindred meetings, to the success of the new Church enterprise, and withal breathes the saintly devotion and genuine friendship so characteristic of the man.

To Mrs. Skidmore, of New York :

"PHILADELPHIA, July 11, 1865.

"How much obliged I was for your kind and very welcome letter. When the pen can contribute so much to the happiness of our friends, especially *ministerial friends*, who need the inspiration of affectionate words; when it so consciously builds us up in our purposes and faith and holiness, are we not responsible for its use? You will feel, I trust, the force of this sincere appeal, and by your continuance in well-doing earn the valuable commendation, '*She hath done what she could.*' Our pleasant fellowship in the Central Church pastorate, and subsequently at Trinity, furnishes even now

a feast of memory. As the iron *wheel* in its revolutions has interfered with this communion, the next best thing is friendly correspondence. If we can not enjoy together one of *our old-time talks*, thank God, we have the ability and disposition to make a less satisfactory medium tributary to our Christian friendship. Meanwhile, aye, and all the while, we are one in Christ our Head. It is with me a most inspiring thought that, although separated in person from many of my cherished friends, yet our spirits constantly commingle in God. We are every day in the same presence, talking to the same Father, sharing the same precious influences. Truly mountains rise and oceans roll to sunder such in vain.

“With yourself I place an increasing appreciation on those friends whose hearts have been constituted the abode of the sanctifying Spirit. Their words instruct me, their example stimulates me, their influence lingers with me. They not only contribute to my purest joys in this world, but are enriching me for all eternity. Next to Jesus in my own heart, I am unutterably grateful for Jesus in my friends. The circle that were associated in the Friday-afternoon meeting! oh, how vividly they live in my remembrance—how they still seem to strengthen and comfort me with their testimonies and prayers! Around that room and around those friends there gathers an unearthly glory. As I review those rich privileges, I sometimes find myself singing,

“‘And if our fellowship below
 In *Jesus* was so sweet,
 What heights of rapture shall we know
 When round His throne we meet.’

“I enjoy our Philadelphia means of grace, but as yet it seems to me that we have not struggled as near the eternal throne as we were accustomed to get in those memorable meetings.

“You will regret to learn that our beloved friend Andrew is unusually feeble. About two weeks since he broke down utterly in the midst of his Sabbath-morning sermon. The friends at Trinity are very kind in their concern for his welfare. It is to be hoped that his annual rest and recreation will entirely restore him. Mrs. Keen is enjoying the society of Sister Lankford, who has been here about two weeks. Unfortunately for myself, I have been absent from the Tuesday meeting both times when she has been present. Thus I have missed her kind, sweet face, her gentle words, her precious spirit. I am hoping, however, this afternoon to meet her under those pleasant circumstances, and be refreshed as aforesaid by her clear, simple, and unctuous testimony.

“You have doubtless been informed respecting the great success of our

Church enterprise. The day of dedication was marked by the most decided interest and the most satisfactory success. Bishop Simpson and Dr. Durbin both preached with very much more than their ordinary power. General Grant,* without invitation, gave us his presence. The collections amounted to \$15,000, which leaves a very small indebtedness. All the pews on the lower floor, except two, have been rented, and some in the gallery. The income from rentals and premiums this year will approach \$10,000. Not unto us, not unto us, but unto our kind Heavenly Father we give all the glory. Will you not remember us with the sincerest love to all our dear friends in New York that you may meet? If we are dear to any of them, I am sure they are all unspeakably dear to us. Tell any of them who may be interested to know that I still joyously accept Jesus as my perfect Saviour."

The first year of the pastorate at Spring Garden was one of solid and abiding usefulness. There is no record which acquaints us with the details of the devoted pastor's labors, but the minutes of the Conference show increase in all departments.

As evidence of the high esteem in which the pastor and his wife were held, the congregation, on the 6th of March, 1866, the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage, gave them a "crystal wedding." Their home on Wallace Street was crowded with the members of the congregation, who brought with them many tasteful articles as mementoes of the occasion. A presentation speech was made to the happy pair by Mr. Alexander Irwin, to which Mr. Cookman replied in his usually felicitous style. He was much moved while he spoke, and at the close called upon the company to sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then offered prayer.

Mr. Cookman never appeared to greater advantage than amid those scenes, when he was surrounded by the company of his friends, drawn together in honor of himself, or of some friend, or for the advancement of the social culture of the

* It was then expected that General Grant would settle in Philadelphia, and the Trustees of the Church had offered him a pew.

Church. He was commonly the central attraction of all such gatherings, not so much by his official station as by the charm of his person and character—handsome, dignified, and affable, he moved among the circles which he frequented with a modest grace, an instinctive recognition of the claims of others, a kindly salutation for every one, an evident appreciation of all that is best in his fellow-beings, which, while it showed him to be a man of .

“Cheerful yesterdays, and confident to-morrows,”

also made it manifest to all that the source of his cheerfulness and of his friendship was deep in the springs of a pure nature.

Mr. Cookman's close sympathy with the Young Men's Christian Association during his former residence in Philadelphia will be remembered. He shows himself again on their platform, and speaks in the following timely and earnest words :

“Ecclesiastical history tells us of one of the ancient Christians who, when summoned before the tribunal where he was to receive his sentence of death, was asked, ‘What is thy name?’ He immediately responded, ‘I am a Christian.’ ‘What is thy occupation?’ He answered, ‘I am a Christian.’ ‘What is thy native country?’ He answered, ‘I am a Christian.’ ‘Who were thy ancestors?’ He answered, ‘I am a Christian.’ And to all the inquiries he responded consistently in the words, ‘I am a Christian.’ Sir, it is with a feeling akin to this that I appear upon your platform to-night—not as an American, not as a Methodist, not as a sectarian, Mr. President—I am a Christian. I glory in this worthy distinction; and in the presence of men and angels I announce the fact, ‘I am a Christian’—a humble member, an unworthy representative of the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of Philadelphia.

“Allow me, sir, to congratulate you and the friends of this worthy enterprise upon the brilliant and truly inspiring scene which greets our vision and crowns our anniversary. Certainly these Christian laborers are encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. Look at them sitting in these boxes, occupying this lower floor and yonder gallery—filling the entire house, making it appear almost like an ancient amphitheatre, which, during the progress of the Olympic games, would be crowded in every part, causing the place to look like a living, breathing structure. It shows how dear to the heart of every Christian is the cause of Christianity, and the welfare of every

instrumentality intended to promote the interests of religion. These young men shall rise up like a race of young giants, showing themselves mighty in pulling down the strongholds of the wicked one. Now we have in the midst of us the Ark of the Covenant. Upon our banners are inscribed the words, 'Christ and Him crucified.' This is the motto under which we successfully battle. It is true, we still want the baptism of fire—that fire which shall constantly burn in our hearts, that shall glow in our countenances, kindle upon our tongues, and shine in our lives.

"Mr. President, I was greatly excited by the cordial welcome you extended to these delegates, hailing as they do from the North, South, East, and West. Only a week since I was in the city of Pittsburgh, and spent there one of the happiest evenings of my life. That such may be the case with you all to-night is my earnest wish. But a few years have elapsed since the veterans of 1812, hailing from almost every state in the Union, assembled in yonder hall on Chestnut Street, where more than eighty-three years ago there was prepared for publication to the world the memorable Declaration of American Independence. Finding the room too small for the number present, they adjourned to the Chinese Museum, which afforded them more spacious accommodations. At the second organization it was ascertained that some of the delegates were absent. The New York delegation was every moment expected. Soon the stentorian voice of the door-keeper was heard, and the shout of the 'New York Delegation' resounded throughout the building. That vast audience sprang upon their feet, and made the edifice literally vocal with their shouts of enthusiastic welcome. The Baltimore veterans, coming in immediately after, were received with the wildest shouts of enthusiastic joy. And now, when the good soldiers of Jesus Christ are coming from the battles of our world to sit down in a convention that shall never adjourn *sine die*, an angel at one door, with shouts of joy, will announce the names of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York; another angel, at another door, will announce the Young Men's Christian Association of Troy; another the names of the associations of Baltimore, Germantown, and a thousand other places, all coming to mingle together in the Paradise of God. May God grant such may be the case, and that we may all be united in a bond of union that shall never know dissolution."

CHAPTER XVII.

SPRING GARDEN STREET CHURCH.—CIVIL RIGHTS OF THE COLORED RACE.—VACATION AT CAMP-MEETINGS.

THE session of this Conference of 1866 over, Mr. Cookman hastened to the help of his brother John, who was stationed in Poughkeepsie, New York. He found him in the midst of an extensive revival, but greatly prostrated in health; and although he was himself just out of an arduous winter's work, he could not refrain from entering earnestly into the work on his brother's hands.

To his wife :

“ POUGHKEEPSIE, Monday, March 26.

* * * “ We found John in bed, a victim of diphtheria and great nervous prostration. Last Wednesday the doctor was very much alarmed. Yesterday morning early, and again in the afternoon, he had very bad spells. This morning, however, he seems better, and we hope will recover rapidly. His people are earnest and united in the prayers for the preservation of his life, which seems to them exceedingly valuable. His labors have been singularly blessed. It is estimated that nearly three hundred have professed to experience religion, among whom are a large number of heads of families and strong, stalwart young men. The end is not yet.

“ I preached yesterday morning on the cloud of witnesses. After the sermon the altar was surrounded by gentlemen and ladies, who proposed to join the Church on probation. In the afternoon we had a prayer-meeting, with an altar full of penitents. In the evening I preached on ‘ Ye will not come,’ etc. The altar was again filled with mourners, and some occupied the front seats. This morning, and every morning at nine o'clock, a meeting, largely attended, is held in the lecture-room. I preach to-night, to-morrow night, and perhaps on Wednesday night. John has not been out of his bed since last Tuesday, so that he is entirely laid aside. The friends interpret my presence as a providential interposition. If you need me before Thursday, *telegraph*, and I will be forthcoming at the earliest moment, but, unless there should be some emergency demanding my presence, I reckon I will

stay till Thursday. I have the prospect of incessant labor while I remain here, but this work shall make my heart rejoice, and 'spend the remnant of my days.'"

The successful close of the late civil war, it will be remembered, entailed upon the nation problems of reconstruction second only in importance and difficulty to that of maintaining the unbroken authority of the general Government. The chief problem was the settlement of the relations of the freed colored race to the new order of things. The negro was free—he could not be again reduced to slavery. Should he advance in the essential conditions of freedom to the possession of those civil rights without the exercise of which liberty is but a name? Such was the question which in 1866 forced itself upon the true lovers of the country and of humanity for a speedy and practical solution.

It can not be denied that the first stage of transition from bondage to freedom was to the colored people of the South a period of fearful trial and suffering. "The reaction which followed at the waters of strife, upon the exultation of the passage of the Red Sea, has been fitly described as the likeness of the reaction which, from the days of Moses downward, has followed on every great national emancipation—on every just and beneficent revolution—when the 'evils it caused are felt, and the evils which it removed are felt no longer.'"^{*} Many of the worst results of emancipation, which the enemies of the slaves had predicted and their friends had feared, fell upon them. They wandered about in multitudes, without food, clothing, or shelter. Their irresponsible and defenseless condition exposed them to sickness and immorality. They were tempted to drunkenness, theft, and murder. It is not surprising that they, like the Israelites, longed at the "bitter waters" for the "flesh-pots of Egypt." When in bondage, they felt only the evils of their sad state, and anticipated in freedom naught but the sweets of liberty. In their recollections they dreamed of

* Stanley's History of the Jewish Church.

their snug quarters, their hoe-cakes, their merry evening songs and dances, but forgot the chains, the whip, the extinction of manhood and all its ties; and thus, as they saw in the present only privation and peril, no wonder their hearts failed them and hope well-nigh died out.

Many of the advocates of freedom were also alarmed. The old, oft-repeated sophistry, that the negro is incapable of self-government, seemed too well supported by the abuses and shiftlessness which could not but follow upon the heels of a people suddenly liberated, without the least education in the habits of self-help. It again required the faith and nerve to insist upon the rights of citizenship for the black man that it had originally required to demand his liberation. Mr. Cookman was among the number who stood forward quite early in the reconstruction agitation for the bestowal of these rights in all their fullness.

To his sister, Miss Mary B. Cookman :

“PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1866.

“Last night I made a speech in the largest colored church in Philadelphia. Two bishops, a book agent, a missionary, an editor, etc. (all black), on the platform. Justice to the negro and justice to the traitor was my political creed announced. Duty to their brethren in the South, the exhortation urged. We had a glorious time. I thought of our honored father, how he would have reveled and kindled and flamed on such an occasion or under such circumstances.

“This suggests your inquiry respecting colonization. My impression is that colonization belongs to some future providential development. God is using the African race just now to teach us a lesson of justice and human brotherhood. We are not sufficiently instructed or disciplined yet, and can not dispense with the lesson-book. When we are disposed to do justly in every particular, then I rather expect that Providence will open some gold mines or oil wells, or something else in the African coast, or in some other locality where black people can best live, and so we shall work out the problem of colonization. At the present time they are not only important for testing our integrity, but also for cultivating our soil. As laborers they are indispensable to our wealth and prosperity. I think colonization must be left to Providence and the colored people themselves. We can not force

them away ; it would be unwise, unkind, unchristian ; and to colonize as we have been doing is like emptying a river by taking out a bucketful now and then. Let us live for the present, faithfully discharging the duty of the passing hour, which is to educate and elevate a people whose unrequited labors, multiplied wrongs, tedious bondage, and deep degradation give them a special claim upon us. Give them the spelling-book, the Bible, equal rights before the law, and the elective franchise as their weapon of defense, and then leave all the rest to God. In such a case I would implicitly trust the providence of One who is Himself infinitely just and holy and good.

"We were very grateful to learn of the improvement in dear mother's health. She does not know how unspeakably precious she is in the appreciation of her children. As time leaves its mark upon face and form, our love seems to be gentler, tenderer, and more sacred. We feel to say, 'Handle her carefully, speak to her lovingly ; pour all the sunshine possible over the remaining years of her earthly sojourn.' Oh, we enjoyed beyond expression her presence in Philadelphia. She never before seemed so beautiful in my eyes. I felt as if I wanted to see her every day. My visits were always too short for myself. God bless her with the best of His blessings—and He does, for He gives her Himself, and next to this He gives her the enthusiastic love of her devoted children. We give her her vindication before she is taken from us, that she has always been true, tender, sympathizing, loving, faithful—yes, the best of mothers.

"I have written you a long letter, and yet I have not said nearly all that is in my heart. My soul still trusts and triumphs in God. Oh, for a gust of praise to spread abroad the preciousness and power of full salvation !"

The summer of 1866 found Mr. Cookman, as usual, turned "evangelist." Instead of spending the vacation month as a holiday, he went from camp-meeting to camp-meeting, a herald of salvation. "What is the use of giving you vacation?" said one of his official brethren ; "you don't rest, you go to all the camp-meetings and preach more than if you were at home. I can not favor it unless you will rest." He replied, "I can not accept on such condition. I must preach. The Gospel is free."

He was then in perfect health, and seemed never to need the recreations which are taken apart from the constant exercise of preaching and laboring for the salvation of the people. His movements and the exercises of his mind may best be seen in

his own letters. The prominence given to the subject of holiness will strike every one. It must also be apparent how rapidly he was growing in grace—how increasingly spiritual and heavenly his experience was becoming. He was literally losing himself in Christ, and in that doctrine the experience of which he regarded as wholly putting on the Lord Jesus.

To his wife :

“CAMP GROUND, Thursday, 1866.

“I am just outside of Heaven. Penn's Grove is, as usual, the very vestibule of Paradise. The meeting, always good, was never more glorious than this year. An unusual number of tents are on the ground, crowds of preachers, and very many of those who are so dear to the heart of Jesus, Brother Belden, Brother Inskip and wife, etc., etc. This morning we have been enjoying a meeting, and if Heaven supplies such pleasures I certainly will have no reason for complaint.

““My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.”

Oh, how glad I am that I came! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost meet, overshadow me, and make the hours memorable. I feel as if I could almost give a little fortune if you were here. Perhaps we made a mistake in not coming down last Saturday, but our motive was pure. It had rained, and every thing was very damp, but my Father covered me with His feathers, and under His wing did I sleep. Yesterday I was sick, but camp-meeting has cured me, and this morning I feel decidedly better. There are constant inquiries respecting yourself, and great regret expressed that you are not here. I do not expect to preach. There are so many ministerial brethren this year that I can be excused. The trumpet has sounded for morning preaching. I have lingered a moment to scribble these few lines. Tomorrow I expect to leave for Baltimore. Oh, that you could breathe this hallowed atmosphere!—oh, that you could share these celestial influences! God will bless you in Columbia. I want this summer an unprecedented baptism of the Holy Ghost.”

To his wife :

“PHILADELPHIA, SPRING GARDEN, }
Monday morning, 5 o'clock, 1866. }

“Yesterday I preached at St. George's morning and evening, and also administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Working both ways,

Westwood Memorial Collection
1866

this made a full and laborious day. My sermons, however, released Dr. Bartine, and thus Ennall's Springs camp-meeting was saved from disappointment. At eight o'clock I listened to Rev. Mr. Matlack. His subject was 'the Times,' and he preached the most political sermon I ever heard. Some of his expressions were terrible, but on the whole I liked it because of its truth and bravery. The Penn's Grove camp wound up gloriously. The last afternoon and evening one hundred souls were converted. They say that altogether it was the best meeting held in that forest for twelve years. This morning at nine o'clock I expect to start for the Eastern Shore. Manship goes with me. Robert Thompson's carriage will probably meet us at Bridgeville. I had another letter from him on Saturday. I think he would really suffer if I failed to get to the camp. The P—— family are as kind as they can be—God bless them! I have not heard from you since last Wednesday—that is, since I left. When I reach my destination this evening I shall expect to find letters. May our kind Heavenly Father take good care of the family of one who is anxious to do His will. My soul still trusts and triumphs in the Rock of my salvation."

To his sister, Miss Mary B. Cookman :

"August 17, 1866.

"This week, after Penn's Grove, I went down to Ennall's Springs, in Dorchester County. Oh, how my good Heavenly Father used me there! Eternal praises to His glorious name. I should want pages to tell you all. One night the power and glory of God came down in the preachers' tent after we had all retired. For myself, I was 'filled with the Spirit.' Such a season of rejoicing and praise I never witnessed. It was an inner sanctuary filled with the 'Shekinah.' About one o'clock at night we went around the ground shouting the praises of our conquering King.

"On Wednesday of this week I went up to Halifax camp-meeting, above Harrisburg. It was the last night of the meeting, but oh, what a night! Old Methodists, who had been going to camp-meeting for nearly half a century, say they never saw any thing like it. Brother George Lybrand preached very forcibly at half-past seven o'clock, and invited penitents. The bench was filled. At eleven o'clock I preached to the Church on the subject of 'Holiness.' Oh, what an appetite the people exhibited! We knelt in consecration before God, then followed the Sacrament at the midnight hour. It brought us to Jesus; He saved us from our fears and doubts, and salvation flowed down in floods. The preachers and people were of one mind and heart touching the great subject of Christian purity. I could not tell you how many entered into the rest of perfect love. The

preachers' tent, as at Ennall's Springs, was submerged with the incoming tide. Yesterday morning we gathered at the stand, listened to many witnesses of perfect love, expressed some parting counsels, received the blessing of that venerable man, Father Boehm, marched around the ground, and then, amid songs and shoutings, took the parting hand, rejoicing in the conviction that Christians never part for the last time.

"Have I not had a glorious summer? Hallelujah to the Lamb! My soul overflows with love, joy, and praise. I never felt so strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. And then the victories for holiness! Opposition is giving way, and in the centenary year of American Methodism the spotless banner of Christian purity floats triumphantly in the breeze. As Mr. Fletcher was wont to say, 'Oh, for a gust of praise to go around the world, and then to go up to God!'

"How I could enjoy Sing-Sing camp-meeting again! The scene and the showers of blessing last year constitute one of the sweetest memories of my life. I scarcely know how to deny myself the privilege of seeing those friends whom I love so much in Jesus, visiting the spot where last year I seemed to be almost visibly covered with the blood of Jesus, and enjoy the influence which I am sure will be abundantly poured out. I think, however, that during this week I must try to be at Shrewsbury. It seems to me that the great Head of the Church will perhaps use me among my dear Baltimore friends. I think I have their love and confidence, and, with the help of the Spirit, I can assist them to step into the Bethesda of perfect love. Will you not ask some of my precious friends at Sing-Sing to pray for me? I have no special claim upon them, except that I belong to the little band who profess and advocate holiness. I am theirs in the service and for the glory of the conquering Christ. Oh, let them pray that God will give me great success in spreading abroad the knowledge of full salvation. Only a week or two of my rest-time remains. It has been glorious rest at camp-meetings—glory to Jesus!

"The family are all well. Your little pets, Will and Mary, are developing more and more the characteristics which have drawn you to them. Will is full of affection, and Mary is the most independent, saucy little miss of my acquaintance. Her name is very precious in our home. I should like our gentle mother to have her in her training for a time, and give her strong will a good profitable direction. God bless you, my dearest sister. His counsel is guiding you, His grace will satisfy your every need. A universe of love to dear mother. Oh, how much I would like to see her! Tell John to take very good care of himself—his life is very dear to us and to the Church. I hope he stands strong and

triumphant in that wonderful and blessed liberty wherewith I know he has been set free."

For *The Christian Advocate* of New York :

"A MINISTER'S VACATION.

"My happy holiday was spent amid rural scenes, at the sea-shore, and in the enjoyment of camp-meeting privileges. The sea-shore is, of course, for me a privileged place, a locality to which I regularly resort, with as much of tender interest and blessed recollection as others would go to the grave-side of a dear parent. The beautiful country, with its diversified and magnificent scenery, never seemed more charming, and principally because I saw and found God every where. For is it not true that as the human face is more attractive when it becomes the window of a noble soul, so the face of nature seems the more glorious when through the green of the fields, and the deeper green of the forests, and the ten thousand hues of the variegated flowers, we behold the glory of that Divinity who is Himself the soul of the great universe.

"CAMP-MEETINGS.

"But it is of my camp-meeting experiences and observations that I wish principally to write. In the kind providence of God I was permitted to be present at four of these forest services, namely, Penn's Grove, New Jersey ; Ennall's Springs, Dorchester County, Maryland ; Halifax, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania ; and Shrewsbury, where most of the Baltimore friends annually associate themselves in this feast of tabernacles.

"Two leading facts met my observation at all these meetings. First, the interest in the mind of the Church respecting the experience of personal holiness. Every where ministers and people were groaning for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb. I have seen hundreds at the same moment prostrated before God in the spirit of entire consecration, and concerned to appropriate Jesus as their full and perfect Saviour.

"A MEMORABLE SERVICE.

"Let me refer to a truly memorable service in connection with the Shrewsbury meeting. At half-past nine o'clock on Tuesday night the preachers, by arrangement, assembled in their own tent for an interchange of views respecting this great doctrine. There were about twenty-five brethren present. The expression of sentiment was frank and full. Questions were asked. Difficulties were stated. Experience was referred to. About half-past eleven, while some of us, greatly concerned and earnestly prayerful, were wondering

what might be the effect of the interview, it was proposed that we have a season of devotion before we separated. Kneeling together, the presiding elder of the Carlisle District led in prayer. While yielding himself afresh and more fully to God, and accepting Jesus as his Redeemer from all sin, salvation came in its fullness to his soul, and he was overwhelmed with emotion. In a few moments he gratefully and definitely testified, 'Brothers, Jesus saves me now, saves me so fully that I am assured if I should die at this moment I would certainly go to join the blood-washed around the throne in heaven.' A hymn of praise was sung. Then another presiding elder stepped into the Bethesda of perfect love. Directly a third presiding elder arose and said, 'Brethren, I will honestly state that, theorizing on this subject of sanctification for the last eleven years, I had well-nigh theorized my heart out of all belief of the doctrine. To-night, however, I give my theories to the winds, and I want to testify that God is giving me light—not heat, not a special experience, but simply light.' A little while after this same brother rose again, and, with a face all aglow, said, 'Brethren, glory to God! I have both now, the light and the heat. Oh, I know for myself that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin.' So the meeting proceeded, one after another stepping into the full liberty of the sons of God. Young ministers were rejoicing in Christ as their perfect Saviour. Superannuated brethren were coming out more clearly into the blessed light of full salvation. Thus for six hours this wonderful and glorious meeting continued. During that time nineteen brethren, including the three presiding elders, took the three steps suggested—full consecration, implicit faith, and definite confession. At half-past three in the morning this band of brothers, full of glory and of God, sallied forth from the preachers' tent, and marched around the ground singing,

“I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy;
I will come and dwell within.”

Subsequently they became apostles of holiness, and at every opportunity exhorted the Church to come up to the measure of their privileges in the Gospel of Jesus. Nor in vain, for all over the Shrewsbury camp-ground hundreds were seeking and large numbers entering into this rest of faith and love.

“MARYLAND METHODISM.

“O, how glorious is old Maryland Methodism, standing up so bravely just now in the midst of civil and ecclesiastical disloyalty. For their encourage-

ment we took occasion to say that *the Church of God has nothing whatever to fear from without*. Earth and hell may combine to accomplish her overthrow, but all in vain. Their united efforts shall only be overruled for our advantage. *The danger of the Church is entirely from within*. Losing her purity, she loses her power, and in that case becomes the prey of her enemies. If, however, I reminded them, they would be faithful to duty and alive to privilege, all filled with the Spirit, then God would be on their side, and with Omnipotence for them they would surely and gloriously triumph.

“This revival of the doctrine and experience of holiness is in our view the most encouraging fact which our centenary year has as yet developed.

“Let the friends of this great grace rejoice, for the spotless banner of Christian purity begins again to float in triumph upon the battlements of American Methodism.

“SANCTIFICATION AND SUCCESS.

“The second thing which profoundly impressed me in my camp-meeting observations was, that whenever and wherever the work of sanctification revived among professing Christians, the work of God revived in the conversion of sinners.

“At Penn’s Grove the divine influence seemed almost irresistible. As the result of the last two services it was estimated that there were at least one hundred conversions. The successes at the other meetings were signal and glorious. At Shrewsbury they counted up one hundred and twenty-five converts. The intimate and indissoluble connection between the sanctification of the Church and the salvation of the world was most strikingly vindicated. And is it not always so? Does not God usually communicate his Spirit to perishing sinners through the hearts of his people? Hence the necessity of being ‘pure in heart’ and ‘filled with the Spirit.’ We have taken down our banners from the forests and are setting them up in our several churches. Our Methodist hosts are girding themselves for the fall campaign. Next month will be the most interesting October of our denominational history we have ever seen. Shall it be signalized by unprecedented success? Shall a shout of victory roll up from Canada to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Shall American Methodism, rebaptized and all glorious with the divine presence, prepare to march down her second century conquering and to conquer? We believe that the answer to this question rests with the Church itself. If our people will hold fast in theory, realize in personal experience, testify in definite confession, and exemplify in daily deportment this vital doctrine of Christian holiness, then nothing shall stand before our spiritual power. We shall show ourselves

increasingly mighty through God in the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and hell, until Christ shall every where reign victorious, and the whole earth shall be full of the glory of God. Oh, brother Methodists every where, remembering our responsibilities, *let us be holy!*"

A letter to a prominent citizen of Baltimore, and an active layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city, indicates the extent to which his services were useful at the Shrewsbury meeting, and to which his advice was subsequently sought.

To Mr. Samuel Hinds, of Baltimore :

"PHILADELPHIA, September 3, 1866.

"I thank you for your fraternal letter. Any tidings from Shrewsbury, *blessed Shrewsbury*, would be welcome, but *such tidings* were specially grateful and encouraging.

"Restoration to perfect health, or the reception of an ample fortune in the case of a dear friend, ought not to be as cheering intelligence as the fact that one we love has by faith appropriated a perfect Saviour, and is living in the enjoyment of sanctifying grace.

"*'Glory to the Lamb,'* that the young men of North Baltimore are putting on the whole panoply of God! Full of the Divinity, and valiant for the truth, may they prove themselves mighty in pulling down the strongholds of sin and hell. If I had their ear, I would say, with a brother's love and earnestness, *'Hold fast to that whereunto ye have attained.'* Do not allow any temptations or influences to lure you from the experience and profession of Christian holiness. For *Christ's* sake, for the *Church's* sake, for the world's sake, for the sake of this precious doctrine, for the sake of that *virgin purity* which is now upon your souls—for all these reasons do, I beseech you, do continue steadfast and immovable, testifying humbly but definitely that 'the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.'

"Let no one think for a moment that because God has answered his prayer, and granted him a deeper work of grace, that therefore he may hope for an exemption from trials, temptations, and difficulties. These will come, but if we are *'looking unto Jesus they will not move us off the Rock,* and that is the important matter. In the time of conflict or darkness, be concerned about *two things*. First, *Is my consecration entire?* Yes. Second, *Do I this moment accept and trust in Jesus as my perfect Saviour?* Yes. Then 'all is well'—I am on the Rock. The Rock may be in the valley or on the hill-top, in the cloud or in the sunshine—it matters not; if we are on that sure foundation, all is well. It is not darkness or temptation or trial that

separates the soul from God—*it is only sin*. Let, then, our trusting souls adopt as their motto, 'ANY THING BUT SIN.'

"The days I spent at the camp-meeting were among the happiest and best of my life. Can I ever forget some of those blessed scenes and seasons? Sabbath morning—Sabbath evening; Tuesday morning—Tuesday night in the preachers' tent; Wednesday morning, when I so reluctantly withdrew myself from those hallowed privileges. *Oh! I remember it all*. It supplies a rich feast of memory. It constrains at this moment a *heartfelt glory to the Lamb*. I shall never cease to praise God for the *Shrewsbury camp-meeting* of 1866. My Baltimore friends, always precious, never seemed so dear before. Oh! I want to walk with them upon the king's highway of holiness, and after a while spend an eternity with them in the sweet groves of bliss. Convey to any whom you may meet assurances of my Christian affection, and believe me, beloved brother, yours for *full salvation*."

Another honored layman* of Baltimore, alluding to Mr. Cookman's labors at the same camp-meeting, wrote subsequently:

"I owe more, under God, to Brother Cookman than to any other being for the experience which I now enjoy. His sweet voice, ringing out so clearly, '*Be ye holy*,' was the first to awaken in my mind an anxious inquiry on the subject of Christian holiness. He led me into the higher life—into the possession of a brighter and deeper religious experience. Now that he has fallen, I feel more than ever like being true to the doctrine, which it seemed his special mission so forcibly to proclaim."

To his mother:

"PHILADELPHIA, September 10, 1866.

"We are comfortably ensconced in our parsonage home after the ramblings of our summer vacation—a vacation which we all exceedingly enjoyed, especially myself. Indeed, it was the most delightful holiday of my life. I was able to commingle physical, social, intellectual, and especially religious pleasures, so that, while it was sweet *in realization*, it is also blessed *in remembrance*. Toward its close I found myself at the famed Shrewsbury camp-meeting, arriving on a Saturday evening, and remaining till the following Wednesday. Shall I say that these were the three greatest and

* Mr. John Hurst.

most glorious days of my life? Yes, not even excepting the blessed season we enjoyed at Sing-Sing last year. Indeed, I did not understand or appreciate before how our Almighty Father could use a worm or a ram's horn for the accomplishment of His own most wonderful purposes. I did not comprehend how the possibilities of my feeble being, energized by His power and accompanied with His unction, could bring about such glorious results. *He made me an apostle of holiness.*

"Dr. Roberts, detained at home by the serious illness of a patient, the responsibility of cherishing, teaching, and seeking to spread this vital doctrine devolved upon your first-born. Oh, how my blessed Heavenly Father helped me! I was a marvel to myself. The interest was such that the largest meeting-tents would not suffice to accommodate those hungering and thirsting for full salvation through the blood of the Lamb, and such services had to be held at the stand. All over the ground (and there were nearly four hundred tents) the dear friends were interested on this subject of heart purity. On Tuesday morning I preached a sermon on entire sanctification. The illumination and unction vouchsafed were, I think, unprecedented in my history. Oh, what power I had in appealing to the preachers! *Hundreds* of interested people bowed in consecration. Then followed the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This seemed to help the faith of the multitude, and we had a day of days—a day that some will remember long as eternal ages roll. That night we held a meeting on the subject in the *preachers' tent*, especially for the benefit of the brethren in the ministry. About twenty-five were present. We commenced at half-past nine o'clock, and continued till past three in the morning—nearly six hours. During this time *nineteen preachers*, including three presiding elders, stepped into the Bethesda of perfect love. Did you ever hear of any thing so wonderful or glorious? The old preachers, of fifty years' standing, some of whom experienced that night for the first time the broad and blessed rest of full salvation, declared that they had never seen it in that wise before.

"There were constant inquiries respecting yourself, with the strongest expressions of tender love for you and yours. Bless God for our Baltimore friends. During the last ten days I have been receiving by almost every mail letters from that city asking for my humble services, or expressing thanks in view of my labors at the camp-meeting. Labors in my home sphere, where the tendency is to worldliness, seem by contrast painfully tame and ineffectual.

"Last week we had the Convention of Southern Unionists in our city—a body of brave and noble men. Philadelphia enthusiasm was in a blaze. Altogether it was a most memorable occasion."

A letter written to his sister, February 15th, 1867, will be read with interest because of its references to the deaths of cherished friends, especially that of the Rev. Dr. Munroe, Secretary of the Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is not too much to say that the whole Church shared in the feeling of sorrow here expressed by Mr. Cookman. The letter, which was written soon after from the seat of the Conference at Harrisburg, will recall to those who were present the tender fidelity which he showed as chairman of the committee on memorial services for deceased brethren. The beautiful service for rendering the occasion impressive was due to his thoughtfulness. The Rev. Dr. Nadal, who was then a member of the Philadelphia Conference, made a pleasant allusion at the time to the occasion in a letter to Mrs. Nadal.* The letter which quickly followed to Mrs. Skidmore will be chiefly valued as expressing Mr. Cookman's views of a controversy which was then quite active in the New York Preachers' Meeting.

To Miss Mary Cookman :

"February 15, 1867.

"We have had an unusually solemn week. The tribe of Levi, with its immediate adherents, seem, in the providence of God, to have been placed in the front of the battle. The arrows of death are flying around us thick and fast. First the self-sacrificing Beckwith, of the Bedford Street Mission, fell, with this sentiment upon his lips, 'I am safe in Jesus—all is well.' Last Saturday a daughter of the Rev. William Barnes went to Heaven; her last words were, 'I have fought a good fight.' Tuesday I made the address at the funeral of Helen Batchelder,† and accompanied the *cortege* to Trenton. Her dying testimony was, 'I see Jesus.' On Wednesday we had the funeral obsequies of the lamented Munroe, one of the most useful and efficient ministers of American Methodism. It was one of the most impressive occasions of the kind I ever witnessed. Hundreds of ministers, great multitudes of people, the deepest bereavement, and the most undisguised affection, the

* "The New Life Dawning." Nelson & Phillips, New York.

† Widow of the late Rev. Mr. Batchelder, of the New Jersey Conference, and daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bartine.

most tender and touching eulogies. Munroe died gloriously. It was virtually a translation, while the character of the man and the circumstances of his death make the event a sermon addressed to a continent. Personally I am greatly bereaved. Dr. Munroe was a great favorite of mine—one of my model ministers. My estimate of him is expressed in the resolutions of the Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting. Dr. Mattison's address on the occasion of the funeral was especially beautiful. I wish you could have heard it. In the midst of 'deaths oft' I cling to that perfect love that casteth out all fear, sweetly realizing that with my life hid with Christ in God, nothing shall be able to separate the bond. All is well—all is well."

To his wife :

"HARRISBURG, March 15, 1867.

* * * "This morning we had our memorial service. As one of the committee of arrangements, I had, of course, the heavy end of the burden. Among other arrangements, I secured from the city some beautiful wreaths of immortelles, which encircled the name of the deceased minister, with a record of the time of his birth and death. Three ladies, one in each aisle, brought them forward at the right time, and they were suspended on the wall in the rear of the pulpit. The conception was highly appreciated, and its execution was most successfully carried out. This afternoon, with about two hundred members of the Conference, I proceeded to Carlisle, where the college faculty and students gave us a most enthusiastic reception. I can not go into all the particulars now, but it was a splendid time—a literal ovation. We returned about half-past six, and now I am writing in the parlor, surrounded by friends, and obliged every few moments to lay down my pencil and respond to affectionate inquiries. To-morrow afternoon, God willing, I expect to go to Pittsburgh. This morning's mail brought letters from K— and Robert S—, who are very importunate in their solicitations for my presence and services. There is considerable interest, they say, in the Christ Church congregation. I am enjoying the Conference exceedingly. Our morning prayer-meeting is delightful—full salvation is the theme. Glory to the Lamb."

To Mrs. Skidmore, of New York :

"PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1867.

"When I said farewell to you, I did not intend that three weeks should elapse before the transmission of the promised letter. I saw you with my mind's eye, a patient invalid confined to the house, and I said if my poor words may prove a *ray of sunshine* to that warm, loving heart, how cheerfully and even joyfully shall they be penned. Conference, however, came

on, and, as you will understand (for you know you are about half-preacher), its scenes and services were entirely absorbing. Our session was one of unusual interest and harmony. The pastor of the Harrisburg Methodist Episcopal Church, echoing the desire of a great many dear friends (many of them my former parishioners), insisted that I should preach on the first evening of the Conference. It was a great trial, and yet, thinking it might be in the order of God, I did not dare to refuse. Selecting my favorite theme, viz., entire devotion to Jesus, I was blessed with unusual illumination and unction. Each morning we held a prayer and experience meeting. These services, though not very largely attended, were seasons of great interest and blessing. The friends of holiness rallied (as they always do in devotional services), and the testimonies respecting the power and preciousness of full salvation were decided and delightful.

"I spent the Sabbath of Conference with my Pittsburgh friends. Dr. Morgan had not reached, and would not enter upon his new field of labor before the first of April. This was a little to be regretted, as an extraordinary religious awakening seemed to pervade the entire community—something akin to the revival scenes and successes of 1857 and 1858. The other denominations, and some of the Methodist churches, were reaping blessed harvests. I preached Sabbath morning and evening, and again on Monday night, leaving for Harrisburg on the ten P.M. train. A letter received last Saturday supplies the grateful intelligence that at least two young men were influenced by my feeble words. Oh, how I joy to be instrumental in the great work of saving souls! The authorities (as we expected) have returned me to Spring Garden Street the third year. I am delightfully situated and most happy in my work. God is using me, as I trust, for the promotion of His kingdom and glory. Our Friday meeting is unabated in its interest and power. The Tuesday meeting, too, is overflowing full. Both these services last week were unusually precious and profitable. Miss S— touched beautifully on the importance of bringing this precious grace to the attention of our children, relating the experience of a little girl fourteen years of age, one of her scholars. Oh, how I wish you could have sat with us in our 'banqueting-house!'

"By-the-way, what think you of the articles of Drs. Curry and Mattison on the subject of sanctification, published more recently in the columns of *The Christian Advocate*? It seems to me their tendency is to destroy definite aims and discourage distinctive efforts. How grateful we should be that, instead of expressing opinions, we can testify to *facts that are matters of personal consciousness*—instead of saying 'We believe,' we can humbly declare 'We know.' This expression of different views raises in my mind this practical

inquiry, 'What right have men to be restrained by views concerning spiritual doctrine, when that doctrine illustrates and vindicates itself in personal experience?' One thing is clear: those who are walking in this light and liberty are not perplexed with antagonizing views, but understand one another and enjoy rest. But see! here I am at the end of my fourth page, and just beginning my letter.

"We had hoped this week to have seen you face to face, and in an old-fashioned *tête-à-tête* traversed a much larger space than could be covered even in a lengthy epistle. This, however, seems impracticable. I can not very well absent myself next Sabbath. We are hoping that about the time of the May anniversaries we can steal away for a few days, and look again on cherished faces and familiar scenes that are forever embalmed in our affectionate remembrance. Our failure to spend Conference week in New York involves a disappointment, but it seems unavoidable. Will you not remember us tenderly to any of our friends whom you may see? In closing my letter, allow me to recur to your recent sojourn in our city, and say that we enjoyed it more than language can express. To hear your voice in song and prayer and testimony called up vividly the blessed past, and, with our eyes closed, we could almost imagine ourselves in New York, surrounded by as superior a circle of Christian friends as perhaps was ever associated together. Oh, if I could I would reach up *to-day* and *every day*, and, taking a great armful of the heavenly glory, I would fling it on your person and path!"

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CHAPTER XVIII.

SPRING GARDEN STREET CHURCH.—THE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING MOVEMENT.

QUITE early in the Conference year of 1867, the thought occurred to some of the friends of holiness that it would be wise to use the "camp-meeting" as a distinctive means of promoting the doctrine. The suggestion met with favor, and a call was accordingly issued to those who were inclined to co-operate in such a movement to meet in Philadelphia.

A convention was held in pursuance of this call, and it was resolved to hold a camp-meeting at Vineland, New Jersey, with the avowed object of advancing the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification. Mr. Cookman was one of those who signed the call; he took an active part in the deliberations of the Convention; he sustained by voice and act the conclusions at which it arrived, and, when the time for the camp-meeting came, no one entered more heartily into its spirit, purpose, and methods than he did. His feelings immediately before the camp-meeting were freely expressed to his friends and to the Church.

To Mrs. Skidmore, of New York :

“PHILADELPHIA, July 2, 1867.

“We thought to spend Conference week in New York—then our visit was postponed till Anniversary week—then a trip to Montreal on the occasion of the International Convention of the Young Men’s Christian Associations was seriously meditated. All these plans, however, were frustrated, and, instead of the face-to-face interview, I must satisfy myself in a mere artificial and unsatisfactory way. In your severe and protracted ailment we have deeply sympathized—our interest, a reflection of the tender love that overflows the heart of our faithful Lord. To every body bearing the imprint or coming from the direction of New York, the first question has been,

“Have you seen or heard from Sister S——?” “Is she better?” So you will understand that Philadelphia still answers to its name, ‘*The city of brotherly love.*’ You have doubtless been advised of our Vineland camp-meeting. It is rather a bold movement for the friends of holiness, but I believe it is in the order of God, and will be accompanied and followed by blessed results. Associated with the originators of this enterprise, I can bear a most emphatic testimony to the purity of their motives, and the thoughtfulness, care, and earnest supplication to God that characterized all their deliberations. Indeed, the day we spent together in this city making arrangements was one of the blessed days in my life. When we meet I will give you all the particulars.

“Vineland is on the line of the Cape May Railroad, about thirty miles from Philadelphia. The grove in which the meeting will be held covers an area of forty acres, is just in the suburbs of the town, and is known as the Public Park. Used for picnics, temperance gatherings, etc., the undergrowth has been cleared away, so that the ground is all ready for our accommodation. A population of ten thousand are associated in the settlement, temperate and thrifty people, so that there will be no lack of immortal material to reach and benefit. The prospects of the meeting are continually brightening. Oh, that the great revival of holiness that signalized 1760 might be reduplicated in 1867! Oh, that influences might be vouchsafed at and go forth from our Vineland meeting that, spreading from society to society, may wrap the nation and the world in a great flame of spiritual revival!

“Our present purpose is to secure a tent, take a part of the family, and domesticate in the forest for ten days. Will you not accompany us? We will do all in our power to make you comfortable and happy. If sleeping in the woods shall be deemed imprudent in your present condition of health, you can have a room at one of the hotels that are in the town adjoining. But I think you will agree with me that, unless *we work too much*, physical recuperation is as probable at camp-meeting as at Saratoga or Cape May. Charles Street Church, of Baltimore, will go almost *en masse*, and their pastor is most hopeful of results.

“By-the-way, writing of Baltimore reminds me of *The Episcopal Methodist*. Did you see the criticism upon the views and experience of one of your former pastors, written by Dr. T. E. Bond, my old friend and former patron?—for the Doctor helped to make me a preacher, and was one of my first and wisest counselors. His interest in the subject of personal sanctification at that time, often expressed at our home where he led his class, helped to increase my desire for what I then began to see dimly and distantly. One of his sententious sayings I have carried as an axiom for many years, viz.,

'Spiritual doctrine like sanctification can not be *taught*, it must be *acquired*.' Acting upon this practical suggestion, I trust that with his blessed sister I have reached a point where, instead of theorizing or speculating or doubting or criticising, I may humbly say that by the grace of God 'I know.' The article in *The Episcopal* did not disturb my spiritual rest for a moment, nor did it distantly affect my respect or love for Dr. Bond. My criticism upon his criticism is, that I never knew him (one of my favorite writers) to write less clearly and satisfactorily."

To the Rev. J. S. Inskip, of New York :

“PHILADELPHIA, July 2, 1867.

“‘Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you and your faithful helpmeet, our beloved sister in the Lord.’ We love you both in Jesus Christ. Our affection sanctified has a sacredness in it; and then, unlimited by our present life, it is to continue and increase forever. I always liked you, for we had common sympathies in the fight for freedom, but now that the perfect love of Jesus fills your soul, our hearts are kindred drops. Do you remember the holy baptism we received together in Sing-Sing forest, when, through the cloudless firmament, the glory of God descending, made the hour forever memorable in our history? Oh, that at Vineland we may realize still more sensibly a closer proximity to the true life, and from this blessed source receive an unusual supply of life and purity and power!

“Our contemplated meeting provokes much less critical comment than I had anticipated—at least I have not heard of any unkind animadversions. A good deal of interest has been excited in many minds. The Kensington friends have organized a company, and will take their large tent. Quite a number connected with my congregation are making their arrangements to attend. Some members of other denominations will go from our city. Old Baltimore will be represented by fifty or sixty of the Lord’s chosen ones. I think the interest is developing gloriously, and because the Divine is in it. Meanwhile I accept your proposition to employ all our powers with God for his special blessing upon this unusual effort to promote His glory. Oh, that it may be a time of times! Oh, that, as in 1760, a revival of the work of holiness may begin, that, spreading North, South, East, and West, may wrap the nation, the continent, and the world in a great flame of devotion to Jesus! Mighty faith in an Almighty Saviour! Let this be our key-note, and let all the people say, Amen! Brother Osborne has, of course, furnished you with all the particulars respecting the location, tent arrangements, etc., etc. Now, farewell! God be with you, and abundantly bless you. After a while we are going to live together forever.”

The Vineland camp-meeting began on July 17th, and continued for ten days. The supporters of the movement were well satisfied with the experiment. Many ministers and laymen from all parts of the country attended its services, and the results were so marked by the utter absence of all extravagance, and the positive fruits of regeneration and sanctification, that not only were the originators of the movement confirmed in their opinions as to the utility of the method, but many, who at the commencement entertained doubts, became thoroughly convinced. Among those who attended the meeting and participated in its exercises were Bishop Simpson and his family. The bishop's eldest son was converted there, and the March following died in peace.

In no respect have the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church shown more wisdom than in their promptness to countenance all movements in the Church looking to the advancement either of its moral purity or the more thorough and efficient working of its ecclesiastical polity. Bishop Simpson, in this instance as in others, did not stand aloof because of the possible dangers which might be suggested to calm criticism; but, seeing good and true men honestly engaged in an enterprise which in his opinion was at variance neither with the doctrines nor the usages of Methodism, he gave them his presence and co-operation.

Mr. Cookman was present with his family from the first to the last of the meeting, and worked incessantly for its success—preaching, praying, exhorting with unusual unction and power. His sermon on the occasion, from 1 Thess. iv., 3, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," made a strong impression for the clearness and force with which it set forth the definitive experience in the interest of which the meeting had been called.

Such was the success of this meeting in the judgment of the friends present, that the question of holding one of like character at some time during the ensuing year thrust itself upon

them. It appeared that God might be pointing them to a broad and permanent means of carrying forward a general revival of "holiness" in the Church. They accordingly, before leaving the ground, after a full and prayerful conference, determined to hold another meeting the next year, and also formed an "Association" for its control, and the control of all similar meetings which it might be deemed expedient to hold.

I quote from an article of which the Rev. William McDonald is the author:

"At a business-meeting of those who signed the call for the Vineland meeting, met to consider, among other things, the question of holding another meeting, the ensuing summer, Brother Cookman was present, giving his heartiest support to the measure. In that memorable meeting the 'National Camp-meeting Association' was formed. It was born of prayer. The brethren knelt. Brother Cookman prayed with almost unexampled fervency, as though a great battle was near, and that victory could only be secured through the leadership of the Captain of our salvation—the Lord of Hosts. While yet on their knees, the Association was formed, and all the business of that meeting was transacted. No one present on that occasion will forget how mightily he prayed for God's blessing on the work to which he was fully persuaded they had been called from above.

"Brother Cookman was appointed one of the committee to secure a suitable location for the coming year; and, on account of his special interest in the neighborhood, Manheim, Lancaster, Pa., was selected."*

Thus was organized a movement which may prove an epoch in the history of American Methodism. It certainly marked a period in Mr. Cookman's career. He was well and favorably known by reputation throughout the Church before; but his intimate connection with the work of this Association threw him personally upon the whole Church, and in contact with many of its best representatives, to such extent as to very greatly multiply his influence. In it God seemed about to answer his prayer from the lips of the holy Fletcher, "Oh, for a gust of praise to go around the world and then go up to God!" Either by voice

* *Advocate of Christian Holiness*, vol. iii., No. 1, p. 3, 4. July, 1872.

or report his usefulness, hitherto confined to local limits, was about to spread to well-nigh every section of our vast population.

He felt that for him the opportunity thus afforded was providential. God had been making him a light, and now had provided him with the stand whence the light could shine to all who are in the nation. The National Association did not create him, it simply revealed him to the people, and thus made the circle of his influence commensurate with his endowments. This is the way ordinarily in which God works—circumstances do not make men, He makes the men who can understand and use the circumstances. As I have previously maintained, Alfred Cookman had a "faculty" for religion—in this respect he was as really great as other men who have a faculty for poetry or science—and this faculty, partly constitutional, but pre-eminently supernatural, enabled him to see God's purposes as few men could, and, seeing them, to follow whither they pointed.

Whatever may be said as to the merits of the issue involved in the National Camp-meeting Association, it is certain that Mr. Cookman was fully committed to its support, and was in strict accord with its purpose. The proper presentation of his life has to do with the question only so far as his relation to it is concerned; and the advocacy of the movement is pertinent only so far as the desire is felt to make it appear that he was wise in upholding it. The originators of the movement anticipated that it would not meet with universal favor. This could not be expected; for while the whole Christian Church from the beginning has never lost sight of the doctrine usually expressed by the terms "perfection" or "sanctification," yet it has been always more or less divided in opinion as to whether the state indicated is attainable in the present life; or, if attainable, whether ever attained; and, if both attainable and attained, whether attained gradually or instantaneously.

It must be conceded that Wesleyan theology, as expounded by Mr. Wesley, Mr. Fletcher, and their immediate successors,

Messrs. Clarke, Watson, and Bunting, and by the leading divines of both British and American Methodism of this day, teaches that the experience of entire sanctification may be attained both gradually and instantaneously. The preponderance of opinion is that, however gradual in any case the work may be, there is an instant when the blessing is received, and from which the consciousness of the believer may date his entrance into perfect love. The teaching and habit of Methodism have also been from the commencement to insist upon this experience as the privilege of all believers, and to urge them to its prompt attainment as the fulfillment of the true ideal of the Christian life. To the questions, "Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you groaning after it?" Methodist preachers who are candidates for admission into the ministry are expected to answer affirmatively; and Methodism does not recognize one law of the spiritual life for its ministers and another for its laymen.

If, therefore, the doctrine of both a gradual and instantaneous sanctification be Wesleyan, it certainly can not be regarded as anti-Wesleyan to use special efforts to promote it. Methodism itself in its rise was a specialty—a revival of primitive Christianity—and in its whole work was regarded as a rather irregular movement, in that it sought to accomplish its purpose by methods apart from ordinary usages. Though demanding of its adherents no doctrinal test, there never was a system more exact in its definition of spiritual truth; it has declared plainly what is heart-religion; it has invariably aimed at definitive results, and has as invariably used definitive means to secure them.

If there be one foe of Truth and Piety which Methodism by its very genius and traditions has fought, it is vagueness of faith and practice; the vagueness which allows spiritual doctrine to dissolve into mysticism, sound morality into sentimentalism, and decisive methods into a spiritless, aimless mechanism. Any thing, Methodism has claimed, but the uniformity of death.

It always would have life ; it believes there can be no life without motion ; born itself in a blaze of fire, it must spread by creating excitement, if that be the only way it can arouse attention. Indebted to men and means regarded as irregular for its unprecedented growth, it can not cease to cherish those who still feel that they may legitimately work for its advancement by and even beyond its regular appliances ; comprehensive in its faith and polity, it holds that where an object ought to be effected, there is a way to effect it, and that this way is usually the one which goes straight to the object and deals specifically with it ; like all true reforms, it first ascertains and points out the evil to be removed, and then seeks the best and surest means of its accomplishment.

All progress proves that general sentiment can not be depended upon for appreciable results, only as it is concentrated and directed to specific ends. Society is lifted up and impelled forward by those men who see particular issues in advance of their times, and precipitate the virtues of their fellows into conflict to gain them. The great masses of mankind are ever prone to a dull level of fair and easy goodness, and would constantly sink lower and lower, until goodness would lose all Christian distinctiveness, all the pathos of devotion, and all the vigor of spiritual heroism, were not God to send out now and then his prophets, who, moving among them in their fiery zeal and stern faith, call them up to a higher and sharper life.

The danger of creating a "class" will lie against all movements in the direction of progress, whether in the Church or in society. All forms of life spread by organization, and every organization which seeks the propagation of any truth, by the very fact may be supposed to assume a sort of superiority, and thus constitute itself a class. What is the Church in any community but the assertion of a moral and spiritual superiority in the persons who compose it to the unregenerate people around them ? This is the point of offense in the Church with a criti-

cal outside world, and yet it is not regarded as a valid or avoidable one by those who hold to the belief that the "community of the regenerated," or body of believers, are the divine leaven which is to spread until it assimilates to itself the entire unbelieving mass. The law of the diffusion of Christ's kingdom is through the intensified lives of the comparatively few. Single individuals, or groups of individuals, in whom the Holy Ghost has wrought a profounder faith, seem to be the appointed reservoirs of a higher life. Christ deposited the mysteries of the Kingdom with twelve disciples; the first Reformers were a small band in the Catholic world; the Moravians a devout brotherhood in the Protestantism of Germany; Methodism was merely a revival society within the Church of England. Thus we have disclosed a wondrous provision for the restoration, maintenance, and growth of the doctrinal and spiritual purity of the Church. The vindication from the charge of "class interest" is the fruit produced.

The whole question with regard to the National Association reduces itself simply to one of control. The spirit of Methodism and its history justify their movement, and it only remains for them to prosecute their work in accordance with this spirit and history. Their separate meetings for conference have support in Mr. Wesley's advice: "That consequently it behooves us to speak in public almost continually of the state of justification, but more rarely, at least in full and explicit terms, concerning entire sanctification."* Meetings called especially for the purpose give opportunity for carrying out this advice better than promiscuous assemblies.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Cookman was fully committed to the movement. He was far from denying to those who could not see their way to espouse its principles and methods of action equal sincerity with himself; but he was positive in assuming that it was of God, and that under the divine guidance

* Watson's Life of Wesley, p. 168. John Mason, London.

would render incalculable service to the cause of Christian perfection. He could not, therefore, but regard violent opposition to it as an effort to hinder the spread of scriptural holiness.

The National Camp-meeting Association has from its inception eschewed controversy. It has sought to do its work by assuming that the doctrine of entire sanctification is both scriptural and Wesleyan, already the established theory of the Church, and needed only to be explained, enforced, and realized—and so has striven in a quiet spirit to accomplish its end. In this respect and in one other—having originated without pre-conceived plan—it bears close resemblance to the rise of Methodism itself. The Rev. George Hughes, secretary of the committee, in a “Special Request” to the adherents of the Association, used these words:

“The ‘National Association for the Promotion of Holiness,’ having its origin, as we believe, in Divine Providence, is a very simple organization. It has no Constitution or By-Laws. Its members are bound together by bonds of love and prayer. No organization, perhaps, ever transacted so much business on their knees. It is composed of ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but is by no means sectarian in its aims. Its primal object was to awaken a deeper interest in the Methodist Church in regard to this cardinal doctrine of Christianity, and expressly to be instrumental in leading ministers and members to the experience of this rich grace; and the great Head of the Church has been pleased to give them abundant success in both of these departments. But not for the Methodist Church alone do they labor—but for the *universal Church*, and Providence has opened ‘great and effectual doors’ beyond our own limits. Other churches have been feeling the influence of national camp-meetings, and the sacred fire is burning upon many altars.”*

In closing this “Request,” he urged united prayer, that on the day of the Association’s annual meeting “such a baptism may fall upon every one assembled as will lead the members of the Association to prove, as never before, the *enduring power* of perfect love—a love that *endureth all things*; and that with

* *Methodist Home Journal*, Philadelphia, October 12, 1872.

meekness and quietness, under all circumstances, they may pursue their way ; and, further, that they may be wisely directed in their plans for 1873."

No society was ever more in accord with primitive Christian custom as to its origin and organization, or could be more simple and exact in its aim, or more thoroughly Catholic in its animating spirit. While all the godly men, thus banded together, harmonized upon these truly scriptural principles of action, it may yet be clearly seen that Mr. Cookman had no small share in their adoption and maintenance. Sufficient extracts have been given from his letters, and many more might be given from his unpublished manuscripts, to show that he deprecated "controversy," as not suited to promote the work of sanctification. He preferred to rest the doctrine, after an honest effort to set it forth, upon the self-evidencing claim with which it appeals to all earnest believers—showing itself by its own light as well suited to meet the sense of need which the Holy Spirit awakens in all believing hearts. The Pauline method was his: "By manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." This course sound judgment dictated to him ; but much more that broad, pure charity in which he lived. Love evolved the light in which and with which he saw all religious questions.

A quotation from the Rev. Mr. Inskip, President of the Association, is pertinent just here :

"I want to advert to his intimate relations with the National Camp-meeting Association. He attended the first meeting, and he was on his knees leading in prayer with his brethren when God's Spirit impressed them to hold such a meeting. All the work of arranging for the services of that meeting was done while kneeling, and then we took hold of hands and promised, with God's help, to carry on the work, and never answer any thing that was said against us. That covenant has been unbroken, and remembered with more interest because he has gone who suggested such a course."*

* *Methodist Home Journal*, September 7, 1872.

The counsel of Mr. Wesley, with regard to the spirit of teaching holiness, had evidently sunk deep into his heart, and undoubtedly had much to do with the sweet and kindly policy which he recommended to the Association :

“Does not the harshly preaching perfection tend to bring believers into a kind of bondage or slavish fear?

“It does. Therefore we should always place it in the most amiable light, so that it may excite only hope, joy, and desire.”*

Eager as Mr. Cookman was to avail himself of the opportunity of personal effort under the auspices of the Association, and deeply as he felt his obligations to the delightful fellowships into which it introduced him, and which were so signally helpful to his growth in perfect love, he after all prized the movement more for its general aspects, as a grand agency raised up without respect to individuals for the spread of holiness in America. It was originated for the furtherance of what he regarded as the “pearl of doctrines,” and he believed that it would lead the Church up to a higher standard of faith and living, and so fulfill God’s will. As late as September, 1870, he wrote in reference to his associates and himself in connection with the “committee :”

“Our motives are pure, our work providential, our success of God. Still there are some who would hinder the spread of scriptural holiness. Be it so. God is our judge, and in heaven we shall have our reward. It would have been much easier to spend my vacation of thirty days in resting at Cape May or some other place than in hard ministerial toil.”

Mr. Cookman’s attendance upon the Vineland camp-meeting, and identification with the National Association, did not abate his zeal for the camp-meetings held under the ordinary auspices of the Church. The summer of 1867 found him on his customary rounds to these favorite resorts. His vacation, as heretofore, was spent in incessant labor. A letter to his

* Watson’s Life of Wesley, p. 171. John Mason, London.

wife from Ennall's Springs camp-ground, Dorchester County, Md., is an index to the whole.

To his wife :

“ENNALL'S SPRINGS CAMP-GROUND, Monday morning.

“This morning's sermon has just now closed, and I will take this opportunity to redeem my promise of a letter. Interested in all that concerns me, you will want to know respecting my progress since our farewell on the Susquehanna. The train took me first to York. After the lapse of an hour we started again, and reached Baltimore about six P.M. Dr. H—— and son were waiting for me. Quartered at his home, I received every attention and kindness. During the evening I called on a number of friends, sat up till midnight, and the following morning was driven in the Doctor's carriage to the steam-boat. There were a number of friends on board—Revs. Clemm, French, S. Evans, Tomkinson, and also a good many Baltimore friends. The sail was delightful, the dinner excellent, and at half-past two P.M. Sherman's Landing was reached. Brother Robert Thompson's carriage was waiting. Taking our seats, we had a pleasant ride, and met on the ground a most enthusiastic welcome. * * * The tents and arrangements of the camp-ground are the neatest, coziest, and most comfortable I have ever seen. Brother R. Thompson has his two-story home prettily furnished with tasteful cornice and curtains and blinds. It is the most perfect cottage I have ever seen. Yesterday there was a great multitude of people assembled here. The weather having changed to a bright and beautiful day, Brother Clemm preached in the morning on ‘I am not ashamed,’ etc. I preached in the afternoon on ‘From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.’ The large congregation was quiet and singularly attentive. I trust good was accomplished. There are not more than eight or ten preachers on the ground, but more will come to-day and during the week. There is great deadness among the members, and thus far comparatively little has been accomplished. I led the eight o'clock prayer-meeting this morning. We had a profitable meeting. Vine-land formed such a contrast that it makes every thing else seem tame. We are treated here like kings and queens. Yesterday at dinner, roast goose, fried chickens, barbecued chickens, roast lamb, ham, potatoes, squashes, cucumbers, beets, corn, jellies, pickles, etc., etc. On Thursday I want to return to Baltimore, look in on the Waters camp-ground, and on Monday eve return to Columbia. When you write to our dear boys give them a father's love. Remember me affectionately to all at home. Kiss the children for me.”

A sister-in-law, writing to his mother, Mrs. Mary Cookman, September 9, 1867, says: "Alfred looks remarkably well; he weighs now one hundred and sixty-seven pounds. He says he thinks this has been the happiest summer of his life, and that he has been fully rewarded for what many persons would call labor."

To his wife :

"PHILADELPHIA, Saturday morning.

"I do not know that this will reach you before Monday morning, when you start for Philadelphia; nevertheless it may, and I know it will be satisfactory to hear from the '*Itinerant*.'

"Last evening I returned from the Eastern Shore. To say that I had a delightful or glorious time only feebly expresses the truth. I was received and treated almost as if I had been an angel. It was one of the happiest and best weeks in my life. There were about one hundred tents, beautiful weather, fine congregations, good preaching, and great success. I preached twice (Tuesday morning and Thursday evening), and worked *hard all the time*. My soul was in heaven. Oh, what precious experiences God vouchsafed me in that consecrated grove, and how wonderfully, how unusually he used me! This week I think surely I have been in the order of God. With the religious there was great social enjoyment. Last night, wearied out, having lost sleep and my voice, I reached home safely. C—— had been very careful and faithful. After my Friday-evening meeting I went to bed, and oh, what sleep! I did not wake until eight o'clock this morning. Now I am ready for another start. I regret that we can not get to Shrewsbury for a day or two, but such a visit, under the circumstances, seems impracticable. The weather is cooler, and the friends are beginning to return to the city."

To Mrs. Skidmore, of New York :

"Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you. Separation and distance fail to affect the family relationship. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, or New York, on earth or in heaven, we are *brother* and *sister* still. I have had a glorious summer campaign. Vineland was, as you know, quite in the verge of heaven, and had only one disadvantage—it made every other service seem tame by comparison. At Ennall's we had a blessed *victory for God*. At Waters', near Baltimore, the battle was progressing gloriously when I left on Tuesday. Andrew and Mrs. K——, fully girded, were winning trophies for Jesus. I heard Andrew preach on Monday very delightfully from, 'And Enoch walked with God.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

SPRING GARDEN STREET CHURCH. — THE DEATH OF GEORGE
COOKMAN AND OF ALFRED BRUNER COOKMAN.

THE unremitting pastor had hardly rested from the evangelistic labors of the summer, when one of the heaviest calamities of his life fell upon him in the sudden death of his brother George, which occurred October 1, 1867. From the time of his conversion Mr. George Cookman had been one of the most active Christian men in Philadelphia. Sympathizing with the catholic spirit which prevailed at the time of his conversion, he threw himself not only into the work of his own Church, but also into the general religious work of the city. His talents and piety were speedily recognized; and by the suffrages of all Christians he became an acknowledged leader among the young men of the community. He was elected to succeed Mr. George H. Stuart to the presidency of the Young Men's Christian Association, over which he presided with eminent success. On the occasion of his inauguration he delivered an address which showed him possessed of the native eloquence of the family—an eloquence which would have fitted him to shine in any profession which he might have chosen for a vocation. The ringing call of his peroration doubtless still lingers in the memory of many who were present:

“Pulaski, one of the brave Poles who espoused the American cause, and to whom, as well as Kosciusko, our country owes almost an incalculable debt, in one or two instances turned the fortunes of war against our enemies by uttering his habitual cry of ‘Forward, brethren, forward!’ here and there and every where, in the thickest of the fight. The failing strength of the

American soldier was often revived, and his arm nerved with new vigor, as he heard the inspiring voice of the undaunted general above the din of battle—'Forward, brethren, forward!'

"Young men of this association—young men of Philadelphia—brothers beloved in the Son of God, to-night I re-echo that battle-cry, and shout, Forward, brethren, forward! Forward, because God hath loved us. Forward, because Christ hath died for us. Forward, because the world, perishing, appeals to us. Forward, because the crown of life awaits us, and a seat at God's right hand, where our pleasure is for evermore.

"Forward, brothers, forward!"

As a Methodist, Mr. George Cookman was highly esteemed. He filled important trusts successively in the Green Street, Union, and Arch Street Stations. He was one of the founders of the powerful and prosperous Arch Street Church, having been the first superintendent of its Sunday-school when originally held in a hall, not far from the present site of the church. As showing his capabilities as a Christian worker, let the following extract speak:

"Connecting himself with the Church, he became at once an active and faithful young Christian. His great regret, often expressed, was that he had not started sooner, and, that he might redeem the time, he gave himself to every good word and work.

"Literally wedded to the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church enterprise, he was superintendent of the Sunday-school, a trustee, a steward, a class-leader, an exhorter, and leader of Church music. Besides this he was an ex-president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, a manager of the American Sunday-school Union, a manager of the Philadelphia Tract Society, treasurer of the Pennsylvania Sunday-school Association, and in all these departments of enterprise evinced the greatest interest and activity."*

The root from which all this official responsibility and honor grew was one of deep, genuine, personal piety.

Writing to his mother as far back as 1863, he said:

"I believe, dear mother, that I am growing in grace and in the knowledge and love of our Lord Jesus Christ. I find religion to be all that I expected

* *Methodist Home Journal*, October, 1867.

of it, and infinitely more. Christ grows increasingly precious to my poor heart; I find Him a satisfying portion, and realize a joy and comfort which the world can neither give nor take away—and I feel to exclaim, in the language of the hymn we sometimes sing,

“Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Might all mankind embrace!”

The death of this Christian man, though sudden, was not without premonitions. His health had been precarious for some time, but immediate danger was not apprehended. He lived, however, in constant preparation for death, by living in constant devotion to God and duty. He was almost literally translated from the scenes of his earthly activity and joy.

“During the last few months of his life his experience has been deepening. He stated in a social meeting held lately that he had more fully consecrated himself to God, and had had a new and charming view of the cross.

“His death was sudden. This, indeed, seems to have been according to his own desire; for, in conversation with a Christian friend recently, he expressed a preference for sudden rather than a lingering death. He also desired to die peacefully in his bed, and that his wife should be near by to see him breathe his last—all which, by the will of a kind Providence, was literally fulfilled.

“About an hour before his death he was seated at the melodeon singing a Sabbath-school melody found in Bradbury’s ‘Fresh Laurels.’ He entered with his whole soul into the spirit of the piece, and greatly admired the exquisite music that accompanied the words. The hymn was so singularly and touchingly appropriate to the scene that was so soon to follow that we give it entire:

“Oh, I see the shining angels
Gathering round my dying bed;
With their harps and crowns of glory,
Thus a faithful mother said;
While celestial songs were ringing
Through the heavenly courts above—
Seraphs came from glory, bringing
Blessed words of peace and love.

“ *Chorus.*—When I near death’s stormy billow,
 And earth’s scenes no more can see ;
 When I press my dying pillow,
 Will the angels come to me ?
 Will they come, will they come,
 Will the angels come to me ?

* * * * *

“ ‘ Oh, how sweet to feel their presence
 In the hushed and silent room ;
 With their bright and shining faces
 Gilding all the dusted gloom !
 When from loved friends I have parted,
 And their tears are flowing free ;
 When from Jordan’s banks I’ve started,
 Will the angels come for me ?’ ”

“ After singing these beautiful words he went up to his chamber to realize their sentiments in a dying experience. Like Enoch, ‘ *he was not, for God took him.* ’ ”*

Many were the private and public tributes to the worth of one so singularly pure and useful. The Young Men’s Christian Association held a souvenir meeting in Horticultural Hall, October 13th, at which addresses were delivered by Revs. E. R. Beadle, D.D., and T. M. Griffiths, and by Messrs. P. B. Simons, George W. Mears, James White, George H. Stuart, and John B. Gough. The “ Commercial Exchange,” of Philadelphia, of which he was the secretary, called a special meeting, at which appropriate speeches were made by the president, Mr. Howard Hinchman, and others, and suitable resolutions were adopted, highly commendatory of the virtues of the departed merchant and friend.

Wide and deep as was the sorrow felt at the loss of a layman uniting so many qualities of the Christian, the gentleman, and the business man, it could do but little to conduct from the heart of Alfred the ache which settled upon it. Rarely had two brothers been so joined from boyhood ; and, subsequent to

* *Methodist Home Journal*, 1867.

George's conversion, their fellowship had been of the most intimate and intense character. There was the most perfect natural and spiritual kinship—they thought, felt, and acted together; and when the one fell it was like tearing from the survivor his other half, the complement of himself.

His own letters will best describe his feelings.

To the Rev. A. Longacre, then pastor of Charles Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore :

“PHILADELPHIA, October 15, 1867.

*** “You have doubtless heard of our great sorrow. I mourn the loss of one of the sweetest and best of brothers. The earthward side of this dispensation is desolate beyond expression. I find my soul, however, singing,

“‘Jesus, *brother* of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.’

“There I hide with my crippled wing, and realize the comfort that the Divinity supplieth. This is the tenth letter I have written this morning. Wearied, I can not write more. Pray for me.”

To Mrs. Skidmore, of New York :

“PHILADELPHIA, October 29, 1867.

“Your kind letter was most grateful to our afflicted hearts. Christian sympathy, always beautiful in our view, never seemed so charming or valuable as during this eventful October—indeed, I never understood or appreciated its preciousness before. May our prayer-hearing Lord bless abundantly and eternally every dear friend whose lips have breathed or whose actions have evinced interest and love in this time of our family bereavement. God sparing my life, I propose to prize more than ever before the privilege of addressing gentle, loving words to those who are staggering under heavy burdens of trial and sorrow. I need not say to you that I have lost a precious brother. Very nearly of the same age, we were playmates in childhood, companions in youth, confiding, affectionate, and devoted brothers through life. Made instrumental in dear George's conversion about nine years since, that fact seemed to give increased strength and sacredness to the tie that united us.

“During my present pastorate, I have not only had his frequent co-operation in many of our means of grace, but have enjoyed the privilege of spending a part of every Monday at his home. After dining together, we would sit for an hour, living over the past, referring to present interests and

experiences, or unfolding our plans for the future. Now all this is over for this world—*not forever!* Blessed be God, our life has a *future* as well as a *past*. We knelt at the same mother's knee—aye, and we shall kneel with that same mother and our glorified father in the presence of the enthroned Jesus. We sported in our boyhood on the same lawn—aye, and we shall, in our immortal youth, roam together the

“‘Blest fields on the banks of life's river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.’

Our present separation is only a parenthesis in our fraternal intercourse. In a little while it shall be resumed, with no prospect or possibility of interruption. George died well! Death found him at his post, faithfully discharging his duties. He worked while it was day, and did his work with his might. During the last few months of his life he was greatly interested respecting his full privilege as a Christian. Attending the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations, held in Montreal last May or early in June, he seized the opportunity to make a fresh and an entire consecration of himself to God, and was blessed (as he afterward testified) with a new view of the cross. After this, and until the close of his career, his life was beautiful and fragrant with the precious plants of the Christian graces.

“The Wednesday evening before he died he stood up in an experience-meeting, and remarked that he was physically feeble and could not say much, but his experience might be expressed in that beautiful stanza,

“‘Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide me *straight* home;
I'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.’

“I could thus fill pages with blessed reminiscences. Death has an earthward side. I never understood that so well as now. Sometimes during the last four weeks, when I have entered his former home or stood by his newly made grave, and thought of my earthly deprivation, I have realized a sense of desolation that has quite unmanned me. My relief and consolation is in mounting to the heavenward side. In that direction the brightness and the attraction increase. The line, ‘Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,’ never meant so much or seemed so sweet as now. You know I have always been your attached brother, but since this sudden bereavement I feel more closely drawn to you than ever, for I am reminded that an almost identical experience in the loss of your beloved sister prepares you to understand the greatest trial of my life. We sit together at the Master's feet, and realize a

new sympathy in the same difficult lesson which the providence of God has appointed for our development and advantage. But perhaps I am presuming upon your interest in our family sorrow. If so, you will understand and generously excuse me."

To the Rev. A. Longacre, of Baltimore :

"PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1867.

"I thank you for your kind letter. May Heaven abundantly recompense you for all your affectionate words. I know the deep love that subsists among the members of your father's family, and in this matter recognize the resemblance between our households to which you refer. May our gracious Lord keep your happy circle unbroken for many years. Knowing your family nearly all my life, and intimately associated with some of you for a number of years, I feel a more than ordinary nearness and interest and love.

"How gladly I would respond to your wishes, and spend a week in that part of the vineyard you are appointed to cultivate! Unfortunately, however, for such an arrangement, I have engaged to be in Poughkeepsie on the 10th of November, and to assist in dedicating Brother Thompson's new church, Germantown, on the 17th. Thus my Sabbaths for the present month are all filled up. I rejoice to hear of your continued prosperity. May God send you a steady rain until, every plant refreshed, your interesting charge shall be as a well-watered garden rich with the beauty and fragrance of heaven.

"Dr. and Mrs. Palmer conclude to-day their labors at Central. I have attended some of their morning services. The audiences have been small—nearly so large as at their afternoon and evening meetings—but the influences have been most gracious. On Friday last God vouchsafed us a season of great interest and power. Your beloved sister had wonderful access in prayer—indeed, it was the testimony of her friends present that they never heard her as on that occasion."

To the Rev. A. Longacre, of Baltimore :

"PHILADELPHIA, November 15, 1867.

"Sincerely disposed to heed your Macedonian cry, I am nevertheless considerably embarrassed respecting a decision. On the first Sabbath of this month Dr. Wentworth preached for me during the day. Last Sabbath I was in Poughkeepsie. Next Sabbath Dr. Kynett, or one of the bishops, will take my Church Extension collection. Three Sabbath mornings out of my pulpit. Then on the first Sabbath of December, the day of our Com-

munion, Brother G. Hughes expects to preach and take the Freedmen's collection. I do not see how I can very consistently absent myself before the latter part of December, and that is so close on the holiday season that most probably it would be an inopportune time for the object that you contemplate. These are just my circumstances, and I state them the more frankly because I know that, as a pastor yourself, you can understand and appreciate them.

"We had a most delightful visit to New York and Poughkeepsie—saw many cherished friends—were refreshed at the Tuesday meeting—praise the Lord! Rev. Newman Hall has been in our city, interesting and impressing large congregations. If he visits Baltimore, you will do well to secure him for one of your services. Last night we had the anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association—a magnificent audience and a splendid time. Dr. Hall, of New York, recently of Dublin, made the speech of the evening. Revs. E. Clark, of New Haven, and Phillips Brooks were the other speakers. The occasion was a grand success.

"Mrs. Simpson, I understand, is on her way home with Charles. The Western tour has been of little service, and the dear fellow, as we judge, returns to die. I refer to these items because I know they will interest you. My soul, this morning, is sweetly resting in Jesus. Oh, is it possible that I, so insignificant and unworthy, should be lifted above angels and archangels, and be indulged with a resting-place in the bosom of Infinite Love! I can only wonder and adore. God bless you, my precious brother. How I could enjoy a few days with you at Charles Street! Perhaps our kind Heavenly Father, the God of providence and grace, may open the way, and situate us side by side on the battle-field."

To the Rev. A. Longacre, of Baltimore:

“PHILADELPHIA, November 19, 1867.

"I hasten to reply to your urgent request. Next week will bring our annual Thanksgiving. The preparation of an appropriate discourse will take some of the preceding days, so that absence from home will be impracticable. Respecting the first week in December, I can not write very certainly, for we are holding ourselves in readiness for extra services at any moment. Most of the charges around are engaged in protracted meetings, some with a good measure of success. At Central the good seed sown is producing fruit. Oh, how gladly would I gratify you in the wish you express! I understand and appreciate your importunity, and only regret that my circumstances should make it necessary. God bless you, my darling brother. You do not know how dear you are to my heart. If my meeting does not begin, and I

can advantageously serve you for two or three evenings week after next, I will cheerfully make the effort to be with you."

"PHILADELPHIA, November 29, 1867.

"DEAR BROTHER ANDREW,—This has been a most trying week. The preparation of a Thanksgiving sermon and a speech besides was enough to fill up my mind. In addition to this we have had our home overflowing with company, and an importunate committee from Brooklyn, begging me to accept the pastorate of the new St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church. A mind full of suspense and hands full of pressing work. This is my apology for not replying more promptly to your letter. On Monday we have a meeting of our Camp-meeting Committee in this city. I think I can not come to Baltimore next week. If I see my way clear for the week after, I will let you know. Oh, what would I not give for a face-to-face tête-à-tête with you to-day! I want so much your good judgment to help me decide some questions connected with my next year's pastoral destination."

"PHILADELPHIA, December 4, 1867.

"DEAR ANDREW,—Every morning of this week so far I have resigned myself to the tender mercies of Dr. Kingsbury, the dentist; nevertheless, I have commenced an extra meeting, and am engaged every night in leading or striving to lead the flock nearer the fountain of spiritual power and blessing. How I will be situated next week I can not definitely say; but if any religious interest develops here, I can not, of course, leave the home work. The Brooklyn transfer can not disturb you as it has perplexed and annoyed me. I thought I was anchored in my mother Conference—had no wish or idea of leaving—doors were opening—my humble services were in some demand, when, lo! the new St. John's Church, through their committee, makes a most unanimous and earnest request for my transfer and appointment. I have virtually declined—said every thing in opposition, every thing but an emphatic 'No.' This I have hesitated to express, lest I might be taking my lot too much in my own hands. Bishop Janes holds the whole matter under advisement. Be very sure I do not want to leave Philadelphia. The Camp-meeting Committee turn toward Lancaster County as perhaps the most central and desirable location for next year's meeting."

If any one is tempted to regard the life of the popular city pastor as one of delicious ease, free from care and perplexity, running like a summer stream through a grassy meadow, let him ponder the above letters, and this of the same season.

To his sister, Miss Mary B. Cookman :

"I fully intended writing last week, but my duties multiplied and became so urgent that it was simply impossible. Really I have a great deal to do ; every day brings me letters asking for different kinds of service, and these have to be answered. Sermons must be prepared, various meetings attended, and the interests of a large family supervised, besides a great deal of outside and irregular work. All this burdens my brain, and sometimes terribly troubles my soul. I do not know what I should do if I could not cast my burden on the Lord, and plead His own precious promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'

"But I did not mean this personal experience when I commenced my letter. I thank you for your sisterly epistle. All your sentiments of true, warm love are fully reciprocated. I deeply appreciate and sincerely praise God for your undisguised confidence and tender affection. Blessed with many true, kind friends, I always feel that there are a few hearts on which I may lean with the most implicit trust, and yours is one of that small number. May our faithful and loving Heavenly Father continue to bless you with every needful temporal and spiritual blessing in Christ Jesus.

"It was encouraging to hear that my humble efforts in Poughkeepsie were appreciated by the people. Certainly we enjoyed beyond expression the two days we were permitted to spend in John's parish. Aside from every thing else, the society of our beloved mother furnished a feast for our affectional nature. It is enough to sit in her presence and live over the eventful years that have irrevocably passed. The privilege always makes me feel the deprivation we suffer in our present separation. Never mind. In a little while we will sit down together in the heavenly home, and enjoy each other with no prospect or fear that our happy intercourse shall ever again be interrupted. Heaven is coming nearer, and growing more attractive.

"Last week, with Saide and Annie, I visited dear George's grave. It is a hallowed spot—one of the most sacred to me in all the world. Oh, with what thoughts and feelings did I linger near the lifeless remains of that sweetest of brothers ! My sense of loss for a moment came upon me overwhelmingly, for there was no one of my own sex that loved me so tenderly as that dear man. We lived in one another's smile, and those smiles intermingling, threw blessed sunshine on life's pathway. His spirit seems almost constantly with me, but at his grave I felt that both body and spirit were near, and I almost communed as in the former time. Laurel Hill ! blessed hill ! My Pisgah now from whence I look over to the graveless land."

Laurel Hill was within the next few months to become even more sacred and precious, by reason of others who should be

gathered to its silent bosom. In the spring following he was called as the pastor of Bishop Simpson's family to stand by the dying bed of their son, Mr. Charles Simpson, and to administer to him and to them the consolations which now more than ever experience had taught him to understand. He had seen its embrace receive his ministerial friends Munroe, Heston, and Brainard, his young friend Simpson, his child Rebecca, his brother George; but the grave was yet unsatisfied, and the demand soon came for one even nearer and dearer than all the rest. His eldest son, Bruner, who had so long struggled with disease, and who at times had given signs of improvement with the hope of ultimate recovery, at last succumbed to the destroyer. The brave boy died March 2d, 1868. Thus the shadows thickened around the devout pastor and his family. Yet in the deepest darkness he retained his cheerfulness; under all the suffering his spirit—as grapes when pressed give forth the invigorating juice—seemed to grow in saintliness both as to intrinsic depth and visible influence.

“The darts of anguish fix not
Where the seat of suffering is thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the will supreme.”

The following “BIOGRAPHY OF A GOOD BOY” was written by Mr. Cookman, and afterward published by request in the *Methodist Home Journal*, and is so creditable alike to father and son, and so well adapted to benefit the youthful readers of this volume, that I insert it almost entire:

“BIOGRAPHY OF A GOOD BOY.

“Our precious son, Alfred Bruner Cookman, brought to our home great joy, and for nearly sixteen years was a constant satisfaction and comfort. If there is such a thing as natural goodness, he seemed to be its fortunate possessor. His instincts were all in the direction of virtue and propriety. Strictly conscientious, we never heard of his uttering either a profane or an obscene word. No one ever suspected him of any thing like falsehood. As our memory serves us now, we can not recall a single act of disobedience

to his parents. In the family circle he stood as a faithful little monitor, constantly careful respecting the morals, habits, manners, and appearance of his brothers and sisters. Naturally dignified and thoughtful, he impressed all by his quiet movements, his perfect politeness, and his singular sense of propriety.

"With these superior qualities of character he associated fine intellectual characteristics. His feeble health, extending through a number of years, had hindered somewhat his literary culture, nevertheless few boys of his age had read so much. He was a voracious reader. 'Sometimes' we would chide him for his application to his book, and had literally to drive him into other exercises.

"In the use of his pencil he evinced great taste and skill. An amateur artist of Philadelphia, after looking at some of his productions, congratulated us on his superior talent, suggesting that it furnished promise of future fame.

"In his recitations on the occasions of anniversaries and public-meetings (exercises that he always enjoyed), he was graceful, impressive, and popular. It is a significant fact in this connection that his last, and one of his happiest declamations, was 'The Burial of Sir John Moore.'

"His thoughtfulness revealed itself in his attention to and remembrance of sermons, the numerous questions he would ask on scriptural, theological, and general subjects, and his interest on the vital question of his personal salvation.

"Five years since, when we expected him to die, he professed to experience on his bed of sickness the forgiveness of his sins. When he partially recovered, one of his first wishes expressed was to unite himself with the Church. Accordingly, on the first Sabbath of 1863, when he was ten years of age, his dear mother led him to the altar, while his father had the exceeding joy of welcoming him as a probationer in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, in the city of New York.

"His Christian life was marked by consistency of conduct and strict attention to religious duty. His prayers were never forgotten. His Bible was read every day. His class-meeting was regularly attended. Fond of his Sabbath-school he was always in his place, and for his teacher and classmates cherished a special love. Those classmates had the melancholy privilege of bearing his precious body carefully and lovingly to its last resting-place.

"Since our dear boy's death we have found his diary, kept when he was but twelve years of age. A few extracts will throw some light on his character and life.

"January 8, 1865, he writes: 'To-day I have experienced religion. In

the afternoon I went up to the altar, but did not find Christ. In the evening I found him. Glory to God.' This was rather a restoration of the joys of God's salvation.

"February 2: 'To-day we had a surprise party at Mrs. T.'s.' Then he records what he and his little brothers and companions gave this humble and afflicted widow, and concludes the account thus: 'Then we sang hymns, spoke pieces, Mrs. A—— prayed, and we went home.'

"About the same date he writes: 'Glory to God, the slaves are free.'

"April 3, he says: 'This afternoon we heard that Richmond and Petersburg are taken by Grant and Sheridan; I had the house illuminated for the victory. Praise God for victory.'

"April 15, he writes: 'This morning we had awful news; President Lincoln is dead.' He then records all the particulars of the assassination, and appends the sentiment, 'Thy will be done.'

"About the same time he records: 'My sister Beckie died April 10, 1865. We miss her. Papa and mamma say she looked more beautiful in death than in life. She is an angel in heaven to-day. Sweet be her sleep.'

"Observe, these are extracts from the journal of our Christian boy when he was but twelve years of age, and living in New York City.

"During our pleasant pastorate at Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, his health seemed better. He was able to go to school, and, as his teachers testify, was obedient, studious, and ambitious to excel. In his boyish sports he was hearty and very happy. Though some of his companions had more of physical strength, yet none of them seemed to enter more deeply into the spirit of the enjoyment than he did. His associates all said of him, Alfred Bruner Cookman *is a good boy*—good at school, good on the street, good at play, good in his words, good in his temper, good in his actions—and so he was.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.'

"Soon after he came to Philadelphia, three years since, he helped to establish a boy's Sabbath-evening prayer-meeting. At this service quite a number of his young friends professed to experience the pardon of sin—among the rest the son of our beloved Bishop Simpson. Thus his life flowed along beautifully and lovingly and usefully, until the latter part of January last, when a deep cold fell upon his heart (his feeble organ), developing in the form of *pericarditis*. His illness was attended with great pain, obstinate fever, and frequent oppression, that soon robbed him of strength and flesh. Sitting in an upright position, sometimes for days and nights together, with his feet fearfully swollen, he nevertheless possessed his soul

in beautiful patience. No one heard from him one word of murmuring or repining. Every day his Bible was carefully read, while in his devotions he would insist on kneeling down, despite all his disability, and would spend long seasons in communion with God.

"To his father he gave the assurance that *his trust was in Christ*, and *Jesus* was precious. When asked if all was well in an eternal point of view, he answered, 'Yes, sir.'

"The last day of his life, March 2, reason was trembling on her throne. He seemed oblivious to the presence of relatives and friends, and was, to all human appearance, the subject of intense suffering. This of course terribly taxed the sensibilities of his sympathizing parents and kindred. Concerned that he should have relief, the family were called to prayer. They knelt around Bruner's dying bed. They asked God, if in accordance with His will, to save the dear boy from his apparent suffering, and to give him a moment of consciousness before his death, that he might indulge us with a look of recognition that would be a last precious legacy. God mercifully heard and answered our prayer. Very soon the dear suffering boy sank into a quiet slumber that continued until near midnight.

"About ten minutes to twelve, with respiration interrupted, he suddenly opened his large blue eyes, never brighter or more beautiful, and looked around lovingly on his parents and friends. At that moment a ray from the more excellent glory darted upon and quite illumined his face and form. This halo was perceived and enjoyed by every one in the room. His greatly afflicted mother, with his hand clasped in hers, said, 'I give you to Jesus, Brunie, I couldn't give you to any other; oh, say, don't you know me, my angel boy? don't you know your precious mamma?' He gave her a sweet smile of recognition—the legacy desired, the prayer answered—then closed his eyes in death, and his beautiful spirit was with the angels.

"Our glorified boy! We praise God for the temporary loan. It made earth more beautiful, it makes heaven more attractive."

It is not often that extempore prayer is offered at the grave in these days; it is even more seldom that a father is known to offer audible prayer at the grave of a son. Some time after the funeral the body of Bruner was privately interred in the presence of the immediate family, on which occasion Mr. Cookman prayed with great unction, tenderness, and faith. An aged gentleman,* of the Society of Friends, who was in the cemetery at the time,

* Mr. John Jay Smith, of Philadelphia.

attracted by the funeral, stood at a respectful distance from the scene ; and as he listened in silent, subdued wonder at Mr. Cookman's prayer, he said substantially to himself, " If the grace of God can give such power to a bereaved father, then I need it." He afterward sought for this power, and found it. At the time, he and Mr. Cookman were utter strangers to each other, but subsequently they became intimately acquainted, and Mr. Cookman had the happiness of greeting him as a brother in Christ. Subsequently Mr. Cookman wrote him :

* * * " I am so deeply thankful and sincerely joyful whenever I think of you—brought in in advanced life, when the chances all seemed to be against such a result. And then that I should have had any share (as a humble and unworthy instrument) in this blessed consummation ! My soul sinks down in adoring love. You will realize great rest in committing the keeping of your soul and little all into the hands of your Almighty Saviour. Feel that He is carefully preserving what you have given into His hands, and that until you deliberately or willfully withdraw your offering and your trust He will keep, leaving you only to love and to enjoy—" * * *

Another letter to the same is appropriate here.

To Mr. John J. Smith, of Philadelphia :

" WILMINGTON, December 24, 1870.

" I desire to acknowledge the receipt of your most welcome letter, and at the same time wish you a very happy Christmas. Will it not be the best Christmas of your protracted life ? The best, because of the sweet consciousness that your divine Friend is now affectionately remembered. HE GIVES YOU HIMSELF *for your Christmas present*, and you in return give Him yourself. Thus there is a beautiful, blessed exchange of gifts ; only we are infinitely the gainers by this merciful arrangement.

" I am glad to know that your heart overflows with thankfulness and love to that dear Saviour who, at the eleventh hour, has made you a miracle of His wondrous grace. Praise Him continually, trust Him implicitly, love Him with a childlike love, and in a little while you shall bow in His glorified presence, and offer Him not gold, frankincense, and myrrh, but the more acceptable tribute of a grateful and devoted heart. Eighteen hundred and seventy closes well for you ; the last pages record that J. Jay Smith is a little child sitting at the Saviour's feet. I trust I belong to the same blessed

class. We are brother scholars in the school of Jesus, and I indulge the hope that our friendship, overleaping the River of Death, shall continue and increase as long as eternal ages roll.

“The evening we spent at your beautiful home was one of the happiest of my life. It will long be a very feast of memory.

“And now I must close my note. Give our tenderest love to your dear wife and daughter, and son L—, whose acquaintance I was glad to form. Is there not a most cheering prospect that you will be a united family in Christ in this world, and afterward an undivided household in heaven. God bless you all.”

Reference has already been made to the deaths of the Rev. Newton Heston and the Rev. Dr. Brainard. Mr. Heston, pastor of the State Street Congregational Church in Brooklyn, was originally a Methodist preacher in the Philadelphia Conference, and a close friend of Mr. Cookman's. When he withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mr. Cookman did not withdraw his love from him, but continued to esteem him as a brother; and when Mr. Heston fell suddenly in his work, he very sincerely mourned his loss. He preached a memorial sermon in the Spring Garden Street Church. This sermon was afterward published by request of the trustees of State Street Church, and remains a generous tribute of his brotherly affection.

Dr. Brainard was for many years one of the most active and useful pastors in the Presbyterian pulpit of Philadelphia. Kindred sympathies and labors brought him and Mr. Cookman into frequent and genial intercourse. In a private letter to the editor of *The Evangelist*, New York, Mr. Cookman referred to Dr. Brainard in terms which the editor was pleased afterward to apply as equally applicable to Mr. Cookman himself:

“Associated with him at anniversaries, union meetings, social gatherings, and under various circumstances, I came to estimate him as a *prince* among men. His disciplined and cultivated mind, ready and elegant utterances, natural and beautiful manners, unselfish and catholic spirit, self-denying and multiplied labors, and useful Christian life, made him a power and a blessing wherever known—and now, as we think of him, furnish a very feast of remembrance. I thank God that I ever knew Dr. Brainard.

“Dr. Arnot, in his life of James Hamilton, says: ‘All is not lost to the world when a good man dies; his character remains behind to enrich the community, as certainly as the rich man’s wealth remains behind to enrich the estate of his heirs.’ Dr. Brainard’s character lives—lives in the characters of others that it is strengthening and building up. I cheerfully acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. Brainard for the inspiration of his pure example, the glow of his living piety, and the cheer of his noble, generous, loving soul. I am a better man because he lived. Dr. Brainard made earth more beautiful, and makes heaven more attractive.”

In the autumn of 1868 Mr. Cookman was called upon to follow to the grave the remains of another cherished minister, the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, D.D., pastor of the Church of the New Testament, Philadelphia, a man whose reputation for piety, eloquence, learning, and patriotism was as broad as the continent. Dr. Stockton and his father had been pulpit rivals in their youth, while Alfred was a child; afterward the devout and seraphic Stockton and the son were brought into the closest fellowship, and sustained to each other a relationship as familiar and tender as that of father and son. Mr. Cookman was accustomed through the last years of the Doctor’s feeble health to visit him frequently, and to sit at his feet with the utmost teachableness, and listen to conversations which, for far-reaching wisdom and spiritual insight, have not been excelled by the words of any divine of our times. The Rev. Alexander Clark, editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, who rode with him at Dr. Stockton’s funeral, writes, “I shall never forget his tender, brotherly words in the carriage as we rode together in the funeral procession. * * * How those two consecrated souls loved each other! Now they share the great glory together!”

CHAPTER XX.

GRACE CHURCH, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.—THE NATIONAL AND OTHER CAMP-MEETINGS.—MISSIONARY JUBILEE.

WITH the spring of 1868 the pastorate of Spring Garden charge closed—three years of arduous labor and much suffering, but of as decided success and joy as any ministerial term Mr. Cookman had yet spent. Long before the session of Conference the question of his next appointment was agitated. Committees from various churches, within and without his own Conference, waited on him with urgent demands for his services—among them one from the new St. John's Church, Brooklyn, New York. As we have seen from his correspondence, he did not wish to leave the Philadelphia Conference, but desired to regard it as home. He was, however, induced to consent to go to Brooklyn if the bishops thought it advisable; and for some time his transfer to the St. John's charge was regarded as a settled arrangement.

Meanwhile another claim sprang up in a call from the new Grace Church, Wilmington, Delaware. Both churches were as substantial, capacious, and beautiful as any yet erected by the Methodist Episcopal Church; the claims seemed equally balanced, and both invitations were to him certainly highly complimentary. The opinions of the bishops decided for Grace Church. As this Church was in his own Conference, no transfer was necessary, and hence the appointment was the more easily effected. Many of Mr. Cookman's friends in New York and Brooklyn were sorely disappointed in the result, and no one felt more sincerely grieved than himself that what appeared to be the wisest judgment was against the removal to

Brooklyn. While the matter was pending he would often exclaim, "Oh, for a voice from heaven!"

Again was his lot cast with a people who had shown great zeal for the cause of God in the erection of a superb and commodious structure for divine worship at a cost of \$200,000. It is doubtful if a more beautiful pile can be found, or one more admirably adapted in all its appointments for the services of religion. The exterior of the building, the *tout ensemble*, is very imposing, while the interior arrangements are both tasteful and convenient, with every possible facility for public worship, for Sunday-school work, and the equally important social meetings. Grace Church is really the ornament of Wilmington City. In building such a house a heavy debt was incurred, and there consequently devolved upon the newly appointed pastor a corresponding care; but as was his custom, he went cheerfully to work, seeking to affect the financial condition of the charge through its spiritual life. Wilmington, with a population of thirty thousand, and a Methodist population of twenty-four hundred, offered a delightful field for the preaching and social talents of the new pastor. His ministry began immediately to impress the community, and very soon a large congregation filled the Church. Persons of all classes and professions, of every religious denomination, became either regular or occasional attendants upon the preaching and the social services. The Sunday-school, with its large rooms and efficient control, grew to great proportions, and in all the elements of strength and self-propagating power. It soon projected a mission-school, known as the Epworth Chapel.

The customary meeting for the promotion of holiness was established. Such a meeting was now with him a necessity, not only of his ministry, but of his personal religious life. He must gather some of his flock and of the Christian community, however few, into the closest fellowship, for the distinct purpose of conference and prayer upon the great subject which he believed

to lie at the very foundation of individual and Church growth. When a little dissent from his opinions and plans was expressed—though feeling sometimes that he was misunderstood—he would simply reply to the suggestion of friends that he should explain himself, “Oh! the Lord Jesus has my reputation in his keeping; I have committed it all to him, and he will take care of it.” There were those in the charge who were not prepared to accept his teachings on Christian purity; but who as time wore on espoused them, and became the strongest supporters of his ministry and his warmest personal friends. The Wednesday-afternoon meeting was soon an institution of the Church and of the city, and comprised among its habitual attendants members of all the orthodox churches, of whom none were more constant and prominent than many of the Society of Friends.

Mr. Cookman’s ministry had always had a charm for these godly, thoughtful people—probably on account of its exceeding simplicity and spirituality—but never before did he obtain among them such marked influence as in Wilmington. They feasted on his words with as much regularity and zest as his own members. They took him to their hearts and homes—a partaker of their quiet, unostentatious hospitality, breathing the pure atmosphere of their simple piety, he returned their kindness and confidence with the benefactions of a spiritual prince.

The pleasant impressions received by Mr. Cookman on his first appearance in his new charge, as told in letters to his wife, were more than confirmed by succeeding results.

To his wife :

“WILMINGTON, Saturday afternoon, 1868.

“Here I am, sitting in Mr. H.’s store, corner of Market and Third Streets, using his desk and implements in redeeming my promise of a letter to-day. A pleasant journey yesterday brought me to Philadelphia about one P.M., and at four o’clock I started in the steam-boat for Wilmington. Brother R— was a fellow-passenger, with whom I had a great deal of pleasant conversation. At half-past six Brother S— and lady gave me a cordial welcome.

The prayer-meeting in the evening was largely attended, and a most solemn and profitable season. Rev. Brother Lightbourn was there. The friends seemed to enjoy it wonderfully. The people are as kind as they can be, and express great interest to see us comfortably established in our new home. This morning I called at the parsonage. Every thing is very neat and comfortable. The carpets are all down, except the parlor carpet, which is on the floor, and will be tacked on Monday. The furniture used in the parlor of their previous parsonage, hair-cloth sofa and chairs, has been placed in the sitting-room, and green velvet furniture purchased for the present parlor. I think you will like and enjoy your new home. This morning I had a long walk with Brother S——. Wilmington, especially in its environs, is a beautiful city. Providence permitting, we will have some delightful strolls together along the far-famed Brandywine," etc.

To his wife :

“GRACE PARSONAGE, WILMINGTON, DEL., April 9, 1868.

“At my study table again ! in one of the nicest, coziest studies I have had for many years. You will want a detail of proceedings, and, as I am a systematic man, it will be better to commence with Sunday. Preached twice ; in the morning on ‘Old paths,’ in the evening on the ‘One thing needful ;’ administered the Sacrament and made an address. It was a glorious day ; congregation magnificent ; Sacrament the most blessed service of that kind I have enjoyed for years. Friends seemed in highest spirits, and my soul praised God. Monday our goods were delivered at the parsonage. I unwrapped the furniture, unpacked the piano, my pictures, and a part of my books. Monday night and Tuesday it rained like a young deluge, and as some of the goods were getting wet, and I was almost alone, I concluded it was better for me to unpack a little more. The house began to look like home when I started on Tuesday in the rain for Philadelphia.

“At half-past one or a quarter to two R—— and the children arrived. I intended to have taken them in the steam-boat at four P.M., but they had ordered their carriage to the dépôt, and so, after lunching in the city, we left again in the half-past-three train. The friends had carriages, expecting us by the steam-boat, but we anticipated them. Proceeding to the parsonage, we took the ladies a little by surprise. It did not, however, make the slightest difference. The children are delighted with their new home. Frank says it is delightful, and thinks his mamma will enjoy it very much, and, indeed, every thing is very pretty and very comfortable. It suits me. The trustees and their wives gave us a most affectionate welcome. Supper was provided and served—fried oysters, chicken salad, ham, rolls, Maryland biscuits,

sliced oranges, cakes, tea, coffee, etc. The evening was spent most delightfully. About half-past ten, when they would leave, I proposed some singing, and then knelt down and offered our new home to God. It was a season of interest and comfort.

“This morning I have been arranging my books, while Rebecca is here, there, and every where—the best sister-in-law that the Lord ever made. The boys behaved beautifully last evening. I was proud of them. This morning they have been helping me with my books, but now they are out in the field enjoying a game of ball. This evening they are all invited to a birthday-party at Brother B.’s. If the weather is favorable I think Rebecca and the children will make a little excursion to Philadelphia to-morrow in the steam-boat. Going at seven A.M., they can have nearly seven hours in the city. Rebecca says I must tell you there are mattresses on every bed, blankets on every bed, pillows for every bed, sheets for every bed, etc. Providence permitting, I wish to start for Columbia on Monday, and bring you to the city on Tuesday. Then you must decide where you will stay, for all want you. Wednesday, after interring our dear boy, we will leave for Columbia.”

The summer of 1868 opened auspiciously, and Mr. Cookman entered, about the middle of July, upon the customary religious campaign. The first camp-meeting was that of the National Association, held at Manheim, Lancaster County, Pa. The location had been selected by himself. The attendance from North, East, West, and South exceeded all expectations—the friends of the cause came together from the remotest parts of the country. A correspondent of *The Daily Spy*, of Columbia, in writing under date of July 20th, spoke of the Sunday and its services as follows:

“MANHEIM, July 20, 1868.

“MR. EDITOR,—We have been permitted to spend a Sabbath at camp-meeting, and truly it was a day long to be remembered for the crowds of people and clouds of dust. The atmosphere was like Egyptian darkness—an atmosphere ‘that might be felt.’ The streams of dusty humanity which flowed along, from early morn till late in the evening, seemed to have but one object in view—to see what was to be seen, and raise, or keep up, the already thick clouds of choking dust that pervaded tents, eyes, ears, hair, and clothes of all. I would not, after all, have been absent for a valua-

ble consideration. To have the privilege of attending the experience-meeting at the stand at eight o'clock in itself would compensate for all the sweltering and crowding to which we were exposed. There were nearly, if not quite, five hundred witnesses for Jesus, who gladly stood up and declared, in the face of Heaven and the vast crowd by which they were surrounded, that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed them from all sin. This was the largest experience-meeting I ever saw, and such a holy feeling pervaded the assembly that happiness, peace, and joy were portrayed on every countenance. Again and again could be heard the loud cry of 'Glory to God!' It required no stretch of imagination to liken them to the hosts of the Most High while going up to possess the goodly land. Truly the Lord of Hosts was among His people. These exercises were continued nearly to the preaching hour—ten o'clock. A few remarks of caution and advice were made by Presiding Elder Gray, in his usual clear and decisive manner, telling the people that Bishop Simpson, who was to preach, could be heard by all, if perfect stillness was observed. At the appointed hour the Bishop advanced to the stand, and, looking out over the sea of upturned faces, gave out the hymn commencing with, 'When I survey the wondrous cross,' etc. After prayer, he read for the first lesson the nineteenth Psalm, and for the second the eighth of Romans. The text was Romans, eighth chapter and fourteenth verse—'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' The sermon was all that expectation could hope for or the heart could desire. The time occupied in delivery was one hour and twenty minutes, and, although on many heads the sun poured down his fierce and sickening rays, the attention was constant and the interest unflagging. The good Bishop opened up a vista of happiness and glory to many anxious souls, knowing that in heaven they have a 'more enduring inheritance.'

"In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Inskip occupied the stand. This discourse I did not hear; but in the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, the Rev. Alfred Cookman, with all that earnestness and Christian sympathy for which he is distinguished, kept the assembly interested, while he showed the deep necessity of making a full surrender of *all* to God.

"The afternoon children's prayer-meeting in the Columbia tent was to the 'little ones' a happy time. I felt for the children; the warm day was quite enough to bear, but to be inclosed by a wall of unthinking men and women was quite too bad. The exercises were well worthy of attention, but a thought for the comfort of the children should have been enough to scatter the crowd that walled up both ends of the tent."

Mr. Cookman, as might be expected, was every where present

and active throughout the meeting. He was selected to preach the sermon on Sunday evening. The responsibility he felt to be well-nigh insupportable, but after unusual time spent in prayer and meditation, he chose his subject and went to the pulpit, when to his surprise the conviction was forcibly made upon his mind—"You must abandon your sermon and tell your experience." He yielded reluctantly to what seemed to be the Spirit's guidance. As he proceeded to narrate the manner in which God had led him, particularly into the blessing of full salvation, the impression upon the congregation deepened with every word, until the effect was overwhelming. The immense audience was entirely subdued, notes of victory rang over the whole ground, and throughout the night from every tent might be heard the songs of spiritual joy.*

Such was the impulse† given to the National Association by the Manheim meeting that it was resolved to hold at least two meetings during the coming year. Beyond this meeting there is no distinct record of Mr. Cookman's movements among the camp-meetings of the summer. It is likely that he took his accustomed tour.

The ensuing autumn and winter found him steadily devoted

* Correspondence of *The Methodist*, August 1: "None who were privileged to be present will ever forget the Sunday evening when Rev. Alfred Cookman led the congregation to God, and pressed upon them, with masterly and persuasive eloquence, the question of true spiritual power as connected with personal holiness, and in a most fervent prayer led the congregation to the cross. Men fell under the mighty power of God in all parts of the ground. This was only equaled by the wonderful Pentecostal season of Monday evening."

† *Ibid.*: "The entire meeting was wonderfully well managed. I never saw such excellent generalship as that displayed by them. This meeting must tell on the entire Church of the present with power. Ministers and people humbled themselves that God might exalt the Church with His wonderful power, and clothe it with the glory of God that rested upon the ancient altars."

to his pastoral work, with such occasional outside engagements as claimed him throughout his career. Very soon a gracious influence began to pervade the congregation. All the means of grace increased in the numbers who frequented them. The meeting for holiness grew not only in numbers but in unction, and worked like leaven through the whole religious community. The ordinary prayer-meetings were thronged, and awakenings and conversions were of common occurrence. Before the winter had passed a deep and thorough revival of religion took place, and many accessions were made to the Church. The revival thus began continued with more or less power during the entire term, resulting from year to year in the salvation of penitent sinners and in the purification of believers—in view of the results of which one has said, "I believe eternity alone will reveal the good he accomplished at Grace." While the congregation and Sunday-school generally shared in the blessed fruits, the students of the Wesleyan Female College participated largely in them—very many of the young ladies were converted and established in the principles and habits of a Christian life.

Two letters of this period are valuable as expressions of private friendship and personal piety, and as showing the growth of religion in the Church.

To Mrs. Lewis, of Columbus, Ohio :

“WILMINGTON, February 1, 1869.

* * * “Our affection for you and Homer, ten years old, has attained to quite a stature—is strong and healthy, has a divinity in its life, and promises to be not only a joy in this world, but a beautiful angel in the Paradise of everlasting blessedness. * * * I am still asking for my New-year’s gift, and will accept it just as thankfully now as though it had been given coeval with my first petition. My faithful Lord gave me with the beginning of the year one of the most important men in Grace Church, to be a friend if not a professor of holiness, and I felt that this was almost more than I could have asked or thought, and called for songs of loudest praise. He is also giving me light, strength, comfort, and unction. Freedom from myself

and the fullest liberty of the sons of God, is what I am specially longing for." * * *

To Mrs. Stevens, of Wilmington, while absent at the funeral of her mother :

"WILMINGTON, June 10, 1869.

* * * "Best of all, in New York or in Delaware, you may confidently ask for the special grace of Him whose promises are the brightest stars in our firmament during the dark night of sorrow and affliction. The Infinite Jehovah is your 'Husband,' your 'Father,' your 'Mother.' He takes the place of all the loved and lost, and promises sympathy, watch-care, support, and blessing in every affectionate relationship of life.

"I remember your venerable mother with a great deal of interest and pleasure. Her native strength of character, good common-sense, sober intelligence, quiet but dignified manner, through which her gentle, sympathizing, and loving nature sent forth bright beams to illumine and gladden other lives—all this strongly and happily impressed me with a sense of her great worth. I have no doubt that you will feel an increased tenderness for every body's mother now, and for all women who are beginning to grow old. Do not think of your mother as having gone away. No *love*, no *life*, goes ever from us—it goes as He (Jesus) went, that it may come again, deeper and closer and surer, and be with us always, even to the end of the world.

"But I will not prolong my letter. Every thing moves on in Wilmington about as it did when you were here. Our Wednesday meeting yesterday was unusually rich in testimony and unctuous in influence. We felt that we were lifted up to sit as in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. The Friday-evening meeting is well attended. On last Sabbath your name was called as one of the list of probationers who, having stood out a satisfactory probation, were entitled to the privileges of full membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was a beautiful sight to see the altar surrounded by those whom I might entitle 'our joy and crown of rejoicing.'"

To Mr. Edward Moore, of Wilmington, who was sojourning in Paris :

"June 10, 1869.

"Shall I say that Jesus continues unspeakably precious in my experience? He teaches me, leads me, helps me, and guards me; but, best of all, *saves me*—does not save me from human weakness or fallibility or infirmities, but does save me from my sins. Oh, how I love to love Jesus! We are almost counting the weeks now until your return. The time will soon transpire, and then we will again 'together sweetly live.'"

The Fiftieth Anniversary (Jubilee) of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in the city of Washington, D. C., on Sabbath and Monday, the 10th and 11th of January, 1869, and Mr. Cookman was invited to take part. He preached on Sunday morning at Wesley Chapel, spoke at a platform meeting at the Foundry in the evening, and Monday evening delivered one of the addresses at the continuance of the anniversary proper. There had been four or five able addresses in the morning, and three or four equally able had been delivered in the evening before Mr. Cookman was introduced to the audience. For two long days the people had heard of nothing but "missions," and it seemed as though both they and the subject had been exhausted—that there was nothing left for him to say, or, if he found any thing to say, that he would have to say it to a worn-out and retreating audience. With peculiar adroitness in his first sentences he conciliated the congregation, and was heard to the last with unflagging attention.

A correspondent of *The Christian Advocate* wrote: "The address was pervaded with the blessed Spirit of the Master, and at times in rapt delight the audience wept and rejoiced; and when the speaker closed his remarks, all present must have felt that they had been with him at the feet of Jesus receiving instruction and comfort for further effort."

Another correspondent said of it: "His theme was the true missionary spirit. His melting pathos and indescribable sweetness of tone won every heart to the missionary cause. It is impossible to express the power of this address upon the audience gathered on the occasion, and the limits of our paper forbid any attempt to reproduce the words or thoughts presented."

It may not be amiss, as the missionary cause lay near Mr. Cookman's heart, and enlisted—as it had done with his father—his deepest sympathies and strongest efforts, to give extracts

from this address as published in the Annual Report of the Missionary Society.

After introducing himself in his hard-pressed position as a gleaner, he said :

“And now, sir, looking round upon the field, I do not seem to see a standing stalk of truth. These brethren, with their bright blades or their keen sickles, have been gathering the harvest—they have even carried it to the mill. They have ground it out in their close, clear, vigorous thinking ; they have manufactured it into nourishing and delightful food, and it has been dealt out among the people ; you have been enjoying it in the morning and in the evening, and are now entirely satisfied. It seems to me that it only remains to return thanks and go home. Or, sir, if I may change the figure, I have thought during the evening, while occupying my seat, that we have been engaged during the day in the inspection of our great missionary ship, its keel, its timbers, its planking, its deck, its machinery—a most magnificent piece of machinery—its pilotage, and its larder. Our flags are flying, our officers are in their places, and all that we are needing, as it would seem, is the missionary spirit, which might be entitled the motive power.”

After showing that liberal contributions of money might be made in the absence of the real power necessary to success, he continued :

“What is the missionary spirit ? Is it an ordinary interest in, or a kind of general concern for, the heathen abroad and the heathen at home?—a cold and calculating love for those millions that have so long, too long, lingered in the shadow of sin and of death ? Nay, sir, such a spirit as that would never convert the world—has never illustrated itself as the secret spring or motive power of self-sacrificing and successful endeavor in this world. There must be love, it is true, but then let us remember it must be love on fire ; it must be love in a paroxysm ; it must be love intensified, absorbing, all-controlling. Observe, if you please, the missionary quitting his home, kindred, native land, and accustomed comforts. He is willing to abide in the ends of the earth, encompassed by heart-sickening idolatrous superstition and crime. Wherefore ? Is it because of a simple concern respecting the temporal, or even spiritual, welfare of those by whom he may be encompassed ? Nay, I insist it is rather because of the Christ-given and Christ-like love that burns in his heart and literally consumes his life. Oh, sir ! it is the missionary spirit that crosses broad seas, that clambers cloud-

crowned mountains, that traverses far-distant regions, that sails around the world if it may save but a single soul. It is the missionary spirit that breathes miasmas, that bears heavy burdens, that challenges adversaries, that imperils precious life, that laughs at impossibilities, and cries, 'This must, and this shall be done.' It is the missionary spirit that gives and bears sacrifices, and dies, if it were necessary, and if it were possible, a hundred thousand deaths, if, like its divine Exemplar, it might be going about doing good. Now, as I have said, there may be liberality, but there can not be the missionary spirit where there is not a conscientious, Christ-like liberality."

Inquiring, then, how this missionary spirit shall be excited and maintained, he replied—"First, by the careful contemplation of the spiritual necessities of the unregenerate around us." With a few brief touches he illustrated the power of the eye to report to and sensibly affect the heart, and proceeded further to discuss a more vital condition :

"Again, it might be asked, 'Are there not many of our own community who are familiar with temporal and spiritual wretchedness, who are acquainted with the necessities of the heathen world, who hear of this subject not only from year to year, but more frequently, and yet they have none of those exercises or experiences of missionary zeal?' That is true—that is undeniable; and so we are constrained to the conclusion that something more is indispensable than this simple consideration. What is that something? I answer that it is a union and a living sympathy with the blessed Lord Jesus Christ. And now, sir, at the close of these anniversary exercises, this thought brings me where I joy to come, and where I would like to lead this little company, that is, to Calvary. I throw the arms of my affection around the consecrated cross of Jesus; I drink in, in constantly increasing measure, his tender, sympathizing, self-sacrificing spirit. Now from this stand-point of the cross—from the measure of that feeling which influences the heart and life of the divine Redeemer—I look out again upon the world; but now with what different feelings! Now I hear with Christ's ears, I feel with Christ's heart, I see with His eyes; now I am ready to labor with Christ's energies; now I am disposed to give or go, or do or dare, or sacrifice or die—any thing and every thing—if I may but help in lifting our sin-cursed world up to God. This experience of which I am speaking is a vitalizing principle; it is a divine force. It is Jesus reigning, not (as my brother would say) simply in the skies; there is something better than that. We can have heaven on the way to heaven. It is Jesus reigning in per-

sonal consciousness in the individual heart ; it is Christ living, breathing, dwelling, and triumphing in personal life. Philosophy is contemplative and studious, fond and full of plans and of theories ; infidelity, as we all know, is given to boasting and to detraction ; both of them laying special stress upon the human rather than upon the divine.

“ But, Mr. President and Christian friends, after all their proud vaunting, pray tell me what heathen shores have they ever visited for purposes of mercy ? What funeral pyre have they ever extinguished ? What dumb idol have they ever cast down from its pedestal ? What nation have they ever lifted up from its barbarism and degradation ? What profligate have they ever reclaimed ? What sorrowful heart have they ever cheered ? Where to-night are their earnest, self-sacrificing missionaries ? Where are their organizations for the amelioration of human suffering and the extension of wholesome and blessed truth in the world ? Where are their Pauls, their Barnabases, their Wesleys, Wilberforces, Thomas Cokes, Asburys, Howards, Phebes, Dorcases, Nightingales, and Elizabeth Frys ? I ask it with confidence and with Christian exultation. In vain I wait for an answer—there cometh none. Sir, we must come to Christ ; we must drink in His Spirit ; for it is there, and there only, we will find the source and the fountain of this missionary spirit, which is so needful and so indispensable. The theory and practice of missions, as I take it, can be expressed almost in a single sentence. It is love to the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, who has bought us with his blood, drawing forth the stream of human sympathy, human affection, and human endeavor—a stream which, by an invariable law of nature and of God, seeks the lowest place—for, let me say to you, that Christian compassion, like Christ’s compassion, always flows downward, and fixes upon those who need it the most. Was it not so with Paul ? The love of Christ constrained him, and he counted not his life dear unto him so that he might but glorify his Saviour, propagate His Gospel, save immortal souls, and finish his course with joy.

“ Mr. President, that great man had been to Calvary. * * * As we heard remarked this morning, with him it was a master passion in death. I lingered in the dungeon, I looked over the shoulder of that great servant of Jesus Christ as he wrote his last epistle that he indicted to a faithful apostle, and I read with the speaker of this morning these words : ‘ I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.’ Here my brother stopped ; but I read on a little farther, ‘ And not for me only.’ There came out his mis-

sonary spirit. That would have been too narrow, circumscribed, and selfish for that great heart. 'Not for me only.' Oh! Paul at that hour took in the hundreds of millions of the world's population—'Not for me only, but for all those that love His appearing.' * * *

"Mr. President, I am not by any means despondent or discouraged; but, on the contrary, I am full of cheerful hope and of Christian confidence. I believe the clouds above will vanish. I believe the right is about to conquer.

"Clear the way!
A brazen wrong is crumbling into clay.
With that right
Shall many more enter, smiling, at the door.
With that wrong
Shall follow many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us as their prey.
Men of thought and men of action
Clear the way.'

I believe in the future. * * * I believe in the government of the future, and in the Church of the future. I think there is a day not very far distant when from the watch-towers of Asia, once the land of lords many, there shall roll out the exultant chorus, 'One Lord!' when from the watch-towers of Europe, distracted by divisions in the faith, there shall roll up the grateful chorus, 'One faith!' when from the watch-towers of our own America, torn by controversies respecting the initiatory rite into the visible Church of our Lord Jesus, there shall roll forth the inspiring chorus, 'One baptism!' when from the watch-towers of Africa, as though the God of all the race were not her God—as if the Father of the entire human family were not her Father—when from the watch-towers of neglected and despised Africa there shall roll forth the chorus, 'One God and Father of all!' when the sacramental host, scattered all over the face of this lower creation, shall spring upon their feet, and, seizing the harp of thanksgiving, they shall join in the chorus that shall be responded to by the angels, 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all;' 'to whom be glory, dominion, and majesty and blessing forever!'

"Mr. President, these eyes of mine may not see that day of rapture; but if not, then I expect with the great cloud of witnesses to stand yonder upon the glory-illuminated battlements of immortality, and looking down, I will surely enjoy the feast of vision. I may not be associated with those who shall send up from the earth the shout that 'Jesus reigns;' if not, it seems

to me I will crowd a little closer to the throne with all the glorified company, and I will join with them in singing that the kingdoms of yonder world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. Oh, sir! at the close of this anniversary day, as the result of what I have seen and heard and enjoyed, I resolve to be a better man, and to be a more devoted friend to the missionary cause."

Ah! how little it was thought as the noble, healthful-looking orator took his seat amid shouts and tears, that these concluding references to himself were so painfully prophetic! Three brief years—and yonder he is on the battlements, crying to Christ's hosts still in the conflict, "Forward! and I will be looking down upon you."

By an act of the General Conference of 1868 the Philadelphia Conference had been divided. All that portion of its territory in Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia lying between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, and known as the Peninsula, had been set off to itself, and denominated the Wilmington Conference. The new Conference held its first session in Wilmington. Mr. Cookman remained in the Conference, and was re-appointed to Grace Church for the second year. He thus found himself a leading member in a leading charge of a forming Conference, and, with a loyalty to Methodism exceeded by none, he addressed himself vigorously to the development and conservation of the elements of progress within its bounds.

The National Committee had appointed their annual camp-meeting for July 6th, at Round Lake, near Saratoga, New York. The success of the two previous meetings at Vineland and Manheim, the eligibleness of the location at Round Lake, the increasing attention awakened in the subject of Christian holiness, drew together a vast concourse of people. Representatives were there from well-nigh all the states, the Canadas, and even from England.

"The cosmopolitan character of the meeting is a very marked feature of the occasion, and while the word 'National' is sometimes criticised as meaning too much, yet, in the sense that it is national, it does not express

enough, for here are representatives from many distant parts of the world. Our first introduction on the ground was to Rev. N. Cyr, of Paris, who had been attracted by the catholic design of the meeting, and is here to see and share its blessed fruits. He compares it with the meetings held by the Evangelical Society during the great Exposition in his own city. Here, too, is a publisher from London, D. Morgan, Esq., who has come all the way across the Atlantic to be present at the great American camp-meeting. He is a most enthusiastic admirer of the simplicity of the scene, as also of the vastness of the scale on which the camp is laid out. Another, who is relating a blessed experience in the preachers' love-feast, is a Methodist clergyman from Canada.

"Besides all these, there are our own adopted brethren of every land and clime, some of whom know our common Christian character better than they know our tongue.

"There are nearly one hundred and fifty clergymen from all portions of our great work. The location is most admirably suited to secure the health and comfort of the congregated thousands. The inclosure of forty acres is beautifully situated almost on the margin of the lovely lake from which the place derives its name, and is the most admirably arranged for its purpose of any thing of the sort we have ever seen. The grove is charmingly shady and free from stumps and undergrowth, while the fresh breezes from the lake play with the fragrant odors of the hemlocks which perfume the grove and fill the senses with purest invigoration.

"The Sabbath is over, the great day of the feast! At a quarter to five o'clock A.M. the bell of the tabernacle announced to the camp the hour of early worship, and at once the pavilion was crowded with multitudes, an earnest of the 'day of rest.'

"The love-feast, at eight, was an occasion as only can be enjoyed at such a gathering as this. Four hundred persons in some way or other spoke of their present faith in Jesus, and mostly testified to receiving during this meeting the consciousness of sanctifying grace. The chief feature distinguishing it from ordinary camp-meeting love-feasts was the almost full response given to the request, by the leader of the meeting, that each state of the Union should be represented by at least two persons in their experiences. Commencing with Maine, John Allen, of camp-meeting notoriety, was at once on his feet, declaring that 'this was the one hundred and ninety-ninth camp-meeting that he had attended, and he hoped to attend as many more.' State by state—with only, perhaps, the exception of Louisiana, Texas, and Florida—happy voices, praised God for the common salvation."*

* Correspondence of *The Methodist*, July 17, 1869.

Among the one hundred and fifty ministers, none was more actively engaged in the work than Mr. Cookman. His preaching, speaking, and private conversations were a feature of the meeting.

On returning home from Round Lake, he barely took time to brush from his feet the dust of one field before he was off to another. He attended at least four camp-meetings on the Peninsula—hastening from the Camden Union to Talbot Union, near Easton, Maryland, and thence to Ennall's Springs, and thence homeward to Brandywine Summit. His labors at any one of these meetings would have been enough to exhaust most men, but he went through them all with an unflagging interest. His zeal and strength seemed to know no abatement. Every where his presence excited the utmost enthusiasm, and both preachers and people rallied under his leadership with a unanimity and intentness which rendered his services during this season ever memorable for the marvelous victories achieved for the cross of Christ. The like had not been known in this time-honored region for many years—the old battle-grounds of Asbury, Garrettson, Smith, Laurensen, Cooper, and others of the fathers, resounded with songs of triumph, which carried the “oldest inhabitants living” back to the former days, and made them feel that modern Methodism was still instinct with apostolic fire.

To his wife, at Columbia, Pennsylvania :

“ WILMINGTON, July 25, 1869.

“ It is half-past ten o'clock, time for retiring, but before I give myself to dreams I will pen a few lines for your pleasure. I am in the parsonage ; have slept here every night since I left you. It is rather desolate ; nevertheless I am retired and more independent than I could be at the homes of the dear friends. I have had a very blessed day. Preached morning and evening to *large* congregations respecting the preciousness of Christ. It was manna for my own soul. Our Sabbath-evening prayer-meeting was very tender and profitable. The Camden camp-meeting is in full blast. President Wilson went down yesterday. I am proposing to leave in the morning, and remain there till Wednesday morning, when I shall return in time

to take the two P.M. train from Philadelphia for Long Branch. Many of the families are absent, but their places are filled with the members of other churches and strangers, so that we have had about our usual congregation. The friends now are all interested in the prospect of the Brandywine camp. Their proposition is to provide a tent for us. They will not hear to any thing else than our presence. We will have to curtail our time a little at Ennall's, and give a week to our own people. I believe this is about all the news I have to communicate. My heart is kept in great peace by the presence and power of the indwelling Spirit. Jesus is unspeakably precious. This is the first letter that I have written you for a long time. I know that I am a poor husband and father—not nearly so attentive or affectionate as I ought to be; nevertheless there are none so dear to me as my little home circle. I want to be a great deal more demonstrative of my real feeling. Pray for me. You know what a good-for-nothing brother I am in my own estimation. The love of my friends and of the blessed Jesus amazes me.”

To his wife :

“WILMINGTON, Saturday morning, July 31.

“Excuse the lead-pencil; it is the best I can do at the present moment. During this week I have been so situated that correspondence or letters have been out of the question. President Wilson, however, was a living epistle, who communicated at least that he had seen me, and that I was well. The friends at Camden were very kind, and I had a pleasant time. The meeting did not strike me as any thing special. On Tuesday Bishop Janes preached a really powerful sermon. There were some conversions, but sociability and fashion seemed to rule the hour. On Wednesday I proceeded to Ocean Grove, reaching there in the evening about half-past seven. I found a number of tents erected, and Brother H——, of Troy, and wife and daughter; Brother H——, of Albany, and wife and daughter and son; Brother T—— and wife; Brother S—— and wife; Brother O—— and wife; Brother F—— and wife; Hughes, Stockton, Andrews and wife, etc., etc.—a nice company, and a specially nice time boating, bathing, riding, rambling, singing, praying, enjoying clambakes, hard and soft crabs, oysters, and regular sea-side living. Oh, how much and how often we all longed for you to share our enjoyments!

“The place is, of course, rather rough as yet, but it impresses me most favorably. I believe it can be made one of the attractive spots of the continent. An extensive grove—beautiful sites for cottages—a splendid beach, and then two lakes on either side, constituting the northern and southern

boundaries of the property—lakes not deep, but full of fish, crabs, etc., and where the children could swim, boat, etc.

“I left Long Branch, or Ocean Grove, yesterday morning, and arrived at Wilmington again at one o'clock; found and eagerly read your letters, and now propose to start to-day for Easton, Maryland, where the camp-meeting is in progress. They are painfully anxious respecting my presence. Returning the latter part of the week, I do not think that I can be absent from Grace Church next Sabbath; but after the Sabbath will hope on Tuesday or Wednesday to join you in Columbia, and on Friday start for Ennall's Springs. By this arrangement I will scarcely have a Sabbath for Columbia this summer. The friends here are generally well. Now what say you to Williamsport, Pennsylvania? T— writes me offering the Presidency of Dickinson Seminary, talks about the education of my boys—opportunity for preaching all over, etc., etc., and asks for a decision; but I believe I do not see it as he does. The pastorate, I reckon, is my proper place. We will talk it and other matters over when we meet. But my space is disappearing. Give love and kisses to my dear children. Tell them to be good and gentle and obedient and kind. If practicable, I will write from the Peninsula.”

The Union camp-meeting, held near Easton, Maryland, under the management of Rev. Dr. E. Kenney, was very successful.

“Rev. A. Cookman, of Wilmington, was present nearly the entire time, and his devotion of spirit was participated in by the ministers on the ground. The entire encampment was divided into sections, and the ministers were appointed to daily duty in pastoral visitation to every tent in the section to which they were assigned. Every tent was visited, and the inmates personally talked with on the subject of religion, and prayer was had with all in the tent. At one o'clock each day every tent on the ground was closed for a short season of silent prayer. The voice of prayer could be heard from different parts of the ground during the intervals of public service; and, as a result, this meeting was a great success.

“On the last night of the Easton meeting, over one hundred and fifty penitents knelt at the altar for prayers. At eight o'clock each morning meetings were held for the distinct object of the sanctification of believers, and at nearly every service many presented themselves as subjects of prayer who were seeking heart purity or the forgiveness of sins. There was no discussion on controverted points of theology, but in perfect harmony all labored together to promote Christ's work in the hearts of the people.”*

* Correspondence of *The Methodist*, 1869.

As evidence of Mr. Cookman's power in prayer, an incident which occurred at this meeting is given by the Rev. John Field, of Philadelphia, who was with him at the time: "Captain D—— had presented himself repeatedly at the altar of prayer. One day at the close of the morning service the Captain came out of the woods, where he had been engaged in private prayer, and bowed again at the altar. Brother Cookman noticed him, and immediately called attention to him. 'Now,' said he, 'God has promised to answer the united prayers of two or three, let us put Him to the test.' Turning to Brother A——, he inquired, 'Do you believe this?' Brother A—— answered in the affirmative. He asked Brother B—— the same question, and he also answered in the affirmative. Brother Cookman said, 'I also believe God's Word and His promise.' Amid profound silence the company bowed in prayer. Brother A—— prayed, then Brother B——. Brother Cookman followed. He carried the case of the poor penitent right to the Cross, and just as he closed his earnest prayer,

" 'Heaven came down our souls to greet,
While glory crowned the mercy-seat.'

God's blessed Spirit witnessed with Captain D.'s that he was born of God. The Captain put his hand into his side-pocket, and, taking therefrom his pocket Bible, said, 'Now I understand it'—the passage still marked and pointing to it. 'I went out alone, bowed beneath the shade of a friendly tree, and opened my Bible; my eye rested on this passage, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." I was to be rewarded openly, and I am, amid this vast assembly—Glory be to the Lamb!' Brother Cookman took the Bible, and wrote in it, 'McNeil's Woods, August, noon, A.D. 1869, the happiest day of my life,' and the Captain signed it.

During the progress of the meeting he preached frequently

and with great power. On one occasion he remained up the whole night, going from tent to tent, instructing penitents, and praying with them."

Nowhere was Mr. Cookman more at home than at Ennall's Springs, Dorchester County, Maryland. He had been accustomed from his early ministry to resort to that beautiful spot, honored of God in the conversion of so many people. This year was the semi-centennial of its appropriation as a place for camp-meetings. The most delightful memories thronged about the place; thousands on earth and thousands in heaven had been brought to God there, and it was proposed to observe the occasion by suitable services. The account of the meeting by a correspondent of *The Methodist* will be read with pleasure by all lovers of the sacred place, and all who prize genuine camp-meetings:

"Rev. Mr. Prettyman, who was present at the first meeting held on the ground, which was under the charge of Father Boehm, was present, and spoke frequently and with thrilling pathos of scenes witnessed on the ground half a century ago. President Wilson, of the Wesleyan Female College; Professor Bowman, of Dickinson College; Professor Fischer, of Philadelphia; Mr. Hurst, of Baltimore; Rev. Alfred Cookman, of Wilmington, were present, and, with Rev. N. M. Brown, preacher in charge, Messrs. Buoy, Watson, Tompkinson, Burke, and others of our own locality, rendered efficient service. This meeting has been specially favored for a number of years with the earnest labors of the sweet-spirited Cookman, who seems, when there, to be as one with his own kindred. Fondly cherished as he is by the people, his services are signally successful. His name is identified with the greatest triumphs of Christ in this locality of late years, and his annual visitation is highly appreciated by the people, and his absence would be greatly felt by them. We may express the hope here that, for the honor and success of Methodism on the Eastern Shore, this meeting may be remembered by our ministerial brethren and friends in the laity in future years. Its influence has been very great in concentrating the feeling and interest of our people in the old Church, and it has contributed, perhaps, as much as any other single influence, toward holding the people together, and keeping them loyal to the Church in the trying times of the last nine years.

"The meeting this year has not fallen behind former occasions. Besides

the ordinary services, special meetings were held each day for ministers, conducted by Rev. A. Cookman; for the children, in which occurred a number of conversions; and for the young ladies on the ground, the latter conducted by Mrs. Cookman, Mrs. President Wilson, and Miss Emily Stevenson.

"The most liberal arrangements were made for the entertainment of the preachers in attendance. The lodging-rooms consisted of a well-arranged frame house attached to the preaching-stand, where every home convenience was found. The honor of this arrangement belongs to Mr. Robert Thompson, who erected the building at his own expense. But these good people are not satisfied with extending a week's hospitality to the preachers that come to assist in the meetings, but they gladly welcome their wives and families as well, and the richest provision is made for their entertainment.

"The Sabbath was kept holy, and, although large crowds assembled to listen to the preaching, there was nothing to complain of on the score of show in dress, or time wasted in promenading, or any disorder. The services were ushered in by a prayer-meeting of interest at five o'clock, followed by an old-fashioned love-feast at eight. The latter was held in front of the stand, and was conducted by Professor Bowman.

"The ground soon became densely thronged, and a score or more of ministers were on the stand, when, at ten o'clock, Rev. A. Cookman arose and announced, as the text for the morning sermon, the words: 'Be filled with the Spirit.' His sermon was listened to with undivided interest and attention."

At Brandywine Summit, a few days later, he was preaching and working with equal power. It was not enough for him to deliver one of the sermons on Sunday, but he must occupy the pulpit the last evening of the meeting. He was found, too, among the children, lifting, by his tender, Christ-like spirit, the little ones to God.

"Rev. A. Cookman on the last night of the meeting preached a searching sermon, calling upon the people to estimate the value of the soul, and what is lost in losing it, and what profit it would be if all else in this life was gained but the soul lost. At midnight, in the greatest solemnity, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to about thirteen hundred persons.

"The children's meetings, held during the progress of the camp, and under the management of Rev. Messrs. Cookman, Clymer, Gracey, and Pan-coast, were of more than usual interest. They were not mere occasions of amusement in story-telling and pleasure in singing, but the most searching

appeals were made to the children, and prayer-meeting followed, when scores presented themselves at the altar for prayers, and many were converted. Nothing during the meeting was more impressive than to see these little ones of the household arise and tell of the love of Jesus as they felt it in their hearts. In these meetings, little boys and girls, from ten to fourteen years of age, led in earnest prayer. While a sacred stillness prevailed in the immense tent in which the services were held, the voice of a boy or girl arose in sweetest tones to the throne of heavenly mercy, aged veterans knelt before God with faces bathed in tears, and vast crowds looked on, while a little child should lead them. On the last day, the brethren above mentioned stood in the midst of this exceedingly large and interesting group of children, and, while many tears were shed, shook hands with each, and invoked on each the divine blessing. Mothers came leading their little ones forward to be prayed for by Christian pastors.”*

In connection with the children’s meeting referred to, a pleasing incident which occurred while Mr. Cookman was at Spring Garden may be appropriately mentioned. A gentleman from the far West, writing immediately after his death, said :

“I attended his ministry at Spring Garden, Philadelphia, during the winter of 1866. I loved him then, but not as I have for the past five years. * * * I shall never forget one incident that occurred at that church—that was when a dear little son of his, of only eight years, presented himself as a candidate for probation. My heart melted then, as hundreds besides, when I saw the strong man bowed like a child, and heard him ask the Church if he should receive that lamb into the fold. I saw the loving father then as never before—also the Spirit of Christ, when he said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.’

“When I saw Brother Cookman years afterward, I asked him if he remembered that incident, and if that little boy had remained faithful. ‘Oh, yes,’ he said; ‘he is about twelve years old now, and is a sanctified boy.’”

While on this subject it will not be amiss to insert an extract from a short speech which fell from his lips on one occasion at a Sunday-school convention :

“The Rev. Alfred Cookman arose, and expressed his confidence in the conversion of children, declaring that he did not believe ‘the way to heaven

* Correspondence of *The Methodist*.

lay through the territory of sin,' but that children at an early age might be brought to a saving knowledge of redeeming love; citing as an illustration the case of a boy who was converted at the age of ten, who was a pupil in the Sabbath-school, became a teacher, a librarian, an exhorter, afterward a minister of the Gospel, and who then stood before them, to speak his faith in the power of regenerating grace in the hearts of the young.

"Mr. Cookman of course referred to his own history; and those who are familiar with his love for children, and his rare power to interest them, can not but feel grateful that he was so early called of God, since perhaps to this may be attributed that sympathy which he entertains for them; a sympathy which has encouraged many youthful hearts to beat with holy aspirations for the favor of that Saviour who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

After his return from these meetings, Mr. Cookman wrote to the Rev. L. R. Dunn, of the Newark Conference:

"You will be glad to know that the banner of full salvation is flying gloriously in the forests of this time-honored section. The spirit of holiness that made Abbott and Garrettson and our fathers great, is coming back to the churches founded by their hands over all this historic region. The breath of the Divinity is stirring. Hallelujah!"

CHAPTER XXI.

GRACE CHURCH.—SKILL IN THE PASTORATE.—NATIONAL CAMP-MEETINGS AT HAMILTON, OAKINGTON, AND DESPLAINES.

THE camp-meetings over, the devout pastor was once more quietly seated in the bosom of his family, and again engaged in those regular pastoral duties which to him were more congenial than all besides. It was in vain that he was invited to step aside from his chosen work into an educational institution—whatever might be the advantages of a settled home and school facilities for his children, his mission, to himself at least, was clear. The immediate care of souls was to him unspeakably precious; to feed the flock of Christ, an employment beyond any other which the Church could offer him. The state of his feelings and the state of his parish are reflected in a letter to his friend, Rev. J. S. Inskip, President of the National Camp-meeting Association:

“WILMINGTON, November 5, 1869.

“I thank you for your kind letter. Your debtor in correspondence, I was thinking of discharging the obligation, and thus writing another missive, when, lo! my large-hearted brother heaps favor on favor. This is like the Divine; and I know you want to bear the image of the Heavenly.

“Before your last note arrived, I had received from Brother Gray the articles of agreement respecting the Oakington meeting, which I read, signed, and forwarded to the brethren at Havre de Grace. They seemed to cover all the points that had occurred to my mind. Their desire to have the counsel and co-operation of Brother Samuel Hindes is, I think, wise and well. He will prove, I believe, a most valuable helper. I deeply sympathize with all you write respecting the magnitude of our responsibilities, and the great need of power—physical, intellectual, and spiritual—that we may stand in our lot, and quit ourselves successfully as the servants of holi-

ness. My encouragement, however, is that we are moving in the divine order, and that in the path of God's appointment we may confidently hope for His presence and help, which guarantee the right results. We have put our hands in the grasp of the Infinite, saying,

“Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.”

Where divine wisdom will lead us, or what our Father may have for us to do in the future, remains to be known. When clubs of athletes are crossing oceans and continents for a simple and useless test of physical skill and power, who knows but bands of Christian brothers may be summoned to the shores of the Pacific or the sea-girt isle to fling out the banner of Christian holiness, and offer the sweetest privilege, the richest experience, that God has arranged for our wretched but redeemed race. I am very humble, quiet, trustful, and peaceful in my spiritual state. My hope and help are in the Lord Jehovah that made heaven and earth. He has *never* done otherwise than honor and vindicate my confidence in Him, and I am encouraged to *lean harder* on His truth and power and love.

“Our Wednesday meeting is still well attended, and proves a fountain of blessing. We have Christians of all names, and they place an increasing appreciation on the privilege. God has been pouring out His spirit in some of the churches, especially on old Asbury—the altar is crowded from evening to evening with a most interesting class of penitents. Mercy drops with the prospect of a glorious shower of grace, and is falling on Epworth, the Mission Chapel of Grace. Oh, that Wilmington may be baptized in an unprecedented manner and measure! Mrs. C—— is well, and wishes to be most affectionately remembered to Sister Inskip and yourself. Write soon. I love you tenderly in the blessed Jesus.”

He was invited to Philadelphia to speak at the anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association, held in the Academy of Music, November 30th. In the address which he delivered one can not but be struck with the great theme which seemed more and more to fill his mind, and which he deemed so important to Christian workers as hardly to be omitted without recognition upon all occasions—dependence upon the Holy Ghost.

* * * “The people heard Seneca, excellent man as he was; they heard Seneca and the excellent truths he spoke, and deteriorated in their morals—they got worse and worse. The world has been listening to the teachings

of Jesus—listening during all these centuries; and, as these gentlemen will bear me witness, the world has been getting better and better in consequence of these truths.

“Mr. President, I know of no satisfactory answer that can be supplied except that our Christianity has the Holy Ghost in it. It has the Word; it has the truth which gives light; but it has the Holy Spirit of God that gives life. And what we want is Life; for the world is dead, terribly dead, in trespasses and sins. In illustration of what I mean: I take it that there is not an individual in any of these galleries or under the sound of my voice, not one but is familiar with that fundamental truth, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength.’ We all hold that now; but how many of this vast audience really do love God ‘with all their heart and soul and mind and strength?’ Perhaps, if appealed to personally or privately, many would say we have not the disposition; some would confess that they were lacking in the ability. Now, mark, they have the truth; they have it all their lives long; but yet they do not love God with all their hearts. What then? Let these come to God; let them ask for the ability; let them ask in the name of Christ and Him crucified; let them plead with a humble reliance upon God’s strength, His strength; this is leading men in Christ Jesus. In answer to their prayer the Holy Ghost shall be given, and then they will not only know to love God, as they have during all these years, but they will love God with all their heart. It will not only be a fact in their minds, but it will be an experience in their hearts; it will be a power, a blessed saving power in their lives.

“This, sir, I feel is just what our associations and churches and communities are now so much needing. We need this divine power, this supernatural power; it is necessary to accompany and apply the truth to the minds and hearts of those with whom we have to do. * * *

“In trying to do good in the world, the Infinite One fills us, inspires us, emboldens us, ennobles us, saves us, blesses us, makes us strong in nature and in the power of His might. Oh! does not this quiet, thoughtful, attentive audience see the point I would make? Entirely consecrated to the service, and then filled with God! A co-worker with Omnipotence! I challenge the world to supply a more sublime ideal of character, of experience, of life!”

To Mr. W. W. Cookman, of Philadelphia:

“WILMINGTON, DEL., December 7, 1869.

“We have just received Mary’s note, acquainting us with your indisposition. The first prompting was to cast aside every thing and hasten to your

home. This, however, is a busy day with me, and all the more busy because I have just returned from Baltimore, where I have been rendering some little service. Be assured, dear Will, of our *deepest sympathy* with you in your affliction. We would be submissive to all the divine arrangements, but, indeed, it gives us real pain to think that you are confined to your bed, a subject of suffering. You know we would do any thing in the world to serve or help you—for you are a very precious brother to me. I love you with a deep, true love, that grows stronger day by day. In this trial you will learn a lesson of patient endurance and quiet submission. Our Father, the God of the fatherless, carries you in His arms, and most probably never loved you so much as now; for He has the tenderest sympathy and deepest affection for His suffering children. We will not forget to commend you in earnest and frequent prayer to His providential care and fatherly love. We shall hope to see you on Friday. Keep up your spirits, trust implicitly in God, and all will be well. Love for Mary, kisses for the children."

To Mr. W. W. Cookman :

"WILMINGTON, December 30, 1869.

"It was very neglectful in me to allow so many days to elapse before acknowledging your brotherly generosity—but for a week now we have been a very excited family. The Sabbath with its duties followed Christmas very closely. This over, the next thing was a golden wedding at Mr. Gause's, in which, as the pastor of the family, I was expected to take a part. We received first the barrel of flour, and afterward the children's presents, for all of which we were deeply and tenderly thankful. May our Heavenly Father reward you a thousand-fold for your considerate and most acceptable kindness. The Christmas season has been full of joy in our domestic life. The return of our children, their generally good health, their gratification with their presents, their jubilant spirits, all have conspired to make it an unusually happy time. I have fared better than for many years. A couple of gentlemen presented me with a suit of clothes, our young men with an overcoat, the ladies with a nice cashmere wrapper, and another gentleman with a new hat. All these articles were just what I really needed, and, of course, were most acceptable. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.' We think a great deal about you during your affliction, and every day very carefully commend you to God in earnest prayer. We trust that the means used may be specially and speedily blessed, so that you may be able to take your place again in life's busy arena. Meanwhile get out of this dispensation all the spiritual wealth that may be extracted from it; remembering that, after all, the spiritual is as much better than the material as the

soul is of more consequence than its frail, fleshly home. God bless you and yours."

The Christmas festival was a delight to Mr. Cookman, and was always appropriately observed by suitable religious and social exercises. His house, with its interchange of gifts and salutations, was a scene of cheerful gayety. With his own children and the children of the Sunday-school he mingled freely, reminding them by his innocent mirthfulness that the religion which Jesus was born to establish is fitted to make every body happy. The enthusiastic and tasteful celebrations of the season on its annual returns while he was at Grace Church were among the pleasantest occurrences of his pastorate, and can not be soon blotted from the memories of his young parishioners.

In March, 1870, Mr. Cookman was re-appointed for the third year to Grace Church.

His delicate tact and tender thoughtfulness as a pastor were happily illustrated quite early in the year in connection with the last illness of one of the devout ladies of his Church, Mrs. Bates, the wife of Chancellor Bates. Mr. Bates's note, accompanying the letters written by Mr. Cookman to Mrs. Bates, afford the best explanation of the case, and also offer a very just tribute to the worth of the faithful pastor.

D. M. Bates, Esq., of Wilmington, Delaware, to the Rev. J. E. Cookman :

"The letter, of which the inclosed is a copy, was written by Mr. Cookman to Mrs. Bates during her last illness, at a period when a failure of voice precluded her from conversation with friends—hence the occasion for his giving her pastoral advice and sympathy *by letter*. It was most gratefully appreciated by her, and often read with expressions of great pleasure, and with much consolation and help under her feebleness. She held him in affectionate confidence and regard, and cordially received and rested upon his counsels—and this letter, together with a subsequent one written from New England, of which also a copy is inclosed with this, did much toward inspiring her with a more cheerful and resigned spirit under her declining strength. It is a beautiful outflow of pastoral affection, breathing the very spirit of Christ

himself, and containing sentiments worthy to be written in letters of gold. It is a memorial of both the departed far more precious than rubies."

To Mrs. D. M. Bates, of Wilmington :

" WILMINGTON, May 31, 1870.

" You must not think that we have forgotten you in your affliction. A hundred times you have been in our thoughts, and very frequently, if it had been deemed practicable or best, we would have offered you in person the sympathy of a pastor's heart. It has occurred to me that a message of love through this medium might not be unwelcome, and hence I take a moment to communicate that there are some hearts outside of your happy home that are concerned for your welfare, and that do not fail or forget to present you in your feebleness to that Father who does not willingly afflict any of his dear children. The dispensation that withdraws you from the active duties of domestic life is profoundly mysterious. We will not presumptuously venture an explanation of this providence. At the same time, you will be comforted by the remembrance that our Father, if inscrutable, is *never wrong*. Clouds frequently cover His ways, but there is light on the other side of the cloud—light to reveal the fact of mystery—light with which we may meet the obligations and trials of the passing hour. We must 'trust where we can not trace,' and remember that while living the life of faith we are moving as safely as though we understood every thing. 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

" May I affectionately counsel that, with an implicit and steady reliance upon Jesus for the help of the Almighty Spirit, you accept all the will of God moment by moment—*aye, take that will into your heart, and love it* better than all beside ; for the difference between the unsaved and the fully saved is that while the former find the will of God *without* them, and are obliged to submit to what they can not change, the latter find that same will *within* them, and very cheerfully submit to what they would not change.

" Let this season of affliction be an epochal time in your earthly history—constituted such not only by a fuller, but by the *fullest* submission of yourself and family and all to the infinitely excellent will of your Father in Heaven. You may safely trust that will, for it is never arbitrary, never wrong. It is always the expression of divine wisdom and love.

" As you sometimes indulge in prospective vision, say that all the rest of your life shall be, in the fullest and strictest sense, a *consecrated* life—a life hid with Christ in God—a life blessed in its experiences and in its results, concerning itself principally for the spiritual welfare of those around you,

and linking itself with the glory and triumph of the eternal future. Take this opportunity that the providence of God gives to write on all you have and are and hope for, 'Sacred to Jesus,' and spend the rest of your life in steadily '*Looking only unto Jesus.*' These two sentences may be profitable mottoes for every useful and glorious life.

"Excuse the liberty I thus take in writing to you. My note may be a word in season. In any case, it will furnish assurance that you are remembered with sympathy and love and prayer by your tenderly attached pastor."

To Mrs. D. M. Bates :

"HAMILTON CAMP-GROUND, MASSACHUSETTS, June 29, 1870.

"You will be surprised perhaps to receive this letter, but it will at least indicate that, although far away, still you are remembered by your affectionate pastor; and not only have you a place in my thoughts, but also in my prayers. Many times in this consecrated forest I have been reminded of you in your feebleness, and lifted up my soul to God that He would be with you and bless you, and make your sickness a signal and glorious passage in your earthly history. We are having really a most wonderful time at our Hamilton camp-meeting, the first service of the kind I have ever attended in New England. The attendance is from all the surrounding states, and the interest and divine power exceed, I think, any thing I have ever witnessed. Hundreds of ministers and people are concerned to enjoy their full privilege in the Gospel. The community in this section is generally more intellectual and less demonstrative than that in the Middle and Southern States. They can and do meet mind with mind, but that still leaves the heart untouched. They want Holy Ghost power, and, asking, God is gloriously giving it to them. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the effects of this extraordinary meeting will be far-reaching and most blessed. Oh! my dear sister, I do so much wish that your kind heart and whole being shall be entirely filled with God, submitting to His will in every particular, and tasting the joy of perfect love. Let us be altogether and eternally the Lord's.

"I thought that a breath of love from New England might bring a moment's refreshment to you in your sick-room. Give my tenderest love to the Judge, and to your sons and daughters."

Mr. Cookman's judgment in dealing with the sick was proved not alone in the feminine gentleness with which he could anticipate the needs of the cultured pious lady, but also in the force and skill with which he would approach the hardened and impenitent man. When he was stationed at Trinity, New York,

a gentleman called upon him and requested him to visit a son, who was ill. The young man had been very wayward, was still obdurate, and refused all religious counsel and prayer. Mr. Cookman went, but the young man declined conversation—wished to have nothing to do with him; but instead of insisting, he immediately withdrew, with the quiet, loving remark, “Well, my friend, you may refuse to let me talk and pray with you, but you can not prevent my praying *for* you.” This kind word had its desired effect. He called again very soon to inquire for the invalid, and, to the surprise of all, was welcomed by him and invited to pray. The visits were repeated until the young man professed to be converted, and died confessing his faith in Christ.

From the last letter it will be seen that Mr. Cookman had already, thus early in the summer, entered upon his yearly camp-meeting tour.

The National Association had determined upon three camp-meetings for the year 1870—the first at Hamilton, Massachusetts, June 21st; the second at Oakington, Maryland, June 12th; and the third at Desplaines, Illinois, August 9th—all of which Mr. Cookman attended, preaching at them all, and laboring with the untiring zeal which had heretofore characterized him.

His impressions at the Hamilton meeting have been already partially presented. At the meeting alluded to in this letter he is reported to have said, “How I joy in that divine declaration, ‘Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.’ This has been the very best Sabbath-day of all my earthly Sabbaths. An isolation from the world in the sense of non-conformity is the secret of spiritual power. I am able and I am willing to be a witness—and if alone, I would hold up this banner.” The Sunday-evening service was assigned to him, but, instead of preaching, he narrated his experience.

I give a letter from this place to his wife :

“HAMILTON CAMP-GROUND, Monday.

“On Saturday I dropped you a few lines, acquainting you with my interrupted journey to and safe arrival at this place. When I wrote the weather was insufferably warm ; I scarcely ever experienced any thing equal to it. The same night, however, it stormed, the wind veering around to the east, and giving us a rainy Sabbath. The services, consequently, were held in our new tabernacle. It was a wonderful Sabbath, certainly the best of any we have spent in the woods as a National Committee. Brother Wells preached in the morning on consecration, Brother Boole in the afternoon on the spiritual life of the Church ; in the evening I had charge of the services, not preaching, but exhorting and directing the prayer-meeting. The friends are expecting a sermon from me to-morrow. From the love-feast in the morning until the closing service at night, it was extraordinary. This meeting, in its interest and power, is a great success. The brethren feel that in its impressiveness and holy influence it is equal to or ahead of Round Lake. There are very few from the large cities of Philadelphia, New York, or Boston. A large proportion of the people seem to be from Maine. Scores and hundreds are coming into the liberty of full salvation. Mrs. Wright is here, concerned to do her part. I am so interrupted in writing that it is difficult to proceed—tent full of brethren. I hold you constantly before God.”

The camp-meeting at Oakington, July 12th, near Havre de Grace, Maryland, was very numerously attended. At one of the earlier prayer-meetings Mr. Cookman, addressing the friends, spoke in substance as follows :

“We desire for your own sake, for the sake of your comfort, usefulness, but especially for Jesus' sake—we desire for you a rich, round, full, abiding, blessed religious experience and life. Oh, how gladly and thankfully we would help you this morning if we could ! But we are reminded that there is a better Leader, a better Teacher, even the Holy Ghost. He guides into all truth. He takes of the things of Christ, the truth of Christ, the power of Christ, the blood of Christ, the grace of Christ, and shows them unto us. Let us put ourselves under His divine tuition. Blessed Spirit, Third Person of the adorable Trinity, proceeding from the Father and the Son, we acknowledge Thee, we worship Thee, we praise Thee, we love Thee, we seek fellowship with Thee, we want to be filled this day, and every day, and constantly, with all this fullness. Oh, hear our prayer in this morning

service! Come and direct our thoughts; come and quicken our desires; come and help our faith; come and enable us in all the services this day to sing—

“Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee we call;
Spirit of power and blessing, come.”

The correspondent of *The Methodist*,* writing from Oakington, evidently in the counsels of the National Committee, vindicates their course in declining to invite ministers to preach who differed with them on the doctrine of entire sanctification. There is scarcely one point in the conduct of the committee which had up to this time subjected them to so much criticism. With the explanation given, their decision in the matter seems sufficiently reasonable; especially as it was not meant to exclude ministers from preaching at their camp-meetings upon grounds of merely technical, but of radical, differences of opinion on the subject of holiness:

“The sermons were all of interest, and all bearing upon the one theme to be kept prominently in view during this meeting. The rule adopted by the committee in former meetings was duly observed here—namely, to call to the stand to preach only such ministers as are clear in their views and experience of the grace of Christian perfection; they feel more than ever the responsibility of abiding by this rule, since, as was stated in *The Northern Christian Advocate*, they are singly and severely responsible to the world and the Church that nothing that is presented at these meetings shall be anti-Scriptural or anti-Methodistical. With this responsibility upon them, they do well to retain entire supervision of every meeting held upon the ground. With this watchful supervision, there is no danger to be apprehended that any new doctrine will be introduced or any schism occur. Nothing here presented will have any tendency to divide the Church. The key-note is harmony, love, and union. They set up no tests, but ask only for purity of heart, and a confession of the saving power of the blood of Jesus. There is no radicalism but the radicalism of love; and no visions or new revelations or prophecies; but earnest, heart-searching, sin-subduing, soul-invigorating power. These men fight with the old guns of Methodism, and seek only the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire.”

* July 30, 1870.

So general was the attendance at this meeting, that,

“When the roll of the states was called, representatives answered from all the states and territories but three. An Indian from Northern Michigan, and ministers recently from India, China, Australia, Canada, England, Germany, Ireland, and our territories in the far West, testified of the triumphs of religion in their localities.”

To accommodate the numerous friends of the national movement in the West, a camp-meeting was also held at Desplaines, Illinois, near Chicago, on the 9th of August. A correspondent writing of it, said :

“Sunday was a great day. The prayer-meeting at five o'clock—largely attended—was led by Rev. A. Cookman. At eight the love-feast was held ; Rev. L. R. Dunn presided. Nearly three hundred gave in their testimonies. The people represented not only the Eastern, Western, Middle, and Southern States of our own country, but England, Ireland, Germany, Wales, Russia, Africa, Canada, Sweden, and the Argentine Republic. Many of these testimonies, though brief, were truly thrilling, both in word and spirit. As an example : A colored man from Canada said, ‘Forty years ago my soul was set at liberty, even before my body was emancipated.’”

Amid all the duties and excitements of the meeting, Mr. Cookman found time for correspondence.

To his wife :

“DESPLAINES CAMP-GROUND, Saturday morning, }
Summer of 1870. }

“It is really very difficult to find time for correspondence even with my precious Annie. Meetings begin at five A.M. and continue until bed-time. These, with meals and conversation, occupy almost every moment. Your kind letter came to hand yesterday. It was most refreshing to hear from home. God be praised for His goodness to my loved ones. Yesterday the morning sermon fell to my lot. We had a cool hour, a large congregation, and our kind Heavenly Father allowed me a most comfortable time. I might write many kind things that were said of the discourse, but this you know is not my taste or style. Just at the close of my sermon I invited brethren of the ministry and laity to gather in the altar. Brother Matlack, of New Orleans, preached in the afternoon a very tender sermon—Brother Welling in the evening, and Brother McDonald this morning. The meeting is wonderful—wonderful—wonderful.

"Such unanimity, earnestness, and divine power have scarcely been paralleled at any of our previous meetings. Yesterday was one of the best days I ever spent in a consecrated forest. An influence seemed to pervade the encampment that got hold of every body—the best men both of the ministry and laity. Last night it was very cold, cold enough for October; during the night it began to rain, and to-day the rain continues, driving us all to the tabernacle. We are most pleasantly situated in our forest cottage, and our boarding arrangements are most excellent—first-rate table and most attentive waiters. God is very good to me. He fills my soul and graciously helps me in my humble efforts to do His holy will. To-morrow, Sabbath, Brother Inskip preaches in the morning and Brother Boole in the afternoon. General meeting for night. God bless you, Annie, and my dear children. Love to the boys and all friends."

To his wife :

"DESPLAINES, August 15, 1870.

"I have the opportunity of sending a letter direct to Philadelphia by the hand of Brother Wallace. My last, I believe, was written on Saturday evening. That was a damp, cold day. All the services were in the tabernacle. Sabbath opened with a cool atmosphere but a cloudless sky. It devolved upon me to lead the five o'clock prayer-meeting in the morning. It was blessed indeed. At eight we had the love-feast, one of my very best. At half-past ten Brother Inskip preached well—unusually well. At half-past two P.M. Dr. Reed, editor of *The Northwestern Christian Advocate*, preached. At the close of the sermon believers were rallied, and a general charge made on the unconverted. The altar was crowded with penitents, and some thirty-five were converted in less than an hour. In the evening, as usual, Brother Alfred had to head the column. God helped me as much, perhaps, as ever in my life, and I trust great good was done. The whole ground seemed to be a great altar, sinners and unbelievers both down before God. We all think it was the best Sabbath of any of our National camp-meetings. Glory to the Lamb! The weather is very cool. My shawl is a decided necessity. I begin to realize a sense of great weakness, and will have to be careful lest I contract the chills and fever. Willing to work, and obliged to remain till the last moment, still I will be glad to turn my face homeward, and sit down again amid the quiet comforts of No. 813 West Street.

"To-day there seems to be a little reaction from yesterday—nevertheless, the meetings have been very profitable. To-night God is present in great power. The great West answers to the East, and shouts, Holiness to the Lord. But I must close. The people are very kind—some of them think

they must have me in the Northwest. Give my love to the dear boys—let this take the form of a sweet kiss from their dear mamma. The baby boy, of course, will not be forgotten. I received to-day your second letter. It was a hundred thousand times welcome. Take good care of yourself."

To Mrs. Bishop Hamline :

"DESPLAINES, August 19, 1870.

"We have been wonderfully favored at Desplaines—the weather, the congregations, the presence of a large number of ministers, the sustained and increasing interest, the loving spirit of the people, and especially the presence and power of the Divinity—all, all call for songs of loudest praise. Your prayers have been signally answered. This is beyond all question the best of our series of National camp-meetings. Your friends, of course, will supply all the details. My own soul has been wonderfully strengthened and helped.

"God bless you abundantly, my precious sister. I have written this in the midst of camp-meeting duties and excitements. It is not a thousandth part of what is in my heart to say. Pray for me, and believe me your devotedly attached son in the Gospel."

Some estimate of Mr. Cookman's ministrations at this meeting may be formed from one or two facts communicated by John Emory Voak, M.D., of Bloomington, Ill., who was present at the time :

"While attending the meeting, having known Brother Cookman, I took particular pains to attend all his ministrations and every meeting that he led, and oh, how my soul fed and feasted on the bread of life as dispensed by him !

"I never shall forget his sermon on the theme, 'Entire sanctification.' Surely the Holy Spirit spoke through him to many hearts, and won them to Christ as a Saviour to the uttermost.

"I wish I could describe one of the most glorious meetings I ever attended, led by him. After answering the objection often urged against laboring for the promotion of holiness (instead of the conversion of sinners) most beautifully, he gave a sketch of his experience. He said that 'on these hands, these feet, these lips I have written, *Sacred to Jesus.*' After his enlarging on that beautiful motto, I am sure many in that meeting of preachers saw entire sanctification as a more comprehensive and sacred work than they had been wont to view it, and that they were then set apart as never before.

“One other incident which can not be described occurred at the last service of that meeting. The time had come when we must part; all Christian hearts were solemn—some were sad—at the thought of leaving that hallowed ground. The leader felt he could not close without giving one more opportunity for sinners to come to Jesus, and for Christians to plunge anew into the fountain. To the surprise of perhaps every one, nearly two hundred arose for prayers. That scene seemed to inspire Brother Cookman, and he offered a prayer such as I never expect to hear equaled. The Holy Ghost made intercession in his soul with groanings that could not be uttered. He was in audience with Deity—aye, more, he had hold on God, and it literally raised him from his knees. I never heard such a fervent, effectual prayer, and it prevailed, as many will testify in the day of judgment.”

This communication, together with Mr. Cookman's own account of the meeting, affords ample evidence that he never sought the entire sanctification of believers to the neglect of “calling sinners to repentance.”

Besides attending the National camp-meetings, Mr. Cookman was present at the usual number of local camp-meetings through the summer, and performed at every one the same almost superhuman work. He could allow himself no respite, but flew like a herald of light from place to place. Ennall's Springs, Talbot County, Brandywine Summit, Camden Union, Ocean Grove, and possibly others, shared his ministrations.

He wrote from Ennall's Springs to Mrs. Cookman :

“ENNALL'S, Monday, 1870.

“Sabbath is over; it was a bright, beautiful, blessed day—the atmosphere cool, pure, invigorating. We had good congregations. I preached both morning and evening, superintended the love-feast and two prayer-meetings, and at half-past ten went to bed pretty well worn out. This is vacation! Our services have all been very profitable, the prayer-meeting last night and this morning especially. There are a good many hungry souls here, and I have great joy in inviting and leading them to the blessed provisions of the Gospel. There are many tender, loving inquiries respecting your welfare. You would have met a most affectionate welcome at the hands of these Dorchester County people. Annie T— is rather sad, occasioned by the change in her circumstances and the absence of her dear husband.

Their tent, however, is just as attractive in its social circles and its bountifully spread table as ever.

"This afternoon we leave for Easton. Willie* seems to be very happy. The tables suit him. He has a wonderful weakness for the feathered creation—wings, legs, breast, and side-bones quickly disappear before his vigorous assaults. Thus far he behaves himself beautifully—keeps his clothes clean, and acts like a little gentleman. I feel proud of him. My own soul is strong in the Lord. I feel that in leading up the Church I am doing God's will, and am wonderfully blessed. The blessed Spirit shines upon my mind and seems to give efficiency to my feeble words. Pray for me. I do not forget you. Your unwavering love has not failed to make the deepest impression on my heart. May God have you ever in His special care and keeping."

To his wife :

"MCNEILL'S WOODS.

"On another battle-field! Arrived here last night about eight o'clock, after a four hours' ride from Ennall's. Will enjoyed the journey, especially the *driving*. This is a delightful spot—a larger meeting decidedly than the one in Dorchester. Our reception was most enthusiastic. This morning I led the eight o'clock meeting. It was really one of the most precious and powerful services that I ever enjoyed. Brother Quigg, the presiding elder, preached this morning, and Brother John Field this afternoon. The meetings are increasing in interest, and presage victory. President Wilson and wife are here—arrived last evening. Will finds pleasant companions, and receives a great deal of attention. The friends here insist upon my staying until Friday morning. They think that the interests of souls and the Church are involved. I shall be better able to judge to-morrow."

* The fourth son, William Wilberforce.

CHAPTER XXII.

GRACE CHURCH.—THE PENINSULA CONVENTION.

THE Wilmington Conference, at its last session (1870), had adopted the following resolution :

*Resolved,** That a committee of eight—four ministers and four laymen—be appointed by this Conference to arrange for a Peninsula Methodist Convention, to consider and promote our denominational interests, said Convention to be held at such time and place as the committee may deem advisable."

Mr. Cookman was appointed chairman of this committee. Indeed, "the conception of the Convention," in the language of one, "was his. He was the presiding genius as well as the moving spirit." At the call of the committee the Convention assembled at Smyrna, Delaware, on November 15, 1870, and continued for three days. "It was composed of the resident Bishop, Levi Scott, D.D., the superannuated, supernumerary, and traveling preachers of the Wilmington Annual Conference, with two lay delegates from each circuit and station within the limits of said Conference." Its object was "to consolidate, instruct, and inspire one Methodism on the Peninsula." Mr. Cookman called the Convention to order, and the Hon. D. M. Bates, Chancellor of the State, was elected president, with eight vice-presidents.

The topics discussed were : The Methodist Episcopal Church—its active and relative growth, and its present position on the Peninsula ; Education—its claims upon the Church ; Working

* Proceedings of the Peninsula Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Smyrna, Delaware, November 15, 1870. S. W. Thomas, 1018 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Forces of the Church—local ministry, women's work, young people's associations, etc. ; Relation of the Church to the Moral Questions of the Day—Bible, Christian Sabbath, and Temperance cause ; Family Religion ; The Sabbath-school ; and The Spiritual Life of the Church. These themes were severally treated in one or more written papers and by open discussion. The first topic elicited many valuable facts concerning the past and present status of Methodism in one of its chosen fields.

The Rev. George A. Phoebus, in speaking of the Fallen Heroes of Peninsula Methodism, said, in regard to its early origin :

“Whitefield, with a reputation in the New World that gathered thousands around him wherever and whenever he preached, we have every reason to believe, as early as 1756, perhaps earlier, had disseminated the doctrines of the Oxford ‘Holy Club’ among the inhabitants of Bohemia Manor, and had sowed the seeds of the Gospel Kingdom in the hearts of the Bayards, and Bowchells, or perhaps Voschells. Here Wright, in 1771, found ‘in a certain house a room where he slept, prayed, and studied, that is still called Whitefield’s room.’

“When we look, therefore, upon the class that encouraged the early Wesleyan Methodist itinerant as he went forth in the work of his Master, we must feel that it is due to the memory of the eloquent, fiery, commanding Whitefield, as the first hero that gathered a Methodist band on the Peninsula, to lay at his feet the honor of having first enkindled in the hearts of our fathers the fires of that religious revolution that was awakening the fatherland to true Christianity. He was to us ‘the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.’

“The interest awakened by Whitefield did not die out before the appearance of the Wesleyan missionary. The first Wesleyan Evangelists not only found the field white unto the harvest, but men and women ready to be employed. The long interval that elapsed often between the appointments of the preachers, the range of their work, the transitory stay that they made in any place, were not calculated to give permanence to their instructions unless there were found some like those already mentioned who could lead the newly converted in the way of life. The incidents in proof of this are rare but valuable. In addition to those furnished, we give the following from the life of Benjamin Abbott. In 1780 he was at his appointment at J. Hersey’s. After the sermon, a dear old lady said to him, ‘This is the Gospel trump ; I heard it sounded by Mr. Whitefield twenty-five years ago.’ We have also, in the

recollection of Rev. Joseph Everett, of Queen Anne County, Maryland, a glimpse of the activity of the followers of Mr. Whitefield. As early as 1763, under the instructions of the school of Whitefield, he was convinced of sin, had joined their society, and in his chamber, on his knees, sought and obtained redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins. Thus we see that in 1770, when the Gospel of the Kingdom was presented to the people by Mr. Wesley's preachers, there were to be found some who had knowledge of the way of salvation by faith. Thus it appears that while in England the controversy was raging between the Calvinistic and Arminian Methodists, the converts of Whitefield on this Peninsula were rising up to bear witness to the truth of the Wesleyan teachers on the fundamental doctrines of justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and the sanctification of believers."

Mr. Phoebus, after showing how Wesleyan Methodism was kindled from these sparks by Webb, Strawbridge, King, and others, referred to its organization by Asbury:

"Here he (Asbury) met Dr. Coke in 1784, bearing the instructions of Wesley for organizing the societies into a systematic whole—here was assembled around him, eighty-six years ago to-day (November 14), within twenty-five miles of the place where the first Peninsula Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church is holding its session, the preachers who in informal Convention gave birth to the Methodist Episcopal Church in these United States of America. Here, at Barratt's Chapel, at the same time, the Methodists in this country first partook of the Holy Sacrament, the ordinance being administered by their own regularly ordained preachers. Brethren, it was not the Peninsula, not time-honored Barratt's Chapel, not the preachers assembled in quarterly meeting, not Dr. Coke, vested with Episcopal authority, but that dear man of God, Francis Asbury, whose glory has streamed forth from the radiance of that hour, and mantles us, his spiritual descendants."

The Rev. J. B. Quigg presented statistical tables showing the gradual increase of the Methodist Episcopal Church through successive decades, from 1 charge, 1 preacher, and 150 members in 1774, to 89 charges, 114 preachers, and 24,734 members in 1870. Adding to the number of white members the number of colored members, for some time counted apart, the whole number of members in 1870 was 34,530, which gave to the

Methodist Episcopal Church a ratio of 1 to every 8.6 of the total population (300,000) of the entire Peninsula.

This Peninsula Mr. Asbury was accustomed to call his garden for Methodist preachers. It still retains much of its original Methodist simplicity. To no one in the Convention was this statistical exhibit more gratifying than to Mr. Cookman. On no field outside of his immediate parish work had he spent so much energy as on this ; and as he contemplated the status of the Church, its numerical, social, financial capabilities, his mind was impressed with a sense of the great importance of a rebaptism of all these forces by the Holy Spirit, for the "consolidation, instruction, and inspiration of Peninsula Methodism."

It was therefore just to his taste that "The Spiritual Life of the Church" was assigned as his theme. I give the essay which he read entire, as containing some of his best thoughts on the relation of holiness to the Church :

"THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OF THE CHURCH.

"The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure Word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered.

"It stands above all other organizations ; the repository of the most valuable truth ; a fountain of light and life and love, a blessing to the world.

"*The spiritual life of this Church*, that is, the life of God developing in the experience of its individual members, is its highest and best life—aye, and because of the important relations and the exalted position of the Church, it is the best life of the world ; the highest to which the race at large can possibly aspire. It links itself intimately and indissolubly with personal character, social order, family comfort, national prosperity, and our world's complete redemption.

"Now, will it not occur to any observant mind that this spiritual life, like our natural life, may exist in various stages of development ?

"In a hospital, for illustration, may we not find a patient paralyzed, unable to do any thing, and yet life flickering in its socket ? May we not find other invalids, feeble, complaining, scarcely able to stand up, not willing to communicate, knowing little of the joys of life, and yet not actually dying ? It may be they have brought this upon themselves as the consequence

of their own folly or neglect. There has been some temptation, comparatively harmless to others, but injurious to them, and they have balanced the gratification it has afforded them against the fearful results that have developed, and so they have carnally and culpably clung to the doubtful indulgence until the effect is as we see. Ah, brethren, do we not know by observation, and some of us by experience, that this is a sad picture of too many who profess to be the subjects of spiritual life? Through neglect or failure or folly, or doubtful indulgence or partial obedience, their religious life is feeble and sickly—some trust, but more of distressing doubt; some hope, but more of torturing fear; some joy, but more of spiritual joylessness; little appetite for divine things; little disposition to exercise themselves in matters pertaining to godliness; little interest in those means and measures that are intimately related to the salvation of the race and the glory of God.

“Oh, how different from that spiritual life that hungers and thirsts after righteousness; that runs in the way of obedience; that works, and rejoices to work, in the vineyard; that fights, aye, and endures hardness in the great battle with sin and Satan. ‘I am come,’ said Christ, ‘that they might have life, and that they *might have it more abundantly.*’

“Brethren, ought it not to be with us a matter of congratulation and thanksgiving that the home of our spiritual nature is in a Church that has always given so much attention to the development of the spiritual life? For, observe, while some of the other denominations have arrayed themselves around their citadels of doctrine, waging occasionally an offensive, but more frequently a defensive warfare, Methodism, adventuring into the field of the wide, wide world, has employed her time and talents and energies in the culture and dissemination of spiritual life. Meanwhile her fundamental doctrines have remained intact and unchanged, proving that orthodoxy is much better conserved by the cultivation of the spiritual life, than the spiritual life is promoted by an elaborate defense of orthodoxy. But, more than this, gaining constant accessions of this best life, growing stronger with the strength that the Divinity supplieth, our success, as a Christian denomination, has been almost without parallel or precedent. From a small class organized in the city of New York, with Philip Embury as the leader, the Methodist societies have grown until within their folds they enroll, upon this continent, more than two millions of members, and directly influence some seven or eight millions of our American population. * * *

“Nearly a century since, Thomas Coke, Francis Asbury, Benjamin Abbott, William Watters, Freeborn Garrettson, and others, whose names are as ointment poured forth, heralds of grace, filled with apostolic love and

zeal and power, visited our Peninsula, unfurling the blood-stained banner, and preaching a salvation, free, full, present, conscious, and glorious. Their word was in demonstration of the Spirit—opposition gave way—prejudice vanished—hearts were opened—spiritual life was accepted—and now for about a hundred years Methodism has had a home upon this Peninsula, much of the time the dominant religious denomination of the region.

“As we overlook the field to-day, can we not find occasion for encouragement and rejoicing in the fact that the spiritual life of Methodism all through this section retains very much of its original simplicity? We still hold fast and hold up the old distinctive doctrines of salvation for all through the mediation of Christ—justification by faith a personal necessity and a present privilege—the distinct and direct witness of the Holy Spirit with our spirit that we are children of God—entire sanctification, through the blood of Christ and by the power of the Holy Ghost, made available by an exercise of present trust in Jesus. We still retain, appreciate, and enjoy the class-meeting, the love-feast, the watch-night service, the quarterly-meeting, the camp-meeting, the protracted-meeting—means of grace that were originally the gift of God’s providence, and which our fathers found to be so valuable and profitable. While in some other sections there is a disposition to lay aside or treat carelessly some of the old weapons, conforming to the spirit of an extravagant age and a fashionable world, Methodism on the Peninsula still satisfies herself with plain, free-seated churches; still experiences and shouts the joy of God’s salvation; still goes in for earnestness of expression and of operations; still agrees that the people of God while ‘*in, must not be of the world,*’ but must stand separate from and exalted above the world’s littleness and vanities and falsities; still clings to and would battle in defense of the old and well-tried landmarks.

“But now, while we offer the language of congratulation and commendation, let us, still continuing our observation, ask, Is the spiritual life of our Church, within the limits of the Wilmington Conference, up to the New Testament standard? Let us ‘*examine ourselves.*’ Instead of offering God a *perfect love*, do we not yield Him a partial affection, allowing other objects to dispute in our hearts the sovereignty of His most holy and excellent will? Instead of *brotherly kindness*, is there not in our intercourse with fellow-Christians too frequently uncharitableness, backbiting, and even bitterness of spirit? Instead of self-denial and cross-bearing, conditions of Christian discipleship, is there not an acknowledged avoidance of the cross, and an inveterate disposition to self-pleasing? Instead of a *liberal spirit and systematic beneficence*, is there not an absence of settled principle that sometimes expresses itself in the language, ‘I will give little or nothing,’ just as I

please? Instead of *simplicity* in our attire and in our styles of living, so that we may have more to give to Christ's blessed work, is there not an aping of the world's fashions and follies, a conformity that we know is prejudicial to a deep and growing spirituality? Instead of *words seasoned with grace* and tending to edification, are not too many of our words idle, gossipy, unkind, and unprofitable? Instead of a *burning and abiding zeal* prompting to steady aggressions upon the kingdom of sin and hell, are we not fitful in our efforts, soon wearying in well-doing?

“These pointed inquiries suggest some of the delinquencies and shortcomings of too many of our Church members, and constrain the conclusion that there is a *higher spiritual life* for the Church—a life whose exercise will reveal in personal consciousness to the believer, and present to the world around more beautiful and valuable fruit. Now the question arises, What is that higher and better life? We have no hesitation in saying it is what in Methodist parlance we entitle ‘Entire sanctification,’ implying the specific, intelligent, complete, and everlasting consecration of all our regenerated powers to God—a consecration, of course, including the surrender of every doubtful indulgence, and the willing acceptance of any and every test of Christian obedience—and, in addition, implying the constant resting in Christ by faith as our full and perfect Saviour, trusting Him not only to save us, *but to keep us saved*. Let the Church accept this privilege, so exceeding great and precious—let her perform this service, so reasonable and scriptural, and her spiritual life will be *more divine, more practical, and more enduring*.

“I. It will be more divine. Consecrating ourselves without any reservation or limitations to the service of God, and concerned to accept of Christ in the fullest sense, we necessarily come nearer to God, and, in a broader and deeper and fuller sense, become partakers of the divine nature—partakers of the divine wisdom—and purity—and gentleness—and patience—and loving kindness and power. But some one will ask, Is this different from the grace received at conversion? We answer, No! it is only more of that precious grace—as we sometimes hear, it is a ‘*deeper work of grace*.’ Christ comes in His spiritual presence to abide in our soul, and while we trust in Him, He assumes the entire responsibility of our complete salvation. Now, without wasting time on disputed theories or theological distinctions, let us ask, Is not this the great need of the spiritual life of the Church?—is not this a conscious and confessed want in our experience as professing Christians?

“We have life, but we do not have it abundantly. We love God, but we do not love Him with a perfect love—for a perfect love is necessarily

dependent upon a perfect consecration; just at the point that our consecration is imperfect our love is imperfect, for it is then a divided, which is an imperfect love. We walk in the path of obedience, but we do not always stand up and go steadily forward in that path. We have peace with God as the result of our justification and adoption, but we can not testify to perfect rest—the rest of perfect order, perfect activity, perfect security, perfect faith, perfect love, and perfect peace in the soul. The spiritual life of the Church needs, beyond all cavil or controversy, the elevation, invigoration, and inspiration that this grace of Christian holiness would give it.

“2. But again, the acceptance of our full Gospel privilege would make the spiritual life of the Church not only more pure and divine, but *more practical*.

“Need we say that one of the greatest desideratums of the Church, and one of the most peremptory demands of the world around, is a more practical piety. Men will judge of our religion, not so much by what it is, as by what it does. Now you will be reminded that the higher Christian life for which we plead involves an entire consecration of ourselves to God, and this consecration implies the use of all we have and are in harmony with the divine will, and for the promotion of the divine glory. It writes on our hands, our feet, our senses, our bodies, ‘All sacred to Jesus.’ It uses our understanding, judgment, imagination, memory, conscience, will, and affections, all as belonging to Jesus. It holds the gifts of God’s providence, such as time, health, energy, reputation, influence, home, kindred, friends, property, all as subordinate to the will of Jesus. It takes the entire man for Jesus. In his life it makes him temperate, gentle, careful, humble, earnest, honest, liberal, and loving. In his political relations it makes him as conscientious and pure as in the ordering of his private religious life. In his business it lifts him up from the mere drudgery of a respectable but debasing selfishness, and, filling him with Christian principles, and linking all his secular transactions with the divine service, it makes him a co-worker with God in the world’s elevation and salvation. In his family it erects the altar of domestic worship—supplies the inspiration of a Christian example, diffuses around the atmosphere of love, welcomes the presence of Jesus, and thus constitutes the home as the house of God, and the very gate of Heaven.

“3. One other suggestion is, that the spiritual life of the Church needs to be *more enduring*.

“Confined at present too much to sacred places and special seasons, the tendency is to impulsive, spasmodic, irregular, and unreliable religious life. It glows in the summer amid the hallowed privileges of the consecrated forest. It burns in the fall or winter when revival fires are blazing upon our

Church altars. It emits fitful gleams on the Sabbath-day, or in the class-room, or in the prayer-meeting, but a strong, round, full, regular, satisfying, steadily increasing religious life—a life that is as consistent at home as away from home; as faithful in little things as in great matters; as careful in a transaction that the world will never hear of, as in one that shall be blazoned before the Church and the world—ah! this is the pure and abiding life that the Church needs and must have. Let Christ in his spiritual presence *abide in the heart*, the life of our life, the soul of our soul, bringing all our habits and practices into harmony with the divine will, and the spiritual life of the Church shall of necessity become more divine—more practical—more enduring.

“Brothers, is not this our need? Observe, we do not plead for changes or improvements in our ecclesiastical machinery—we hold that nearly all the main features of our working economy are the gifts of God’s providence, and can not with advantage be substituted by different arrangements. Again, we do not argue for or insist upon a higher standard of piety. The standard as we conceive has been fixed by Christ himself, and is as old as the Apostolic age. Not able to elevate it, and not willing to lower it one iota, we simply say to those who are equally responsible and interested with ourselves, *Let us measure up to it*. Let us be a holy people. Holiness is power. What the Church needs, what the world around is looking and waiting for, is more of power. We must have it for the fulfillment of our high and holy mission, viz., the spiritual conquest of the world. Entire sanctification—says Dr. Abel Stevens, in his admirable history—was the great potential idea of early Methodism. It made our first preachers mighty, irresistible, a flame of fire. It made our fathers and mothers an aggressive power and an almost unparalleled blessing in their day. It took hold upon the conscience and hearts of the unsaved in great communities. ‘Wherever,’ said Mr. Wesley, ‘the work of sanctification revives, the work of God revives in its different branches.’ ‘This,’ he remarked, ‘is the great depositum which God has given to the people called Methodists. Their mission is to spread scriptural holiness over these lands.’ Observe, not that *generic holiness* which, promoting repentance, faith, justification, regeneration, and holy living, claims that it is spreading scriptural holiness. All the evangelical churches join with us to do this. Our special mission, as we understand, is to hold up entire sanctification as an experience to be obtained by faith, and, because by faith, to be obtained now. *This, secured in a specific sense, becomes our best preparation to spread it in both a specific and a generic sense.*

“Oh, brothers! successors to Coke and Asbury and Abbott and Garrettson, take up and carry forward the banner of holiness that they planted so

faithfully in this region. Methodist people of the Peninsula, who in the midst of fierce fires of opposition have demonstrated so undeniably your civil and ecclesiastical loyalty, clinging with a heroic devotion to your mother nation and your mother Church, covenant that this historic ground, already glorious, shall be made more glorious still.

“Rekindle the old fires, rekindle them in every county, in every township, in every neighborhood, in every home, in every heart. Take the entire region for God. Bring its warm hearts, its growing wealth, its multiplied comforts, its rich abundance, its acknowledged advantages, and lay all upon the Christian altar. Ask, believe, and wait for the promised baptism of the Holy Ghost, and, with an unprecedented endowment of spiritual life, the Church and territory within the limits of the Wilmington Conference shall vindicate the language of prophecy: ‘Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken, neither shall thy land be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.’”

I quote from the published proceedings an account of the concluding service of the Convention:

“The Communion service that followed formed a most beautiful, appropriate, and profitable finale of these days of privilege. Ministers and members from all parts of the Wilmington Conference gathered around the same hallowed altar. The pastors of the Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal Churches of Smyrna, with many of their communicants, participated in this service. It was an hour never to be forgotten. Surely,

“‘Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat.’”

At the close of this memorable Communion, when the very atmosphere around seemed sacred with the divine presence, Rev. Alfred Cookman, called upon, said:

“Brethren, it is good for us to be here. As we look around and recognize these ministers and people of sister churches uniting with us in commemorating the love of our common Lord, the sentiment instinctively leaps to our lips, ‘Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’ Over this scene I fancy I see stretching a rainbow composed of the different evangelical churches; for while, like the colors of the natural rainbow, each Church retains its identity, yet at the same time

beautifully blending, sweetly harmonizing, we present altogether the advancing-sign, the infallible pledge of our world's triumphant redemption. During these hallowed moments I have been reminded of the broken alabaster box of which mention is made on the New Testament page. It has occurred to me that each of the denominations may be supposed to have their fragment still redolent with the fragrance of truth. When we come together on these delightful occasions, is it not to unite our fragments, and so reconstruct the box? and oh, say, does not the great Head of the Church vouchsafe the unction of the Holy One? does not the precious perfume arising fill the house, aye, and does it not promise to fill earth and heaven too with love and joy and praise?

"Brethren, it is the moment of parting. We shall never all meet again under similar circumstances. How blessed the truth that *Christians never part for the last time*. We separate, but it is as the angels do, going forth for the performance of the divine will, but with the assurance that our home is before the throne, and that

"We shall meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Meet when love shall wreath her chain
Round us forever."

"Thank God, we belong to a sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race, and sweetly the peace march beats, 'Home, brothers, home!'

Dr. Morsell, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, then stepped forward, and, all aglow with blessed feeling, said:

"This is your feast in your own house; and yet I have not been willing that you should have it all to yourselves. Oh! how I have enjoyed the past three days! We have felt the prayer of Jesus answered, 'that they may all be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.' And now, why are not the Christian world more completely one? Is it not because of their want of love to Jesus? I declare to-night my love for these brethren—a love that has its source in my love for the Saviour. While I have been feasting with you, I have looked around to recognize some of my own people here. I would that the whole Church to-night could feel as I feel. We have lived too much strangers to one another. This is wrong. It is the same many-mansioned house. I am only, so to speak, in another room of God's great house. Let us live and meet around the throne."

The tide of feeling had now reached its highest point, and,

overflowing, the entire congregation sprang to their feet, when Mr. Cookman, grasping the hand of the Episcopal clergyman on his left and the hand of the Presbyterian pastor on his right, proposed that members of the Convention and all the Christian people present should clasp hands and join to sing—

“ Say, brothers, will you meet me
On Canaan’s happy shore ?”

It was a beautiful scene. Tears were flowing, praises resounding all over the house, as, with thrilling tones, the large audience pledged themselves, singing again and again—

“ By the grace of God we’ll meet you
Where parting is no more.”

A member of the Convention, the Rev. J. H. Lightbourn, in a letter, says, “ Mr. Cookman’s closing address, though impromptu, was one of the most beautiful and thrilling to which I ever listened.”

A rare and pleasing incident, in the autumn of this year, in connection with the pastorate of Grace Church, was the celebration of the birthday of a centenarian, Mr. Joseph Lynam. I give a brief extract of an account which was published in *The Methodist Home Journal*, from the pen of Mr. Cookman :

“ Last week the hundredth birthday of Mr. Joseph Lynam was celebrated at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Delaplaine McDaniel, near Wilmington.

“ The company, composed almost entirely of family connections, began to arrive about one o’clock P.M. It was beautiful and delightful to witness the mingling of four generations—great-grandchildren, grandchildren, children, and the venerable parent. Father Lynam was of course the centre of the group—all vying in thoughtful attentions and loving services. This interesting man, the eldest son of John and Ann Lynam, was born on the 11th of October, 1770, nearly six years before the Declaration of American Independence.”

On the 24th of December, 1870, Mr. Abraham Bruner, the father of Mrs. Cookman, was struck with paralysis, after which he gradually failed, until he died on the 3d of March following,

aged seventy-eight years. He had been a member of the Methodist Church since his fifteenth year, and in the town where he lived so long was universally esteemed for his religious and social worth, his business probity and success. In his last illness Mr. Cookman wrote him these tender and comforting words :

“Your spiritual interests have been considered through a long succession of years, and He who has been with you tenderly declares, ‘I will not cast you off in old age, neither will I forsake you when your strength faileth.’ Commit your destiny entirely into the hands of your covenant-keeping Lord. Loosen your grasp on every thing but Jesus, and during the rest of your earthly sojourn He will give you to abide in the land of Beulah, where the birds sing, and the sun shines, and the flowers bloom, and every thing is bright and beautiful and blessed. Then, accompanied by the angels, you shall go over the river, and on the shining shore meet the loved ones who are gathering there, and, better than all besides, see the King in His beauty.”

The letter of Mr. Cookman to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Price, of Philadelphia, consoling them in the death of a child, will be recalled. It now became his pleasant duty to congratulate them on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. He could rejoice with the happy and weep with the sorrowful. He addressed them in substance as follows :

“OUR DEAR FRIENDS,—Allow us to offer our most affectionate congratulations. Twenty-five years of married life ! In memory a hand-breadth, a beautiful dream when one awaketh, but crowded full of deeply interesting incidents. During this period your children have been born ; of whom those living, like good wine, seem to be constantly improving with age, and the others, who have died, never to be forgotten, the glorified, are safely housed far beyond the reach of temptation, sorrow, and sin.

“During these years there has been, oh, how much of toil and perplexity in business life, but relieved by the steady increase, the encouraging success with which Providence has favored you ! A majority of those who started out with you have been overwhelmed in failure, while your course has been prosperously onward. During these years you have shared the palmy days of old St. George’s, and then Green Street, and now Spring Garden Street

churches. The first named especially will furnish memories that constitute some of the brightest sunshine of the past. During these years you have been a sturdy warrior in some of the leading moral reforms, and have lived long enough to see the death of *American Slavery*, and to witness *Lay Delegation* putting its foot proudly upon the threshold of the inner sanctuary of American Methodism.

"There is certainly great occasion for congratulation, rejoicing, and tender thankfulness as you retrospect the interesting fact, but especially should your hearts overflow with gratitude as you think of one another.

"The Christmas season of 1845 gave my sister the present of a husband—honest, earnest, virtuous, industrious, faithful; and if he has sometimes been impulsive and blunt, she has at the same time known that the hasty manner and strong style were his *peculiarities*, and were *nothing* when balanced against his other sterling virtues; and then that same 26th of December gave my old friend a wife, that infinite wisdom and love arranged just for him—a special Providence—for I know that he would not exchange her gentleness, quietness, prudence, neatness, and practicalness for all the attractions that the woman of literature, or of fashion, or of worldly styles could possibly have offered him. Now, own up, my truthful old friend, and say if, in arranging you a comfortable home, and watching over your cherished children, and diligently and ceaselessly studying your happiness during these twenty-five blessed years, she has not bankrupted you to such an extent that it would be impossible for you to pay the debt of love you owe? But more than all else, your home during these years has been a *Christian* home, honored and sanctified by the presence of Jesus. Your family altar has not been permitted to fall down, but every day you have invoked upon yourselves and your dear children the blessing of Him whose blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. Let this quarter of a century heap on the fuel! Clamber up upon that Ebenezer you are building to-day, and as you look back through your tears of gratitude, marking all the way that a kind Providence has led you, sing, in your clear tenor tones—

"When all Thy mercies, oh my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the bliss, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

While upon the silver altar of your twenty-fifth anniversary you renew your vows to love, honor, and cherish one another so long as ye both shall live, at the same time turn your thoughts heavenward, and, influenced by the mercies of God, covenant not to be more devoted, but to be entirely devoted to the service and glory of Jesus."

To Mr. Robert P. Smith, editor of *Showers of Blessing*:

“WILMINGTON, December 30, 1870.

“I am just now in receipt of your note. How gloriously God is working! These instances of which you write are literal miracles of grace. *Eternal praise!*

“I can hardly restrain myself this afternoon from hastening to the side of dear Mr. —, not that I could help or serve him, but I could at least witness the grace of God in him, and be with him at the foot of the precious cross.

“I have, however, a special engagement this evening, and to-morrow will be entirely filled with peremptory duties. Next week is the week of prayer. We have arranged for special services every day, both *afternoon* and *evening*.

“While, therefore, I could enjoy association with you in any services or under any circumstances, still I must regard home claims as primary, and deny myself.

“I was delighted to hear the experience of our brother, P. P.—.

“That ‘*blessed evening*’ at Ivy Lodge was certainly in God’s order, and seems to be developing more than we had asked or even thought. If Brother P— shall go over the world singing full salvation, it will be like the addition of a sweet-voiced angel to our ranks. We had your precious sister at our Wednesday meeting, who encouraged us with blessed tidings concerning your ‘*saved father*.’ Wishing you the best blessings of the Highest, who giveth us Christmas, New-year’s, and every good and perfect gift, I am yours in the fellowship of the Spirit.”

The time drew nigh when Mr. Cookman’s pastoral relations with Grace Church must be dissolved. He probably had never been more useful for a single term. With a magnificent church building, a large congregation of thoughtful, sympathizing persons, in a city small enough to be easily compassed, and yet large and active enough to afford variety, surrounded by a community of generous hospitality, and assured by the most marked results of the usefulness of his ministry and his acceptability with the people generally, his days had glided along most delightfully. No great sorrow had entered his home or his immediate family, except the death of the aged Mr. Bruner, which was in the course of nature, and really the term at Grace seemed as a day in the lightness which love, joy, friendship, and success had imparted to every burden. He loved the people, and they

loved him. The services he rendered to the cause of vital religion and good morals will not soon be forgotten by the citizens of Wilmington.

The Rev. George H. Smyth, late pastor of the West Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, Delaware, has kindly furnished some of his impressions of Mr. Cookman while they were neighboring ministers in that city :

"It was my privilege to labor in the city of Wilmington, Delaware, side by side with Brother Cookman for more than two years. The last year of his residence there we were often thrown together in devotional meetings, and met at social gatherings.

"The same unbroken uniformity of a calm, genial temperament ever rested upon him. Truly he looked like one that possessed a peace the world can neither give nor take away. Nor was it an acquired, stoical indifference that made him insensible to surrounding influences, for he had a most susceptible nature, that sympathized with every thing that was innocent around him. He always appeared solemn and dignified in his bearing, and at the same time easy and unaffected in his manners.

"He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and would laugh till he shook all over. I remember on one occasion we were in one of the Union prayer-meetings, held the first week of the new year, when an amusing incident occurred. * * * Mr. Cookman was seated on the platform, and, as a suppressed smile passed all over the meeting, I shall never forget the efforts he made to preserve his gravity, his hands over his face, and his whole body shaking with laughter. 'Oh,' said he afterward, 'I did want to get off the platform to some place where I could laugh !'

"And yet, with all his pleasantry and readiness to contribute to the enjoyment of the social gathering, no man was freer from a spirit of levity or irreverence for sacred things than was Brother Cookman. He was a very spiritual-minded man, and seemed to breathe continually a devotional atmosphere.

"In no place did he seem more at home than in a prayer-meeting. He was a fine singer, and in his selection of appropriate and beautiful hymns, sung with his rich, mellow voice, and in his earnest pleadings with God, he would diffuse the sweetest devotional spirit into all present, and often melt the congregation to tears. While the people were kneeling sometimes at the close of a prayer, he would start a hymn, which contained a petition just as suited to the occasion as if it had been written for it, and all would sing it through on their knees before God, and then one and another would burst forth with earnest prayer.

“In this way, without calling on any one or urging any one to speak or pray, he would kindle the flame of devotion until no one could keep silent.

“The Orthodox Friends—than whom no more godly people are to be found in that city—were many of them attracted to his church, and associated with him in Christian work.

“Perhaps no man ever exerted a wider or better influence in that community, in the same time, than did Alfred Cookman, and no man was more highly esteemed or more tenderly loved. And why should he not? To very many his life and labors had proved, under God, an unspeakable blessing.

“The moulding power of Brother Cookman’s godly life over Grace Church just at a most important period of its early history will continue, I doubt not, to bless that Church to its latest day; so it will many outside of that Church who were brought in contact with his great, catholic, Christ-like spirit.

“For, while a decided Methodist, Brother Cookman was a man of large heart, expansive views, and a charity that cordially fellowshipped with all true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. Hence he was ever ready for co-operation with any or all the other denominations in any movement for advancing the cause of Christ in the community or in the world. I have heard it said by old men that never before had there been such a kind, fraternizing spirit among all denominations of Christians as there was at that time in Wilmington.”

The following tribute, in harmony with Mr. Smyth’s statement, appeared just before Mr. Cookman’s removal, in *The Wilmington Commercial*:

“The Rev. Mr. Cookman closes the last three years of his ministry in this city on next Sabbath. They have been years of indefatigable labor, of great acceptability, and distinguished success. Being the first pastor in the great Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, the most beautiful church, we think, on this continent, it was his to settle its spiritual foundations, and give tone and evangelical views to its worshipers, and start the Church on in deeds of great enterprise. He has borne up the ark of testimony by his own personal piety, by his faithful and eloquent preaching, his labors in Sabbath-schools, in the temperance cause, missionary operations, and, in fact, in every good word and work among the sister churches and other denominations. He truly possesses a union and fraternal spirit, and wherever he goes he has a hand and heart for every body.

“It is with deep regret that his brethren of the Wilmington Conference

part with him, and many of the laity will follow him with tearful eyes, and prayerful wishes that they may meet again on this side of the grave, and if not, that they may meet in heaven. The young, to whom he has been peculiarly useful, and who are sincerely attached to him, will be deeply affected. May good angels go with him."

The parting interviews of the beloved pastor with his Church in all its departments—the general congregation, the Sunday-school, the social meeting—were deeply affecting, but with none more so than with the chosen circle of persons who were in the habit of attending the Wednesday-afternoon meeting. Mr. W. S. Hillis, a minister of the Society of Friends, in opening the Wednesday-afternoon meeting at which Mr. Cookman was last present before leaving, felt impressed to select the account of St. Paul's last charge to the elders of the Church of Ephesus, Acts xx., 17, etc. ; and as he read the verses concluding, "And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him ; sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more," he was overcome by his emotions. Mr. Cookman and the whole audience wept, and for some time the sorrow was so uncontrollable as to make it impossible to proceed with the services. Alas ! how prophetic the selection of those words !

Methodist Episcopal Church
Wm. M. M. M.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CENTRAL CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.—OCEAN GROVE CAMP-GROUND.
—NATIONAL CAMP-MEETINGS AT ROUND LAKE AND URBANA.

FOR months prior to March, 1871, Mr. Cookman's mind had been agitated with the question of his next appointment. He had been invited to Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio, Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., and Newark, N. J., and pressed earnestly in all these cases to entertain the proposition for a transfer. He undoubtedly meant, when he returned to the Philadelphia Conference, to remain in it for life ; but the division of the Conference in 1868 had unexpectedly thrown him out of it into the Wilmington Conference, and now his Conference relations were again unsettled. So imperative seemed the demand for his services in certain important churches in the controlling centres of population and influence, that he finally yielded, though reluctantly, to higher convictions of duty—in regard to the freest interchange of ministers throughout the whole Church—and consented to be transferred to the Newark Conference, and was stationed at the Central Church, Market Street, Newark, N. J. This proved to be his last transfer and his last appointment in the Church. At the next roll-call, at the name of Alfred Cookman, instead of the round, full, silvery "*here,*" there would be silence and tears.

In view of the frequency of Mr. Cookman's transfers from one Conference to another, and of the class of churches which he generally served, a communication from Mr. John Thompson, of Philadelphia, will be found pertinent. A letter from himself to a lady friend reveals the same earnest desire that ever attended these changes, to know and follow the divine

will. An incident also occurred before he left Grace, while his mind was yet undetermined as to the course he should take.

There was a little prayer-meeting at which were present some of his closest friends. He prayed earnestly to be directed to go where God might will—to *suffer or to die* for Him; and requested his friends to make special prayer. The next morning they all said "Newark."

From Mr. John Thompson to Mrs. Annie E. Cookman:

"PHILADELPHIA, March 22, 1873.

"Some time before you left Grace Church, Wilmington, Del., I wrote to Brother Cookman in reference to his future field of labor. You know that our intimacy was such that we freely opened our hearts to each other on all such subjects. I kept no copy of my letter, and do not recollect the precise wording, but the substance which I recollect distinctly was that for some time I had been strongly impressed with the conviction that his usefulness would be greatly increased if he were allowed the privilege of filling a different class of appointments. I recollect I named such churches as Kensington, Tabernacle, and Ebenezer, of this city. I urged that while he had the ability to succeed in what are called first-class churches, such as he had been filling, that the proposed charges, with the same untiring effort, deep piety, and popular ability for which he was so remarkable, would yield a much more glorious harvest. I closed with the solicitation that he would give me his views and convictions in this connection.

"The promptness of his reply indicated his deep interest in the subject. I regret that I did not preserve his letter. He said he was glad I proposed the inquiry. It was a subject that had caused him the most intense solicitude. The great matter with him was to ascertain clearly what the Lord would have him do (on this point he was sometimes confused), but a clear conviction of the will of God settled all other questions in his mind. First-class churches were seemingly a necessity of the times. Somebody must be appointed to the pastoral charge. Without any seeking on his part some of them asked for his services, and it was the opinion of the bishops that this was his proper sphere of labor. He considered when he entered on the itinerant work of the ministry that he surrendered the question of the field of his labor to the *godly* judgment of the bishops, and if they should at any time change their judgment and appoint him to such fields of labor as I had suggested, it would give him great satisfaction. As far as he had any choice in the matter, he thought this would be his preference.

"He claimed that it was generally understood that he preferred the free-seat system—that on this subject he had not sought to conceal his views, but that he did not feel called on to disturb the peace of the Church on this subject, as he had unbounded confidence in the piety of those who held opposite views. He supposed that Newark, N. J., would be his next field of labor, but if it were not the will of God, he trusted that all arrangements in this direction would be defeated. I do not pretend to give Brother Cookman's precise words, but I think I correctly give you his sentiments as expressed in the letter referred to."

To Mrs. Lewis, of Columbus, O. :

"WILMINGTON, September 20, 1870.

* * * "Last Friday I was disappointed in not dining with you and Homer, but some brethren, waylaying me, marched me off to the *Continental*, and took nearly all my noon-time in pressing upon my attention the claims and attractions of their pastorate. I am sure I could enjoy it and be useful in that sphere, but what am I to do? The calls begin to come in, and among the rest a very special one from Cincinnati. The mention of *Ohio* will make Homer's heart thrill. I love it *for his sake*, but have myself never felt any wonderful drawing to the West—dread the long journey for my large family, the laborious house-keeping in that smoky atmosphere, the separation from our mothers and life-long friends, etc., etc. Still I want to move in God's order, and this may be His order. Oh, for a voice from Heaven! It is too bad for so many people to put their cares on your kind heart, but you know that, apart from kindred, you are one of my *very dearest friends* in the world. Homer will not upbraid me when I say that I love you—aye, and him, too, with a true, pure, and blessed love in the Lord Jesus Christ. For nearly twelve years your friendship has been as true as the needle to the pole, while the remembrance of your self-sacrificing services in times of trial fills my heart with unutterable gratitude to Almighty God for your sisterly affection. Will you not, then, let me ask that you will especially pray that I may be guided at this most important juncture? God can overrule my mistakes. I know that, but I do not want to make any mistake. I desire to choose the right and the best way.

"Give my best love to Homer.

"Annie starts for Philadelphia to-morrow, taking the baby, of course. He is intensely sweet—a drop of *Heaven's honey* laid on our hearts."

The Central Church, Newark, gave a cordial welcome to their new pastor. He found a large and handsome church edifice,

well located, with a thrifty, active, and generous membership, disposed in every way to promote his comfort and usefulness. Within a few brief weeks he was ensconced with his family in their pleasant home, and he was as deeply immersed in the duties of the pastorate as if no change had taken place from one charge to another. The facility with which pastors go from Church to Church, and with which the churches accept one pastor after another, is inexplicable to persons outside of Methodism. The only explanation is, it is law and usage—ministers and people have become accustomed to the system, and, content with its workings, they accept it as a matter of course, and as the wisest arrangement for the whole Church. The prompt and cheerful acquiescence in the plan does not, however, preclude the sharp pangs caused by the severance of pastoral relations—many times the pastor's heart aches for the absent flock, and the people's hearts yearn for the recent pastor—but soon the new pastor and the new people become so taken up with each other as to prevent undue pain, while the strong attachments of former relationships are silently cherished as the pure and tender memories of a past which is ever present.

To Mr. W. S. Hillis, of Wilmington, Delaware :

“NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, April 25, 1871.

“You have not been an itinerant minister, and yet can form some idea of the duties claiming attention upon the threshold of a new pastorate. Home must be re-arranged, visits must be made, the new routine of service must be found out and entered upon, etc., etc.

“Comfortably situated domestically, we begin to feel like living again. Our new charge has made a very generous provision for our comfort. Our home is commodious, centrally located, nicely furnished, and very comfortable.

“How is your Wednesday meeting prospering in Wilmington?

“Steady persistence just now will do much toward establishing our precious friends in the truth and grace of God. How important and blessed it is to be ‘*established in the faith.*’ David testifies, ‘he hath *established my goings.*’ But we can not hope for this any where else than in the path of obedience. Oh! to have that settled principle—that unswerving purpose—

that steady faith—that unremitting love—that keeps our feet in the right way, and prepares us to go strongly and triumphantly forward. Persevering faithfulness during this year will obtain for the dear brothers and sisters, through Jesus, this establishing grace, and thus from young recruits they will grow to be veterans, who can be trusted in the great battle that is going on between sin and holiness.

“My circumstances during the last few weeks have not been favorable to quiet, steady Christian growth—at least so the human would suggest—and yet, moving as I humbly believe in a providential path, I have not been forsaken. In the life of faith I have been constantly associated with the Lord Jesus, and He has been overruling all for my spiritual advantage. When I left my Wilmington friends, whom I loved so tenderly, He gave me to realize that I might not quit for a moment His blessed side. When I was without a home, He sweetly reminded me of the permanent mansion that He is arranging for my enjoyment. When I had the trial of meeting and preaching to a strange people, he kindly whispered, ‘Lo, I am with you alway,’ and then vindicated His own encouraging truth. When I sat down in our present comfortable abode, I said, ‘All this is of God.’ I love the infinite Giver more for His unmerited and multiplied gifts—and thus my unsettlement, and then my settlement again, have both been pressed into the service, and redound to the advantage of my higher spiritual nature.

“Was it not Martin Luther who said that ‘God dwells in Salem rather than in Babylon.’ Bless His holy name, He makes my heart ‘Salem,’ and then He himself abides in the midst of this sacred, quiet, and satisfying peace. His precious voice, still, small, and sweet, could not be heard amid the confusion of Babylon; but, oh! in this Salem of peace we listen, and hear Him inly speak.

“Will you give my warmest love to all my dear Christian friends in Wilmington. Tell them that my truant thoughts very often run away from Newark, and in imagination I see them in their social circles, or associated in their Wednesday afternoon or evening meeting. Cleansed from sin, let us go on concerned to be without wrinkle or any such thing. After the washing or purifying, there are other processes used by the Power or Spirit of God in smoothing and adorning and perfecting our characters. We want to be presented *faultless* before the throne of God with exceeding great joy. * * *

“Let us all sit down together in heaven.”

It is evident from the closing sentences of this letter that Mr. Cookman’s mind was, if possible, more than ever absorbed in

the desire for personal holiness. He was increasingly intent upon one object—to be perfect in Christ Jesus. Those who were most intimately associated with him testify that there was a daily dying unto the world and living unto Christ, such as exceeded his former habit—his whole being appeared to be constantly enveloped in an atmosphere of devotion, of heavenly converse, of serene yet active love. He impressed all who came in contact with him that he was so far separated from the world, all its corruptions and even frailties, that no term could so adequately sum up the assemblage of his graces, or so fitly characterize him as,—*saintliness*. The “spots” and “wrinkles” had so far faded from the beauteous face of his soul, that it was manifest the hidden force of the Spirit was evolving from its workings that effectual and final outgrowth which was to constitute completeness in the spiritual man. “Other processes” than this inward working of the Holy Ghost might be needed ere this completeness is reached, ere the divine Artificer puts the last touch of beauty on the sacred work which is to abide forever. His eyes are held, however, that he can not see what these processes may be—perhaps wisely. There was more work for him to do—the day still shone brightly—myriad voices called him to action—and, though admonished by casual bodily ailments, of sufferings heretofore never dreaded, because never even partially known, yet, in happy ignorance of the terrible ordeal which awaited him, he could only see the claims of the day, in which alone his work could be done.

As in every previous charge, so at Central, Mr. Cookman began very soon to see the effects of an earnest ministry in a quickened Church, an increasing congregation, and the general signs of the esteem of the people. There seemed to be every reasonable indication that in coming to Newark he was in the path of duty. A little incident occurred not many weeks after his entrance upon the pastorate which helped to confirm this conviction. A devout lady of the Church, about two years

prior to his appointment, when greatly burdened on account of the coldness of the people of Central, exclaimed in her closet, "Oh, if the Lord would only send the Rev. Alfred Cookman to us!" This prayer she felt constrained to make, believing as she did that he would be the best one to lead them up to a higher life. When he was sent she thought it was in answer to prayer, and so told her new pastor. His reply was, "It is very encouraging."

As evidence of the deep interest he at once felt in the individuals of the Church and the Christian work they were doing, either singly or as organized bands, the same lady has narrated the following :

"I was present one afternoon at the business-meeting of our 'Pastor's Aid Society.' As we all knelt down at the opening prayer, I said to myself, almost involuntarily, 'Oh, if he would only pray for me too.' As I turned around to watch his lips, I caught the words, 'Bless the dear young sister whose ears are closed to outward sounds.' It was heard and answered, as my soul *then* and *there* received conscious strength.

"Did you ever hear that one afternoon, as Sister O—— and I were out visiting among our sick and poor, we realized *so unusually* the presence and smile of Jesus? We both spoke of it, and praised our loving Heavenly Father. We afterward learned that on that same afternoon Brother Cookman had called at Sister O.'s, and, on learning where we were, he knelt down and asked Jesus to be with and bless us. How clearly that *prayer of faith* was honored!"

Far reaching as was Mr. Cookman's ministerial influence, by reason not only of his fame, but his actual pastoral and occasional services in the Church, he never became too great for the little duties of the parish. Outside engagements, however numerous and clamorous, were not allowed to press aside the work which was due his own people in their proper organization, visitation and instruction. Here at Newark, as elsewhere, the spring and early summer were devoted to regular pastoral calls, to the formation of such helps as would facilitate his own usefulness and develop the talents and graces of the mem-

bers of the Church and congregation. The mention of "The Pastor's Aid Society" affords evidence of his quickness to utilize the female element of the Church wherever he went. He believed in woman's work for the Church and for humanity; and as a minister was always successful in winning the affections and confidence of the ladies of the Church, and organizing them for high and beneficent ends. Ere midsummer the Central Church was alive with religious activity. The whole membership had caught a spark from the heart of the living, working pastor.

Before following the devoted pastor upon his last great summer tour of evangelistic labor, I give some letters which relate more especially to his Church.

To Mrs. Stevens, of Wilmington, Delaware :

"NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, June 1, 1871.

"What a good long letter you penned for our enjoyment! We read and re-read it, appreciating and thankful for your allusions to all the little matters that we are concerned to know. Thanks—a thousand thanks! We sincerely hope that your dear friendship will arrange at an early day another entertainment of the same sort; nor need you fear to oppress or cloy us with the variety and amount of the provisions. We have a wonderful appetite and an amazing capacity in this direction. Is not our unwillingness to be forgotten one of the indications of our immortality? I will not, then, conclude that my pleasure in learning that my friends still hold me in affectionate remembrance was a proof of lingering selfishness, so developing depravity, but rather the expression of that nobler nature with which the Divinity has been pleased to invest me.

"Tell Jennie I thank God for her loving appreciation, and the very beautiful but undeserved expression of that appreciation that you quote in your letter. For yourself and your dear children I shall always entertain a more than ordinary interest and affection. It was a common joy to welcome you one after the other to the fellowship of Christ's Church; to see you sitting together a united and happy family at the Master's feet; to observe your development in Christian character and life; to share, as we so frequently have, the communications of infinite love and blessing. Truly, I have tasted your varied experiences, weeping with you when you have wept, rejoicing with you when you have rejoiced.

"The past furnishes an easy explanation of our common sympathies and deep, warm, Christian love. It was inspiring to learn that, led by the Spirit, you are going on from strength to strength. This strength, as it is the in-working of the divine, is so blessed, for it prepares us to comprehend, with all saints, the height and depth, and length and breadth, and to know the love of God that passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fullness of God. You are a trusting child in the arms of the Infinite, and He proposes to carry you higher and higher forever and ever—new treasures of knowledge—new realizations of joy—new experiences of love—more and more and more of God as long as eternal ages roll.

"Oh, how we should adore that grace *that has made us willing* in the day of His power! We meet with so many that seem entirely blind and deaf and insensible respecting the possibilities of their spiritual being. They do not see, do not want to see—aye, it seems impossible to make them see the things that belong to their peace, and link themselves with their character and destiny. Is it not an occasion of unutterable thankfulness that the great Healer has said to us *Ephphatha*, and our eyes are opened—we see Jesus; and in and through Jesus a vista of privilege that invites and satisfies, and opens in constantly increasing expectation forever and ever?

"You have learned through others that we are pleasantly situated in our new field of labor. Our church, a Gothic structure, is about twenty years old. The audience-room, beautifully proportioned, is perhaps a little dark. It has an organ-gallery and side galleries. The light in the evening is furnished by gas jets, that flame like a crown of glory around the capitals of the several pillars that support the galleries and ceiling. The effect is fine. Our congregations are good—not crowded. The church never has been popularized. The lower floor is generally well filled, and a fair sprinkling through the galleries. The friends here are delighted with the attendance—say it is double the number they have been accustomed to see. I preach to more people in Newark than I did in Wilmington. God has been very good to me in my pulpit ministrations. He has vouchsafed His own light and love and power, and I think I have never had greater or more continuous liberty in the proclamation of His truth. My people are very pleasant, greatly attached to their Church, united among themselves—no parties, no rivalries, no bickerings, very little if any of aristocratic feeling. As a membership, they are not very spiritual. I am thankful, however, to report marked progress already. Our general prayer-meeting, held on Tuesday evening in the chapel, is largely attended, and richly enjoyed by all present. The singing is spirited and general, and you may be sure that the 'precious blood' is not left out. The prayers are growing in earnestness and faith,

and again and again there has been the descent of the refreshing cloud of the divine presence and glory. There are a few earnest women who are walking clearly in the light of full salvation. For my inspiration they are more than all the rest of the membership. One of them, a Sister F——, is a strong, wise, established, and useful disciple. She holds a meeting at her own home that has for many years been a fountain of blessing. We are lacking in the young element—not many young men. Perhaps, however, in answer to prayer, God will turn the hearts of this class toward our Church. If so, this great need will be met.

“Now they are calling me, and I must close my letter. It supplies a contrast to your epistle, that was so full of news and deeply interesting. You will, however, accept it as the overflow of a fraternal heart. I have written very little of what I intended to write.”

To Mrs. Lewis, of Ohio:

“NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, July 3, 1871.

“Excuse my lead-pencil. For a week past I have been suffering from a torpid liver, and, spending a good part of my time in a recumbent position, can use my pencil much more conveniently than my pen.

“We received with special thankfulness and joy your most welcome letter. We read it over and over, magnifying that grace which the Heavenly Father causes to abound toward you. Truly you are one of His dear children, to whom He makes special revelations of His truth and His love.

“Week before last Annie and I visited Wilmington. We remained two days, Wednesday and Thursday, enjoying the society of our friends, and attending the commencement exercises of the Female College.

“Our former parishioners, and indeed all we met, were affectionate beyond description.

“On Wednesday afternoon we were associated with the H.’s, H.’s, M.’s, etc., in the meeting for the promotion of holiness. It was an occasion of great interest and blessing. The service is held now in St. Paul’s Methodist Church, and led by its pastor, a gentle and good man. I am sorry to report that the attendance is not as good as formerly, but the little band are holding on and growing up into Christ. We met this precious circle socially again and again, and realized that we were antedating one of the blessed enjoyments of Heaven. You were alluded to by one and another most affectionately. For nearly two months our friend, William G——, had been absent in the West, which is probably the reason why you did not see more of them previous to your departure from Philadelphia.

“As I passed through Philadelphia on Friday, I seized the opportunity

to be present at the Friday-afternoon meeting, held that day in the Fifth Street Church. The body of the house was filled; there must have been four hundred or five hundred persons present. Brothers Thomson, Gray, Masden, Meredith, Pepper, Lawrence, Stockton, etc., were in their places. There was not very much speaking, as friends were invited to the altar—but it was a meeting of blessed impression and wonderful influence.

“The friends are beginning to turn their faces toward Round Lake. On Friday Mr. and Mrs. E. M——, and Mrs. William G——, Miss N——, etc., passed through here *en route*. Mrs. Cookman thinks that she can not leave her baby for so long a time—but, Providence permitting, she will follow us, and spend two or three days on the ground. I am scarcely in condition to leave home, but am hoping that the change of air, with the use of Saratoga, may tone up my enfeebled energies.

“Your baby boy is one of the sweetest objects outside of Heaven. We constantly fear we love him too much. This time last year you were the good Samaritan of our domestic life. Your loving services will feed the flame of our thankfulness through life, and have endeared you to our hearts as a specially beloved sister. May God continue to bless you, and make you in the West, as in the East, an immense blessing to others. As I think of yourself and Homer, I feel as if I would like to bring you nearer, and live in your society forever; but, thank God, this is our hope. Probationary life is only a brief episode and will soon be over; then we shall sit down together in the everlasting home. Excuse haste—tender love to your dear husband. Write whenever you can.”

Reference has been already seen in Mr. Cookman's correspondence to Ocean Grove camp-ground. He had become so charmed with the spot as to buy a lot there, building a cottage upon it for the accommodation of his family. He was particularly fond of the sea-side. As with his father, so with him, the ocean possessed a great attraction—he could sit by the hour and look out upon its restless life, and commune with its never-ceasing music. His highest physical spirits were excited when he was laved by its waves or walked amid its breezes. A plunge in “old salt,” a stroll by the sea-shore, was enough almost any season to dissipate the *ennui* of overtaxed nerves, or the weariness induced by the exhausting heats of the crowded city. He was only too glad to avail himself of the capital opportunity

which the Ocean Grove Association afforded of uniting a summer residence with the facilities of religious culture upon the sea-side, under conditions which would be free from the objections of ordinary fashionable watering-places. The modern innovation of combining the social element of the family life and the devotional element of religious worship in the camp-meeting was pleasing to him, as meeting not only his own want, but also a want which he believed to be quite generally felt among Christian people. Some such resorts had long been needed, where healthful air and innocent pastimes could be had, with cheapness, plainness, and sobriety, associated with such religious exercises as tend to keep alive the pious habits and sentiments of the home left behind; where the moral feelings of those who prefer the stricter virtues will not be constantly shocked with customs which are a violence to good taste, to say nothing of sound morality and vital religion; and where people can be practically taught the union which should always subsist between social and spiritual enjoyments.

The first notable example of this peculiar feature of the camp-meeting was set by the company owning the Wesleyan Grove Camp-ground, on Martha's Vineyard Island, Massachusetts. From rude beginnings the Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting has grown until it has become a vast watering-place, with additional grounds adjoining under different companies. Whole villages of cottages have been erected, many of them at much cost, with all the devices which necessity and taste can suggest. It is not an uncommon thing for families from remote parts of the country, and of all the different religious denominations, to go thither early in the warm season, and to remain till autumn. The success of Martha's Vineyard has caused similar efforts in various sections, both on the sea-coast and inland, within the past few years. Prominent among them is Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Mr. Cookman was greatly pleased with its success; he prized highly the moments he was able to spend there in the

summer of 1871, and those persons who had the happiness to be with him through those brief days will long cherish the memory of his personal and ministerial influence as among the most pleasant of their lives.

The first trumpet of the summer's campaign summoned Mr. Cookman to the sixth National camp-meeting at Round Lake. Thither the hosts of the higher life were moving; the prospect was for an immense meeting, and the responsibility of the National Committee was correspondingly great; it was felt that none of the active members could be spared, least of all the man whose modest presence, wise counsels, persuasive speech, and holy character constituted him to the cause a tower of strength. He was not well; to his rather enfeebled body and worn mind it would have been delicious to go at once to the sea-side—but no; among the promptest to start for and reach Round Lake was Mr. Cookman. Though young in years he was a veteran in service, and as the war-horse snuffeth the battle afar, and in the first noise of the tumult forgets his stiffened joints, so this our hero of a hundred victories, with the first step upon the field of contest, with the first notes of God's Israel preparing for the charge, forgot all his wounds and weariness, and from beginning to end was in the thickest of the fight, himself farthest on to the front, where the battle raged the fiercest—here, there, every where—personally contending, and by his voice and example cheering on the soldiers of the cross. When the conflict had closed, the smoke had rolled away, the field was won, and the day pronounced glorious in the annals of holiness, no heart was more serenely happy than Mr. Cookman's. His wounds, however, were seen to bleed afresh. His natural force had abated—the elastic spring, the gay, buoyant carriage was perceptibly broken, and the beginning of the end was at hand. But other battles were still to be fought, and further victories to be won.

Some account of the Round Lake meeting, and Mr. Cookman's connection with it, is appropriate :

"This meeting opened in the beautiful grove of Round Lake, in Saratoga County, New York, on the morning of the glorious Fourth. The National Camp-meeting Committee, in full attendance, at once set about the usual services of the occasion, a congregation of several thousands having already arrived. After the experience of the former gathering in this place, two years ago, the committee had provided still more abundantly for the large demands probably to be made upon them. But they soon found that their largest provisions were too small to meet the increased numbers that came up. Over a hundred ministers were on the ground on the day of opening, and every additional train of cars brings new arrivals.

* * * * *

"It is observable that, while the meeting is held to the one idea of holiness, that idea is not narrowed down to a technicality, but is made as broad as God's promises, and as extensive as every sinner's need. So the awakening and conversion of sinners is sought and witnessed simultaneously with all the work of grace.

"Among the most efficient means of grace observed is silent prayer. The effect of the awful stillness which sometimes prevails, when these seasons are called for in the midst of an exciting meeting, can hardly be imagined. The value of these soul-hushings is observable in the calm, still sense of power which succeeds them.

"There is great catholicity of feeling prevailing—Baptist and Methodist, Quaker and Episcopalian, Congregationalist and Presbyterian, sitting together 'in heavenly places in Christ Jesus,' without any friction of sectarianism.

"The Sabbath has passed—and such a Sabbath! Earthly history can not often repeat such days. Its dawn was beautiful, but ushered in with gentle rain, which, however, only freshened the scene, and by no means dampened the ardor of the worshipers.

"The morning prayer-meeting, at five o'clock, was crowded to overflowing from the commencement, and for two hours the vast multitude maintained an unceasing strain of worship.

"The attendance on this day largely outnumbered that at the great meeting in this place two years ago; and although by five o'clock in the morning the vehicles came in from every direction, and by nine o'clock covered many acres of ground, there was no more confusion and disorder than on an ordinary Sabbath at home. The love-feast in the big tent was one of those seasons to be witnessed only occasionally, even in camp-meetings. During the

time of the meeting, nearly four hundred persons rose on their feet and testified tersely, but clearly, to the grace of God in them—many of them cases of recent renewals, and many more of recent conversion. The sermons of the day were in harmony with the one idea of 'holiness,' but had little of the technicality and dogmatic separateness which has sometimes been charged upon these good brethren. The style of preaching throughout has been purely expository and eminently practical. Rev. J. S. Inskip occupied the pulpit in the tent in the morning, while at the stand, in spite of the rain, a mass-meeting for prayer and praise was improvised. At the same hour, various services were conducted in the tents.

"Rev. Alfred Cookman preached in the afternoon to one of the largest and most attentive audiences that a camp-meeting ever saw.

"But to speak of preaching gives but little idea of the great work of salvation which spread like a sheet of flame through all the ground. In the tents, at the street corners, by the wayside, every where, the great work of personal labor for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers went on. It seemed a verification of the promise, 'It shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out my Spirit upon your sons and upon your daughters, and they shall prophesy,' etc., might be met every where.

"There a lady steps out of the door of her tent, and enchains the passers-by with the story of the cross; a moment later, and precious souls are bowing near her, and asking her to pray for them. In that tent are a group of ladies, whose song and fervent speech bring the prayerless and careless to the feet of Jesus; while for hours, at the fountain in the principal square, an improvised 'altar' is crowded with 'seeking souls.' The meeting is led chiefly by the zealous missionary of the Water Street movement and Pastor Hedstrom. Suffice it to say that God's great work of soul-saving is mightily displayed; and whatever 'one idea' may be meant, it has grown into a most comprehensive idea of becoming all things to all men, that men may be saved."

The special correspondent of *The Troy Daily Times*, in a letter of July 8th, claimed there were 10,000 people on the ground on the Sabbath. Describing Mr. Cookman's sermon, he wrote:

"At two P.M. Rev. A. Cookman, of the Newark Conference, preached from Philippians, third chapter, fourteenth verse—'I press toward the mark of the prize of my high calling.' The speaker claimed that St. Paul was a man of one idea, but that idea was complete in itself. If he made tents, that was but a part of his religion. His preaching was tributary to his idea of

holy living. He defined the mark of the prize as the Bible standard of Christian excellence, and spoke of the evil of a wrong standard. He spoke beautifully of the prize itself in the final glorification of soul and body in the likeness of Christ. It is hard to do justice to the discourse, which, with the happy manner of its delivery, made a deep impression."

A person who was present at the love-feast referred to, noted at the time the experience of Mr. Cookman on the occasion. It was in substance as follows:

"When you were singing of the cross a few minutes since, I thought that I had drawn a circle around the cross, and * * * Jesus has lifted me up from the foot of the cross, and has given me a home in His heart. I am dwelling in the supreme centre of bliss."

At the close of the meeting, in company with his sister, Miss Mary B. Cookman, and a few friends, he visited Saratoga Springs. Although extremely exhausted from the labors of the meeting, and feeling almost disabled, yet nothing could exceed his cheerfulness on that day. His spirits bubbled like the perpetual health-giving springs, the waters of which they drank. His companions had never known him more playful—he seemed literally carried away with the delights of nature and the loving companionship of the hour. "With a home in the heart of Jesus, dwelling in the supreme centre of bliss," happiness, natural and spiritual, was to him but the spontaneous effusion of the soul, what the bird's song is to the bird.

Immediately upon his return from Round Lake he took his family to Ocean Grove. It was evident to all that his health was much impaired, but it was hoped that the invigorating sea air and sea bathing, with the quiet of the place, would soon restore him to his usual strength. In all likelihood this would have been the effect, had he remained during the season thus in repose, desisting from the extreme labors and excitements of successive camp-meetings. It was expected by his friends that he would do so—some of them urged its necessity upon him—but, despite all remonstrances, the earnest persuasions of

his wife and kindred, he could not be constrained to rest. The fact is, he did not know how to rest ; it was a lesson he had never needed to learn hitherto, and now it was exceedingly difficult for him to begin it. For ardent, healthful natures, accustomed to action, nothing is harder than enforced passivity—the quiescence which is obliged by incapacity or indispensable to recuperation. The mind, like any material body when under strong headway, can not be suddenly stopped in its course without a violent interruption of the laws of its being. The mind, no more than the material body, will stop of itself. At least it is not natural for it to do so ; and, if stopped, it is only in obedience to outside force. If Mr. Cookman had foreseen the probable consequences of unintermitted work through the summer, it is doubtful if he would have persisted in his purpose—as he had never had cause before to take care of himself, he could not now feel the necessity of it, nor fully appreciate the fears of his friends. The habit of “campaigning” was strong upon him. The second National camp-meeting for the season had begun at Urbana, Ohio ; the brethren of the committee were there, and how could he stay away in ease, while they were at work and needed him ? “Oh, Alfred !” said his wife, in tears—and she knew better than any one else how sick he really was—“you will not go to Urbana ?” “My dear,” he replied, “it is God’s will.” When he arrived at Urbana, the members of the committee were surprised but extremely gratified to see him. Their feelings are well expressed in an extract from a letter of the Rev. L. R. Dunn, of the Newark Conference :

“At our last meeting on the Round Lake camp-ground he was ill, really unable to do any work ; and yet such was his burning zeal for Christ that he could not keep still, but preached, prayed, and labored very far beyond the limit which prudence would have prescribed. Our next engagement was at Urbana, and none of our committee imagined that he would venture to go there. But greatly to our pleasure and our surprise he came on quite early in the meeting, and preached twice during its continuance, with a pa-

thos and power which I imagine he had never exhibited before. Thousands of deathless spirits will never have the impressions produced by those sermons effaced."

The correspondent of *The Methodist*, writing from Urbana, says :

"This meeting commenced on Tuesday, August 1st, in a beautiful grove about two miles from Urbana, Ohio, under the direction of the National Camp-meeting Association. * * *

"The venerable Bishop Morris is present, and receives many attentions, unobtrusive and delicate, from all classes. The Bishop attends all the services, even those held by Mrs. Inskip for the benefit of the children, quite a number of whom have professed conversion. It is really affecting to see this patriarch and honored bishop in the Church sitting in company with the lambs of the flock, and to hear his voice mingling with theirs in Sunday-school hymns and choruses.

"Besides the regular Sunday services, which were held in the quadrangle, and at which the congregations were immense, it was found necessary to have preaching at the tabernacle both morning and afternoon.

"The Sunday-morning National love-feast was conducted by Alfred Cookman, and was a season of tremendous power. In the course of two hours four hundred and fifty persons spoke. To the roll-call of the states, responses were made from Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, California, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Tennessee. This may well be called a 'National' camp-meeting. To the call of denominations, answers were given by representatives of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Quaker, African Zion, and other churches.

"At the close of every service those who desire to enter into full salvation are urged and entreated to come to the fountain of cleansing. The most genial feeling prevails all over the ground, and the members of the committee are as social and brotherly toward all their fellow-ministers as their arduous duties will permit them to be. There is no 'exclusiveness' whatever—no standing apart with them; all the while rather a desire to have their brethren 'come in and share the feast.' This remark may be the more valuable to many, because the writer of this paper is known to be identified with the brethren no further nor more intimately than in the common belief of the Wesleyan doctrine, and in a common Methodist brotherhood."

Mr. Cookman's impressions were given in two letters to his wife—the last he ever wrote her.

To his wife :

“URBANA CAMP-GROUND, Friday afternoon, 1871.

“I hasten to redeem my promise, and acquaint you with our safe arrival at our destination. We left Philadelphia yesterday in the 12.40 train, and without accident or detention proceeded on our journey. It was a considerable tax ; but the Lord strengthened me, for He knew that my motive to do His will was very pure. I rested rather than slept in my berth ; enjoyed my supper at Altoona and my breakfast at Columbus. Arriving here, a most cordial welcome awaited me. The K.'s, H.'s, etc., are delighted to see their Methodist preacher cousin. A number are here from Philadelphia. The committee are rather feeble-handed. Wells has gone home. Inskip is better, but is obliged to use great care ; he really needs rest. Gray is on the sick-list, so that it is well that I came with *my superabundance of physical power to supply deficiencies*. The weather here has been very showery, interrupting the services in the open air. Gray, Wells, Dunn, and Gillett have preached. There is a great deal of indifference, not to say antagonism, in the minds of many of the preachers and people. The meeting is not as large as many thought it would be—something less than three hundred tents. Our trust, however, is in the Lord who made heaven and earth, and we feel confident of victory. I am meeting friends on every side, who express great pleasure in seeing me under these circumstances. I am not any worse for my long travel ; feel a little oppressed with the heat. Rebecca and her friend are nicely situated in a snug little tent, and will take good care of me. Be careful of yourselves. Make that cottage before I return ‘a thing of beauty and a joy forever.’ Let me hear from you very often. Kisses for my dear children ; love for my many friends.”

To his wife :

“URBANA CAMP-GROUND, Saturday afternoon, August, 1871.

“Our meeting progresses with constantly developing interest. Every service is a signal success, and it looks now like a sweeping victory. This afternoon I preached to a large and most attentive congregation from the text, ‘Be ye holy.’ God graciously strengthened and helped me, and my friends say I never had a better time. Since the sermon I am a little prostrated, and my legs stiffen up ; but I am getting along gloriously. Sincerely, I have not been as well for five weeks. Last night I slept on a lounge in uncle John K.'s cottage, and put in a night of refreshing sleep. Our Ohio relatives are as kind as they can be. Rebecca watches over and provides

for me with the attention and love of a dear sister. The table at which we board is luxurious—never knew any thing at camp-meeting to approach it in excellence—tastefully spread, admirably served, and then such a variety of food. To-day for dinner, roast chicken, chicken pot-pie, beef, lamb, ham, every kind of vegetables, corn, tomatoes, cabbage, beans, etc., etc., and then very nice pie and watermelon for dessert.

“To-morrow will be the Sabbath. I conduct the love-feast in the morning, Brother Inskip at ten, McDonald in the afternoon, and Dunn at night. There will probably be twenty thousand people on the ground. My own soul is being enriched. I want to bring home a double portion of the Spirit, and so be furnished for a blessed and successful campaign this autumn. There has been a good deal of rain here during the last few days. This tempers the atmosphere and keeps down the dust. And now I must close my note. The forces are gathering for a night battle. Oh, for salvation in floods! I will not probably get back home before Saturday night. And now good-bye. The Lord bless and watch over you. Kisses for my children, love for my friends, and believe me your devoted husband.”

The indifference and antagonism in the minds of many of the preachers, if it existed, fast disappeared. Long before the meeting concluded it had been dissipated as mists before the sun. No man's influence contributed more to this than that of Alfred Cookman. While his associates in the committee and in labor won good opinions on all sides, there seemed a hallowed power about him which drew like a magnet all hearts to him. Not only his sermons, but his most casual utterances were listened to as from an oracle. He could have no time to himself. His instructions were privately sought by the intellectual and the wealthy as well as by the untutored and poor; indeed, with many his very presence was coveted as imparting a sanctity—his least look of recognition was regarded a benediction. The whole influence of the man was the expressed sweetness of a nature which had long since been thoroughly imbued with divine unction. The wisest counsels, the most apt illustrations, the most sympathetic expressions, explaining the way of holiness to the inquiring mind, or infusing courage into those who were timid, fell from his lips as honey-dew from

the leaves of the trees. As the people, both ministers and laymen, gathered about him, eager to catch every word, and wondered at the strange wisdom and unwonted spell of his talk, they little thought that he was talking not only from his heart, but was *talking away his heart*. The last and best of Alfred Cookman was condensing itself into sentences to live and grow in men's minds forever.

A prominent minister tells us: "I afterward recalled with great tenderness the conversations I had with Rev. Alfred Cookman, and the precious soul-rest I realized when I ventured my all on the solid rock of eternal truth. The idea that I was saved, not for years or months or days to come, but this moment and the next, by trusting in and looking to Jesus, relieved my mind from a load of apprehension about the future." On the last evening of the meeting, as very many of the hundreds on the ground were marching around the inclosure led by some of the National Committee, a lady, who was prejudiced against the custom, said she must join them, if it was but to shake Mr. Cookman by the hand once more, and bid him good-bye.

I quote again from the correspondence of *The Methodist* to show how completely the indifference and antagonism of the ministers gave way:

"It is impossible to tell how many have entered into 'the rest of faith.' On one occasion I counted forty persons at the altar during the morning (eight o'clock) meeting. This was soon after the invitation was given. Not less than as many more were down before the meeting was closed. I noticed doctors of divinity, professors in literary institutions, officers of the General Conference, men of wealth, position, and power, at the altar, and in deep earnest about this matter. * * * Not the least interesting meeting is that held every day by Mr. Battershall, a layman of New York, for business men. It is very largely attended. Meetings for the Ohio Conference and the Cincinnati Conference preachers are daily held; also for class-leaders and Sunday-school teachers; also for women—this is conducted by Mrs. Inskip. I learned that the preachers of the Cincinnati Conference, at one

of their meetings, unanimously resolved to bury all differences, and go home and preach a full and present salvation. Some forty were at this meeting, which comprised some of the ablest and best men in the Conference."

In addition to what has been already said of Mr. Cookman's preaching at this meeting, I give an account of it which appeared in one of the Cincinnati papers shortly afterward :

"At ten o'clock the clang of the bell called the congregation to Church Square, where Rev. Alfred Cookman delivered another of those grand sermons that are rapidly placing him in the front rank of the eloquent and effective pulpit orators of the Methodist Church. His text was read from Ephesians v., 18—'Be ye filled with the Spirit.' The preacher said, by way of introducing his subject, that on an occasion like this it would be superfluous to employ time to insist on the personality or individuality of the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Trinity. Unanimous assent to that doctrine may be taken for granted. He then referred briefly to the various offices of the Spirit, as contradistinguished from those of other persons of the Trinity, and quoted from various inspired writers to establish the fact that the promise of the Spirit's presence was one of the understood guarantees given to man in the Scriptures. When the Holy Spirit comes to man it is not to speak of Himself, but to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. The Spirit does not reveal Himself, but reveals the personality and presence of Christ. This explains the prominence given to Christ in all effective preaching of the Gospel. I detract not an iota from the merits of Christ. I am not surprised to hear you sing, 'Oh, how I love Jesus;' but we must not fail to recognize that it is our glorious privilege and duty to speak of, pray to, live in, have fellowship with, be filled by the Holy Spirit.

"The effects of being filled with the Holy Spirit are developed in the consciousness, character, and life of man. Its effects on man's consciousness are: First, the soul will be hallowed in thought, feeling, and motive. Second, the soul will have a deep, full, and abiding experience of love—a valuable and beautiful fount of the very nature of the Spirit himself. Third, the soul will have the realization of real rest. Antagonisms will be allayed; antagonists transformed into servitors. The soul where the Spirit makes His home will be made a perfect home.

"In character, religion aims to produce perfection. Character in its highest form is not the product of merely human agencies, and a character developed by the Spirit's operation will involve: First, *holiness*; freedom from littleness, lowness, or vileness. Second, *gentleness*; no agent is comparable

with the Spirit in this matter of gentleness, and gentleness makes man great. Third, *wisdom*; this is pronounced in God's Word; God's children shall be the happiest, best, and wisest on His footstool. In personal life: first, a soul filled with the Spirit supplies the impulses of an earnest, useful, and valuable life; second, it will supply not only the motive power, but the ability to accomplish; third, it associates with the words and labors of life the unction of the Holy One.

"The speaker discussed at some length the question, What is unction? He said: 'It is that subtle, intangible, irresistible influence of the Holy Spirit that seals instruction upon the hearts to which it is given. It is not the eloquent men of this world, the orators of great occasions, whose words linger longest in their influence upon the hearts of men. The unction may oftentimes be rather in the utterances of a humble disciple than in the delivery of a powerful sermon. For this I am more concerned than for any thing else.' * * *

"His clear, ringing voice penetrated to the remotest bounds of the great square, and under the influence of his eloquence men stood motionless as statues. The hour of twelve came, and the gongs and dinner-bells around the inclosure began an interruptive clangor. But no person in that congregation could have been tempted away by an epicurean feast. In that moment there was food for the moral and religious nature being dispensed with all the liberality of eloquence, and the wants of physical nature were unheeded in these appeals. An imperfect report would utterly mar the beauty of the speaker's utterances, and a perfect report would fail to convey any idea of the glowing eloquence of his style, and the telling effect of his pathetic appeals to men and women to 'be filled with the Holy Spirit.' Your types could print the mere words, but no pen-power that I know of can clothe them with the garb of oratory in which they trooped forth from the speaker's lips, to take by storm the stubborn citadels of men's hearts and minds."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LAST CAMP-MEETINGS. — FAILING HEALTH. — THE LAST SERMON.

WITH the camp-meeting at Urbana, Mr. Cookman's public services with the National Committee ceased. Some of the committee, during the same season, moved farther westward, and held meetings in a large tent at Topeka, Kansas, Salt Lake City, and in different parts of California; but he was not able, for want of time and strength, to accompany them.

The effective work of the committee at Salt Lake was thus graphically described in *The Methodist* by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage :

“THE BIG TENT.

“We found the track of the Methodist tent all the way across the continent. Mormonism never received such a shot as when, with Brigham Young and his elders present in the tent, the party of wide-awake Methodist ministers preached righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come in great Salt Lake City. The effect of those few days of faithful talking will never be forgotten. Hardly a service is held in the Mormon Tabernacle that an effort is not made to combat the sermons of the itinerants. On the two occasions when we were present in the Tabernacle, all the speakers felt called upon to answer the Big Tent. It was evident that the monster of sin had been speared, and the wound rankled. We have never seen the brethren of that religious storming-party, but we hail them through these columns for the glorious work they have accomplished in Salt Lake City. It was the first gleam of light that some of the bondmen of the great religious despotism have seen for many a year. If the Methodists had stayed a few days longer, and gone around the walls of that Jericho, blowing the ‘rams’ horns,’ I do not know but that the brazen superstition might have fallen in thunder and wreck.

“Might not the Christian Church of all denominations learn a lesson from this religious crusade? Our great ammunition-wagons are so clumsy and

our big guns so unwieldy that the enemy often has us at disadvantage. I think a squad of flying artillery perhaps might go forth and surround the foe. We want more men in the religious world with the bold dash that Kilpatrick and Stonewall Jackson had in the military. We glorify the policy of 'fighting it out on one line, if it takes all summer,' but forget what a little Christian stratagem did when Gideon's three hundred men flung the pitchers and hoisted the lamps!"

Mr. Cookman sought the cottage at Ocean Grove—but not to rest. This seemed quite impossible; for the camp-meeting there was in progress, and, being pressed to preach, he could not say "No." He tried hard to obtain a substitute, even after he had consented to preach. The burden of the service, already great, was increased by the unexpected appearance of the President of the United States in the audience. The President had come down from his cottage at Long Branch to participate in the worship.

"Among the listeners, while Rev. A. Cookman was preaching this morning, was General Grant, President of the United States, and his lady-like and pleasant-faced wife. They walked in and took their seats together on one of the rough boards. The threatening aspect of the weather, and a premonitory sprinkle of rain, admonished our distinguished friends to seek the shelter of their carriage before the services were formally concluded. This saved the President from such a hearty hand-shaking as he has rarely been subject to. With many of the ministers and prominent laymen present he is on terms of intimacy, and much regret was felt that he could not remain all day in the atmosphere of prayer and praise. Brother Howland extended to him a cordial invitation to partake of a camp-meeting dinner at his spacious tables, and, had he stayed longer, he should have been made to feel perfectly at home among the tents, some of which did service in the armies he once commanded on the James River.

"Brother Cookman held all hearts by the spell of his eloquence during the presidential visit, and finished his discourse by a profoundly solemn season of prayer."*

It was the last day of the meeting that he preached. The effort had greatly exhausted his strength, but far into the last

* Correspondence of *The Methodist Home Journal*.

night he protracted his labors—singing, praying, talking, exhorting—until his wife, extremely anxious for his welfare, urged him to desist and retire. “Oh, my dear,” said he, “it is blessed! it is blessed!” Thus standing, shaking hands with all, and singing, “Oh, bliss of the purified!” he remained while one was ready to remain and rejoice with him.

This was not enough: whether possessed of a presentiment or not that his camp-meeting career would be soon ended, a restless longing seemed to fill him for still another effort on his chosen field. The fire which had constrained the seraphic Isaiah to cry, “For Zion’s sake will I not rest, and for Jerusalem’s sake will I not hold my peace, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth,” had touched his lips, and off he hastened to Martha’s Vineyard, and there we hear of him as preaching with overwhelming effect to the vast and promiscuous assemblage which had gathered at that favorite spot:

“The preaching was unusually spiritual. Rev. Drs. Woodruff, Pierce, Tiffany, and Payne, the brothers Alfred and John Cookman, declared the truth in much assurance, and with great success. The sermon of Rev. Alfred Cookman, on ‘Be filled with the Spirit,’ was mightily effective.”*

Another correspondent wrote:

“Rev. A. Cookman, through God, did a mighty work for the cause of holiness. My impression is, if we, as a people, will follow the lead of the Holy Spirit, the Great Head of the Church will make our camp-meetings a wonderful means ‘for spreading scriptural holiness over these lands.’†

The sermon here referred to, which was substantially the same as that preached at Urbana, on the text, “Be filled with the Spirit,” was the last preached by Mr. Cookman at a camp-meeting. He was much agitated as to what he should preach, and, after earnest questioning and prayer, felt impressed to take this subject. What could so appropriately have been his last theme to the general Church, represented as it was in all

* *The Methodist.*

† *The Methodist Home Journal.*

its branches on that occasion, as this one great theme of his life. Lifted up—to what eye-witnesses have declared was an illumination of person and mind—there, on the remotest coast of New England, he delivered a message to the Church, which the winds of heaven have been wafting northward, westward, and southward, till believers of every section must catch the wondrous sound, "Be filled with the Spirit." There is no legacy which a truly devoted minister of the Lord Jesus Christ could so fittingly leave to all Christians, whom he loved as he loved his life, as the exhortation and the prayer for them "to be filled with the Spirit." In this sentiment he felt was "completed and compacted" the one great want of the Christian Church.

Mr. Cookman returned from Martha's Vineyard, spent two weeks at Ocean Grove, and then brought his family home, and early in September was at the regular work of his charge. The great spiritual preparation which he had earnestly desired for his fall and winter work had evidently been granted; his mind began promptly to unfold plans of increasing usefulness, and in all the public and social services there was an enlarged attendance and a manifest deepening of religious fervor. The special service for the promotion of holiness, not hitherto appointed, was now established, and from it the happiest results were anticipated.*

There was, however, one drawback to the pastor's plans and expectations—a disturbing element had thrust itself forward and demanded recognition—a strange element, which heretofore had never entered into his reckonings, beset him; his health, always before so firm and reliable, was now weak and

* A card, neatly printed, was issued and circulated with these words: The "Higher Christian Life. A meeting for all interested, irrespective of denominational connections, is held every Friday evening, in the Chapel of Central M. E. Church, Market Street, near Mulberry. Please preserve this card as a remembrancer."

treacherous. His physical constitution had lost its elasticity; accustomed hitherto to recover its vigor immediately with the suspension of hard work, it now failed to show signs of recuperation. The bow, strung too long, had lost its spring, and, when the string was loosed, there was no rebound. Alfred Cookman had gone too far for his strength—this last summer's campaign had finished what former summers' work had begun and hastened—the premature decay of his bodily powers.

It is impossible, as I now enter the shadows which begin to gather about our friend, whom I have thus followed step by step until this period of his life, to dismiss wholly from sight a question which, despite the sanctity of his character, the usefulness of his career, and the triumph of his death, obtrudes itself upon me: Can his uniform course of attending and working at successive camp-meetings during the summer seasons be wholly commended? The difficulty of seeing any mistake in a life so full of good fruits is very great; and yet, when the loss to the Church and to the world which the death of such a man entails is weighed, those who feel it most deeply may be forgiven if they suggest conditions which, humanly considered, may have prevented it.

“Oh, sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket,”

is an utterance which gratifies a sort of vengeful feeling when we see the good stricken down in their prime and the wicked living to old age; but it is not such as Christianity warrants. The earth needs the good. The cause of God needs the wisdom of age as well as the zeal of youth. Life is the order of God, and, except where it can be clearly pointed out as a duty, it is not to be unduly exposed: Times may come, calls may arise which demand its jeopardy and even its sacrifice as the price of conscience, liberty, humanity; but ordinarily God is most glorified when, by a due observance of the laws of

health, it is prolonged and preserved in cumulative perfection to advanced years.

There is no reason why a holy man should not increase in holiness and usefulness until old age, and present, though in a different aspect, quite as beautiful an exemplification of the force of religion in the aged as in the young. This is a view of the subject quite necessary to be looked at, especially by youth. There is something peculiarly fascinating to ardent natures in the halo which invests a rapid, fiery course and an early triumphant death ; but to other minds there is something repellent, as implying a logical connection between a life of the highest devotion and a premature death. A devout man may conscientiously refuse incessant, overtasking labor, and insist upon the hours and days of relaxation, for the preservation of his health, in order that he may thus offer to God a larger and more effective service. St. Paul had a desire to depart and be with Christ, which he felt to be far better for himself, because he would thus sooner be free from suffering, and be present with the Lord ; but he yielded to the motive of usefulness to the Church as a reason sufficiently strong to control his personal preference, and consented to remain in the body.

The desire for the greatest usefulness may lead one man to such intensity of action as to preclude intermission of labor, under the impression that time thus spent is lost ; while the same desire may lead another to the strict observance of vacation, as more economical of time, because regarded as indispensable to the maintenance of an equable and steady strength. One man's motto is, "Labor here, rest hereafter ;" another's motto is, "Some rest and more labor." Both may be equally religious, be alike governed by the glory of God ; but certainly if the human race, before its universal death and resurrection, is to possess the earth, if in humanity as now constituted, only saved from sin and immorality, God is to be glorified in what is ordinarily expected as the millennium, then conservation of

physical health and the prolongation of human life must be considered one of the first duties of practical religion. God's greatest glory will be revealed in the highest perfection of the threefold man—soul, body, and spirit.

A doubt can not be raised as to the thorough conscientiousness of Mr. Cookman, nor, with the notions of individual liberty, which must be conceded in reference to personal conduct, especially in view of the good sense, and the extreme care with which he canvassed all questions of religion and morals, both for himself and others, is it easy to say that *he* should have acted differently in the use of his time and energies than he did. While he was in the fullness of his vigor, fame, and usefulness, his friends used to remonstrate with him against devoting his vacations in the heats of summer to the same mental and bodily work to which he was accustomed all the year round. He thought the change of scene and place would be sufficient to prevent damage to his health. But the trouble was that, while change of scene did bring a degree of relaxation, the mind continued, only in an intenser degree, to be excited in the same direction as in the ordinary work of the pastoral charge. If, after the exhaustion of the camp-meetings, he could have had freedom from care for a month each year, his labors could have been continued, in all likelihood, for many years, for his physical resources were truly remarkable; but it was not possible for a man, even of his bodily powers, to go directly from the cares of a charge to the herculean work of five or six camp-meetings every season, and to return immediately to the exacting duties of the pastorate, without detriment to his health, and probable premature decay of his vital force. He did not realize his danger in the beginning, and with each additional year his zeal became so absorbing as to consume him, so that I believe his course was finally one of deliberate choice, taken with his eyes fully open to the worst consequences.

I can not approve his election on general principles. I may

accept it as that which God's Spirit pointed out to him as his proper path; and, in accepting it, I must be carried away with admiration for so sublime an embodiment of that ancient, heroic, self-sacrificing devotion which inspired the apostles and confessors of the primitive ages, and which still in these modern times impels scores and hundreds of believers to brave the pestilence, the savage, and the deep for the Cross of Christ. Surely no one can turn away from the career of this saint of God, after contemplating his self-sacrificing zeal for the salvation of his fellow-men, and say "the age of heroes is past."

After all, it may be that one lesson, in addition to many others, which divine Providence meant to teach in the history of His servant, is the greater moral beauty, the richer blessedness of a zeal which consumes, in contradistinction to the dwarfed religiousness which the thought of self and the love of ease engender—low principles which, alas! are too prevalent in our day. Sometimes extremes can only be met by extremes; a low stoop is necessary to reach a deep depression—so Alfred Cookman may have been a sacrifice to an excessive zeal, whose force, all the greater by its contrast, shall kindle the breasts of others, and arouse them from a too utilitarian and cold policy for the work of saving a selfish world.

But the day is passing—the sun nears the west—the shadows are lengthening—enough of my reflections. We will hear more from him. Some one remarked to him during his last illness, "Perhaps you have worked too hard, and have not been sufficiently careful of your health." "Well," he replied, "I do not know—I have enjoyed my work; I have not been conscious of overtaxing myself. I had but one life to live here, and it was for the glory of Jesus; and He has abundantly recompensed me."

The following letters make but little mention of his health, and are full of gentle love and genuine goodness.

To Mrs. Lewis, of Columbus, Ohio :

“NEWARK, N. J., September 7, 1871.

“We received most thankfully and joyfully your welcome letter. There are no epistolary missives that come to our home that are more affectionately hailed than your own. You would excuse us from the necessity of replying; but no! my Christian lady, you must not just yet exclude us from the joy of corresponding with one of our dearest earthly friends, for Mrs. C. and I both feel that in our large circle there is no heart truer, kinder, or more faithful than your own. Twelve years of blessed intimacy and growing affection will not heed the suggestion of your modest and appreciative kindness. Thoughts are not sufficient; we must tell you in your Western home that ‘mountains rise to separate us in vain.’ God gave you to us—one of His special gifts—and you know that His blessings are not only peculiarly satisfying, but they become richer and sweeter and better the longer they are retained.

“I can not give you any idea how delighted I was to meet you at Urbana. I thought constantly of Homer, and felt if he could have brightened our circle with his brotherly face, and then we could have gone all together into the ocean of divine fullness, this would have completed our joy. The last of our National camp-meetings was for me the most glorious. How good the Heavenly Father was to me, His humble legate! What access He gave me to the hearts of the people! What comfort in the proclamation of His truth! I am persuaded that God specially honored your faith on Tuesday morning, and in response to your intercessions vouchsafed the sending of the Holy One. It was one of the most hallowed and blessed services with which I have ever been identified; and, indeed, all through it was the Divinity! the Divinity!! Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. I rejoice to hear of your Friday-afternoon meeting. This will be a power and a blessing. The little flame kindled at the Capitol will spread and meet other flames burning in different localities, until Ohio shall blaze with the glory of full salvation. Our sojourn at the sea-side was both delightful and profitable. The ocean breezes invigorated me physically. Our dear Brother Benjamin Adams was tented just alongside of our cottage, and in his society I spent some of my happiest moments. The children think that Ocean Grove is next to heaven. Your splendid boy returned home more splendid than ever. He is still the idol of our household. His torment at present is the mosquitoes! They will bite him, and I do not wonder—if I were one I should insist on a little piece myself. When night comes, they seem to pass by our bed, and they concentrate on the crib—illustrating that even mosquitoes know what is good.

"Now I have filled my pages, and said only a tithe of what I wanted to write. Give love to your sister. Write soon and often to your Christian brother."

To Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Wilmington, Del. :

NEWARK, N. J., September 9, 1871.

"I add a brief postscript to my wife's letter, to say that you are both very dear to my heart, and your kind attentions, unremitted confidence, and tender love have made the deepest impression upon my better nature, and I think of you as among the most precious of my Heavenly Father's blessings. Sister Emily has for so many years vindicated her faithful friendship, that this is a settled matter; and she takes her place, not among the volunteers, but with the *tried* and *trusted* veterans. Brother M. I have not known quite so long, but three years have done more for him than thirty for some others. No one could have been truer or warmer or more faithful, and he has a place just alongside of his devoted wife—and that is a very special place.

"Now this note, instead of being a little budget of news, is a *declaration of love*; and, indeed, I joy to tell you both how, despite separation, my heart clings to you as fondly as when I stood in the relation of a cherished pastor.

"Love is a blessed sunshine on life's way, and, thank God, we may make sunshine for others while we bask in its invigorating beams ourselves.

"My health is very much better than it has been, so that I do my regular work as formerly. Yesterday, Sabbath, I preached twice and delivered a missionary address. Next Friday evening we begin a meeting for the promotion of Christian holiness. How I could desire your co-operation in this effort to exalt Jesus and help fellow-disciples. God bless you both. Come and see us! The warmest welcome awaits you at No. 21 Clinton Street."

To Mrs. Edward Moore, of Wilmington, Del. :

NEWARK, N. J., October 23, 1871.

"You can not imagine how much pleasure your letter gave us. It was read and re-read, and then read over again. Any word from Wilmington is specially welcome. We have many blessed memories of our last pastorate; indeed, I do not know of any place to which our feelings turn more tenderly than your neat, quiet, orderly, and pleasant little city.

"Every thing is pleasant and promising in our Newark pastorate. Our Friday-evening meeting for the promotion of holiness is already a blessed success—largely attended, and with the needed unction of the Holy One. The friends seem to have a revival in their faith, and we are confidently waiting for *showers* of blessing. Our best love to all the dear friends of Grace Church, especially to the little circle that associate themselves on

Wednesday afternoon and evening. My word to them you will find in First Thessalonians, third chapter, eighth to thirteenth verses. Write frequently, if you can, and give us all the items of Wilmington life."

To Mr. W. W. Cookman, of Philadelphia :

"NEWARK, N. J., October 11, 1871.

"I can not tell you how grateful and gratifying was your fraternal letter. For some time past I have had it upon my mind to use my pen in re-opening our correspondence. Affectionate brothers, alive to each other's interests, there ought certainly to be a more frequent interchange of thoughts and feelings. Greatly desiring and fully intending this, I have allowed bodily indisposition, with the pressure of immediate duties, to influence me, and this pleasant exercise has been postponed. You have anticipated me in this matter. I thank you most tenderly for your brotherly consideration, and I promise to be more thoughtful and faithful in the future.

"You refer to my recent indisposition. This has been a new chapter in my experience. Blessed, as you know, with robust health scarcely ever interrupted, it was a trial to feel or acknowledge myself an invalid. During the summer campaign in the forests, *to ride in the ambulance* and hear the noise of the battle or the shouts of the victors, when my accustomed place was 'at the front,' was a new experience, and called for grace, special grace. My covenant-keeping Lord, however, has been fulfilling his gracious promises. He has not left or forsaken me. He has supplied all my need, and gives me occasion daily for thanksgiving and praise. My trouble was an intermittent fever, a torpid liver, some kidney difficulty, and a prostration of my nervous system. Thanks to a gracious Providence, I am very much better—am able to preach twice every Sabbath, and supervise the general interests of my charge. Weakness in my knees and ankles, making locomotion sometimes a painful effort, is my chief ailment now. Frosty weather will probably relieve this and invigorate my nervous energies. Dr. Nelson, of New York, wants me to take a year's rest, and go to Europe and the East. As I am situated, however, this seems to me to be impracticable. You have, of course, heard of John's engagement. * * * This I regard as the last and best installment of heaven's love for our younger brother. We are usually well at our Newark home. Annie joins me in tenderest love to yourself and Mary. Kisses for your boys from their uncle, aunt, and cousins. Come and visit us when you can. A most cordial welcome awaits you or any of yours."

The last article which came from Mr. Cookman's hand for publication, was a preface, written at the request of Mr. W. S.

Hillis of Wilmington, Delaware, for a little tract containing the account of Dr. Coan's labors in the island of Hilo. The tract was afterward published. The article was conveyed in a letter to Mr. Hillis :

“NEWARK, N. J., October 19, 1871.

“I ought perhaps to take a season of rest, but in my relations, both family and ecclesiastical, this seems impracticable. I am the child of the best of fathers, and He is pledged to the supervision of all my interests. What may be His design in my present condition, I can not know. Lying quietly and lovingly and confidently in His blessed embrace, I look up and say, ‘Good is the will of the Lord.’ I want to be entirely willing to do or not to do.”

Mr. Cookman continued to fulfill all his ministerial duties during the weeks of September and October. But it was evident to his family and friends that his bodily strength was not adequate to the tasks he was performing. It was the opinion of medical men that his health was seriously impaired and needed absolute rest, and he was advised to take a tour to Europe. The way did not appear to be open, and so he toiled on—hoping, though not without alternations of fear, that with the cool frosts of autumn his strength would return. He would at this time, after being out through the day making pastoral calls, come home and throw himself on the sofa utterly exhausted, and say, “Sometimes I think my work is nearly done, and when I take my bed, it may be my last sickness.” Then again he would rally, and talk of his plans for the future. He still moved quite freely among his ministerial brethren. As late as the first of October he was over to New York in attendance upon the Preachers' meeting, interchanging greetings and showing all his wonted buoyancy of feeling. His hearty grasp and glowing expressions on that occasion can not soon be forgotten.

While instant in labor in his own charge, he was ever ready, sick as he was, to render outside help to the ministers of neighboring cities.

The Rev. L. R. Dunn writes :

"After the summer campaign was over, he resumed his work with great hopefulness. Having been a pastor for five years of the same Church, and knowing intimately its official boards and its entire membership, I can safely say that never before in all their history were they laboring with greater unanimity, with loftier inspirations, and with more assured promise and hope for their future enlargement and prosperity. Every movement he made, every word he spoke, every meeting he held, and every sermon he preached seemed to distill a fragrance not only in his own Church, but as far as he was known through all the churches and all the community. * * *

"As an illustration of this, an intelligent young man, who had been brought to Christ during my ministry in the Central Church, although afterward connected with another of our churches in the city, was conversing with me after his death about his goodness and purity. So impressed did he seem to be that I asked him if he had often heard him preach? 'No,' said he, 'I have never heard him preach, *but I have watched him as he was walking along the street.*' So that his very shadow as he walked left its impress on the mind and heart of that young man. * * * I had arranged to have a few days of extra services in my charge, and he had promised to spend a day with me. He came in during the afternoon meeting, and talked very sweetly and impressively to all present of his experience of full salvation. After service he went to my house with one of our dear mutual friends, and remained until the evening service. When leaving the house he said to me, 'Let me take your arm; since my sickness this last summer I have been a little lame, and my limbs sometimes seem to give way.' Little did I think then, as he walked and talked of Jesus and His love, that he was so near to his heavenly home. * * * He preached with great power on 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus,' and his sermon seemed to produce a deep impression."

Nothing could exceed the spiritual mindedness of Mr. Cookman through these weeks. He was full of plans for life, but a deep under-current of feeling bore all his thoughts heavenward. He almost literally lived and moved in God. His spirit was becoming so filled with the atmosphere of the skies, that its tendency was upward, and, imperceptibly to himself and his friends, he was so ready for the ascent that it was with difficulty he could be held to earth. Walking out one evening with his wife, as he looked up to the heavens he said, "Those are my

Father's stars"—"That is my Father's moon." A short time before he was taken sick they visited a house where they saw an oil-painting of a saint just entering heaven; lingering by it, he said, "How I covet her—she is almost within the gate;" and then requested his wife to sing—

"Oh, the city! oh, the glory!
Far beyond the rapturous story
Of the ages old and hoary—
Oh! 'tis heaven at last!"

He gazed in transport as he seemed to fancy her just entering the heavenly city.

The month of October, with its keen, crisp breath, was fast speeding away, without reviving the flagging steps of the weary invalid. He grew perceptibly weaker. While in attendance upon the National Committee in New York, about the middle of the month, he made a call at his brother's house in West Thirty-fourth Street. Though feeble, he was very bright and cheerful. His whole conversation was about Jesus and his cause. That visit proved the last. Two days before his final illness he attended a love-feast at the Halsey Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Newark. His ankles were then very weak, but such was his devotion to the Master's work that he could not refuse to go. At the close of the meeting he gave his experience from the commencement of his religious life, dwelling especially upon the holy influence and example of his mother. Returning home, two of his warm friends walked on each side of him to support his feeble steps. He said to them, "I know it is not popular to hold up the doctrine of holiness, but I thought I would do my whole duty then; I feel this may be my last opportunity."

On Sunday, the 22d of October, he performed his last public services. He had said many times when in health, "I would like to die, if it is God's will, with my armor on, and preach by my death as well as by my life." He often spoke of the Rev.

Dudley Tyng, with whom he was intimately associated in Philadelphia, and said, "It was glorious to die as he did, for his dying testimony was yet echoing through the world." He even said he "would prefer to die in the pulpit." His wish, though not literally, was about to be substantially gratified. His work and his life were to end together. His death was to be the most effective sermon of his whole career—a fitting vindication and illustration of the power of the doctrines he had preached and lived—a death which, for its singular spiritual glory, is destined to be spoken of while the annals of Christian saints shall be read, and which for its wondrous force will be quoted and dwelt upon as a divine inspiration while there shall be a Church to cherish the memory of the good, or a trembling believer who shall need cheer amid the stern struggles of life and death.

In the morning he preached from Mark iv., 25, "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath"—a very solemn and effective sermon. In the afternoon he visited the Sabbath-school, as was his custom, and shook hands with every teacher and scholar. Toward evening he complained of not feeling well, and Mrs. Cookman was very anxious to get some one to fill his pulpit for the evening service. But he would not consent, saying, "I think I have a message from God for this people; I shall preach from 'the faded leaf.'" As he arose to announce his text, he held in his hand a faded leaf, saying "this is my text, 'We all do fade as a leaf.'" Several persons remarked afterward to his wife that "he looked like one transfigured." A lady said to her husband, "She did not think that Fletcher could have looked more seraphic." As he finished his sermon his feet gave way, and passing from the pulpit he handed the leaf to a friend, saying, "The leaf and the preacher are very much alike—*fading*." He limped home, and when his wife received him in the parlor he was almost distracted with pain. As he was assisted to his chamber he re-

marked to her, "I have preached my own experience to-night, '*Fading as a leaf.*'"

The physician in attendance pronounced the disease *Mialgia*, or acute inflammatory rheumatism, the pain being confined to the ankles and the soles of the feet. There was also a torpid condition of the liver, which added very much to his discomfort. The next few days were accompanied with intense suffering; but he was heard to say "that, while his whole lower nature was quivering with agony, his higher nature triumphed in God." At times he would be so filled with the Spirit as to burst out in the midst of his anguish into expressions of praise and love. I quote again from the Rev. Mr. Dunn: "In attempting to describe his sufferings to me he used the following language: 'If,' said he, 'the bones of my feet were all teeth, and each one had what we call the jumping toothache, it would give you some idea of what I suffer.' After conversation and prayer, when I rose to leave, he grasped my hand, and, looking up so lovingly in my eyes, he said, 'My precious brother, how I love you! I have always felt a special nearness to you ever since I have known you.' But, great as his sufferings were, he seemed then to have no idea he was so near his end, but talked freely of his plans for the future, and his hope of a speedy recovery."

After about one week of almost constant pain, approaching sometimes to convulsions, alleviated only by slight intervals of ease, he became apparently convalescent. When a lull in his sufferings took place he was very bright and cheerful, and he manifested the keenest interest in every thing which occurred around him both beyond and within the house. Every little incident in the outer world was referred to with the liveliest appreciation; while the acts of kindness performed by those in attendance upon him, even of the most trivial kind, were received with the sweetest look of pleasure and gratitude. Always to the question, "How are you?" he would reply, "I think

I am a little better." After rallying from the first paroxysms of suffering, he had his books and paper brought to him, and employed his time as he was able in reading or being read to, and in writing notes to his friends. His Bible was daily by his side; when he was unable to read it, either the children or his wife would read it to him, and he would respond, "There is nothing like the Word of the Lord;" or, "Oh, how precious!" At his request his daughter Annie read to him the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John—always a favorite chapter with him. She said to him one day as he was suffering with pain in the back of his neck, "Papa, are you not afraid that it will go to your brain?" "No, darling," he answered, "not unless the Lord Jesus would have it." October 29th, one week from the time of his prostration, a meeting being held by the members of his Church to pray especially for his recovery, he dictated for them the following note:

"Mr. Cookman wishes me to say that he appreciates more than he can express the sympathy and love of his dear people. He loved you all very tenderly before his present illness; he feels that he will love you much more in the future. This is a Sabbath of great physical suffering, and yet it is proving, doubtless in answer to your prayers, the most precious of all his life. He says he is Christ's suffering little child; and with every sharp, keen, excruciating pain, he feels that Jesus presses him even more closely to his great heart of love, and lets him realize the power of His divine sympathy and tenderness. He says, 'God bless you all—the kindest, dearest people that any pastor ever served.'"

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAST HOURS.—SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

IT was after reviving from one of the severe paroxysms to which Mr. Cookman was subject, about one week from the first attack, that he had what may be regarded as a remarkable vision. He found himself just inside of heaven. He was first received by his grandfather Cookman, who said, "When you were in England, I took great pleasure in showing you the different places of interest ; now I welcome you to heaven, my grandson, washed in the blood of the Lamb !" He was next received by his father—whose features were as distinct as when he saw him in his boyhood days—he also said, "Welcome, my son, washed in the blood of the Lamb !" Then his brother George took him in his arms, and said, "Welcome, my brother, washed in the blood of the Lamb !" And lastly his son Bruner received him with the same salutation—"Welcome, father, washed in the blood of the Lamb !" Each one of these in turn presented him to the Throne. When he told his wife of what he had seen and heard, he remarked, "That was an abundant entrance." She asked him if it were a dream. He replied, "No, it was between sleeping and waking." Saint Stephen is not the last of God's suffering, dying servants who have seen heaven opened before their entrance into it.

He was often heard to repeat the simple words,

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
Jesus Christ is my all in all."

He now seemed to understand as never before the expression, "Perfect, or purified through suffering." "I have known for

many years what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb ; now I understand the full meaning of that verse, 'These are they which came out of *great tribulation*, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' I used to maintain that the blood was sufficient, but I am coming to know that tribulation brings us to the blood that cleanseth." His mother, who visited him frequently, reminded him that the Saviour suffered in his feet, to which he afterward often referred. "You know the nails pierced His precious feet, and He can sympathize with me in my sufferings. 'In all their afflictions he was afflicted.'" To his son Frank he said, "The effect of this sickness is to draw me closer and closer to the heart of Jesus."

The last letters he wrote will be read and cherished as well-nigh messages from heaven.

To Miss Howland, of Wilmington, Del., now the wife of Rev. John E. Cookman :

"MONDAY, November 6, 1871.

"Do I anticipate? Nay! your tender, loving spirit and my warm fraternal feeling constitute you already a *sister beloved*.

"Your sweet letter came into my sick-room like a love-bird, and its carol of sympathy caused tears of thankfulness to flow down my cheeks.

"This is the third week of my sickness. My physician (a skillful and faithful man) will not allow me to get out of bed, so that I am penning this note (the first I have written) lying on my back, and using my pencil as best I can. For eight or nine days I suffered beyond expression. Sometimes the spasms of pain, affecting my entire nervous system, were almost more than I could bear (a new chapter in my experience), for hitherto I have been wonderfully healthy and strong; and yet, will you believe me, these have been among the best weeks of my life. When the pain was greatest, the precious Jesus would draw me closest to His great heart of love, and whisper in my spiritual ear some of His soothing and inspiring promises.

"I am loving more and more the will of my Father in heaven, for if it brings suffering (which is but for a moment), it brings also an infinite compensation, not only in the sympathy and loving kindness of Jesus, but also in the persuasion that our present afflictions are intended to work in us the

peaceable fruits of righteousness, and to work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

"Of course I have had no painful solicitude respecting the future. To the praise of the divine grace, I humbly testify this was taken away long ago. 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' My faith and hope have come back to cheer me with the assurance that 'all is well.'

"Oh! I have so much to write—but I must forbear.

"I am, thank God, on the upward grade. My feet are still so sore and weak that I could not probably take two steps, and then my system is greatly prostrated by reason of my protracted suffering.

"Tell your precious mother that her most welcome letter of sympathy and sisterly love came to hand this morning. Its expressions of tender affection quite subdued my heart, and made me praise God for such warm, fast, Christian friends. If practicable, I will be glad to breathe for a day or two the sanctified atmosphere of your beautiful home at Hilton.

"Give my truest and best love to your dear father and mother and your venerated grandparents. God bless them, and grant that their golden-wedding may ripen into the *glory*-wedding—and, oh! shall I not sit down with them and you at the marriage-supper of the Lamb? Now I can not write any more. Good-bye, my sweet sister Meta. Continue to pray for me. Yours forever."

To Mrs. Edward Moore, of Wilmington, Del. :

"NEWARK, N. J., November 6, 1871.

"I am still the prisoner of the Lord—but oh, what an honor! what a privilege! what a joy! Infinite Love is my Keeper, and the Lord's prison-houses are incomparably more desirable than the gorgeous palaces of wickedness.

"This is now the third week of my affliction. Lying on my back, I am grateful to be able to use my *pencil* in communing with the dear friends whose tried affection is cherished among my heart's richest treasures, and the expression of whose sympathy is so soothing and welcome. When our Christian boy was wrested from us, no voice was more tender, no heart more sympathizing than your own. We have not forgotten it—and now that it pleases the best of fathers to afflict your unworthy brother, it is most encouraging and inspiring to know that that same true heart turns to the human in love and to the divine in prayer.

"Precious sister, your prayers have reached the Throne, and the gracious answers have been blessing me both in my body and my soul. Two weeks since I was struck in my own pulpit, just at the close of the evening sermon.

I felt my feet giving way ; I limped home, I scarcely know how. Lying down on my bed, the pain rapidly developed, until it was almost more than I could endure. Confined to the ankle and soles of the feet, it was as if that part were full of teeth, and all were quivering at the same moment with violent, jumping toothache. This, of course, made the feet so sore that I could not bear to have them touched. The pulsing pain in the sore feet, continuing day after day, involved my whole nervous system, until in the paroxysms I was almost like one the victim of convulsions. Oh, the long, weary nights ! —the throbbing pain beating the seconds of hours that seemed like little ages.

“ Since Tuesday last I have had measurable relief, though prostrated beyond expression in my general system. Owing to the soreness of my feet, and the condition of my liver and other organs, the doctor insists on my remaining in bed a few days longer. I have thus entered into detail respecting myself, because I thought it might be what your kind, warm heart would desire to know.

“ But now, turning from the *sick and suffering* man, let me *humbly* acknowledge that the inward man, walking in the furnace, has been wonderfully sustained and enabled to triumph day after day. Oh, Sister Emily, how precious is full salvation in our times of extremity ! When every nerve was quivering with agony, the heart sent up its blessed testimony—‘ Washed in the blood of the Lamb.’ I realized, too, that I would have some *little* claim to the other part of that blessed Scripture—‘ These are they that have come up through great tribulation,’ etc. I could, if I were physically able, fill many pages with these experiences—*all of grace*. Join me to sing, ‘ Glory to the Lamb.’

“ All the rest are well, and send you and Brother Edward tenderest love. Do please write soon again—your letters are like so much light thrown into my sick-room. God bless my Wilmington friends.”

To Mrs. Stevens, of Wilmington, Del. :

“ NEWARK, November 8, 1871.

“ To-day they are allowing me to sit up for a little while. Thank God for this indication of convalescence ; but I am still very much prostrated in my physical nature. To rest my weight on my feet or to take a single step would be quite out of the question. As yet, there is no developing appetite whatever. I nibble a little, but it is a mere matter of form, or to make some contribution to the reduced strength of my system. The great concern on my mind has been to know exactly what is the will or design of my Heavenly Father in this dispensation. It has wonderfully increased my interest in and sympathy for suffering humanity. Oh, it seems to me I would most

willingly rub or bathe the feet even of a suffering brute. It has realized to me the power and preciousness of many parts of Scripture bearing upon suffering—passages that previously had their exposition principally in my intellect. It has satisfied me of the independent action of the soul, for when my whole lower nature seemed to be quivering and quailing through excruciating pain, my higher being not only trusted, but triumphed in the God of my salvation. The best hours of my illness were when the fierce fires of suffering were kindling and scorching all around me. It has convinced me that full salvation is the only preparation for the ten thousand contingencies that belong to a mortal career. Oh, how soothing to feel, hour by hour, that the soul has been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and to experience the inspiration of that perfect love that casteth out all fear that hath torment. These with other lessons have been most precious and profitable, and yet I can not but think that my faithful Lord has some ulterior meaning in this affliction that is not as yet fully or satisfactorily revealed. I want to sit like little Samuel, and, with a humble and obedient heart, say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' God's will is so infinitely good, that without fear I would follow where it leads. Your allusions to the grassy hillocks in the Clyde Cemetery were most tender and touching. Truly, as you intimate, those sacred mounds become our earthly Pisgahs. They lift us above the world, and enable us to retrospect profitably the past and anticipate rapturously

"Canaan, fair and happy land,
Where *our possessions* lie.'

"Let me thank you, my dear sister, for your gentle sympathy and strong and valued affection. 'A world in purchase for such a friend would not be too dear.' Your beautiful letter was read again and again in my sick-room, and in every instance it lifted me up in my thoughts and feelings. Will you not remember me most affectionately to your beloved daughters? We shall still indulge the hope of sharing with them the hospitality of our itinerant home."

To Mrs. Abraham Bruner, his mother-in-law :

"Saturday, November 11, 1871.

"I am writing this note in my bed, to which I have been confined for three weeks. For some months past I have been far from well, but at the close of my sermon on the evening of October 22 I felt my feet giving away. I limped home, went to bed, and for about nine days was almost distracted with what my physicians entitled *mialgia*—an acute form of inflammatory rheumatism. The pain was confined to my ankles and the soles of my feet.

It was just as if the back part of the feet were filled with teeth, and all at the same time affected with violent, jumping toothache. This, of course, made my feet so sore that I could scarcely bear to have them touched. Then the pulsing pain in the sore feet, continuing day after day, so involved my whole nervous system that toward the last it was almost like convulsions. The only relief that I got was through morphine and chloroform. For ten days I have been relieved of the pain, but still am very sick. Only once have I sat up, and then returned to bed with a raging fever. Fever, bloody expectorations, sore throat, torpid liver, disordered kidneys, absence of all appetite, hemorrhoids, and great weakness, are my symptoms at present. My physician, Dr. Nichols, a skillful and experienced practitioner of the old school, is very faithful in coming to see me twice a day. Then my precious wife (God bless her!) has been unremitting in her attentions. Day and night, like a loving angel, she has hovered over my pillow, studying my wants, anticipating my wishes. Oh, I can never repay her for her self-sacrificing and unwavering love! I fancy she looks thin through her constant nursing, but she would not permit any one to take her place, and I am sure I do not want any one else.

"Above all, dear mother, I have had the precious Jesus with me during every hour of my sickness. When my pains were most severe, He would let down on my soul such a weight of glory that I was obliged to break forth in strains of praise and joy. Oh, precious mother, how invaluable is full salvation in suffering and in the prospect of eternity! To feel that the soul is washed in the blood of the Lamb, and to realize the perfect love that casteth out all fear that hath torment. Oh, this is more than all the world beside!

"But I am weary now. I can write no more."

Through all his sickness Mr. Cookman retained his fondness for singing, and sometimes would have his wife and his little Mary and Helen on his bed beside him, joining in such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Oh, how I love Jesus!" "I shall be satisfied," "Jesus calls me." His voice never seemed fuller and sweeter. One day he was so much better as to be able to be out in the sitting-room. Lying on the sofa, or reclining in an easy chair, his face wore a most heavenly expression, and his remark upon every thing around him was, "Oh, it is beautiful!" Seeing a gentleman walking fast on the street, he said, "That is the way I used to walk. I wonder if I ever shall walk that

way again?" His wife remarked, "Certainly ;" but he seemed to doubt it. On the last evening that he sat up, his sister Mary being present, he asked them to sing,

"Oh, it was love, it was wondrous love !"

and other spiritual songs. He retired about nine o'clock, and that was the last time the family sang together.

One day he said to his wife, "Do you know what I have been doing? I have been *counting my friends*." When told that it was impossible, he had so many, and that he could not have an enemy, "No," he remarked, "I do not know that I have. God has been very good to me, but you know there are some very special friends."

Never was Mr. Cookman more devoted to his wife and children than now. Having consecrated his children to God from their birth, he confidently trusted them with the Heavenly Father. Every day he wished them all brought to his bedside ; especially the youngest, his baby boy, Alfred, whom he called his sunshine, he would have on his bed and play with him by the hour. His little Willie said to him one day, "Papa, do you think you will ever bathe in the ocean again?" "No, darling, I reckon these feet will never touch that graveled walk again." He even taught his boys to recite pieces, heard his daughter Annie recite a hymn, was so cheerful that all thought him convalescent, and, indeed, no one thought him critically ill until the day of his death.

On Saturday, the 11th of November, Dr. J. M. Ward, a member of the Presbyterian Church, visited and prayed with him. The Doctor afterward gave an account of the visit in *The Guide to Holiness*.*

"I saw our dear Brother Alfred Cookman just two days before he left us. Committing to me at that time the care of his weekly meeting for the promotion of holiness, he added, 'I shall be out in a week or two, and will resume the care of it myself.' So he doubtless thought ; but the dear Lord

* July, 1872.

had other service for him above. He was sitting in his chair by the bedside, his face glowing with heavenly brightness. To speak was painful to him, from soreness of the throat; and yet so full, even to overflowing, was his heart with the love of Christ, that he could not refrain from talking. As truly might it have been said of him, as of one of old, 'the love of Christ constraineth me;' for his utterances were such as the Holy Spirit only could give.

"In answer to a question as to his sufferings during the week, he said, 'They have been excruciating, and yet so gloriously has Jesus manifested Himself to me in them all that I have been immensely the gainer from them. Such views of Christ's presence with me—such views of His cleansing blood have I had as never before. Oh, the precious blood!' he exclaimed. Then, with an upward glancing of his eye, his head leaning backward upon the chair, he repeated, 'Oh, the precious blood, the precious cleansing blood of Jesus!'

"No marvel that he was getting clearer views of the precious blood under clearer manifestations of Christ to him, for he was ripening most wonderfully, all unconscious to himself and us all, for his entrance upon his heavenly inheritance; he was being 'made meet' for the abundant entrance so soon to be administered to him into the heavenly Jerusalem. * * *

"The prayer was ended, in a moment more the parting was said, while hand was pressing hand, and the interview closed. But the glory filling the chamber of the sainted one seemed still to encircle me all the way homeward, giving character to my first utterances to friends, as I said, 'Oh, what a blessed interview with Brother Cookman this afternoon!'

During the doctor's prayer he would frequently respond, "The sweet will of God." To his sister he said the same day, "If I could have life on earth by the lifting of my hand, I would not. If Jesus should ask me, 'Would I live or die?' I would answer, 'I refer it back to Thee.'" To the Rev. Mr. Dunn, in his last interview, he said, "I wish that I could tell you how precious Jesus has been to me during my sickness. I have had such views of Him as I never had before. Right in the midst of my intensest sufferings He has so manifested Himself to me that I have been lifted above them all."

He remarked to his wife, "God means something by this sickness; He is either fitting me for greater usefulness here or

for heaven. I am lying passive in His hands, trying to learn the lessons He would teach me. I am sitting in the hands of the Heavenly Artist." To one of his official members he used substantially these words: "My Church is very dear to me; my wife and children are very precious; my friends are dear to me; but *the sweet will of God* I love better than all else; I have no choice to live or die. God has some design in this sickness—Jesus is very precious." Often he would repeat, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The same evening the Rev. William McDonald and two members of the Church visited him; he enjoyed seeing them, and during prayer there was an extraordinary sense of the divine presence.

Sunday, his last Sabbath on earth, was a beautiful day. He requested his wife to open the window and let the bright sunshine in the room, remarking, "The beams of the Sun of Righteousness are shining around me. Glory all around!" He requested to be sung—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;"

and said, "That grand old hymn! Yes, I am weak and *wounded*, sick and *sore*."

He was very earnest all day in praying for the ministers and the preaching of the Word. In the afternoon Mr. McDonald visited him again, and they conversed closely and fully on the subject of holiness. He said among other things to this friend, "I have tried to preach holiness. I have honestly declared it; and oh! what a comfort it is to me now. I have been true to holiness; and now Jesus saves me—saves me fully. I am washed and made clean. Oh, I am so sweetly washed in the blood of the Lamb!" That evening he became extremely weak, and so sensitive to pain that he could not bear the least noise, and yet he was tender and quiet without the slightest manifestation of impatience, and so considerate that when he heard the voice of one of the brethren in an adjoining room he asked to see

him. The friend remarked, "Why, my pastor, you are all fixed up—collar on and wrapper on." "Ah," he replied, "your pastor has not much strength; the outward is failing, but all is right within."

Quite early Monday morning he asked his wife the question, "Where will you live, in Columbia or Philadelphia?" Affected to tears she replied, "Why do you ask me that question? I could not live any where without you." Seeing her feel thus, he sweetly said, "I thought I would like to know." This was the first morning he was unable to shave himself; he was very weak, and he evidently was impressed that his end was approaching. He asked his wife again, "My dear, if the Lord should take me away from you, could you say, 'The will of the Lord be done!'" She, startled at the question, replied, "I feel that you belong to the Lord, I have always felt so, but I do not believe He is going to take you away from me." He responded, "God's will is always right and best, dear." "But," she said, "how can I live without you?" He replied, "Jesus can be every thing to you; He has been with us in the past, and He will never leave nor forsake you. You know the Bible is full of promises for the widow and fatherless. Live a moment at a time, 'looking unto Jesus;' and then, if *permitted*, I will be with you often; I will be your *guardian angel*, and be the first to meet you at the pearly gate."

His mother spent most of Monday with him. While she was present he lost the use of his hand. He remarked, as he looked at it, "This hand seems paralyzed, *but it belongs to Jesus.*" He then repeated part of the hymn—

"God moves in a mysterious way."

His mother said, "I feel it a privilege, Alfred, to be in this room, there is such a divine influence; it seems like the gate of heaven." He responded, "Yes, there are heavenly visitants here." About five o'clock P.M. she left him to return to her home in New York, not supposing him to be near death.

As she was kissing him good-bye, he held her hand, and, gazing into her eyes, he said, "Dear, precious mother, next to the Lord Jesus, I owe every thing to you. Your holy influence, your godly example, your wise counsels have made me the Christian and the minister that I am." To his brother John he said, "John, you have been a mercy to me—mercy is written on your brow. My friends are all a mercy to me. I am not afraid to die. *Death is the gate to endless glory; I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.*" He desired to see his sister-in-law, Miss Rebecca Bruner, who had just arrived from Columbia, Pennsylvania, and after inquiring for the loved ones at home, he said to her, "This is the sickest day of my life, but all is well; I am so glad I have preached full salvation; what would I do without it now? If you forget every thing else, remember my testimony—WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB! Jesus is drawing me closer and closer to His great heart of infinite love." To his wife he said, "I am Christ's little infant; just as you fold your little babe to your bosom, so I am nestled close to the heart of Jesus." Shortly afterward his oldest son, George, returning from New York, came into the room; looking up to him, he said, "My son, your papa has been all day long *sweeping close by the gates of death.*" At his request he was removed to the other side of the bed, when he remarked, "How sweet and quiet every thing seems; I feel like resting now." Very soon he became sick at the stomach, and immediately an effusion of the brain took place, when he became insensible to outward things, and within about four hours, at eleven o'clock P.M., surrounded by his family and the trustees of his Church, he died, sweeping through the gates of Paradise, washed in the blood of the Lamb.*

Thus, on the 13th of November, 1871, passed to the bosom

* It does not appear from the most accurate evidence that Mr. Cookman said literally, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb;" yet his expressions, when put together, certainly justify the phrase which has obtained popular currency as his dying testimony.

of God, in the prime of his life, one of the most saintly, earnest, and useful men of modern times. His dying testimony carries us back to the glowing record of St. Ignatius, when yearning for martyrdom: "Suffer me to imitate the passion of my God. My Love is crucified; there is no fire in me desiring earthly fuel; that which lives and speaks within me says—'Home to the Father.'"

The intelligence of Mr. Cookman's death spread rapidly, and was every where received with astonishment and pain. His most intimate friends, even those who had seen him during his illness, were shocked at its suddenness. The thought of death had not been really associated with one who had moved so recently among men with a vigor which promised a long and healthful life. The shock at his sudden death was only exceeded by the universal grief which it caused. It was as though "one were dead in every house" where he was known or the odor of his sanctity had entered. It is a question if the mysterious loss of his father, though it may have gathered about it more romantic interest, excited a more general and profound grief. "When I heard of his death," writes a gentleman from Philadelphia, "I spent a week silently in tears." Exclaimed an old colored woman in Wilmington when told of his death, "Dat man gone straight to glory." His family, his Church, the churches which he had previously served, were overwhelmed with sorrow. From private persons and public bodies, from both the secular and religious press, there teemed the most tender expressions of regret and condolence.

The funeral services took place in the Central Church, Market Street, Newark, at three P.M., on Thursday, the 16th. The following account appeared the next week in *The New York Christian Advocate*:

"The parsonage was filled at the funeral with ministers, chiefly Methodist, but also of other denominations, who appeared subdued by the feeling that a very afflictive and mysterious dispensation had fallen upon the Church

and the family in the unexpected removal of Brother Cookman. The plate on the beautiful coffin told the age of the deceased to be forty-four; and pure, sweet flowers rested on either end, at the foot in the shape of a cross, at the head in that of a crown.

"At 2:30 P.M. the procession moved from the house, the family and bearers in carriages, followed by the officers of the Church, and perhaps a hundred clergymen from far and from near. One of the most affecting sights of the occasion was the little children of our departed brother about the coffin and in the procession, evidently not old enough to appreciate the fullness of their loss. The church—pulpit, altar, gallery, choir—was heavily draped in mourning, and crowded in every part, including the aisles, out into the street, by a deeply sympathizing congregation. In the pulpit were Bishop Simpson, Rev. De Witt Talmage, Dr. Porter, Dr. Crane, Rev. Mr. McDonald, and others; the altar also, and a considerable portion of the centre of the church, were occupied by brother clergymen. The opening anthem came soothingly, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord.'

"Rev. S. Van Benschoten read Psalm xc., and Mr. Talmage 1 Cor. xv., when the venerable Dr. Porter led in a solemn and appropriate prayer. Rev. Bishop Simpson then addressed the hushed audience.* Throughout the bishop's manner was very subdued, as though struggling to repress the rising of a great sorrow.

"Rev. Mr. McDonald then rose and spoke of Brother Cookman in his relation to Holiness and the National Camp-meeting Association.† The choir sang 'White Robes,' and the deeply affected congregation took their last loving look at their beloved pastor and friend."

After the services the remains were carried to Philadelphia, accompanied by the family, members of the National Camp-meeting Committee, and a large delegation from the Central Church. They were deposited at the house of Mr. Frank Cookman, whence the next day they were escorted to the Union Methodist Episcopal Church on Fourth Street, where additional funeral services took place in presence of a densely crowded congregation. As the clergy walked slowly into the church, the strains of the "Dead March from Saul" helped to deepen the solemnity of the scene. An anthem was then sung by the choir, and the Rev. Dr. Nevin, of the Presbyterian Church, read

* See Chapter XXVI., p. 469.

† *Ibid.*, p. 474.

the Scriptures. Rev. J. Dickerson announced the hymn, "Servant of God, well done," which was sung by the congregation; and the Rev. Dr. Pattison offered prayer. The Rev. Dr. Sudards, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, after reading another scriptural lesson, addressed the audience, in which he made feeling allusion to his intimacy with the Rev. George G. Cookman, and paid a high tribute to the excellence and usefulness of both father and son. The Rev. Andrew Longacre next followed in an extended address, relating to the character, labors, and death of the deceased.* The Rev. Mr. Alday, pastor of Union Church, then spoke more particularly of the last sickness of the departed. The closing address was by the Rev. Dr. (now Bishop) Foster, of Drew Theological Seminary, New Jersey, who spoke substantially as follows :

"Alfred Cookman belonged to a royalty. There are many royalties of earth; there is the royalty of *genius*, but I should not class our brother with these—he was not a genius. There is the royalty of *intellect*; of scientific research; of the power to unfold great doctrines and grasp great principles. Though a man of a beautiful mind, a clear and strong intellect, the range and sweep of his observation was not his most wonderful gift. There is a royalty of *eloquence*: our brother was not wanting in this; he seemed to belong to a race whose lips were strangely touched.

"But he belonged to a royalty rarer by far than any of these—the *seraphic royalty* of earth. He was not Pauline, but he was Johanine. He was the brother of John, who leaned upon the Master's breast, from whom he drew his inspiration. He belonged to the race of Fletcher and of Payson—the best and rarest royalty God has ever permitted to grace the earth.

"When the brother prayed that the mantle of Alfred Cookman might fall on us, I said, 'Amen, Lord Jesus.' Not his mantle of eloquence or pulpit power, so much as his great, magnanimous, holy, and sacred character.

"As my little boy brought the message of the death of Alfred Cookman to my lecture-room, he knew how it would strike me; he knew he had ministered at the altar where his sainted mother and sister used to worship; so he said in a whisper, 'Father, Brother Cookman is dead.' Oh, how it shocked me! I thought at once that the most sacred man I knew had gone

* See Chapter XXVI, p. 476.

away from us; and this is my testimony to-day. I have known the Church for thirty years; I have known the men of the Church during that time through all the episcopacy and ministry; and the most sacred man I have known is he who is enshrined in that casket."

"The casket was then opened, and the large concourse present were permitted, moving up the central aisles and retiring by the rear doors, to see the face they shall look upon no more till resurrection morning. Many as they passed bent over and imprinted a kiss on the cold lips and marble brow, which wore the natural expression and sweetest smile, remembered so well by all who knew him in life. Tears fell freely as the scores whom he had led to Jesus bade him a last farewell." The preparations for burial followed; and Rev. Messrs. Gillingham, Turner, Dickerson, Major, and A. Wallace, surviving members of the class of 1848, Philadelphia Conference, of which Mr. Cookman was a member, carried the body of their classmate to the hearse in waiting, and also to the grave in Laurel Hill Cemetery, where the burial service was read by the Rev. W. L. Gray, Dr. Pattison, and Dr. J. H. Alday. The hymn "Rock of Ages" was sung—he having expressed when in health a liking for singing at Christians' graves—and just before sunset his body was committed to the earth. Laurel Hill, hitherto his Pisgah, was now his last resting-place.

Memorial services were held in many of the churches of Philadelphia; in Grace Church, Wilmington; in Central Church, Newark; and also in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. The trustees of the Central Church, Newark, have had a Gothic tablet of Italian marble placed in the audience-room of their church, in the wall at the right of the pulpit, with this inscription:

"In Memory of Rev. Alfred Cookman.

BORN JANUARY 4, 1828.

DIED NOVEMBER 13, 1871.

"He walked with God and was not, for God took him."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ESTIMATES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ALFRED COOKMAN.

WE have thus seen the earth close over all that was mortal of Alfred Cookman. I have sought so to weave into the narrative of his life the traits which distinguished him, as they appeared not only to myself, but also to others, that now there seems but little need from me for any special characterization of the man or his work. Yet it may not be amiss, before dismissing a subject which I have studied with constantly increasing interest, to briefly sum up my thoughts.

It has seldom fallen to any man to possess a nature in all respects so admirably attempered as his was. He inherited the physical and intellectual qualities of both his father and mother, the distinctive type being possibly rather that of his mother than his father—having much of the father's fiery creative energy, he yet partook more largely of his mother's strong common-sense. In body he was more robust than his father; in intellect he was less bold and incisive, but probably equally sure, and even more tenacious. From a child he was healthful. When grown, in person he stood about five feet nine inches, and was well proportioned, with a full, round chest, a head of medium size, not a prominent forehead, surmounted and surrounded by rich, glossy black hair; his eyes were gray, large and full, with a gentle, lustrous, rather than a piercing look; his nose was straight, with sufficiently distended nostrils; his mouth wide, lips moderately full, well set, but not too tightly compressed, showing an expression of mingled tenderness and firmness; a chin round, smoothly shaven, and massive enough for strength—the whole face just such as to

make you say when you had the hastiest view of it, "There is a marked and trustworthy man." With a ruddy complexion, a sinewy form, a steady step, an erect carriage, he looked like one born to command, and he did command.

Mr. Cookman's fine physical fibre had much to do with the exquisite delicacy of his feelings. Truly natural, without the least artificiality, he responded healthfully to all the works of God about him, and was never more at home than when surrounded by primitive scenes and primitive people. He was very practical; the farthest removed from an affectation of superiority to common matter-of-fact life, he ever manifested a keen zest in all the ordinary occurrences of the family and the world. "There was nothing human which was foreign to him," in the sense that whatever interested his fellow-men interested him. He never fell into the mistake of a morbid sentimentalism which shuts itself away from men and things under the plea of contempt for mankind. He was truly modest, shrinking whenever possible from observation, and "wondering what the churches saw in him that they should desire his poor services." The lowest seat suited him best, and was invariably taken if the choice were left to him, and no man ever more surely fulfilled the apostolic injunction, "In honor preferring one another."

Generosity was strongly marked in his character. While he was incapable of retaining a grudge against an enemy, to his friends he was unbounded in his devotion. He could not say too much in their praise or do too much for their advantage. This quality made him charming as a pastor—no matter if the circle of his friendship was constantly enlarging, he had capacity for its ever-widening increase—because he never seemed to forget or overlook any one he had ever loved; and into the circumstances of all people, whether of joy or grief, he could enter with an ease and directness which made all who were the recipients of his sympathy feel its genuineness. During his

last sickness a gentleman called to tell him of the death of his boy. He entered promptly into the afflicted father's feelings, and in comforting him said, "Dear brother, the heart will ache. It is not wrong to weep. Jesus wept, and He does sympathize with us; but remember Jesus can dwell in an aching heart." A day or two afterward the child was buried. It was a stormy day, and as Mr. Cookman lay upon his bed he was heard to pray that God would comfort the bereaved family, "for, Lord, it is hard to put away the little darling on such a stormy day."

This generosity of heart made him very kind to the poor. It was not an uncommon thing for him either to send or to take a basket of provisions to a destitute family, and oftener than otherwise a substantial sum of money accompanied the basket. Generosity, natural as it was, took shape under Christian principles, and was not allowed to spend itself impulsively. The one tenth of his income was dedicated to strictly religious uses. The benevolent drawer as regularly received its *tithe deposit* as his pocket received the stated dues on account of salary or from other sources. Closely joined with this dedication of himself and a stated proportion of his income to God, was a firm faith in the care of divine Providence. There were times when, with a large family, he was reduced to great straits; but he would always take his burden to the Lord Jesus, and somehow, often in a way wholly unexpected, relief would come. During these exigencies his liberality remained the same to others. "Their need," he would say, "may be greater than mine."

One of the most lovely features of Mr. Cookman's character was his filial affection. He revered the memory of his father, and loved his mother with a devotion which led him to sit at her feet as a little child. The recollections he retained of his father, which were sedulously cherished by the mother, invested the departed parent with a halo which, to the fervid imag-

ination of the son, lifted him to a region ideally apart and unapproachable. The fame of the father was the son's natural inheritance, and as such he sought to preserve and improve upon it. And it is doubtful if Christian biography affords many instances where a guardianship has been more faithfully rendered, or an inheritance more legitimately and substantially enlarged. Alfred Cookman will live in the Church of the future as in all respects a worthy successor of his father, the Rev. George G. Cookman. That the son owed much to the father can not be denied; but where has a son so well maintained himself on heights upon which his father's reputation placed him?

More, however, to the mother did he owe than to any other human being. I may repeat the thought of another and say, Mrs. Mary Cookman was mother of the body and *soul* of her son. What Wordsworth so justly and gratefully said of his sister, Alfred could have said of his mother :

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."

Her native sense, delicate tact, moral ascendancy, firmness of discipline, religious fervor, feminine tenderness, and withal devotion to her son, which well-nigh inwardly consumed her with zeal for his welfare, afforded the happy combination of qualities which simultaneously and continuously stirred and guided the natural powers of her first-born. She never allowed him to outgrow her, and hence he never ceased to look up to her. In his middle age he could as confidently rely upon her understanding as upon her heart; and to the fact of this mother's influence may be largely traced not only the womanly grace of his mind and manner, but also the subtle force and reliable judgment which distinguished his career.

In seeking for the ultimate cause of Mr. Cookman's power,

I am obliged to find it in his moral nature. Religion, built upon a sound, natural basis, was the real source of his influence. It is impossible to estimate the man without considering the joint and reciprocal effects of both his natural and spiritual constitution, for their interaction was marked from the beginning. This may be true of most men, but it was eminently so of him. These pages have certainly shown him to be a singularly godly person through his whole life; the testimony of many who knew him most intimately, and who were well qualified by their good sense and opportunities of observation to judge, is to the effect that he was one of the holiest of men, as free from moral taint as any among whom he walked. A factor so important in the make-up of his character can not be disregarded in the determination of his intellectual calibre. That his religious condition did affect his intellectual condition can not be questioned; nor do I pretend to doubt, but claim it rather as a glory, that the distinctive energy of Mr. Cookman was spiritual rather than intellectual.

But I am not willing to concede that this energy was so exclusively moral as some assert. He did not owe all he was to religion—no, not to that highest type of it, Christian holiness—in the sense that he could have been nothing, and would have had no marked power without it. He possessed by nature a very vigorous mind. Its structure was such that with the ordinary opportunities of education it would have put him in the foremost ranks in almost any profession he might have chosen. He was endowed with all the essential elements of success—a discriminating judgment, a retentive memory, a vivid fancy, a strong imagination, which saw things most clearly, a sympathizing heart, a power of application and adaptation; these, united to a handsome person and a voice of wondrous compass and melody, must be accepted as the faculties which ordinarily warrant success. Genius, in the highest sense, seldom falls to mortals; but if in its usual and lower sense it consists in the

power which enables a man to see things as they are, and to transfuse them with a glow which makes other men see and feel them, then may we claim it for Mr. Cookman. What he talked about people saw and felt.

It is true that he has given no proofs of profound scholarship, and that he has left no evidence of fierce intellectual struggles and doubts. But it will be remembered that his career was thrust upon him, by a Providence he could not disregard, to be a preacher rather than a theologian. The work of the evangelist was definitively pointed out as his mission, and not the work of the student. His vocation was consequently to make history, not to write it. An actor in one of the most important crises of the American Church and nation, he has left to others, who may have the leisure and the taste, to record what he and his compeers have so nobly done. Had he resisted solicitations to so wide-spread a public service, and withdrawn to the seclusion of the study, he might have been as noted to-day for the depth and versatility of his attainments as for his popular and effective eloquence.

He did, I allow, accept calmly the doctrines of the Church. There is but little trace of dissent and disquiet in the history of his religious thought. But must spasms of disbelief, crises of fearful questioning, be regarded as the infallible signs of a strong mind? Shall it be regarded as an orthodox word among those who scoff at orthodox Christianity, that no man can be voted to the grade of able and original thinkers who has not passed through the throes of mortal doubt touching all the great fundamentals of truth which the wisdom of ages has sat in judgment upon and approved? If so, Mr. Cookman must be rejected. But it is a fact that many of the greatest minds of these and other times have never passed through any such phases of unrest. "So far from this, some of the finest spirits—those whose vision is most intuitive and penetrating—are the most exempt from such anxious soul travails. Indeed, I believe

that there is no such safeguard against the worst consequences of such perplexities as a heart that is pure, humble, and 'at leisure from itself.'**

Such was the state of Alfred Cookman. His judgments were steadily, quietly reached; not that his intellect was less capable, but that a sound heart did the main work of the intellect.

The medium of Mr. Cookman's power was the office and work of the Christian pastor. By ruling, visiting, and preaching, this power was exerted upon the minds and hearts of the flock of Christ. For the threefold duty of his office he was fitted by the gifts and graces just discussed. This fitness made him ready and able to use, as circumstances required, all the legitimate means of ministerial usefulness. He despised no means, neglected none, which could give him greater access to the hearts of the people. His invention was ever at work to impart freshness to old means, or, if necessary, to devise new expedients of exciting attention. He was among the first Methodist pastors to issue printed addresses to the congregation, or cards such as his "League of Prayer," to promote revivals of religion. He usually spent the forenoons of each day, except Monday, in his study, and the afternoons in pastoral calls. To the sick, the bereaved, and the penitent he was very attentive.

His visits were an effective instrument of his great success as a revivalist. He would follow up closely those who in the congregation manifested a desire for religion, and the result of his careful attention to persons thus exercised was that they seldom failed of obtaining comfort. Underlying his thoughtfulness and perseverance was his prayerfulness and faith. "I knew him," writes his wife, "when in Wilmington and other places, during a season of religious awakening, to stay up until near day-break alone in his study, pleading with God for the conversion of the people; and when I have gone to him in the night and entreated him to rest, he has said he 'could not, so

* "Culture and Religion," p. 106.

great was his burden for souls.' He believed in intercessory prayer, and often remarked, 'Jesus spent whole nights in prayer!'" The Rev. Mr. Inskip, speaking of him at the memorial service, Ocean Grove, said: "His great strength he got from God at the mercy-seat. * * * Perhaps on no other occasion was this more apparent than in that wonderful season of prayer at Vineland. A halo of glory was around him. He rose from his knees with his hands heavenward, his eyes closed, and the influence that was felt all over the ground told of his intimate relations with God." A gentleman of the Baptist Church spoke also of the same occasion: "I shall never forget the picture I saw at Vineland; it was under the arbor where Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were holding a meeting, and Brother Cookman led in prayer. He was on his knees, with his hands raised, asking God for blessings. Instinctively I opened my eyes. He rose from his knees, and reaching up as high as he could, seemed to grasp the blessings asked for; and then, falling on his knees again, he thanked God for them. How much good it did me to see such faith that would just reach up and get what God was about to give."

Prayer and faith were never lost sight of in his preparations for the pulpit. He sought direction of God in the selection and elaboration of his topics, and then depended upon God for their effectiveness. He was never happier than when preaching. While always pertinent and instructive, he was at times borne away by a tide of holy feeling, which swept both preacher and audience upon its resistless strength. Mr. Cookman seldom attempted great profundity or metaphysical niceties, but mostly dealt in the plainer and more substantial facts of revelation—stating them usually in simple language, and enlivening them with a natural imagery, a life-like or historical incident, so that they were apprehended by all, even the most illiterate, and enjoyed also by the cultured among his hearers. The late Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, was exceedingly fond of his

preaching, as affording to his mind one of the best examples of pure Gospel sermonizing. A peculiarity of Mr. Cookman's preaching was the frequent recognition of the three persons in the Godhead. The cross of Christ, the blood of Jesus, was a constantly recurring theme ; while he as repeatedly dwelt upon the person, office, and work of the Holy Ghost.

It was by no mere novelties he drew the masses—the common people heard him gladly, not as they rushed to see a show, but expecting from his lips the words of life ; and he gave them bread, the vital truth of God, to feed them, and did not mock them with a stone. His popularity in the pulpit was not due to meretricious ornaments, or to the low buffoonery that caters to a vicious taste, but to what he was as a holy man, and to what he said as the ambassador of Jesus Christ.

If his themes were few, they were chosen conscientiously, because he believed it was impossible for a man who preached to save men to stir from the cross of the Redeemer. He did, however, present these themes with great freshness and unction. "To me," an eloquent minister said, who knew him well and heard him often, "he was one of the freshest of speakers." Whatever of light from nature, art, or passing events could be shed on these topics for their more forcible illustration, he sought and diligently applied. Nothing was more apparent than that in the pulpit he was a thoughtful man in a thinking and active age. But, above all, did he make the invariable impression that his trust for the success of the Word was upon supernatural help. The hearer who did not gather this failed of the simplest teaching of the devout preacher. The whole effect of the man was, that whoever might be the instrument used, it is God who giveth the increase. The effect of his evident reliance upon divine aid was also heightened by his free, natural, and forcible delivery. His voice and gestures were always suited to his subjects—now low, slow, and tender, and anon rising into vehemence of sound and action with the cumulation

of thought and feeling. Ample preparation having been made, generally with the pen in hand, he entered the pulpit untrammelled by manuscript, and in the delivery of the sermon looked his audience directly in the eyes, and as he proceeded both gave and received inspiration. It is doubtful if, as a preacher, take him all in all, he had his superior for effective popular discourse among the younger men of the land.

As to his capacity as a ruler, one phrase will express the whole—he ruled but little. He trusted his people, and they trusted him. He was an ensample to the flock, a model of purity in the minor as well as greater morals. His speech was always seasoned with grace, though not indifferent to the flavor of humor; he was the farthest removed from bitterness, coarseness, and trifling. He was temperate in all things—totally so in things which might occasion offense—moderate in dress and in household expenditures. With as keen a relish for the refinements of life as any soul ever attuned to the harmony of sweet sounds, he yet esteemed saving men preferable to all the delights which art could afford. This thought is admirably pointed by the substance of a conversation had with him by Mrs. Battershall, of New York, while he was stationed at Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia:

“Mr. Cookman, with that total absence of censoriousness which characterizes a perfect Christian charity, and yet with that earnestness we should expect from a faithful Christian watchman, when Zion’s best interests are imperiled, remarked to me on one occasion that ‘the culture of the beautiful within proper limits was all well and good, but he considered the glory of God and the good of souls of infinitely more value than the highest human culture.’”

Mr. Cookman’s views of the ministerial vocation did not shut him away from society or the nation. He retained fully his position as a citizen of the state. To him, as to one before him, “politics was the body of religion;” and he ever took the live-

liest interest in the great social and political questions of his times, as closely related to the welfare of Christ's kingdom and the race. He was decided and active in the Temperance and other humane reforms, giving to them not only his countenance, but his cordial support. Much less did his calling as a Methodist pastor exclude him from the most intimate fellowship with all the people of God. He was incapable of narrowness. He loved the image of Jesus wherever he saw it, and was happy to count among his dearest friends and fellow-workers many ministers and laymen beyond the pale of his own denomination. In no slight degree did his truly catholic spirit help forward the deepening unity and spirituality which are now pervading the several branches of Christ's holy Church. And it may be safely affirmed that there is no name of American Methodism of the present generation more ardently revered by Christians of all denominations than the name of Alfred Cookman.

In assigning him his place in the modern Church, the distinction which I claim for him is that of a *marked illustration* of the doctrine of Christian holiness. Whatever may have been originally in the mind of God concerning him, evidently the providential circumstances of his life tended to mould his character and to shape his mission for this end. He was not disobedient to the heavenly calling. He can in no sense be ranked with original men—such as found new systems of thought, new societies, or even new methods of activity; his rank is with the class who afford the material, furnish the facts out of which systems, societies, and methods are constructed. As a fact, Mr. Cookman's life is of incalculable value to the student of the great problem of Christian ethics. No mind, however critical, can contemplate so striking an exhibition of moral purity, in its direct relation to the Gospel as its efficient cause, and ignore the importance of the divine element in the great process of elevating the human race. While to Christian inquirers with an animus to know what is the utmost that the Gospel of Christ

can accomplish for a believer in Jesus, it is an instance which must excite the highest wonder and delight, as affording another example of the practicability and beauty of holiness in their own times and among their own circles. The grace of God purified the man while walking among his fellows, lifted him up to shine as a clear, steady light by the very pathways of busy people.

And this, to show what Christianity can actually do for men as a purifying power, is what the world most needs to know. One clearly defined proof of this, such as is given in the case of our friend, is worth a thousand speculations. The danger of our age lies in the direction of sinking out of sight as a reality the agency of the Holy Ghost in the work of moral renovation. The tendency is to reduce the great first cause of salvation to a series of subordinate and incidental causes whereby man is manipulated into a new life. The scientific spirit is reasoning God out of the process of saving the world. An idolatrous worship of intellect threatens to drown in an incense of thought, culture, ideas, the stronger part of human nature, the *heart*, out of which are the issues of life. It is sought in some localities to politely bow out of society the Gospel of the cleansing blood, of regenerating grace, for a new Gospel of "culture." Mr. Cookman's life is an attestation of the abiding strength and the spring-like freshness of the old Gospel. It is an example of moral and spiritual purity, made such not by the innovating process of the "schools," but by the power of the Holy Ghost, through the blood shed on Calvary.

"It is the old, old story of Jesus and His love."

As such I have sought to present it to men. It may be that greater men have died without any such extended record of their lives; but I doubt if any one has lived among us more worthy of careful mention. He embodied in himself the attributes of humanity most necessary to be known, loved, and imi-

tated. These attributes had their rise in the cross of Jesus Christ, a source accessible alike to all persons. He lived and died an example of the reality and power of Christian purity—one of the most beautiful specimens of a natural, simple, yet divinely spiritual manhood which it has fallen to this or any age to possess, and as such he takes his position among the departed worthies of the Christian Church.

Mr. Cookman left seven children: George Grimston, Frank Simpson, Annie Bruner, William Wilberforce, Mary, Helen Kier, and Alfred; Alfred Bruner and Rebecca Evans having died before him. Mrs. Cookman, his widow, and the children, have their permanent residence in Philadelphia, Pa.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF REV.
ALFRED COOKMAN.

How solemn this moment of sorrow! With slow and measured steps we have entered the church, as though unwilling to disturb what might seem to be the slumbers of a dear one. We have come to drop a tear; we have come to take a last look; we have come to gather around the form of a loved brother and minister, and now a saint with Christ Jesus. The assembling of such an audience is but a faint indication of the esteem and affection which a departed brother had gained for himself in the Church of Jesus Christ. Standing where we do at this time, as on the very verge of the grave, and looking on the one hand to the fleeting years we have to stay, and on the other to the eternity that stretches out to our view, how short seems life; how unimportant the transitory interests of life, and how grand and sublime the realities of life just beyond! Without the Bible, death seems like a pause in a journey, a resting-place, a cessation of activity, a moment of indifference to all things; but with the light of the Bible it is but the commencement of an eternal life, the renewal of exalted powers, the preparation of a state of being higher and grander than that which has closed; and there are interests that gather around it that touch every heart.

There is not in this assembly one but has buried a friend; there is not one who has not loved ones gone beyond the vale, and there is not one of us who will not be called upon in the order of Providence, probably before many years, to bury members of our families, or to be buried ourselves;

and questions will arise as to what is this death, which smites down strong ones—this death that takes from our side the loveliest, that palsies the strong arm on which we have leaned, that makes silent the tongue of eloquence, the desire and glory of statesmen—this death that seems the end of the friendships of earth. I can not tell all that is in death, but one thing I know, that, as I have intimated, it is not the end of being, it is not the cessation of activity; it is but a transfer from a conference on earth to a conference in glory, it is but a passage from earth to sublimer scenes and employments in the world above. We can not see those who have gone before us. We do not know precisely what they are. We can not tell exactly where they are. We do not know accurately the thoughts which burn within their being, nor the great facts that have burst upon their minds. We know but in part, but we know this, that they are very lovely, for they are like Jesus in all His loveliness and in all His glory. “Beloved, now are we the sons of God; but it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is;” and the loved ones who sleep in Jesus, I know are like Jesus, though all that may be implied in that I can not tell. They think the thoughts of Jesus; they enter into the great plans of Jesus; they share in the great sympathies of the Son of God, and they are being transformed into the fullness of his glorified image. And what joy have they!

Often did our brother, who lies before us now sleeping this last sleep—often did he rejoice to look his congregations in the eye when standing on the platform or in the desk. How often has he addressed many of us who are here, and under the tones of his voice, his words, the message given him from God, we were spell-bound. He loved to see the children of God gathered around him, and especially was it a joy to assemble with those who now behold him, and to point them on and up in the way of life.

But while this clay lies here in the midst of us, he has taken his place in “the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven;” he has gone “to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant:” Him he has seen, Him he has heard, and inconceivably grand visions have opened before him. How much he knows that he never knew before of the riches of heaven and of the great plans of God! You and I have stood gazing through a partially opened door, but he has swept through the gates into the city, and the eyes which have closed on earth have opened in heaven, and in many respects what we fail to comprehend here is understood there. The lips which are silent are attuned to nobler strains. He sang sweetly here, and I have listened to his strains, as he sang of Jesus with his melodious voice,

which is to be heard here no more ; but it is heard among the spirit voices in glory. We do not know what are the employments of the glorified. There are none of the unconverted to be preached to there, but there are the saints of all ages with whom we may mingle ; there are wonders of redeeming love to fathom ; there are new perceptions of the wisdom of God, and possibly there are missions to our lower world. I know in his heart he yearned over the Church of God, and in that heart he bent with the inquirer over the altar, pleading for forgiving grace. He joined with the pardoned, and triumphed in the love of God, and how often have I heard him sing the sweet doxology when souls were just born into the kingdom of our Lord. Over souls that are accepted from earth to their place in glory, over sinners washed in the blood of the Lamb, does he now exult ? I think he does more than ever. We sometimes think the Church will not triumph, and unbelief haunts our spirits ; but yonder he sees Christ waiting until his enemies shall become His footstool, and he sees how He makes all things work together for the triumph of His kingdom.

I have no words of eulogy to-day over our departed brother, but I do know that in the record of his life, the mind which was in our Lord Jesus Christ was made manifest, and he had qualities worthy of our examination and imitation. I may say, without a thought of flattery, that our brother possessed no ordinary talent. Blessed with a gifted father, who has often thrilled the hearts of those who worshiped here, and whose voice was hushed as he went down in the waves, and with a family all of them in the Church of the living God, and he himself a bright example among them of personal piety ; early consecrating himself to God, himself being the instrument in the conversion of some of the members of the family, his was indeed a favored lot. Entering the ministry at an early period of life, he devoted himself unsparingly and constantly to the one work of bringing sinners home to God.

As a minister he occupied no ordinary position. The churches which he has been called to serve, and the multitudes that have listened to him, attest both to his ability and fidelity. As a pastor he was kind, attentive, and faithful ; and I can speak both of the success of his ministrations and of his faithful pastoral labor from personal observation. Years ago he was the pastor of my family in the city of Pittsburgh, and my children became attached to him as their friend. And since we have been in the city of Philadelphia, he was again our pastor, and I saw him go in and out. He stood by the dying bed of one I loved, and his words and counsels were those of a Christian minister. I can say that during all the time I knew him I never heard one word or saw the manifestation of any spirit inconsistent with the highest forms of

the Christian life. In the pulpit or out of it, at the fireside or wherever he was, he was a faithful, pious leader of the people and follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Himself deeply devoted, he was very anxious to see a higher type of religion prevailing in the Church, and very often his theme was *Christian holiness*. I think, as he stands before the throne, he does not regret that so often his theme was "Be ye holy, for I am holy." I rejoice to say that he taught only the doctrine which a happy experience and godly life verified. He was kind in all his ways, and brotherly in the expression of all his views. Toward those who did not see as he did, he cultivated the kindest spirit. He taught the truth as he saw it in Christ Jesus, but at the same time he held out his hand to every one, and said, "If thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand." This spirit was shown toward all denominations of Christians, and many of those of other persuasions loved to sit under his ministrations. True to the interests of his own Church, and firm in the utterance of her doctrines, he was far from having any thing of a spirit of bigotry, but every where he saw the image of his Master he loved it.

Indeed, it is a mystery why he should be cut down so young, in middle age, and even more youthful looking than he was. Why was he cut down? He stood by my bedside when life was trembling in the balance, and little did I then think that I should be called to speak when his voice was hushed in death. I seem to myself to be standing on the edge of the grave. I am walking in the tombs, and the ground is breaking under my feet. There is Thompson and Kingsley and McClintock and Nadal and Foss, and now here is Brother Cookman. Why is this? I can not tell. We know that God can carry on His work. We know that He does all things well. Perhaps He is teaching the Church that it must look more to Him than to the instrumentality. He may be calling young men to take the places of those who are falling from the citadel of Zion. There is a purpose, and there is a voice in these dispensations of Providence.

Our brother was not called to pass through a very long period of illness, though he was ill for some days. I had heard of his sickness, and afterward that he was mending, and seldom in my life have I been more shocked than I was when a telegram reached me that Alfred Cookman was dead! I could scarcely believe it. He stood before me so fresh and young, so rounded in his character, so vigorous in his movements, that I could scarcely believe he was gone. I would not be anxious about what he said at the last, for knowing him in life, we know him in death; and I could say of him what I could say of very few, that I know, as far as I know any thing, that he is with God, for he walked with God. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. So that I am not anxious about any last expressions.

Yet I am told he uttered just what I should expect of such a man, with his chamber "quite on the verge of heaven." To his dear partner, upon whom I trust the rich grace of God may rest abundantly, that as he was permitted in life to be her guardian angel, so up yonder he should watch, and open the pearly gates and welcome her in when she should come. He had a dream, or a waking thought, that he had gone up to glory, and his dear brother met him, and presented him as washed in the blood of the Lamb. His sainted father met him, and presented him as washed in the blood of the Lamb. His dear boy met him, and presented him in a similar way; and he realized that he was washed indeed in the blood of the Lamb. He was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and his life-work was manifestly done when he came to die.

And now, Christian people, those of you who have sat under his ministry, what would these lips say if they could speak? what would this voice utter if it could be heard? Would it not say, "Come to the cross?"—"Come to Jesus now?" Would he not speak of the fullness of salvation? Would he not tell of the love of Jesus Christ? Would he not, if he could, unveil the glories of heaven? Would he not say to you and me, "Brethren and sisters in Christ, 'Stand up for Jesus.'" And would it not be wisdom for us to do so? Would it not be, that we should seek for and enjoy full redemption in the blood of the Lamb? Let us here consecrate ourselves more fully to the glory of God. Let us, Christian ministers, my brothers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, preach Jesus more fully, more powerfully, until the world shall be converted. The ministers are falling, therefore we who are spared should be more faithful, and pray to be made more successful from year to year. I would invoke upon our dear sister, who feels to-day that the light of her house and the joy of her heart has been taken from her, the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. To this mother, whose smitten heart has been called so often to mourn, may I offer the rich consolations of the Gospel of Christ. Oh, how many ties are up there in glory! A husband; the second son; this elder son—all of them saved. In the midst of years may the grace of the Lord Jesus be given unto her richly. And to these brothers and sister I would say, Oh, that this dispensation may be sanctified to their good. And on this brother, who is in the ministry of Jesus Christ, oh, on him, in addition to all that has been given him, may the mantle of his father and brother rest. And to these brothers, who are, hand in hand, taking hold upon the business of earth, and yet preparing for the state hereafter, may God strengthen them for their journey. And to these boys and girls, who will never more hear their father's voice, may God be gracious to you, my dear children. Walk in the footsteps of your father.

Early in life may you manifest the religion which he chose, and may these sons be the sons of God. May the Spirit of God rest upon them, and save them from the snares of the wicked one. And these daughters, may they grow in loveliness, and may the spirit of Christianity be manifested in all their lives.

Christian friends, with these weeping ones, this widow and mother, and brothers and sister, and children, may we covenant with God to be more faithful than ever. And may this church, that has echoed with his voice, witness a glorious revival of religion; and may his teaching bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God; and when we come to die, may we have a peaceful hour in which to pass away, and may we mingle with that glorified company around the throne of God.

REV. WILLIAM McDONALD'S REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL
OF REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

I was never more profoundly impressed with my almost utter inability to discharge a duty than I am to present to you the character of our dear brother. I confess that since I first heard the announcement of his death, I have scarcely been able to control my feelings sufficiently to collect any thoughts for this occasion. My purpose is, in the very few words I shall address to you, to speak of our dear brother in his relations to the doctrine and experience of Christian holiness. I am sure, if he were permitted to speak about it, and to express a wish in that regard, it would be that this subject—in which his soul so much delighted, and upon which his heart so often dwelt with joy—should be made very prominent about his mortal remains. He was, in the first place, a consistent exemplar of the doctrine and experience of Christian holiness—none was more so. In casting my thoughts over the Church, I declare to this immense congregation that I can select no man in the ministry, that rises before me, that sheds forth a clearer light, or who spake more definitely and instructively upon this great theme than did he. He had a very definite experience upon this grace. * * * I think I shall not forget, either in time or eternity, the expression he made at the Round Lake camp-meeting two years ago, when he arose, and in a very modest manner said—“Alfred Cookman, washed in the blood of the Lamb;” and that experience was repeated over and over again with great distinctness and force. Not only did he declare an experience on this subject, but he was able to stand in the defense of this doctrine. Wherever he went the people expected to hear the doctrine of Christian perfection, as held by the

Methodist Church. They expected words of power from his lips, and they never failed to be gratified in this respect.

When at the first there was a call for a National camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness, he accepted the position, and from that moment he has been one of its most earnest and loved promoters. He was with the brethren in this work at the first National camp-meeting at Vineland. He was at Manheim, at Round Lake, at Oakington and Desplaines, and then again at Round Lake, and then at the last at Urbana. And who will ever forget the sermons he preached at these camp-meetings? Such power, such thrilling pathos, such mighty influences, and such a divine unction as were manifest under the preaching of our dear Brother Alfred Cookman, I never witnessed elsewhere. There were hundreds of ministers, and I have no doubt thousands of members, who will thank God for those sermons he preached at Urbana, Ohio.

I can not realize that my dear Brother Cookman is dead. I can not realize that I shall see his face no more—a face always wreathed with heavenly smiles, a face always indicating a blessing to those to whom he preached. I can not realize that I shall never hear that peculiarly sweet-toned voice, urging the sacramental host of God to “be holy,” and to “be filled with the Spirit;” and those prayers offered to the Throne of Grace that bore him up to the very third heavens. It seems to me it can not be so—yet it is. It does not seem to me that in the work laid out for the National Association for the coming year that our dear Brother Alfred will not be there. Oh, how his presence ever cheered us! how his voice ever thrilled us! how his prayers and sermons and exhortations enriched us! He will not be there; and yet I am expecting he will be there; unless there is something very important to prevent it—he will come and linger around those scenes. A wife has lost a very loving husband; these children have lost an affectionate father; this Church has lost an honored pastor; and the Church at large a worthy minister—but there are mourners here other than these. The members of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness mourn as few others mourn. This dear brother has been with us in the days of our toil and affliction. Had you been with us as he has been with us, you might know of ties that do not bind many hearts together. A number of us are here, and we feel our loss deeply, and we know not how his place can well be supplied.

MR. COOKMAN AS A CHRISTIAN MAN.

BY THE REV. ANDREW LONGACRE.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Cookman's personal character entered largely into the elements of his power. It was the substratum on which his ample influence securely rested. It is difficult, however, to distinguish in him the simply natural endowments from the precious gifts of divine grace, since grace began its work so early in him. But it is not necessary to make the distinction. As we knew him, he was a thorough Christian gentleman, and the outward grace in him was but the gleam of the light of the gentle spirit and fine feelings within. To many of us he was what Tennyson calls his friend—

“The sweetest soul
That ever looked through human eyes.”

He was magnanimous in every instinct, never little or mean, incapable of detraction himself and unsuspecting of it in others. His soul moved on the high plain where all is broad and liberal and unselfish.

He was honest to his convictions at every cost; and there were votes in Conference that did cost him something in other days, as there were convictions as a teacher of the truth more recently that were not unattended with trial and alienation of friends. But nobody had ever to doubt where Alfred Cookman stood on a question of conscience. And this was with no shadow of bravado or self-assertion, but in the “meekness of wisdom,” with the very “meekness and gentleness,” the “sweet reasonableness of Christ.”

His character was rounded and well poised, and there was with it also a deeper underlying wisdom than many who knew him well imagined, because it was always perfectly unobtrusive. Altogether he was peculiarly a man made to be loved. Unselfish in his friendship, his quick sympathies and warm interest were freely given in return for the love we gave him. Few men have ever been so widely or so greatly beloved. In the churches he had served, and I speak understandingly, for I have twice followed him at considerable intervals, his name is embalmed in a deep and peculiar affection, as one dearer and better than other men.

Higher than all else was his character as a man of God. It was because we saw and felt the holiness of his life that his influence was so strong with us. His mind was drawn to the subject of entire sanctification in the very beginning of his ministry by Bishop and Mrs. Hamline, then visiting Newtown, one of his appointments. For a number of years, however, his views were undecided with respect to this doctrine. But about thirteen years ago his conscience was awakened to it again, and he entered into the clear en-

joyment of it as a personal experience. His convictions on this subject became from that time the profoundest of his mind and heart ; and he never failed, on all fitting occasions, to let his belief and his experience be well understood. Yet I need scarce remind you that his confession had in it nothing of self-exaltation. He never failed to disclaim all goodness in or from himself ; but he rejoiced always, and with an exultant faith, in the power of the blood of Jesus to cleanse him from all sin.

His own faith and experience never seemed to separate him from others who did not think or feel as he did. No one felt at a distance from him by reason of his holiness. It was a holiness that attracted, not one that repelled.

He has supported this scriptural teaching with all his consecrated abilities. To it he has given the most cogent of his arguments, and still more effectively his almost irresistible powers of persuasion.

But his life has been more powerful still. Men might, if they pleased, oppose his arguments with doubts and objections ; they might even turn away from his burning appeals ; but no one could question the living purity of the man, the practical embodiment of holiness in his life. In the shadow of approaching death he expressed his joy and gratitude that he had been permitted to experience and to uphold this great salvation, the fullness of the power of Jesus Christ to save.

And he has gone. In the golden prime of his days, in the fresh maturity and plenitude of his beautiful life, he has gone from his work, and from us, who have loved him so well.

Recollections of Alfred Cookman, as a preacher, by the Rev. James M. Lightbourn, of Baltimore, Md. :

“ Alfred Cookman was the best model of a Methodist preacher I ever knew. He was, in the highest and strictest sense of the word, a gentleman. True politeness springs from the heart—such was his. He was as gentle and respectful to the humble poor as he was graceful and polite to the most refined and cultured. With suavity of manners he united firmness of character. While his spirit was most loving, and his nature gentle and extremely sensitive, he was a hero in the cause of truth, both aggressively and defensively.

“ As a camp-meeting preacher, Alfred Cookman was a prince among his brethren. An announcement that he would preach always insured a large congregation. A sermon preached by him at the Camden camp, upon the

subject of entire sanctification, will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was the clearest exposition of the great doctrine I ever heard. His appeals were irresistible, and swept all hearts. The fire which he kindled that day he drew from heaven. The Spirit of the Lord God was upon him—his face was like that of an angel, and his voice rang over the vast audience carrying conviction to many Laodicean hearts. Revivals have been known to follow his camp-meeting efforts."

A tribute from the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. :

"The Rev. Alfred Cookman's life comes back to me like the sound from a church-bell embowered in trees on a soft June day. It was nothing so much I ever heard him say, or any thing I ever saw him do, that so impressed me as *himself*. He was the grace of the Gospel impersonated. I met him often on the platform of religious and philanthropic meetings. To be with him was to be blessed. The more I saw him the more I loved him. His preaching was not made up of ten grains of metaphysics and nine grains of German philosophy to one grain of Gospel, but with him Christ was *all and in all!* Sweep a circle of three feet around the cross of Jesus, and you take in all that there was of Alfred Cookman.

"It is not so much the Methodist Church that suffers from his departure as all Christendom. Oh, that we all might have more of his spirit, and die at last his beautiful and triumphant death!"

The Rev. E. Wentworth, D.D., editor of *The Ladies' Repository*, writes :

"Alfred was the most thoroughly religious man of my acquaintance—religious beyond suspicion of cant, hypocrisy, or profession.

"In social life his religion was never obtrusive, but you felt its perpetual presence and abiding power. This was not Sunday religion or pulpit piety, camp-meeting fervor or revival fire. His devotion was a living flame, his example a shining light, his influence a genial glow, his eloquence genuine, his zeal—the offspring of his deepest convictions—unsparing. The only drawback to the pleasure and correspondent profit of listening to his passionate appeals and sublime outbursts was the conviction that he was using himself up, and that he would die a martyr to his own fervidness before he reached middle life. It was even so. He belongs to the class of early martyrs—geniuses like Mozart, Mendelssohn, Summerfield, and F. W. Robertson—whose passionate souls made an early holocaust of the physical man. He has gone sweeping through the gates, as he went sweeping through life, and as he will go triumphantly sweeping up the streets of the New Jerusa-

lem, attended by the thousands converted through his powerful ministry, saying—'Here am I and the children which God has given me.'

The Rev. Dr. W. M. Paxton's estimate of Mr. Cookman's preaching :

"As a preacher, I always regarded him as remarkable. His sermons were solid, able, experimental, instructive, and sometimes brilliant, glowing, eloquent. His pulpit power, as I estimated it, consisted largely in two things :

"1. In the happy faculty which he had of giving an experimental cast to all his thinking. Few men have been as successful as he was in imbuing all their preaching with their own rich experience.

"2. In a singular capacity for pictorial illustration. This, I presume, was in a measure a natural gift, inherited from his distinguished father, who, I am told, was in his day unrivaled in this species of eloquence—but when his voice was silenced, the gift was reproduced in his son. I remember to have listened, or rather to have looked with great delight at his beautiful pictures, for they were so graphic that they passed like panoramic paintings before my view. I presume, of course, that a volume of his sermons will be published ; but permit me to suggest, also, that a small volume of pictorial illustrations, gathered from his sermons, might do great good. It occurs to me, however, that it is quite probable that many of his finest things were never written. The faculty being a gift, and not an acquirement, I can well understand that it would be fettered rather than assisted by the pen."

From the Rev. George S. Hare, D.D., the successor of Mr. Cookman at the Central Church, Newark, New Jersey :

"I first met Alfred Cookman in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He was very open and frank, and went at once to a warm place in my heart. The thing that struck me, outside of himself, at Pittsburgh, was that he was so entirely loved, and almost idolized by his people. I could easily tell why, from the impression he had made on myself. I met him again soon after in New York, where I was a pastor, and he had come to speak at an anniversary. I do not remember to have had any further intercourse with him until he succeeded me as pastor of the Central Church, in New York. I had removed to Trinity, in the same city, and of course we saw much of each other. I think the relations of an old pastor and his successor were never more delightful. Knowing the Church by heart, I had an opportunity to observe his influence upon it—to see how quickly he won all hearts, and how entirely they came to confide in him as a friend and teacher. He fol-

lowed me also at Trinity, and our relations remained the same. We were true friends and brothers in our work, and Alfred Cookman never impressed me but in one way—as the gentlest, purest, and most sincere of men. I am again his successor, but never more will he succeed me. I came here under the shadow of his death to a broken-hearted people. It is doubtful if he ever accomplished more for a Church in any full term of service than for this Central Church of Newark in the few months of his pastorate here. He was ripe in his holiness, and his influence fell like a power of God on all around him. His triumphant death sealed it all, and left the Church so chastened in spirit, so in love with goodness, so aspirant toward purity, that it has been but an easy and joyful task to lead it on to good and noble works. His memory here is as sweet and precious as the memory of mortal man can be. I attempt no estimate of his character, but I give these few impressions of an influence which has fallen like sunshine on my way, with gratitude to God that He gave me Alfred Cookman for a friend and a brother.”

I can not more appropriately close these testimonials to the worth and usefulness of Mr. Cookman, nor the history of the life which it has been my pleasant task to record, than by quoting the reference made to his character and death by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, in the memorable address delivered by that gentleman before the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Brooklyn. After eloquently characterizing Bishops Baker, Clark, Thomson, and Kingsley, the Rev. Drs. Mattison, Sewall, McClintock, and Nadal, all of whom had died since he came to America, he said:

“And then I think of a later loss than these—a blameless and beautiful character, whose name had a hereditary charm for me, whose saintly spirit exhaled so sweet a fragrance that the perfume lingers with me yet, and who went home like a plumed warrior, for whom the everlasting doors were lifted, as he was stricken into victory in his prime, and who had nothing to do at the last but mount into the chariot of Israel, and go ‘sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.’”

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