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STAYED ON GOD
By Alfred Cookman

Poem By
George Lansing Taylor

Lines By Faber

Testimonies And Incidents
By Bishop Simpson And Others

New York:
N. Tibbals & Sons
37 Park Row
145 Nassua St.

Entered according to Act of Congress,
In the year 1872,
By N. Tibbals & Son
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress,
Washington D. C.

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Digital Edition 10/21/2002
By Holiness Data Ministry

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01 -- INTRODUCTION

This work had its origin in a desire to present to the church, some of the best thoughts from the pen of Brother Cookman, as a means of diffusing the subject which of all others most absorbed him.

To enhance the force and beauty of "Stayed On God," we have thrown around it a few specimens of his self-sacrificing and spiritual life, and incidents of his triumphant departure. In the ardent prayers of his precious family we invite you to join, together with us, in fervent faith that it may be richly and signally owned of the great Head of the Church, in spreading Scriptural Holiness.

To this sacred work the proceeds, if any, are most devoutly consecrated.

O, may it be made mighty through our omnipotent God, to arrest attention, awaken thought, inspire in the reader the "blessed" "hunger and thirst after righteousness," and lead the "filled " to press on and on, into entire absorption by and into Him, until they can say with holy Paul: "It is no more I that live, but Christ that liveth in me."

Then shall we, as did the "seraphic Cookman," teach transgressors His ways, and sinners, by the thousand, shall be converted.

The inexpressibly thrilling and hallowed scenes of his precious life labors and triumphant exit, whispering in his very last conscious moment, in ecstasy, "Jesus is coming nearer [Jesus is coming nearer!" will soon be given to the public in a memoir now in course of preparation: else we could not refrain from repeating very much of most intense interest, but which, therefore, we cannot in honor and conscience do.

The work will doubtless be full of solid instruction in holiness, and most powerful through God in its promotion.

The churches should praise God that he has left many manuscripts upon this sacred theme, which have never been in print, and which will possess that extreme accuracy, power, and consistency of truth in exposition, for which all who have heard him, know he was so very remarkable.

It was his ardently cherished wish to write a book, but excessive labors in the first city charges prevented. And now alas!

"His leaf is perished in the green!
And while we live beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been."

We praise God, that Zion may look for his biography, very soon, compiled by one of our ablest city clergymen, and better far, by one who "in spirit, in charity, in faith, in purity," most nearly resembles Cookman.

* * * * *

02 -- APPRECIATION OF COOKMAN BY EMINENT LABORERS

"Let another man praise thee." Prov. xxvii. 2.

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Psa. cxviii. 23.

To extol the wealth of God, for poor man; to show the genuine and precious fruits of pure and perfect love in a human heart and life, by the blessed power of our Triune God, in the "saintly" -- "seraphic" -- Alfred Cookman; we give a few out of very many testimonies respecting him, selecting those from persons most known, and therefore justly influential.

* * *

BISHOP SIMPSON

I have been intimate with Brother Cookman, for many years, and during all that time I have never heard one word, or seen the manifestation of any spirit inconsistent with the highest form of Christian life, either in or out of the pulpit. Wherever he was he was a faithful, pious, loyal, follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I am not anxious to know what he in his last illness said. I know how he lived, and would have no hesitation to lie down in his place today. He loved God. "Blessed are the pure in heart." His dying chamber was close on the verge of heaven. He said to his weeping wife, "If permitted, I will be your guardian angel, and stand at the gates of pearl and open them for your admission." He spoke of a holy dream he had had. That father, eldest brother, and a boy they had lost, each met him in heaven saying, "Here is Alfred, all washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Bro. Cookman was anxious for a higher type of Christian experience, for Christian holiness. Nor does he now regret it. He practiced also what he preached. It is a mystery that he, one so young, has been cut down. When he has stood beside me with life trembling in the balance, little did I think I should thus look upon HIM, and he not on ME -- that I should speak and he not answer! I seem to stand amid graves -- Thomson, Kingsley, Clark, Nadal, Foss, Cookman, gone! Why? God is calling us to greater consecration.

* * *

DR. FOSTER

President of Drew Theological Seminary

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 from us. And this is my testimony today. 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 whose body is enshrined in that casket.

* * *

DR. CROOKS of The Methodist

He leaves behind him the memory of a saintly life which will long be cherished by all the churches.

* * *

DR. HAVEN of Zion's Herald

No sweeter spirit ever wore flesh about him. When the crossing was near, his spirit rose like an angel's.

To his devoted wife he said, "If permitted, I will be your guardian angel and stand at the gates of pearl and open them for your admission." He had a vision of his father, the celebrated preacher, George C. Cookman, who was lost in the 'President,' and his eldest brother, and a son, all of whom he heard saying, "Here is Alfred, all washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

But his last words were the of all. What could surpass in power of faith and being, such a holy triumph? No wildness, no weariness, no doubt, no extravagance.

It was a grand procession in which he marched, a steadfast wing on which he was sailing. 'I Am Sweeping Through The Gates, Washed In The Blood Of The Lamb!' Sweeping like a triumphant cavalcade; sweeping like a tall spirit, washed in the blood of the Lamb. No wavering here; He knew on whom he had believed; he knew by whom he was cleansed; he knew how he was at those gates at all. They were the gates of heaven-Christ's home; the residence of those who are cleansed in His blood "and renewed in His righteousness."

Christians, lift yourselves to this holy height, live as Alfred Cookman lived, in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, that you may die his death.

In many churches was his requiem sung. New York, Philadelphia Newark, Elizabeth, Wilmington, honored his memory; but no service can equal his own valedictory, dropped from his lips as he clove the skies and passed out of sight; a valedictory that will for ages preach the only and entire Gospel of salvation on earth and in heaven. "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

* * *

WILLIAM MCDONALD
Editor of the Advocate of Holiness

He possessed a spirit the most kind, a love the most pure, a conscience the most tender, and a character the most Christly, to be found in the ministry of these times. But it was in Christ Jesus our Lord, only, that he was so complete; to whom be all the glory forever! When called to the National Camp-meeting Association he hesitated for a moment, but seeing the path of duty clear, united with his brethren and stood with them to the last, and in death declared that through eternity he would be thankful for the Vineland Camp-meeting. To his sister he said, "I have tried to lift up the banner of holiness, and never shrunk." To the speaker, "I have tried to be faithful, and what a comfort! It now thrills my heart! I am fully saved. How glad I am to have been identified with the movement."

He seemed to have premonitions of his approaching decease. About four weeks ago he preached his last sermon from, "We do all fade as a leaf," holding up at the same time a withered leaf. Passing out from the congregation he handed this to a brother, remarking, "I feel that the text and the preacher are much alike. It may be my last testimony." His final words to his mother were, "I am more indebted for all I am as a Christian and a minister of the Lord Jesus, to your prayers, and counsel, and example, than to aught beside."

To his sister he said, "If I could have life on earth for the lifting up of my hand I would not. If Jesus should come and ask me would I live or die, I would say, 'Do as thou pleasest, Lord.'" Lifting up his paralyzed hand with the other, he said, "This is a paralyzed hand, but it belongs to Jesus." And now the chariot seemed to have come, and his last words were, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." What a testimony! It was worthy he should die thus fully saved.

* * * * *

03 -- STAYED ON GOD
By Alfred Cookman

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee" (Isa. 26:3).

Let us in the first place inquire what is implied in staying the mind on God. This exercise in our view involves two things:

First, A CONSTANT REMEMBRANCE OF GOD.

"I have set the Lord always before me," said the Psalmist. "Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." During every succeeding hour he would be reminded not only of the Divine existence, but of the infinite attributes and perfections of Jehovah; His wisdom, power, holiness, faithfulness, truthfulness and love. So we shall do well to cultivate a recollection of the Divine presence.

We say CULTIVATE, for the mind, by reason of its natural bias, is constantly turning to other and unworthier objects. Can we not as believers trace most of our spiritual losses to carelessness or neglect in this particular? Like the thoughtless child we become absorbed in surrounding attractions, and, letting go our Father's hand, turning away from our Father's presence, are almost immediately seized, and terribly wounded by the ravening wolves of hell.

If we will accustom ourselves to remember -- mark, REMEMBER -- God; remember his omnipresence, his omniscience, and infinite holiness; remember these during every hour, and frequently in the hour; if we will carefully educate our remembrance of God, then we shall be more watchful in spirit, more circumspect in deportment more blameless and successful in our Christian life. More than this, however, is requisite. In staying the mind upon God we must not, only remember God, but,

In the second place, WE MUST REPOSE A CHILDLIKE CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

This is implied in the expression, "whose mind is stayed on Thee," that is, whose mind STAYS on Thee, rests on Thee, reposes in Thee. Besides constant mindfulness of God, there must be unwavering trust in God. Some one has suggested in connection with this passage, the figure of an anchor, which, thrown out from the ship, grapples with the firm rock. The winds may howl, the waves may dash, the tempests may fearfully rage, wrecks may go drifting by, still all is comparative calmness and confidence in that vessel.

Why? Because her anchor holds in the rock!

So the believer, exposed to storms in life's eventful voyage, casts out the anchor of his trust. It enters into Christ the cleft Rock. It grapples his atoning merit. So that in sunshine and storm, always and everywhere, he vindicates the truthfulness of this Scripture: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

Observe, thirdly, this trust must not be an irregular, or unstable, but AN OBSTINATE AND CONSTANT ACT of the soul. In the language of an apostle, we must "live by faith," associating faith with every hour and action of our present existence.

We suppose that just here we may discover the great difference in the experience and usefulness of professing Christians.

One trusts in Christ, but it is an occasional trust, a trust in the closet, in the prayer circle, in the class room, and under the preached word. But faith in the parlor, on the street, or at the place of business; faith as the duty of the hour, and the necessity of the moment, this is ignored.

The result of this spasmodic faith is an unequal and unsatisfactory experience, now advancing, then retrograding; now succeeding, then falling; now rejoicing, then lamenting; now hoping, then desponding; now in light, then in darkness; now on the mountain top, then in the valley; and after the lapse of years unable to determine whether decided progress has been made in the Christian course.

Does not this description apply to the experience of some reading these pages? Dear friends, behold I show unto you "a more excellent way." Stay your mind upon God.

Let it rest there during every hour, and under every conceivable circumstance. When you rise in the morning after the slumbers of the night, let your first exercise be, trust in God. As you go forth to the performance of your daily duties, trust in God. Amid the rush and roar of secular life, trust in God. In circumstances of trial, temptation, and perplexity, be reminded of your feebleness, and trust in God. Returning home in the evening, trust in God. Before committing yourself to the oblivion of sleep, trust in God. Stay your thoughts, your imagination, your desires, your affections, your entire being on God.

Do this intelligently, implicitly, and continuously.

We must not fail to remark in this connection that the exercise or duty suggested is a purely gracious exercise, that is, it is the exercise of a soul under the influence of grace. For can the merely natural man stay his mind on God? Is not his mind at enmity with God? Are not thoughts of the omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, and infinite holiness of God, in connection with his confessed sinfulness, most torturing to his soul? Can he then regard, with affection and confidence, a being whom he consciously disobeys, grieves, fears, and shuns?

It is evident, therefore, that there must be some supernatural and spiritual change to superinduce this exercise of continuous trust in God -- that change we entitle Sanctification.

It is the work of the Holy Spirit, God in the heart, destroying our natural enmity, turning back our nature's rapid tide, causing our thoughts, affections and propensions to flow out after God; restoring spiritual harmony between the heart and heaven; impressing the Divine image on the soul; filling us with the spirit of loving children; inclining us to do and suffer the Divine will; strengthening us with all might in our inner man; in a word, it is the soul full of the Divine Spirit, the third person of the Trinity, turning the mind toward Christ, the second person of the Trinity, and in an exercise of faith, or trust, staying itself upon God.

Thus sanctified and spiritualized, the mind as instinctively turns toward God, as the magnetized needle turns toward the pole. See that needle. Observe with what unswerving fidelity it poises itself and points in the direction of the pole. You may turn it away for a while -- move it in this direction or that -- but as soon as you release it, it goes trembling back, clearly illustrating its thoroughly magnetized condition.

So with a heart sanctified by grace -- permeated by Divinity -- it stays upon God. You may turn it away for a while to the contemplation of this interest or that concern, but like the needle it comes back, it instantly inclines to Christ as the great center, the absorbing attraction of the soul.

To stay the mind on God, then, implies in the first place: A CAREFUL REMEMBRANCE OF GOD. "I have set the Lord always before me."

Secondly, AN IMPLICIT AND CONTINUOUS TRUST IN GOD: A life of faith. And all this, as we have attempted to show, can only be performed by one whose heart is the home of the sanctifying Spirit.

Now, what is the effect of this continual trust, this abiding faith? The word of God answers "perfect peace."

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." And O, what a priceless boon! What an indescribably precious experience! Perfect peace! or, as it is in the margin, "Peace -- peace -- nothing but peace." What are the characteristics of his peace?

We answer first, it is A PURE PEACE.

Peace without any alloy, peace without any disturbing element, the peace of God, the tranquillity and rest which reign in the Divine bosom, transferred to human experience. In another place we read that "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

Think of it! The joy of that Being who filleth immensity! The joy of an infinite soul! O, who can conceive of it! Here is its counterpart, its twin brother, this perfect peace, the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

Thirdly, this is A PERVADING PEACE.

It fills the mind and heart. It reaches up into our thoughts with its tranquilizing influences. It goes down among our desires and affections with its subduing and sanctifying agency. It irradiates the whole inner man with its invigorating sunbeams. It fills the eye with light, the face with love, the tone with tenderness, the soul with rest.

Do you inquire how broad is this peace? -- we cannot tell you. Sailing out and out on this inward ocean we never find its limit. Do you ask how deep is this peace? -- here again we cannot tell you. We east in the fathoming line of human comprehension, and though it sinks and sinks, we never measure the profound.

Once again, This is AN ABIDING PEACE.

Unlike the peace of the world, which has its similitude in the mountain brook that frolics for an hour among the flowers, then quickly disappears, this perfect peace resembles rather the deep, broad river, which flows on age after age, without the slightest diminution or interruption. It is peace in the morning, at noontide, and in the evening. Peace in sickness, in bereavement, in poverty, in adversity, in exile; peace in all places, times and circumstances; peace in life, in death, and forever; perfect peace.

But some one will ask, "Is not the sanctified Christian exposed to life's vicissitudes? Are not such subjected to poverty, persecution, affliction, temptation and trial?"

They are, but still this Scripture is fulfilled, and God keeps them in perfect peace. Beneath the ruffled surface of their feelings, deep, deep down in their heart, there is this pure, abiding and perfect peace. The believer's soul is like the great ocean. Scientific men testify that, disappearing beneath the veil of waters, you may descend to a certain depth, and there find the most perfect calm conceivable. No currents, no tides, no commotion, but all clear, tranquil and peaceful.

So the wild winds of adversity may sweep over the trusting soul, the howling tempests of perdition may threaten desolation and overthrow, still, beneath all this agitation, in the clear depth below, is this perfect peace. Retiring within himself, making his own soul a sanctuary, the believer can linger amid this holy quiet, and commune directly and delightfully with the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Perfect Peace! O, my precious brother, ponder these two words, and then say, do they not enkindle the desire of thy immortal nature? Ferdinando De Soto traversed the southern section of our newly discovered country, traveling many a weary mile in quest of the fabled fountain of youth. Have you not with equal assiduity been seeking for perfect peace? Seeking it perhaps in wealth, in books, in society, in fashionable life, in the profession of religion and connection with the church in a partial and desultory effort at Christian life? Have you found it? Nay! Like a phantom it has constantly been retreating before you, and still you are a disappointed being.

O, my Christian friend, come, let me lead you to this long looked-for fountain; let me conduct you into the presence of the great God. In Him, and in Him alone, is perfect peace. We speak that we do know, and testify that we have felt. Will you not receive our witness? O taste and see that the Lord is good! BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN HIM!

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04 -- BLESSED HUNGERING

To farther inspire, prompt, and aid you, we add to Cookman's royal teachings, and tender, brotherly pleadings, this poem of Faber's.

I have seen living men, and their good angels know;
How they failed and fell short through want of desire.
Souls once almost saints have descended so low,
'Twill be much if their wings bear them over the fire.

I have seen dying men not so grand in their dying;
As our love would have wished, through lack of desire.
O that we may die languishing, burning and sighing!
For God's last grace and best is, to die all on fire.

Then wish more for God, burn more with desire:
Covet more the dear sight of His marvellous face!
Pray fervently, long, for the sweet gift of fire,
To come down on thy heart, with its whirlwinds of grace.

Yes, pine for thy God, fainting soul, ever pine,
O languish for Him! 'mid. all life gives thee of mirth:
Famished, thirsty, and restless -- let such life be thine;
For what sight is to heaven, desire is to earth.

God loves to be longed for; He loves to be sought!
For lie sought us Himself, with such longing and love!
He died for desire of us, marvelous thought;
And He yearns for the pure to be with Him above.

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05 -- LESSONS LEARNED IN 1870

(Apparently Compiled and Edited by Alfred Cookman -- DVM)

I have before me a letter written by Rev. H_____ B_____, a Congregational minister and a very precious friend in Jesus. In this communication he records some of the valuable lessons taught him during the year 1870. They have so enriched me, that I am willing and glad to share these treasures with others. May we not learn from our beloved brother:

1. The desirableness of a docile frame of mind?
2. A heart hungry for Divine Teaching?
3. The importance and advantage of writing down, and thus treasuring for ourselves and for others, the practical lessons taught us at different times by God, through his Spirit, in his providences, or by his people?

Precious lessons! Let us prayerfully study them in our closets, and may they be sanctified to the spiritual advantage of every reader. -- Alfred Cookman

Brother B. says: "Some of these lessons were known to a certain extent before; but during the year they were brought home to me with such a freshness and power that they seemed as if altogether now.

1. Deeper confirmation of the views I have been gathering for several years concerning every Christian's need of frequent baptisms of the Holy Ghost; the practicability of having them; the motive that should influence us in seeking them; the way to seek them; the certainty of always obtaining; and the manner in which the gift is bestowed, often gradually.

2. The importance and even, oftentimes, the necessity of silence. "Be silent to the Lord." -- marginal reading of Psalm xxxvii. 7.

3. It has become easy to have "my mind -- thought, imagination -- stayed on God." It is done by a look to Jesus. It is rather a resting than an acting. Formerly I have had great and sore conflicts here. Read Isaiah xxvi. 3, in connection with next verse.

4. Increased boldness in standing up for Jesus. This is given to me both as a lesson and power; and, indeed, all of Heaven's lessons bring, or are associated with more or less of power.

5. Love to opposers. I have been led to pray much for them. Then I saw that their opposition was not so much of themselves, as of the Evil One tempting them; and if they were delivered from their enemy, and had the good Spirit, they would receive and love the truth. These thoughts filled me with pity for them, and led me deeper into a universal benevolence.

6. I have been tilted with a deep spiritual realization of my privilege to rejoice in the Lord evermore, and an expectation that I should finish my course with joy, as Paul said, Acts xx. 24.

7. Increased sense of responsibility to testify for Jesus. "That the communication of thy faith may become effectual by the acknowledgment of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus." -- Philemon 6 v. A Christian friend giving this passage in exhortation, it came to me with unprecedented power. It becomes more powerful as I obey it.

8. I was given to see, that, if devoted wholly to Jesus, one's weakest points become his strongest points; even as God said to Paul, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." This lesson was spoken to my soul by a Christian brother.

9. I was enlightened and delivered from a subtle and long-standing temptation to apprehend trouble in Christ's service. A Christian brother said, quoting the passage, "The Lord scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "It reads, 'whom he receiveth;' and this does not mean that he continues to scourge them. Even we earthly parents do not keep on scourging our children always."

10. I have been taught a deeper death of self-will. The words in John v. 30, were powerfully impressed upon me.

11. I have been taught to discern more clearly in regard to the path of duty. One said, "When we are in simplicity before God, willing to be led in any way, we may walk in confidence that the path before us is in the divine order."

12. It has been given me to have that form of self-denial by which I acquiesce in God's will, when it might deprive me of privilege and withhold me from doing desirable things.

13. Joy in having others instead of myself employed and blessed.

14. Deeper self-annihilation, especially ill this, that I have been made to feel that the trusts committed to us are the Lord's, and not mine. We are only the helpers, if God is pleased to use us; hence, we need not mourn or be displeased at opposition.

15. Clearer understanding of what it is to have Christ in us.

16. Reliance upon the Holy Ghost to give me utterance in preaching the Word. A very special lesson.

17. Greater ability to count it all joy when I fall into divers temptations; so much so as to desire that God would not take them away till all his will was accomplished.

18. Deeper love to the saints.

19. My consecration to Jesus has assumed a deeper and sweeter form. It seems now to be more a consecration into which I am drawn by divine love, and has less of self-resolution in it. It is apparently without effort: rather a repose in Jesus than a purpose to be faithful to him.

20. The same may he said of my faith. It seems to be more clearly and fully a fruit of the Spirit, in which lay own spontaneity joyfully mingles, than a trust that requires effort.

21. God has enabled me to lay aside a spirit of fastidiousness in regard to the utterances and doings of my brethren when I see them to be quite mistaken. If" the blessed Master kindly bears with their mistakes, why should not I?

22. One of the most delightful lessons taught me during the year, was, that I might everywhere be a partaker of the joy of others. This lesson was flashed upon me instantaneously, and with great spiritual power, while enjoying the hospitality of a Christian family in a distant city. The husband and wife were singing together a sweet song of praise as we sat down at the dinner-table. In a moment it was given to me to realize with great power, that I did then enjoy their happiness the same as if it had been my own, and that I might everywhere so enjoy the happiness of others. No words can describe the sweetness of this lesson. It brought me into greater freedom. It delivered me from one of those subtle temptations with which Satan has long influenced me. I had thought, that, if called to frequent and long absences from my home, I might find it a great trial; (referring to his absences in ardent labors as an Evangelist) but, in that flash of a great trial; heaven's light, I saw that the joy of every Christian family wherever I sojourned was my own in the pure oneness of Jesus and his saints. That is, I saw that the Lord Jesus made me to rejoice in others' joy as if it were my own. -- Advocate of Holiness.

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06 -- IN MEMORIAM -- REV. ALFRED COOKMAN, A.M. NOVEMBER 14, 1871

*Written by Rev. George Lansing Taylor, for this work, at the request of the stricken widow.

When he, whose words of balm. these pages bear
Like leaves of Gilead from his fragrant soul,
Asked nay poor muse their pilgrimage to share,
How could she choose but own such sweet control,
And walk with one whose robes shed odors rare,

Like gales from heavenly isles astray in earthly air.

Ah, which heart guessed that love's companion song
Should to a mourner's requiem change ere sung!
That more than brother's friendship knit so strong,
Bound by the dear Christ's work, and proved so long,
Hallowed past words, should thus by death be wrung!--
When heart-strings bleed and break, the lyre should lie unstrung.

O, Cookman, peerless priest of God's full grace,
Salvation's depths anointed to unfold,
I see thy calm, illumined, heaven-lit face
Beam the same radiance it diffused of old,
When, where redemption's holiest bliss was told,
God's children thronged, entranced, while glory filled the place.

I see thee stand 'midst Nature's Gothic aisles
And fretted vaults of high-embowering green:
A sea of faces, swept by tears and smiles
Like rain and sunshine, fills the sylvan scene;
And from thy lips, o'er thousands thrilled the whiles,
Love's dying anguish breathes, the wailing hymns between.

Thine was the work to preach the "all-cleansing blood,"
With matchless sweetness and persuasive power,
And lead God's children to that crimson flood;
To bid faith grasp the soul's divinest dower,
As he of old, who in one awful hour
Prayed, trusted, joyed, and rose to Paradise and God.

Hail glorious theme! What mortal tongue can tell
The Love omnipotent that died for me!
What seraph strains the victory can swell
That saves lost millions! saves eternally!
Redeems from sin and shame, from death and hell!
And wafts the blood-washed soul, with God in heaven to dwell!

Thrice happy he, who, honored to proclaim
This heavenly message, honors his own call
With holy life, and loving zeal for all;
Who knows no high nor low, no great nor small,
But like God's Son, to save all men who came,
Fears none, but burns toward all with love's celestial flame.

And such wert thou, by thousands loved and wept,
Pure, noble, good, Christ's minister complete.

Thy spotless soul from earthly soul was kept,
Thy lamp gleamed bright, while careless watchers slept,
Till through heaven's gates thy white-robed spirit swept,
And lo, the Bridegroom's smile changed death to marriage sweet!

Blest Saint, Farewell! on thy fresh grave I fling
This humble chaplet, woven albeit by love.
Torn from my sight on earth, soon, soon above
"We'll meet, when million saints spring up oft wing
To hail the Lord's appearing; then we'll sing
The Lamb's new song with harps that shout from every string.

-- Geo. Lansing Taylor
Hempstead, Long Island
December 27, 1871

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07 -- TESTIMONIES AND INCIDENTS

We give a few more testimonies, where we might give hundreds, from this and every city in the land respecting our brother. True, no mortal is infallible. But our object is to show to all laborers, for the divine glory in them!

"That dominion which the life of one man,
If his life be a truth,
May assert o'er the life of mankind."

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REV. A. LONGACRE

Once again our beloved brother, Alfred Cookman, comes home to Philadelphia. As in the past, after terms of service in other cities, he has always returned hither: so today he comes back to the friends of his early ministry, to the conference he entered when scarcely more than a boy, to the churches which have had his longest and most effective service, to the city of his most constant popularity. He never failed of his welcome here. He does not fail of it today. Were he standing in this place to address you, with what absorbing interest and affection would this great assembly listen to that voice whose music is so familiar. That voice we shall hear no more on earth; but he speaks to us with all the greater eloquence now. Death has not put him to silence. It has only crystallized into finished and perfected utterance the language of his life.

His hold upon us is stronger than it ever was; and for many of us, there will never be any other ministry of good so potent of blessed life and hope, as the strong persuasion of his example, the remembrance of his words, and the drawings of his translated spirit from its rest in the bosom

of God. To do as he taught, to meet him in heaven, will be henceforth among the holiest and best inspirations of our lives.

He was converted in his tenth year, under his father's ministry, at Carlisle. His sorrow for sin was unusually deep for a child. For ten days he was in great distress, going to the altar for prayer night after night. One night when he had gone sadly to bed, his father asked his mother to go to his room to comfort the little fellow. She tells now how she heard him crying, "Oh for faith! for living faith;" showing how well he had been taught the Christian's secret of power.

The year after his conversion, there were gathered at one time in the parsonage forty children who had been brought to Christ mainly through his instrumentality; the beginning of a harvesting of souls that never ceased while he lived. The solemn and mysterious removal of his father, left him at the age of thirteen to become to his mother more a friend and counselor than a son, and to his brothers and infant sister almost a second father. Well indeed he filled the place to them, and his life and character have been their defense and their glory. In such a position he could not fail to mature rapidly; and that early ripening left its indelible impress upon him.

As a young preacher he stepped into an immediate and extensive popularity. His name was a fame at the outset, but he very speedily secured his own deserved place in the church and in the hearts of the people.

He preached as if he loved it, and threw himself fervently into every sort of work for the salvation of souls.

After a few years he was married to the faithful wife who has lived these twenty years in the sunshine of his love and of his fame, and whose loss now we all feel to be too great for words.

Nature gave him, with his hereditary eloquence, rare personal qualifications, a fine presence, a voice of power and of melody, a smile that was more persuasive than many another man's finest periods, and a something which we call "magnetism" in the man himself, which was as irresistible as it is indescribable. His oratory was impassioned. His very soul seemed on fire as he preached, and the rich and ornate diction which was peculiar to him, fell from his lips with burning heat.

Many who heard him but once will never forget the man or his message.

As one instance of his power in the pulpit, I recall a sermon he preached at a camp-meeting in New Jersey, on the text, "Thy will be done." The collection preceded the sermon, and it left the congregation a good deal unsettled. But at the first sound of his voice all were hushed into attention. As he preached, and passed on into the appeal of his discourse, the whole vast throng were bowed in tears. People wept aloud, the preachers crowding the stand, and the passers-by on the edge of the circle. Near me was seated a traveling preacher of the Hicksite Friends. He had been restless at first, but gradually seemed subdued by the power of the preacher, until at the conclusion, he stood up and cried with a loud voice, as if yielding to the constraining influence of the Spirit, " We have heard the gospel preached in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power."

We went to the tables right after the service, but for many minutes those at our table could not eat. We sat looking at one another, and weeping tears that could not be controlled.

People were not only won to love him, they learned to love God. Revivals of religion followed him wherever he went. Long lists of converts mark the period of his ministry in every church he occupied.

It was not in the pulpit that he was most happy. In the easier and less formal service of our social meetings, or at a time of revival, he was, as many of us think, without a rival. His brief expressions in exhortation or on testimony, were finished spiritual gems one wished never to forget; happy conceptions, full of points, clothed in his rich and glowing language, and baptized with the power of the Holy Ghost.

Who can forget his gift of sacred song? his fine taste, and his quick feeling for just what would meet the immediate need of the service?

His prayer was something wonderful. As he looked upward, his face was illumined; the human seemed transfused with the Divine. As he talked almost face to face with God, those who heard him were lifted irresistibly into a sense of actual communion with the King of kings, that had in it an awe, like that which must have fallen on the disciples at the transfiguration, when "they feared as they entered into the cloud."

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 ever had a doubt as to how Alfred Cookman stood on a question of conscience.

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. For a number of years, however, his views were undecided with respect to this doctrine -- entire sanctification -- but about thirteen years ago his conscience was awakened to it again, and he entered into the clear enjoyment 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. Those who heard him two years ago, at the Round-Lake Camp-meeting, can never forget his striking testimony, -- "Alfred Cookman, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

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.

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.

I shall only express a sentiment common to us all when I say that the first thought that came to my mind after the shock of the message of his death was this, "I must be better." Have we not all felt so? We must be better, We must be holy. We cannot be like him; we cannot hope to fill his place or to do his work; but we can do our own work better for having known and loved him. Let his memory be for us what he was himself in life, a charm and a power to bring us nearer to Jesus. Let him be for us, even in death, still the beloved and eloquent messenger of Christ: for surely of all men who have lived and died we may say of him, "Living or dying he is the Lord's."

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BROTHER SCOTT (Baptist)

I remember the little room in which this meeting was first held. It was a most precious place. I felt an impulse to get up and testify for Jesus, but, being a stranger, hesitated. At length I rose; and as I did so I caught a glimpse of Bro. Cookman's face, and read a welcome there. I did not know he knew me: but he said, " God bless Bro. Scott;" and at once I felt at home. It was one of God's welcomes; it came from the heart and went to the heart. I have been strengthened in the inner man by the expressions of his lips. I loved him. I shall never forget the picture I saw at Vineland: it was under the arbor at a meeting, and Bro. Cookman led in prayer. He was on his knees with his hands raised, asking God for blessings. 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.

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DR. LEVY (Baptist)

I can think of but one subject -- Bro. Cookman, and his Saviour. I feel that I have wept all the tears I had since last Tuesday. I think there are none here who loved him more, or knew him longer. I played with him in the garret of a class-leader when we were boys together. After he received this precious grace I was not so intimate with him; I was not in sympathy with it, and felt an awe in his presence that kept me off. Not that he manifested any feeling of superiority; but I

knew he was a man of God, and, while I admired him more, I felt there was a great gulf between us. When God revealed to me this same doctrine, when my soul entered the same rest, I heard he was in the city, and came. to his brother's early in the morning to find him. He was not there, and I went to the Book Room. When he came in, and I told him what God had done for me, tears flowed, and he praised God aloud. I wanted him to preach for me that night; he had made an engagement to spend the evening with a few friends as he was to leave the city next day, but he said he would go. I had no time to announce it, but had posters printed and put in the store windows, and there was a crowd to hear him. I shall never forget that sermon, -- "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly," &c. And that prayer! He told God we had often consecrated ourselves, but we wanted to consecrate anew then, as never before. He then repeated those beautiful words,--

"Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender;
Every power and thought be thine.
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine."

We felt the mighty power of grace. I met him the next day, and went with him to the cars; that was a sweet half-hour. He told me his experience, and said "he owed more to his mother than any one else. After he joined the conference she sent for him; he went to her room; she put her arms around him and said, 'Alfred, if you want to be a useful minister you must be a holy one.' They knelt in prayer, and she wrestled with God for his richest blessings on her son." At Round Lake we renewed our sweet intercourse, and that second Sunday after the meeting I preached for him. And how he prayed for me, that God would show me richer things! What a heart he had. I bless God that I knew him. I told him when I lived in Newark I was afraid he would come and settle near me; but now I wanted him to come back to Philadelphia, for I needed his advice and prayers. But God has taken him home. We have all wept, but not for him. Jesus meets every condition in life; He was at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, and at the grave of Lazarus, weeping. As a sister said, " Those who do their work best get home soonest;" I do want my work well done. I feel that I must be better, -- holier. We shall see him again. Christians never part to meet no more.

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BROTHER _____

I had a personal acquaintance with Bro. Cookman; while I am } grieved at his death, it has led me nearer my Saviour. I have been sorrowful ever since; but I have been sinking into the will of God, and have higher aspirations for holiness than ever before. I felt a peculiar interest in the welfare of Bro. Cookman, and am glad of our intimacy. I knew from his communications to me, that every victory was through the blood of the Lamb. He had temptations, especially in the work of the ministry. Satan led him into the wilderness and tempted him as he did his Master with the riches and honors of the world; but he gained the victory. I would not take all the world can give for the comfort derived from his testimony of victory. I am glad he made it. I have been more given up than ever before. The blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin. I feel its efficacy now. I have the prospect of meeting him before the throne.

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DR. WALLACE

Editor of the Home Journal, Philadelphia

I thought I should shrink from bearing our brother to the tomb, but felt a thrill of triumph as we lowered him in the grave, because his seraphic spirit was not there. He sleeps on the west brow of the hill, overlooking the river; but he will wake again. He lives, and will live. I was one of the four or five who composed the first Friday meeting; it increased until it was transferred here. His genial, blessed spirit gave sweet tone and temper to the meeting; but he would say, "greater the glory, honor, and praise, not to me, but sing 'Glory to the Lamb!'" Our intimacy was tender and sweet. Under the canopy of an oak-tree we consecrated ourselves to God, and the Christian ministry. We were united and endeared in life, and today. I magnify the grace of God in Him.

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MRS. PHOEBE PALMER, in the Guide

As his noble form, prostrate in death, was being gazed upon by hundreds of weeping friends, I almost involuntarily exclaimed, "How mysterious!"

His brother, Rev. John Cookman, standing by said, "Yes, it is DARK!"

I replied, " O no! not DARK! it is LIGHT!"

"Yes!" John said, "Light on the other side, but dark on this side!"

Our dear brother, in his oft attendance at the Tuesday afternoon meeting in years past, when stationed in New York -- or, in fact, wherever stationed, he came as often as possible -- would so frequently, when giving in his testimony for Jesus, point to the large life-like portrait of Bishop Hamline and exclaim, " There is the likeness of the beloved sainted man, who, with his dear wife, were instrumental in leading me to the cleansing fountain."

Many will remember the mystery that shrouds the past, in regard to the manner in which his revered father passed away. That father was buried in the ocean, and of his grave no man knoweth. In a dream, or vision, Alfred saw his father, and a brother, and his dear son recently deceased, among the glorified. They were all beautifully robed in white, and joyfully welcomed him to the bliss of paradise. His father threw his arms around his neck and said -- "Alfred, my son, welcome! an abundant entrance through the blood of the Lamb!" The next one he met was his precious brother George, and while they were locked in each other's arms, he said, "My cherished brother Alfred, welcome! through the blood of the Lamb!" The next was his much-loved son, Bruner, who said, "My dear, dear Pa -- welcome to heaven! -- an abundant entrance through the blood of the Lamb!"

Among the themes of his greatest rejoicing were, that he had been ennobled so openly to stand forth among Christ's holy confessors, as identified with the cause of holiness. To the last, he most exultantly testified again and again, "THE BLOOD OF JESUS CLEANSETH ME FROM ALL SIN."

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THE END