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SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES

**A compilation of material about the Life, Christian Experience,
And Dying Testimony, of Alfred Cookman -- by Duane V. Maxey**

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THE AIMS OF THIS PUBLICATION

The two aims of this publication are: (a) to present evidence about Alfred Cookman's dying testimony -- whether it was, or was not, precisely as it was widely reported to be: "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb," and (b) to present material about Alfred Cookman's life and triumphant passing other than that found in his biography which is already a part of the HDM Digital Library.

Several weeks ago, I wrote and compiled a digital article entitled: "The Dying Testimony Alfred Cookman Never Uttered," presenting the conclusion that it was unlikely that the precise words of his dying testimony were what they had been widely reported to be. This conclusion was based mostly on the comments of Henry B. Ridgaway, author of Alfred Cookman's biography, "The Life of Alfred Cookman," hdm0602, published by Harper Brothers in 1875. Ridgaway's account of Cookman's passing and his final utterance does not include the words, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb," and in a footnote Ridgaway stated his doubt about the authenticity of those words.

Thus far, I have not read any other account published later than that of Henry B. Ridgaway's account published in 1875, and since Ridgaway was a close friend of the Cookman family, and may have received "the final word" on the matter from Cookman's wife or some family member, it still appears that Cookman's dying testimony may not have been precisely, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." However, information and material that I received from Dr. Kenneth Brown after I wrote "The Dying Testimony Alfred Cookman Never Uttered" gives rather convincing evidence that these were indeed Alfred Cookman's last words.

In Part 1 of this publication, I will present again much of the material contained in my first article, "The Dying Testimony Alfred Cookman Never Uttered," and in Part 2 I will present material that I received later from Dr. Brown, some of it presenting facts about Cookman's life, and one small article presenting information that greatly lends credence to the authenticity of the words widely reported to be Alfred Cookman's dying testimony. I have both omitted portions of "The Dying Testimony Alfred Cookman Never Uttered" and I have edited portions thereof to adapt them to this more balanced presentation of the subject.

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PART 1

Taken From My Earlier Article:

THE DYING TESTIMONY ALFRED COOKMAN NEVER UTTERED By DVM

None can read the biography of Alfred Cookman without being deeply impressed with the great depth of his piety. We might call him the American John Fletcher, with no injustice to that saintly man. They walked in similar spiritual realms of holiness and oneness with Christ, and both exuded a spiritual fragrance that clearly told of their exceeding nearness to God. And, Alfred Cookman died as he lived -- in holy triumph. His death-bed testimonies left no doubt as to his heavenly destination beyond the veil, and it is not questioned that he did utter some of the words on his death-bed of those words widely said to be his dying testimony. However, his precise dying testimony may not have been: "I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES, WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB." This seems particularly surprising when one sees how often this testimony has been attributed to Alfred Cookman, and how fondly and how frequently words of this supposed testimony have been echoed by God's saints.

* * *

EVIDENCE INDICATING THAT THE QUOTATION WAS INACCURATE

"The Life of Alfred Cookman" by Henry B. Ridgaway, hdm0602, was published by Harper Brothers in 1875. During more than 120 years since that time -- holiness writer, after holiness writer, after holiness writer, has stated that Alfred Cookman's dying testimony included the statement: "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." However, in a footnote, Ridgaway, his biographer, wrote: "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.'"

* * *

THE POPULAR VERSION OF ALFRED COOKMAN'S DYING TESTIMONY WAS OFTEN QUOTED BY THOSE IN THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT

Bishop R. S. Foster, who wrote the Introduction to Ridgaway's biography of Cookman, writer after writer, after writer was either unaware of Ridgaway's remark, or for some reason disregarded it. Foster concluded his Introduction with these words:

"He [Alfred Cookman] lived 'the higher life,' even more than he preached it. His sweet, gentle, and holy walk was both more eloquent and convincing than his most impassioned discourses. His dying words -- fitting culmination to his sacred life -- will echo in Christian song down the centuries: 'Sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!' -- R. S. Foster, Madison N.J., July, 1873"

It would appear from Ridgaway's statements, that he did not think Bishop Foster's quotation of Cookman's dying testimony was accurate, but he opted to leave the bishop's quotation in the Introduction nonetheless. Also, down through the decades since Alfred Cookman's death, many other writers have quoted the popular version of his dying testimony.

Using the fine search utility included with our HDM CD, "Search & Replace," I ran searches on words that would locate this popular quotation, or parts thereof. Immediately following are references to it located on our CD. At the beginning of each, I have typed in caps the name of the person who repeated the quotation; then follows the reference on the CD, and finally comes the brief portion wherein is found the quotation:

1. JOHN S. INSKIP -- D:\HDMASCII\M-FOLDER\MULTAUTH\HDM0325.tex -- Cookman's last utterances combined, form the grand sentiment that has been reverberating over the country, "I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

2. J. A. WOOD -- D:\HDMASCII\W-FOLDER\Wood-ja\HDM0181.tex -- Alfred Cookman was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a son of the lamented George B. Cookman, and was one of the purest and most lovely Christians of this century. He was led into this experience by Bishop Hamline, and perfect love became the joy and theme of his life. For years he preached and professed it, and died in holy triumph, exclaiming: "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb." Bishop Foster said at his funeral: "The most sacred man I have ever known, is he who is enshrined in that casket."

3. BEVERLY CARRADINE -- D:\HDMASCII\C-FOLDER\CARRA-BE\HDM0054.tex -- Thus went into glory one of the Northern Methodist preachers, [Possibly, if not probably, referring to Cookman] who said exultantly with his dying breath: "I am sweeping through the gates."

4. G. A. MCLAUGHLIN -- D:\HDMASCII\Y-FOLDER\Yates-wb\HDM0773.tex -- Whenever one thinks of Cookman we see him on his glorious death bed as he shouted, "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."

5. J. B. CHAPMAN -- D:\HDMASCII\C-FOLDER\CHAPM-JB\HDM0071.tex -- Cookman died testifying, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

6. J. M. HAMES -- D:\HDMASCII\H-FOLDER\HAMES-JM\HDM0312.tex -- Cookman said: "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."

7. E. A. BURLISON -- D:\HDMASCII\S-FOLDER\SHAW-SB\HDM0372.tex -- Brother Cookman shouted, "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."

8. H. ORTON WILEY -- D:\HDMASCII\W-FOLDER\Wiley-ho\HDM0633.tex -- The saintly Alfred Cookman cried out: "Oh, I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

9. C. E. ROWLEY -- D:\HDMASCII\R-FOLDER\Rowle-ce\HDM0672.tex -- ...Alfred Cookman "sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

In addition to those who have directly stated the quotation as part of Alfred Cookman's dying testimony, apparently numbers of others across the decades have re-uttered all or parts of the reported testimony, in reference to either themselves or others. Such, found in the HDM Library include: Sheridan Baker in hdm0317 -- P. F. Bresee in 0192, Beverly Carradine in hdm0049 -- Thomas Cook in hdm0410 -- C. T. Corbett in hdm0447 -- C. M. Damon in hdm0284 -- H. A. Erdman in hdm0400 -- Ozzie P. Fitzgerald in hdm0699 -- E. A. Girvin in hdm0091 -- W. B. Godbey in hdm0647 -- A. M. Hills in hdm0099 and in hdm0384 -- Andrew Johnson in hdm0142 -- Forman Lincicome in hdm0516 and in hdm0521 -- M. W. Knapp in hdm0114 -- Asbury Lowrey in hdm0119 and in hdm0325 -- Lela McConnell in hdm0130 -- Basil Miller in hdm0626 -- Seth Rees in hdm0547 and in hdm0784 -- Bud Robinson in hdm0150, hdm0151, hdm0655, and in hdm0784 -- T. P. Roberts in hdm0475 -- C. W. Ruth in hdm0278 and in hdm0285 -- W. E. Shepard in hdm0707 -- Joseph H. Smith in hdm0297 -- E. L. Thompson in hdm0412 -- L. Milton Williams in hdm0308 -- and W. H. Withrow in hdm0688.

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SOME OF WHAT ALFRED COOKMAN DID SAY ON HIS DEATH-BED

Those who wish to read more about Alfred Cookman's triumphant passing may do so, if they have the HDM CD, by opening hdm0602. The following material, taken from Ridgaway's biography of Cookman will reveal some of what Cookman unquestionably did say on his death-bed.

"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 everything 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.'"

So, -- on his death-bed, unquestionably, Alfred Cookman DID SAY: "remember my testimony -- WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB!" and he DID SAY that he had "BEEN ALL DAY LONG SWEEPING CLOSE BY THE GATES OF DEATH."

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RIDGAWAY'S APPARENT UNCONCERN ABOUT THE PRECISE ACCURACY OF ALFRED COOKMAN'S DYING TESTIMONY

In Ridgaway's book, coming directly after the portion quoted above, the biographer wrote of Cookman: "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."

Though he doubted its authenticity, Ridgaway apparently was not concerned about the furthering of the popular version of Cookman's dying testimony. He titled the chapter dealing with Cookman's death: "THE LAST HOURS -- SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES." And, he ends his biography of Alfred Cookman with these words:

"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."

* * *

RIDGAWAY'S DOUBT ABOUT THE ACCURACY OF THE POPULAR VERSION

The full text of footnote in Ridgaway's book seems to sum up his opinion about the inaccuracy of the popular version of Cookman's dying testimony. Here it is entirely: "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."

Regarding Henry B. Ridgaway, Cookman's biographer, Bishop R. S. Foster, in the Introduction of the book wrote: "The work of delineating his [Cookman's] character and reciting the story of his life is done in the following pages. Dr. Ridgaway, the life-long friend, not more qualified by close intimacies than by the rare and peculiar qualities of his own mind, has left nothing to be added or desired."

Thus, as someone who was long-time friend of Alfred Cookman, who may have conferred with Cookman's wife and family as to the precise words of Cookman's dying testimony, one might conclude that Ridgaway's version of the dying testimony must be the correct one -- particularly if

the information he received from Mrs. Cookman and others was a corrected version of earlier accounts. However, quite the opposite may be true.

The second part of this publication will present material about Alfred Cookman that I received from Dr. Kenneth Brown subsequent to my writing "The Dying Testimony That Alfred Cookman Never Uttered." Therein is found a little item from the February, 1872 issue of the "Advocate of Christian Holiness" that may clinch in the reader's mind the persuasion that dying utterance of Alfred Cookman really was: "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Actually, it matters little whether this was or was not his final utterance. The fact that he was gloriously triumphant as he made the crossing is the paramount fact in his passing. It is hoped that in addition to the full-length biography of Alfred Cookman, the following material about the life, Christian experience, dying testimony, and death of this godly man will be a blessing to all who read it.

* * * * *

PART 2

An Article from the December, 1871
ADVOCATE OF CHRISTIAN HOLINESS

Entitled:
REV. ALFRED COOKMAN
By the Editor [William McDonald]

[In this article written shortly after Alfred Cookman's death, William McDonald quotes the widely repeated, "popular" version of Cookman's dying testimony.]

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These were the last earthly utterances of our dear, brother, Rev. Alfred Cookman, who ceased to work and live, Nov. 13, after a painful illness of three weeks.

This sad event comes upon us so unexpectedly, and with such crushing weight, that we are quite disqualified to write calmly upon the subject.

Alfred Cookman dead! Are we no more to see that face, beaming with heavenly sweetness? Are we to hear that voice -- smooth and trumpet-toned -- no more, ringing out the exhortation, "Be ye holy," and "Be filled with the Spirit"? Are we no more to hear those earnest pleadings at the mercy-seat, lifting our souls to heaven? Are we never again to feel the warm grasp of that hand, and that affectionate embrace which always told of a brother's tenderest love? No. Alfred Cookman will be with us in the flesh no more. We shall greet him no more this side the golden gates for he has swept through them, "washed in the blood of time Lamb." He made a safe passage, and has received an abundant entrance.

Of our dear brother it may be said, 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. He will ever live in our memory and be enshrined in our affections as a jewel of heavenly brilliancy, as a brother doubly beloved for Christ's sake. His sun fell full-orbed from meridian heights without waning, and thus rendered all the more glorious by the fall.

His relations to the doctrine and experience of holiness made him a marked man. He was one of the most consistent examples of the doctrine and experience of perfect love to be found in any church or any age.

He was favored with a clear and satisfactory experience. Converted at the age of ten, under the labors of his sainted father, and called to the active work of the ministry at the age of eighteen, his whole life was given to Christ and his church.

On his first circuit under the labors of bishop and Mrs. Hamline, he entered into the enjoyment of heart purity. This was of short duration; for while attending his first conference, eight weeks later, by yielding to foolish story-telling and joking, he lost the golden treasure and for more than twelve years he lived in doubt and comparative darkness upon the subject. But, pressed with spiritual needs, he again renewed his consecration to God, and by simple faith in Jesus became a happy partaker of the lost grace.

Since that joyful hour he has never failed to testify to small and great that Jesus was not only able to save, but 'saved him' to the uttermost. His testimony two years ago at Round Lake is an example. He said, "My testimony is this: Alfred Cookman washed the blood of the Lamb."

He was an able and fearless advocate of the doctrine of Christian holiness. Though constitutionally cautious, almost, as some fancy, to a fault, yet wherever principle and conscience were involved, he was fearless for the right.

When the subject of holiness was unpopular in popular churches, and in many instances opposed by those who had vowed to seek and defend it, and ignored by many, perhaps on the score of policy; and when to take a bold stand on the subject was to render a pastorate in some churches very doubtful, -- Alfred Cookman took the responsibility, and raised the standard high in the eyes of all the people.

His connection with the National Camp-meeting movement he often mentioned as among the greatest honors of his life. He has been present at every National Camp-meeting yet held. His whole soul was in the movement. The brethren of the Association will remember with what earnestness, at our last meeting, a little more than a month ago, he urged the holding of six National Camp-meetings for the coming year. He was persuaded that the seal of God was upon the movement, and that the brethren were being pressed out into wider fields of usefulness.

It now appears that God was preparing our dear brother for an early discharge. At none of our camp-meetings did God more signally own his labor than at Urbana. His appeals to the people, to "be holy," and "be filled with the Spirit," were overwhelming. Though in feeble health, he

seemed divinely inspired. This was his last National Camp-meeting message. But many will rise up on earth and in heaven and call him blessed for the words that fell from his lips on that occasion.

How ought such a man to die? Just as he died; more nearly resembling a translation than a death. We had the inexpressible pleasure of being with him on the last Sabbath of his earthly life. That was a Sabbath never to be forgotten. There were no regrets that he had been so publicly identified with the holiness movement, but an expression of gratitude to God for having so greatly honored him. To his sister he said, "I have tried to lift up the banner of holiness; and now the sweet will of God is mine."

To the writer he said, "I have tried to preach holiness; I have honestly declared it, and oh! what a comfort it is to me now." "I have no regrets now," he said, "that I have stood up for the right, though sometimes nearly alone." Again he said, "I have been true to holiness; and now Jesus saves me, saves me fully." "I am washed and made clean."

The last Sabbath that he was permitted to occupy the pulpit, 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.'" Passing from the pulpit, he handed the leaf to a lady, saying, "I feel that the text and the preacher are very much alike."

To a brother he said, on that last Sabbath, "This may be my last testimony, but I must preach, holiness."

He left his pulpit for his chamber, where he lingered for three weeks, suffering all that the mortal could well endure. But during every hour of that time, while his very breath was turned to moans, and anguish throbbed in almost every vein, he was filled with a glory like that which beamed from the face of Stephen. In the midst of his severest paroxysms of suffering he praised God with joyful lip. He remarked to the writer, "If Jesus should enter my room and ask, 'Will you have life or death?' I would say, 'Blessed Jesus, I have no choice, do as it pleases thee.' Oh, I am so sweetly washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

To his aged mother he said, "To you, my dear mother, more than to any other one, save the Lord Jesus, am I indebted for all that I am. Your words, your prayers, your holy example, your counsels, have done more than anything else to make me all that I am as a Christian, and a Christian minister." On Monday, the 13th of November, his symptoms became more alarming. And yet very little doubt was entertained by his friends of his recovery. But about eight o'clock in the evening, by the rupture of a blood vessel in the head, he became unconscious, in which state he continued until midnight, when the wheels of life stood still, and the mortal career of Alfred Cookman was ended.

Just before the loss of consciousness, feeling that he was nearing the gates of the Golden City, and that the chariot was moving with more than mortal swiftness, he exclaimed, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These were his last words, on earth, -- words which will be repeated by the lovers of Jesus so long as the blood cleanses.

The funeral was attended Thursday, the 16th ult., [of last month] at the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Newark, of which Brother Cookman was pastor, by an immense concourse of people; every available spot in the church being filled with sorrowing souls. Large numbers went from New York and other places to take a last look at the mortal remains of the man of God.

After the reading of the Scriptures, and singing, prayer was offered by Rev. J. S. Porter, D.D. Bishop Simpson then delivered a most touching address. He remarked that he had been intimately acquainted with Bro. Cookman for many years; and that during all the time he had known him, he had 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. The closing remarks were by the writer; and were intended to set forth, Bro. Cookman's relation to the doctrine and experience of holiness.

The remains were immediately removed to Philadelphia; where, on the following day, Friday, 17th., at 10, A.M., memorial services were held in the Union M. E. Church, of which he had been pastor. [There is more to this article, but I did not receive a copy of the remainder. -- DVM]

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From the January, 1872 Issue of the
Advocate of Christian Holiness

TRIBUTE TO THE REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.
By Mary D. James

Our Zion mourns today, and tears fall fast
From stricken hearts. A prince in Israel --
Beloved -- hath fallen! -- Hath fallen? Nay: called
Up higher, to fill a nobler sphere.

"The Lord
Had need of him." Shall we repine?
Why wonder that he called him home at noon?
For had not then his full day's work been done?
From early morn he toiled, and gathered sheaves, --
More sheaves had garnered when he left the field
Than many a laborer gathers in a day!
So earnest in his work of winning souls!
His love was such a burning flame,
That Jesus wanted him to shine above;
And, longing for companionship more close
With one so dear, took him the earlier home.

So precious to the Son of God, he seemed,
As the loved John, to lean upon his breast;
For did we not behold the rays divine,
Outbeaming, oft reflected in his face?
And said to one another, "How he bears
The image of the Heavenly!"

His words --
Such glowing words! -- from hallowed lips,
Touched with the altar-fire, made "our hearts burn
Within us." But the human we forgot;
For he had hidden himself behind his Lord!
"We saw no man, save Jesus only," there.

'Twas love -- 'twas holy love -- his eloquence
That charmed, -- a melting stream outflowing from
A melted heart; as water from a living spring
Flows ever sweet and pure.

His source of power,
The "indwelling Holy Ghost," that moved and thrilled,
And won.

His theme, the "cleansing Blood," --
The "open Fountain" for polluted souls.
And how they came and washed, and were made clean!

His spirit, how serenely beautiful!
So gentle, kind, and meek; "Clothed with humility."
How like the Blessed One of whom he learned!

His life as a grand river, broad and deep;
Its silvery waters flowing swiftly on
In ministry of love, bearing rich freightage
On its tide to bless the world.

Glorious in triumph was his exit from
Our shores, and his "abundant entrance"
To the port of bliss, as echoed back
His notes of victory:--

"I'm sweeping through
The gates washed in the blood
Of the Lamb!"

Most precious theme! -- in life,

In death, -- the Blood, the cleansing Blood!

Amid our tears, we join his victor song,
And one in spirit still, we're singing
"Glory to the Lamb!"

* * * * *

From the February, 1872 Issue of the
Advocate of Christian Holiness

REV. ALFRED COOKMAN
By M. B.

"Gather up the fragments ... that nothing be lost."

* * *

"While with us the living are often the dead,
A volume we treasure, sometime to be read;
But once in the grave, oh, the magic of pain!
They arise, they are living, and with us remain."

* * *

"There must be an absence before we can find
There has been among us a beautiful mind."

* * *

And yet this is hardly true of Alfred Cookman. We felt, while he was with us, he was beautiful. And yet, now that he has gone, now that the picture is set a little from us, we see all the beauty; and words that he spake unto us while yet with us are more precious than ever, now that we shall hear his voice no more. We do well to gather up the words of wisdom, more precious than gold, which he gave us from time to time. Thank God, he did not wait till death to give away that which would enrich others. Beautiful as his dying testimony was, how many of those who loved him are dwelling in words he spake, prayers he uttered, songs he sang, that are vibrating through our hearts, and making us to cry out, "Oh for his love to the Lord Jesus!"

While some will wish to inherit one or more of the many gifts that grace bestowed on him, we find ourselves gazing wishfully at his all-absorbing love to Jesus. There are books and hymns that have a sacredness about them now that he has gone, that make the tears start at the very remembrance of them, -- the sweet verses, embodying many of the words of Rutherford, that we remember he told us to get, on our way home from the blessed Friday afternoon meeting for the promotion of holiness, held in his church in 34th Street, when he was in New York. Ah, today he is

in "Immanuel's land!" We often thought while listening to his voice, that is now thrilling through heaven, of the lines we once heard him repeat:--

"The bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear bridegroom's face.
I will not gaze at glory,
But at my King of grace;

Not at the crown he giveth,
lint on his pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land!"

Oh for more such lovers of Jesus! One circumstance in his life, that he related to us when visiting at the house of a friend, made an indelible impression on our mind. We were walking the piazza together; and as we passed two distinguished ministers, guests, who were of the party, one of them was smoking. Mr. Cookman remarked after we passed, I can understand how that brother enjoys that cigar. I used to enjoy it as he does." -- "Why, Mr. Cookman! did you ever indulge in that way?" -- "Yes," he replied; "and it was an indulgence. I was very fond of it, especially after the day's work was over. It was so quieting to my nervous system to rest in my easy chair, with my cigar for my companion. And I gave it up for Jesus' sake!" he remarked, with that sweet, holy smile which we who knew him will never forget. "I remember, I told Jesus how soothing to me this delicate narcotic was; and that it had occurred to me that it was a doubtful indulgence. And yet I did not know but I needed it." And never shall we forget the solemnity and sweetness with which he said, "Jesus told me in that hour, he would supply all my need; that he would soothe me and quiet me, and rest me after my labor. And I gave up the indulgence that hour. And since that time, never can I tell what Jesus has been to me, as I have sat in my arm chair to rest, when wearied and alone, with him. He has been my rest." And now he is gone from us! Has he? Is he not ours yet? Did he not, when writing to us, close his letters with, -- "Yours in and for Jesus"? And is he not ours still, in and for Christ? Do we not love to sing more than ever now, --

"One army of the living God,
To his command we bow
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now"?

Thank God he so nobly fought and conquered.'
'They wrought in faith,' and not,
'They wrought in doubt,'
Is the proud epitaph inscribed above
Our glorious dead, who in their grandeur lie,
Crowned with the garland of eternity.
Because they did believe, and conquered doubt,
They lived great lives, and did their deathless deeds."

* * * * *

[Below is the little item that may convince most readers that the popular, widely quoted, version of Alfred Cookman's dying testimony is the right one -- a published item wherein Mrs. Annie Cookman, Alfred Cookman's wife, verified the correctness of the popular version of the dying testimony.]

* * *

From the February, 1872 Issue of the
Advocate of Christian Holiness

REV. ALFRED COOKMAN
"Correction" Corrected
[Presumably by William McDonald, Editor]

We were informed by a member of the family, and by Rev. Andrew Longacre, that the last words of Bro. Cookman were as we stated in the last "Advocate," and not as we had formerly given them. Believing that the representations were correct, we made the correction. We are now informed, on the authority of Sister Cookman, that the first representation is correct. We therefore take great pleasure in correcting our correction. The words, as now reported to us by a member of the family, are as follows:

He said, "Everything is so quiet and peaceful. All is well. Jesus is coming closer and closer. I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Writing to Dr. Briggs, of Cincinnati, Oct. 13, in reply to an invitation from the doctor to assist in a meeting which we have just held in his church, Bro. Cookman said, "I am humbly trusting for a home victory during the month, of November." Just one month later, Nov. 13, the "home victory" came, as above described. In the same letter he says, "I am wonderfully enjoying my home in the heart of the Lord Jesus. My life, as I humbly trust, is hid with Christ in God. This locates me at the secret source of every blessed thing."

* * * * *

IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER, BUT....

It doesn't really matter what the exact words of Alfred Cookman's dying testimony were. All who esteemed him highly were no doubt convinced that he died in great triumph, "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and that when the saints enter the New Jerusalem he will be among them, "sweeping through the gates." However, if you are one who would like to reach a conclusion about the matter, I offer the following observations:

The above confirmation of the correctness of the popular version of Alfred Cookman's dying testimony by none other than Annie Cookman, his wife, would seem to be the "final word" on the matter. However, we are still left with this question: Since Mrs. Cookman's confirmation of the popular version was given in 1872, -- how was it that Henry B. Ridgeway's biography of

Cookman, published in 1875, did not re-state that confirmation? Several explanations seem plausible: (a) That portion of Ridgaway's biography dealing with Cookman's passing was written before Annie Cookman confirmed the correctness of the first version of his dying testimony, and for whatever reason Ridgaway did not alter the text to reflect that information; or (b) Ridgaway wrote his account after hearing of Annie Cookman's confirmation of the first version of her husband's dying testimony, but that knowledge came too late, after the book had gone to press; or finally, (c) Annie Cookman, when questioned later about the matter by Ridgaway was not so sure that she had heard her husband utter those words, and after reflecting on the matter decided that she might not have heard him say those words, but had merely thought that was what he said.

Another family member had affirmed to Andrew Longacre that the popular version of Cookman's testimony was not precisely accurate, and acting on that information, the "Advocate of Christian Holiness" had, after publishing the popular version, published a correction -- based on that information from one of Cookman's family members. Perhaps before Ridgaway conferred with Mrs. Cookman, she had, through reflection and discussion with that other family member, come to the conclusion that she did not actually hear her husband utter those words, or that she might not have heard him thus speak, -- and, as a result Ridgaway's 1875 account stated: "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.'"

Again, however, it is altogether unimportant whether one arrives at this or that opinion regarding Alfred Cookman's dying words. Still, it is hoped that in the presentation of the material in this file about this zealous holiness leader, the readers will be encouraged to read his full-length biography, hdm0602, and that the additional information about him in this file about him will be a blessing.

Following are several more items regarding Alfred Cookman that I also received from Dr. Kenneth Brown. Please read on...

* * * * *

An Article from the July, 1872
ADVOCATE OF CHRISTIAN HOLINESS

Entitled:
REV. ALFRED COOKMAN
By Rev. William McDonald

[This article really adds nothing regarding the question of the authenticity of the popular version of Alfred Cookman's dying testimony, but it does contain a good sketch of his life, Christian experience, and death. -- DVM]

With no name has there been associated so many thoughts of holiness, triumph, and heaven, for the last six months, as with the name of Rev. Alfred Cookman. The last words which fell from his lips, ere he "swept through the gates," have thrilled the hearts of thousands of God's struggling saints, who, in their conflicts with sin and the world, have been inspired with a hope that they, too,

may be "washed in the blood of the Lamb." Of him it may be said, that his dying triumphs accomplished more than his living labors. In the latter, he reached comparatively few; in the former, the whole Church felt a holy, heavenly impulse. Such a triumph, however, could only come of a holy life, -- such a life as was his pre-eminently. To die as he died is far better than to live, as is the case with many, long after their usefulness is ended. His life ended like a sun falling from the heavens in all the glory and splendor of its mid-day shining; while others may gain a few hours by uncommon care, too often to decline and set in shadows. The longest life is not always the most fruitful of good. Thomas Walsh and David Brainerd and Henry Kirke White and John Summerfield and James Brainerd Taylor are all examples in point.

It is not our purpose to write a life of our departed brother: that is being done, and in due time will be given to the public. We shall confine ourselves chiefly to the relation which he sustained to the subject of holiness, with such connecting links as may be necessary to make the account somewhat complete.

Rev. Alfred Cookman was born in Columbia, Pennsylvania, January, 1828, and was the eldest of six children, five sons and one daughter. His father, Rev. George G. Cookman, was for some years a popular and successful minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Few men have attained a wider or more deserved reputation as a pulpit orator. He embarked for England, his native land, on board the steamship "President," March 10, 1841, and was never heard of after. No one of that precious cargo of human souls was left to tell the sad story of their end.

Alfred was converted at the age of ten years, under the labors of his honored father. Of that change he says, "Oh! I shall never forget the 12th of February, 1838, the birthday of my eternal life." He at once united with the church of which his father was pastor; and among the rules which he laid down for the conduct of his religious life, and to which he says he rigidly adhered, was, "always to attend classmeetings." To a strict observance of this rule he attributed the fact of his having always retained his place in the church of God.

It was early evident that God had called him to occupy the place vacated by his sainted father. Pressed with this conviction, at the early age of eighteen he quitted his happy home to enter upon the work to which he felt himself divinely called. As he was leaving the parental roof, his godly mother, who still survives to mourn his loss, said to him, "My son, if you would be supremely happy, or extensively useful in your ministry, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus." This remark, from one whom he so ardently loved, produced, he says, "the profoundest impression upon his mind and heart," and followed him like a good angel as he moved to and fro in his first field of ministerial labor, -- the Attleborough Circuit, Philadelphia Conference. "Frequently," he says, "I felt to yield myself to God, and pray for the grace of an entire sanctification; but then the experience would lift itself in my view as a mountain of glory, and I would say, 'It is not for me. I could not possibly scale that shining summit; and if I might, my besetments and trials are such, I could not successfully maintain so lofty a position.'"

A neat church having been created at Newtown, one of the principal appointments on the circuit, the services of that holy man of God, Bishop Hamline, were secured to dedicate the same. After the dedication, the bishop and his devoted remained for some days, the bishop preaching frequently, and always with an unction which greatly moved the heart of Bro. Cookman. They took

occasion also to converse with him on his religious experience, and urge him to seek the higher Christian life. Of the sainted Hamline he says, "His gentle and yet dignified bearing, devotional spirit, beautiful Christian example, unctuous manner, divinely-illuminated face, apostolic labors, and fatherly counsels, made the profoundest impression on my mind and heart. I heard him as one sent from God. His influence, so hallowed and blessed, has not only remained with me ever since, but even seems to increase as I pass along in my sublunary pilgrimage."

At the close of an afternoon sermon, in which the bishop urged the people to seize the present opportunity to do what they, as believers, had often desired, resolved, and promised to do, viz., yield themselves to God as those who were alive from the dead, and from that hour trust constantly in Jesus as a Saviour, -- as 'their' Saviour from all sin. Alfred was among the number who said, "I will; with the help of the Almighty Spirit, I will;" and, kneeling, he says, "I brought an entire consecration to the altar, -- Christ." He perceived clearly the difference between the consecration now required, and that made at the time of his conversion. Then he brought powers "dead in trespasses and sins;" now he brought powers permeated with the new life of regeneration, so that the sacrifice became a "living sacrifice."

Then he seemed to 'mass' his offering, and give himself away, not fully understanding what was embraced in such a surrender; now, with clearer light, it was specific and careful, embracing hands, feet, senses, attributes of mind and heart, time, reputation, kindred, worldly sustenance, -- everything. Then he was anxious for pardon; now, for purity and the conscious presence of the Sanctifier in his heart. With his consecration carefully made, he says, "I covenanted with my own heart and with my heavenly Father that this entire but unworthy offering should remain upon the altar, and that henceforth I would please God by believing that the altar -- Christ -- sanctifieth the gift."

The effect which followed was a "broad, deep, full, satisfying, sacred peace," proceeding not only from the testimony of a good conscience before God, but from the presence of the Spirit of God in his heart. With this evidence he could not say that he was sanctified, only that he was set apart unto God.

The following day, in company with Bishop and Mrs. Hamline, he ventured to tell them what he had done; and in the confession realized a degree of light and strength. Prayer was proposed; and, when they knelt, he says, "God, for Christ's sake, gave me the Holy Spirit as I had never received it before, so that I was constrained to conclude and confess, --

"'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.'

The great work of sanctification, that I had so often prayed and hoped for, was wrought in me, -- even in me. I could not doubt it. The evidence in my case was as direct and indubitable as the witness of my sonship, received at the time of my adoption into the family of heaven. Oh, it was glorious, divinely glorious!"

This experience inaugurated a new epoch in the life of Alfred Cookman, -- rest in Jesus, an abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb, conscious union and constant communion with God, increased power to do and suffer the will of God, delight in the Master's service, fear to grieve the Holy Spirit, love for, and desire to be with the entirely sanctified, joy in religious conversation, comfort in prayer, illumination in the perusal of the sacred Word, increased unction in the performance of public duties, -- these were among the blessed fruits of this new life.

Sad to confess, this delightful state of mind continued only eight short weeks, when the fullness of the Comforter was lost. And this is the sad experience of a majority of those who profess this grace. With Bro. Cookman it was on this wise: During the session of his first conference he found himself in the company of a class of joking, story-telling ministers, of whom there are too many, for the honor of the Master whom they profess to serve. Being young, and forgetting how easily the Spirit is grieved, he allowed himself to drift into the tide, and indulge in trifling conversation. As he returned from the conference to his new field of labor, he became conscious of a great loss of spiritual power. Instead of coming again to the blood, and seeking immediate restoration, he lost his way, and for years lived without the enjoyment of that heart purity which had filled him with so much delight.

Persons in this state of mind not infrequently fall into great errors on the subject of entire sanctification. This was the case with Bro. Cookman. To satisfy his conscience, he tells us that he accepted the dogma that "sanctification, as a work of the Holy Spirit, could not involve an experience distinct from regeneration." We do not speak unadvisedly when we aver, that two-thirds of all who claim to hold and advocate this foolish, unscriptural dogma, once professed to know the sanctifying grace of God as a work distinct from regeneration. They have lost the enjoyment of heart purity; and without its light they are stumbling about in the dark, scarcely knowing what they do believe, and finally accept this dogma as a little better than nothing.

Of these years Bro. Cookman says, "Oh, how many precious years I wasted in quibbling and debating respecting theological differences! not seeing that I was antagonizing a doctrine that must be 'spiritually discerned,' and the tendency of which is manifestly to bring people near to God."

It was during these sad years that Bro. Cookman contracted the habit of smoking, -- an indulgence which very generally saps the foundations of piety, and keeps thousands away from the fountain of cleansing. It was to him a very great temptation. Though he manufactured many excuses for the indulgence, he felt that the practice was costing him too much in his religious enjoyment.

After all his reasonings and objections to sanctification as a distinct work of grace, he was conscious of a lack in his religious experience. "It was not," he says, "strong, round, full, or abiding."

The friends of holiness insisted on three steps, which to him seemed scriptural and reasonable, viz., 1. Entire consecration; 2. Acceptance of Jesus, moment by moment, as a perfect Saviour; 3. A meek, but definite confession of the grace received. Then his Newtown experience, which had not yet fully passed from memory, supplied an overwhelming confirmation of what

seemed so reasonable, and at the same time furnished a powerful stimulus to the performance of the duty.

He finally resolved to cast aside all pre-conceived theories, doubtful indulgences, culpable unbelief, and return to the "Mighty to save." He again re-dedicated himself to God, surrendered the doubtful indulgence, -- tobacco -- and accepted Christ as a Saviour from all sin, and realized the witness of the Spirit to his entire sanctification. All the bliss of his earlier experience returned, and he walked in the King's highway of holiness, conscious that he was cleansed from all sin. Ten years later he writes, "I have been walking in the light, as God is in the light, have fellowship with the saints, and humbly testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."

Walking one day with a friend, they passed two distinguished ministers, one of whom was smoking. Bro. Cookman remarked, "I can understand how that brother enjoys that cigar. I used to enjoy it as he does. I was very fond of it, especially after the day's work was over. It was so quieting to my nervous system to rest in my easy chair, with my cigar for my companion. And I gave it up for Jesus sake. I remember I told Jesus how soothing to me this delicate narcotic was; and that it had occurred to me that it was a doubtful indulgence. And yet I did not know but I needed it. Jesus told me in that hour he would supply all my need; that he would soothe me and quiet me and rest me after my labor. And I gave up the indulgence that hour. And since that time, never can I tell what Jesus has been to me, as I have sat in my arm chair to rest, when wearied and alone with him, He has been my rest."

From the hour that Bro. Cookman re-dedicated himself to God, and received the witness of heart purity. To the time he so gloriously ended his earthly career, he never faltered, never avoided identifying himself with the friends of holiness, never failed to witness to the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse and to keep him clean. And but for his experience and advocacy of entire sanctification he had never been so widely known, nor his influence so deeply felt. Bishop Foster very justly said, that he was not profound, not a genius, not remarkably eloquent, though not particularly deficient in either; but of all the men he had ever known, he was the most sacred. It was this sacredness which made him lovable, powerful, successful. "By the grace of God he was what he was." The life of Alfred Cookman must be viewed from this standpoint, and no other, or we fail to discover the hidings of his power.

Bro. Cookman's relation to the National Camp-meeting movement demands special notice, as it was through these great national gatherings that his peculiar excellencies and power became more widely known and appreciated.

When this movement was inaugurated -- a movement which, under God, has done more to lift the church to a higher plain of religious experience and power than any other during the last half-century -- Bro. Cookman was among its most ardent supporters. He signed a call for a meeting to be held in Philadelphia, at which it was determined to hold the Vineland camp-meeting. During a prayerful consideration of the subject, his soul seemed filled with interest, clearly indicated by his fervent prayers and bold utterances. Many of the brethren present, knowing his constitutional cautiousness, were inspired by his great boldness.

The general call for the camp-meeting was not only thoroughly sustained by him, but some of its most outspoken portions and strongest points were suggested by him.

He was not only present, with his family, during the meeting, but was unceasingly active in promoting its spiritual interests. His sermon, from 1 Thess. iv. 3, " This is the will of God, even your sanctification," as well as his exhortations and prayers, was of the most effective character. In fact, he was always in the thickest of the fight.

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, Bro. 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. Bro. 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.

Bro. 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 was selected.

Our space will not allow us to follow our beloved brother through the eight national camp-meetings which he attended, viz., Vineland, Manheim, Round Lake, Hamilton, Oakington, Des Plains, Round Lake, and Urbana. It will be seen that he was present at every national camp-meeting held, up to the time of his death. At these meetings he was abundant in labors. His sermons and exhortations and prayers will never be forgotten by those who listened to them. He expressed to the writer frequently his regret that he could not have accompanied the brethren on their trip to California.

Whatever views Bro. Cookman might have entertained at times of the measures adopted by the association, during the last summer campaign he was overwhelmingly convinced that the movement was of God, and that it should be pushed forward with great vigor. Feeble as he was, he attended the Round Lake Camp-meeting, and employed what little of strength he had in a preaching on the Sabbath. Resting a little, he was away to Urbana, where God greatly strengthened him to preach twice, with an unction which caused the multitudes to hang upon his words with an interest that no earthly attraction could break. Many were the souls won to Christ by those almost superhuman efforts.

Returning to Ocean Grove, where his family were spending a few weeks at their seaside home, sitting one day in his cottage, a friend inquired, "Brother Cookman, what do you think about the rapid approach of the millennium?" Laying his hand upon his heart, with a heavenly smile, he said, "Brother, the millennium is now: it is in this poor heart."

With these millennial fires burning in his heart he could not rest. We hear of him at Martha's Vineyard, exhorting the fashionable multitudes who congregate there to "be filled with the Spirit." He seemed moved by a divine impulse to preach holiness everywhere.

He attended the annual meeting of the National Association in New York, Oct. 18, less than one month before his decease. He was in feeble health, but his soul was burning with desire for the spread of holiness. He urged that five camp-meetings be held the present year, pledging himself to be present at four. (He will, no doubt, be present at them all.)

In a letter addressed to Rev. M. C. Briggs, D.D., Cincinnati, dated Oct. 18, five days before this meeting, he says, "I am wonderfully enjoying my home, in the heart of the Lord Jesus. My life, as I humbly trust, is hid with Christ in God. This locates me at the secret source of every blessed thing." This was the secret of his power.

Writing to a friend in Wilmington, Del., about this time, he says, "In the life of faith I have been constantly associated with the Lord Jesus, and he has been ever ruling 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 my 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 always,' and then vindicated his 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 redounded to the advantage of my higher spiritual nature.

"Was it not Martin Luther who said, '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 only speak."

The circumstances of his death are so familiar to the readers of the "Advocate" that they need not be repeated. His sickness, though short, was very painful. Few have, in the same time, suffered more. The deepest anguish seemed to throb in every vein. And yet, in the midst of the severest paroxysms, he was transported with joy. His soul was filled with a glory inexpressible. All the wonderful revelations of God, formerly made to his soul, all the joys of pardon and heart-cleansing, seemed meager in comparison with what he felt during those few days of extreme physical agony.

To the writer he said, "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." He would frequently exclaim, "Oh, I am so sweetly washed in blood of the Lamb!"

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An Article Under the Heading: Our Holiness Heritage (perhaps part of an Asbury Seminary publication, dated Nov. 8, 1967) By Delbert R. Rose, Professor of Biblical Theology, Asbury Theological Seminary

THE JOHN FLETCHER OF AMERICAN METHODISM

"What's the use of giving you a vacation?" said a Methodist church official to his pastor, the Rev. Alfred Cookman. "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 rest."

"I cannot accept a vacation on such conditions," replied Cookman. "I must preach. The gospel is free."

Even before the National Camp Meeting began in the late 1860's, Cookman was already a favorite preacher at such Methodist camp grounds as Sing Sing in New York, Penn's Grove in New Jersey, Ennall's Springs and Shrewsbury in Maryland, and Halifax in eastern Pennsylvania. But his pulpit ability was not surprising to those who knew his father. For Alfred was the oldest son of the Rev. George Cookman, whom Bishop Matthew Simpson and others rated as "one of 'the most popular pulpit orators in America" (Cyclopaedia of Methodism, 1880, p. 255). Early in life Alfred became ambitious to excel on the public platform.

This son of a famous Methodist parsonage began his ministry on the Attleboro Circuit under the episcopal leadership of Bishop L. L. Hamline. Still in his eighteenth year, young Cookman soon discovered that he needed more than an epochal conversion and a gift for public speaking to serve adequately his circuit. Wisely, he set himself to seek entire sanctification.

During an episcopal visit of Bishop and Mrs. Hamline to the Attleboro Circuit, Alfred heard his Bishop preach several times on the pure heart and holy life. These sermons whetted the spiritual appetite of the hungry-hearted young circuit rider and drew him to the Hamlines for private counsel and prayer. Under their guidance Alfred found victory and gladly witnessed as follows:

"God, for Christ's sake, gave me the Holy Spirit as I had never received him before ... The great work of sanctification, for which I had so often hoped and prayed, was wrought in me -- even me. I could not doubt it ... O, it was glorious, Divinely glorious" (W. McDonald, *Life Sketches of Rev. Alfred Cookman*, pp. 64, 65).

A Serious Forfeit

After eight short weeks of joyous assurance of a fully sanctified relationship to Jesus Christ, young Cookman forfeited his newly-found victory. As many before him and since have done, he failed to watch and pray with sufficient care. While attending his annual conference sessions he indulged in flippant, senseless talking which grieved the Holy Spirit. Although conscious of his loss, he did not turn immediately to Christ in humble confession and faith for forgiveness and restoration. Instead he began to quibble and debate about the doctrinal technicalities surrounding the teaching on entire sanctification. As a consequence, the next decade or so for Cookman was punctuated more or less with hostility toward the holiness message. He could not personally profess it and yet he could not leave it alone -- nor those proclaiming it!

In spite of his diminished joy and power in the ministry, Cookman continued to rise in popularity as a pulpiteer and builder of congregations wherever he went. At twenty-five years of age he was pastoring the Locust Street Methodist Episcopal Church near the state capitol in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Among his cultured and prosperous congregation were to be found several legislators and other state officials. Soon he was selected chaplain at the State House.

At twenty-eight Cookman became pastor of Christ Methodist Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh, the congregation with the most costly Gothic edifice at that time in all American Methodism. Although it was a "pewed church" (rented pews), Cookman's ministry soon drew a capacity congregation to his regular services.

A Joyous Restoration

His next appointment was Green Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia -- a church with "free seats" -- situated in a densely populated area of the city. Here the "scenes under his preaching -- the perpetual blaze of revival, the marked cases of conversion and sanctification -- were ... like the occurrences of primitive Methodism ..." (Ibid., p. 176). The secret of Cookman's record at Green Street Church was his joyous renewal in the grace of entire sanctification. Thereafter he gave faithful, fervent support wherever he went to "the Methodist testimony." Like John Fletcher, Cookman accomplished more by his life than by his logic, by his Christlike virtues than by his cultured voice. The husband of the widely-read Hannah Whitall Smith said of Cookman, "He lived Christ, and reflected the beauty of the Man Christ Jesus as much as I can conceive any human being doing" (Ibid., p. 67). From the year of the great Layman's Revival (1857-58) to his last conscious breath, Cookman's major interest and most powerful messages were on purity of heart through Christ.

Cookman was one of the most formative spirits in the founding of the National Camp-Meeting Association for the Promotion of Holiness. He composed "the call" to the June 1867 meeting in Philadelphia and also at the Philadelphia meeting formulated the general invitation that went out to all would-be supporters of the first holiness camp meeting at Vineland in July, 1867.

Cookman's powerful ministry at the National Camps at Vineland, Manheim, Round Lake; at Oakington, Maryland; Des Plaines, Illinois; Urbana, Ohio; and Hamilton, Massachusetts, indelibly marked the holiness movement for a decade afterward.

Upon his death-bed this Fletcher of American Methodism; conversing with the Rev. W. McDonald, said "I have been true to holiness, and know Jesus saves me fully." On November 13, 1871, Alfred Cookman's dying testimony was, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

At the funeral in Philadelphia, Dr. R. S. Foster, author of the holiness classic, *Christian Purity*, and professor at Drew Theological Seminary, said, "The most sacred man I have known is he who is enshrined in that casket." At forty-two, Cookman passed to his heavenly reward, beloved both by clergy and laity, both inside and outside of Methodism.

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Words to the Song:

WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB

By T. C. O'Kane

Published on the Back Cover of
The February, 1872 Issue of
Advocate of Christian Holiness

* * *

First Verse:

Who, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Chorus:

"Sweeping through the gates," to the New Jerusalem.
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
"Sweeping through the gates," to the New Jerusalem,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Second Verse:

These, these are they who in their youthful days,
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways
Proved the fullness of His grace,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Third Verse:

These, these are they, who in affliction's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose;
Such as from a pure heart flows,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Fourth Verse:

These, these are they, who in the conflict dire
Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire;
Jesus now says "Come up higher,"
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Fifth Verse:

Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

* * * * *

THE END