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**ALFRED COOKMAN'S FATHER -- GEORGE GRIMSTON COOKMAN**  
**Compiled By Duane V. Maxey**

Focusing on the Life and Speeches  
Of Alfred Cookman's father,  
George Grimston Cookman

Taken From:  
THE LIFE OF ALFRED COOKMAN  
By Henry B. Ridgaway  
New York:  
Harper & Brothers, Publishers,  
Franklin Square  
1875  
And  
SPEECHES DELIVERED ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS  
By George Cookman of the  
Baltimore Annual Conference,  
And Chaplain To The Senate  
Of The United States  
New York:  
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WHY THIS COMPILATION?

Having already published the digital edition of Henry B. Ridgaway's biography of Alfred Cookman, HDM later acquired the second volume used in the compilation, a collection of the speeches of Alfred Cookman's father, George G. Cookman.

Why publish the book of George Cookman's speeches along with portions of the Alfred Cookman's biography? (1) Because I felt that George Cookman was a man worthy of singular note himself, and (2) Because Henry Ridgaway included in his biography of Alfred Cookman a good deal of biographical material about his father, which I felt might make a good publication focused on George Cookman when combined with his speeches.

Thus, we present this digital publication entitled: ALFRED COOKMAN'S FATHER, which consists of the first four chapters and part of the fifth chapter from Henry B. Ridgaway's "The Life of Alfred Cookman" followed by the entire publication of George Cookman's speeches.

The ecumenical views of George G. Cookman expressed in his speeches should be considered in relation to the time in which they were given, the early 1800s, when it is likely that there was more real piety and true spiritual life within the memberships of the denominations to which he refers. The Christian zeal of his speeches is inspiring, and his insights into the character and essence of early Methodism expressed therein make his speeches a valuable resource to students of early Methodism. -- DVM]

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Part 1

THE COOKMAN FAMILY -- GEORGE GRIMSTON COOKMAN

The Rev. Alfred Cookman was descended from a worthy ancestry. His father, the Rev. George Grimston Cookman, was a man of such powers and fame; his talents and reputation became, by so remarkable a providence, the inheritance of his son; his influence upon the son was so direct and continuous, that I find, in the absence of any adequate account of the father, it is quite impossible to do justice to either without dwelling more fully on the career of the father than a biography of the son would seem to allow. While it might be honor enough for George G. Cookman to be remembered as the father of Alfred, yet there was that in him -- in what he was and did -- which makes it proper that no extended memoir be given of the son without such a portraiture of the father as shall be in some degree worthy of his distinguished character and services.

My apology for dwelling longer on the annals of the father than is customary in such cases, is the simple desire to so present the name of Cookman, made illustrious first in the father, and maintained afterward in the son, as that it shall be transmitted an unbroken name, suggestive of sanctity, eloquence, and usefulness wherever known and pronounced.

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## THE GEORGES, MARYS, AND ALFREDS

[PLEASE NOTE:-- The following information and bracketed comments about the "Georges, Marys, and Alfreds" speak of ALFRED COOKMAN, son of GEORGE GRIMSTON COOKMAN, as "THE SUBJECT OF THIS BOOK," when in this publication it is George G. Cookman who is the "subject." Nevertheless, I have elected to leave all of this material in this publication. By keeping in mind that the references to "the subject of this book" apply to George G. Cookman's son, it is hoped that the reader will still be able to better grasp from the following information and comments who the Georges, Marys, and Alfreds are. -- DVM]

Dear Reader:-- At first, I found it quite puzzling to figure out which "George," which "Alfred," and which "Mary" was meant in the opening portions of the book. Therefore, I made some bracketed insertions in the text to help others who might also be puzzled. The family tree, or lineage leading down to the subject of this book is as follows:

(1) The Paternal Grandparents of the subject of this book were -- GEORGE and MARY COOKMAN

(2) Their Children were:

(a) GEORGE GRIMSTON COOKMAN (Father of the subject of this book)

(b) Alfred (Uncle of the subject of this book)

(c) Mary Ann (Aunt of the subject of this book)

(3) ALFRED COOKMAN (the subject of this book, son of George Grimston Cookman)

Here is a listing of all of the George Cookmans, Mary Cookmans, and Alfred Cookmans of this book:

George Cookman -- Paternal grandfather of the subject of the book

George Grimston Cookman -- The Father of the Subject of the book

George Cookman -- The Brother of the Subject of the book

George Cookman -- The Son of the Subject of the book

Mary Cookman -- Paternal grandmother of the Subject of the book

Mary Cookman -- The Aunt of the Subject of the book

Mary Cookman -- The Mother of the Subject of the book

Mary Cookman -- The Sister of the Subject of the book

Mary Cookman -- The Daughter of the Subject of the book

Alfred Cookman -- The Uncle of the subject of the book

Alfred Cookman -- The Subject of the book

Alfred Bruner Cookman -- The Son the subject of the book  
Alfred Cookman -- Another Son of the Subject of the book

PLEASE DO NOT LET THIS ARRAY OF GEORGE, MARYS, AND ALFREDS  
DISSUADE YOU FROM READING THE BOOK. The spiritual value of this work makes it well  
worth one's effort to get the lineage straight and keep in mind who is who. -- DVM]

\* \* \*

George Grimston Cookman was born in the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, Yorkshire, England, October 21, 1800. His parents were George and Mary Cookman. Of these parents George [Grimston Cookman] himself wrote in 1825 to Miss Mary Barton, who was then his betrothed, and afterward became his wife:

"My father [George Cookman] is the younger brother of an old English family who, as sturdy yeomanry, had resided upon their family estates in the east end of Holderness for five generations back. My father left home early in life, and at eighteen years of age became serious, and a member and local preacher in the Methodist Society. He is constant in all his purposes, and unwavering in all his attachments -- a judicious rather than a romantic husband, a kind rather than a fond father. He is independent in his principles even to the verge of republicanism; what the world terms a downright honest man. Yet there are perplexing paradoxes in his character.

"Possessing genuine, active courage, he hides it under a natural diffidence and modesty; with deep and strong feeling, he will generally pass for what Alfred [son of George Cookman, brother of George Grimston Cookman] calls a phlegmatic melancholic. Indeed, he has brought himself under so severe mental discipline and such habitual caution, that he represses all that gives a glow to feeling or a brilliance to thought under the fear of committing himself. But when you can draw him out of his shell, you find he can conceive and feel and speak with both brilliance and power.

"As a Christian, he is eminently consistent, liberal, and unwavering. I have sometimes thought that his habitual judgment has induced a want of faith in temporal matters, but I have met with few men so even and constant in their religious walk. Now my mother [Mary, wife of George Cookman] is almost the reverse of all this. She was the daughter of a retired and wounded officer of the Royal Navy; was left an orphan in early life, and was educated in the same house with her cousin, Mr. John Bell, of Portington. She became pious in early life, and endured much persecution from her uncle with unflinching courage. She enjoyed the blessing of perfect love for many years, and when in health was eminent for activity and good works. She possesses a much higher range of talent than my father -- has more genius and less judgment -- romantic in all her feelings, ardent in her attachments and resentments [By resentments, perhaps the writer meant a strong distaste for, or dislike of, certain things -- feelings consistent with Perfect Love. -- DVM]. She has ten times as much faith as my father. She has a keen, ready mind, but wants comparison and discrimination. She has a vehemency of impulse, and a strength and decision of will and a power of faith which, if it had been united with a strong frame in the other sex, would have made her an eminent missionary. Now my father professes little, but feels a great deal; my mother feels deeply, and tells you of it too."

He [George Grimston Cookman] had a brother, Alfred, younger than himself by four years, and a sister, Mary Ann. Of them he also wrote, in order to complete the picture of the family:

"Alfred is the finest youth I have ever met with -- high in all his notions, lofty and liberal in his principles. Pride and ambition are his ruling passions. Of lion-like spirit, headstrong self-will, and a most vehement and overbearing temper; the world will see in him a second Brougham. And yet I know no one to whom you might commit yourself for candid judgment with greater confidence than our Alfred. Mary Ann, my beloved Mary Ann, is a most affectionate and amiable girl. I thought two years ago she would be a tame, passive character, but she is developing striking and spirited traits. She has more perseverance and judgment for her years than either Alfred or myself. I think she will not be behind either in intellect, and before both in prudence."

What is here said of his [George Grimston Cookman's] brother Alfred is not too strongly put. From the testimony of friends, and the proofs given in his letters, essays, and speeches, he must have been a youth of unusual promise. He early devoted himself to God, and became one of the most exemplary Christians. His tastes and convictions led him to choose the law for his profession. When this preference was expressed, the judicious father laid before him all the difficulties which would lie in his path: The long and expensive process of college and professional education; the still longer period which must elapse before he could reasonably expect to get into practice; the want of patronage; the envy of the aristocracy, ever manifested to aspirants at the bar springing from the middle classes of society; and concluded by saying, "Remember, Alfred, if you insist on this course, the whole of your patrimonial fortune will be expended on your education;" to which Alfred fearlessly and magnanimously replied, "I care not when I enter the bar if I have not a shilling. I will make my own fortune, you may depend upon it." His facility of speech, readiness in debate, quickness of perception, wit -- his striking person, and deep-toned and melodious voice -- made him from boyhood "one of nature's orators." On one occasion, in the debating society of which he was a member, a gentleman of the bar from London chanced to hear him, and remarked afterward, "I would give my library, and all I am worth in the world, to have the amazing power of reply exhibited by that boy." He passed successfully through the course at Glasgow University, where he had the most capable of instructors, and listened on Sundays to such preachers as Chalmers and Wardlaw.

After his graduation from the University, he went up to London and entered a law-office. While engaged in his studies there, he became convinced of his duty to preach the Gospel. He determined to enter the ministry; and accordingly returned home, and began to apply himself unremittingly to a course of reading preparatory to admission into the Wesleyan Conference. His application was too close, his vigils too protracted; his health failed, and he speedily fell into a pulmonary consumption of which he died.

Mr. [George] Cookman, the father, [of George Grimston Cookman] was one of the best representatives of the English middle class. By success in trade he rose to that degree of affluence which enabled him to live in a style of great comfort and quiet dignity; by his reputation for sound judgment and probity, he acquired the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens, and was elected mayor of Hull, a position which he retained for many years; and by his earnest and consistent devotion to the doctrines and usages of Wesleyan Methodism, he enjoyed the loyal

affection of both the preachers and laymen of his denomination throughout his neighborhood. His good sense, genial piety, and generous hospitality made his house a center of Methodist influence. In politics he sympathized with the more advanced men and measures of his times.

It is evident, however, that the mother, [Mary, wife of George Cookman, mother of Mary Ann, Alfred, and George Grimston Cookman] from the brief description already given, was the inspiration of the Cookman home. Her ardent temperament, vivid imagination, active faith, and courage, imparted to the sons the living spark which kindled in them a genius for speech and for the heroic in action. She was one of the women of gentle birth who became a Methodist when it was a reproach to be one; and, persecuted for her faith by her own family, she knew what it was to hold to convictions when it required the keenest suffering to do so. At the shrine of her self-denying piety was lighted the flame of the future missionary's zeal -- a zeal which burned in him resistlessly till quenched in death. Thus we see that the parent stock from which the Cookmans of this and a former generation were derived was one combining in the father and the mother that happy union of qualities which usually gives rise in the offspring to distinguished powers and successes.

George Grimston [Cookman, father of the Alfred Cookman who is the subject of this book], as the eldest born of his parents, very naturally received a large share of their attention. In an account of himself written in 1826, before entering the regular ministry, with a view to his own improvement, he records:

"Never was a child more carefully instructed, more carefully watched over, or more earnestly exhorted by Christian parents to love and serve God than myself. And perhaps up to my eighth year the influence of these gracious instructions so far operated as to preserve me from the guilt of actual sin."

At this time he was sent away to school; where, through evil associations, he was led astray and fell into some sinful habits. He was, however, at this early period the subject of keen convictions of conscience. He lived with the fear that every night would be the end of the world. While the other boys of the school were sleeping quietly, he would be standing at the chamber window, "momentarily expecting the Judge to descend and the trumpet to blow." His views of sin and of personal guilt were not such as to lead to repentance. He was soon after removed to another school at a fashionable watering-place, where he began "a career of more decided sin and folly." At fourteen he returned home a different being, changed in principle and purpose -- far astray from the simplicity with which at eight he had left the parental roof. His father took him promptly under his care, and through his guidance he imbibed a taste for books, and became a reader especially of history. He was put to business, kept diligently at work, but was encouraged to read in all his leisure hours. He became a member of a public library association, and formed, with several other intelligent young men, a debating club, thus finding in literary pursuits a wholesome diversion for his active nature, and also a means of stimulating and training his intellect.

In contact with Grecian and Roman characters and institutions, he acquired the lofty notions of freedom and the rights of man which marked his subsequent career. Literature, though attractive, did not reform him; business was incapable of it: he gave the reins to passion, and plunged into the stream of worldliness.

When about eighteen years old he became a teacher in a Methodist Sunday School. He was impelled by motives which he could not regard as genuine:

"I approved of the design theoretically; besides, my parents being Methodists, I thought I should assist in their Sabbath School; but I had no more knowledge or regard for the religious duty or responsibility of a teacher than the babe unborn."

He was convicted of sin through the questioning of his scholars as to the meaning of God's Word.

"I began seriously to think and reason about the matter in the following way: Why, I have come forward to instruct these children, and I am ignorant myself. I, who talk to them about serving God, am serving the devil, and on the road to hell -- yea, every boy in my class might turn round and say, 'Physician, heal thyself.'"

I cannot give the story of his conversion more succinctly than he has done it:

"These goadings and lashings of a condemning conscience made me miserable, and compelled me to a more close examination of my condition; and soon I saw that I was miserable and helpless, and blind and naked; that I stood obnoxious to God's holy law; was under the Almighty's curse, and each moment in danger of everlasting ruin. Still, however, I was rather convicted in judgment than broken in heart, and it is probable that these gracious impressions would have been overwhelmed by the strong bias of my mind to evil; but the good Lord added one or two other circumstances to aid and quicken the spiritual conviction.

"Just at that time I was disappointed in a particular friendship, which sickened and soured my mind to this world's enjoyments, and immediately upon this, the dearest friend I had in the world, after an illness of three days, died. This was the consummation of my misery; it seemed the final blow. I was tired of life, yet afraid to die; I was indulging in the world, yet sick of its pleasures; amid society, I was solitary; while within my own heart I carried the alarm-bell of a guilty conscience -- in short, I hated life, I hated myself. I was miserable; this misery was not repentance; it was misanthropy, not contrition. And, indeed, so well convinced was I of this, that when the pious Methodists kindly invited me to partake of the blessings of Christian communion, I told them that I was totally unfit to be a member of their society, as I had not a desire to flee from the wrath to come. I had no soft compunctions on account of sin, no realization of guilt toward God; but the obdurate misery and wretchedness of a disappointed votary of pleasure.

"Thus I continued as miserable as I could be. Yet I did reform my outward conduct; I did forsake my gay and frivolous companions; nay, more, I acted diligently as secretary in a large Sabbath School, and endeavored, amid a multiplicity of business, to bury all knowledge and memory of myself. But this arose not from any clear sense of duty, or any love to God or men, but simply because I was sick and tired of the world; and, as I could not enjoy it, I forsook it.

"At length, however, the day-spring arose in my benighted soul; the light of grace showed me more perspicuously my real condition. I saw that I had lost the image of God -- bore the image



of the Evil One; that I was ignorant in understanding, corrupt and deceitful in heart, polluted in body, and desperately wicked in conduct. I saw that in my present state it was impossible I could be saved, for 'without holiness no man can see the Lord.' I saw clearly that I must be eternally lost; for already I was under sentence of death, and God was bound by his immutable word to punish all transgression.

"Under these gracious convictions, having fully resolved to seek salvation, to renounce the world, and to serve God, I joined the Methodist Society in February, 1820, and soon I found the blessings of Christian fellowship. Under the fatherly instruction and care of my excellent leader, light beamed brighter into my soul; I was called to see deeper into my own depravity, and finally I clearly apprehended that salvation was only to be obtained by faith in a crucified Redeemer.

"Nine months did I seek the blessing of justification earnestly and with many tears. Often in secret places, in garrets, in the open fields, or under hedges, I have poured forth my requests with strong cries, but still the day of liberty seemed at a distance, until I had well-nigh despaired. One Saturday night I had retired to rest under considerable condemnation for having indulged in an acrimonious spirit toward a near relative. I recollect, before I fell asleep, this passage gave me considerable trouble, 'Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath.' I awoke (I believe by the providence of God) about two o'clock in the morning, and my misery and horror of mind were indescribable. All the weight of my sins seemed now bearing down upon my wretched soul, and ready to force me down to that bottomless pit which appeared just yawning; in this situation I cried mightily to God for deliverance and pardon, but the heavens were as brass to my prayers, and the storm of Almighty wrath increased apace.

"My agony of mind was now wrought up to its highest pitch, when suddenly I caught a glimpse of Christ on Calvary; then I cried with the desperation of a drowning man, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!' 'Lord, save or I perish!' 'Though Thou slay me, yet will I believe in Thee!' And suddenly there was a great calm -- the storm was hushed -- the burden was gone -- and I felt that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me all my sins. Being justified by faith, I had peace with God through my Lord Jesus Christ. It is true I had not that rapturous joy which some testify; but I had the peace which passeth all understanding. Oh! yes; the Spirit did bear witness with my spirit that I was a child of God.

"I lay me down, and sweetly fell asleep; and in the morning, when I awoke, I asked, Is this a dream? And I felt it was indeed a truth that I was justified freely through the blood of Christ."

The young believer now found a great difference in his experience; not only in the comfort which arose from a sense of acceptance with God, but also in the easy victory over sin which his spiritual renewal had bestowed. Nor was he content to rest in the experience of divine favor; he at once gave himself to religious work in various plans of benevolence, such as the Young Men's Visiting Society and the Juvenile Branch Missionary Society. Yearning for the salvation of souls, he began very soon to feel the desire "for a broader field of labor as a preacher of righteousness."

His views of a call to the ministry were so positive as not to allow him to go forward hurriedly. "Indeed, so jealous was I of my own heart, and so severe in my notions upon this

subject, that I was resolved, if this call was not unanswerably given from God to my soul, I would forever remain silent."

In keeping with this purpose, not to run before he was called, Mr. [George Grimston] Cookman kept steadily on his way, following closely the indications of Providence and of the Spirit as he could discern them. In 1821 he visited America on business for his father; and returning, was as deeply engrossed as any other young man of business, doing with diligence the duty which lay next to him.

After a lapse of over two years I find him breathing the same devout and evangelical spirit, with a persuasion that God, amid severe trials and with great opportunities, was grounding him in the truth, and conforming his heart more and more to His own will. January 22, 1823, he writes:

"I have been composing the skeleton of my first sermon from 1 Cor. ii., 2. Sunday fortnight I am to preach at St. Paul [Hull]. When I consider my unworthiness, I am ready to sink into the dust. Lord, prepare me."

A week before preaching he asks, "Have I a clear call to preach the Gospel?" and upon examining himself by five tests, concludes "that a dispensation of grace is committed to me, and woe be to me if I preach not the Gospel." In addition to the usual tests which occurred to him, was the impression received while in America, and while on shipboard, that he must preach the Gospel, "and that too in America." He had gone to America for secular ends, but God had already decreed his return to America on a higher errand.

His first pulpit efforts were well received. He preached quite regularly, and showed from the first the elements of power. The missionary ardor was kindling in his soul. His father proposed to establish him in business; but he wished to cut loose from all such entanglements, and enter himself forthwith at an American college for a course of preparation for the ministry. He yielded, however, to the dissuasions of his father and friends, who thought him already in the best possible school of preparation and in the path of duty. Without abandoning his purpose to preach, he waited upon God, resolving to do his duty, and leave consequences with God.

After a sermon preached at the Scott Street Chapel, he was greatly depressed. "I had entered the pulpit with a comfortable assurance of the divine favor, when, strange to tell, all upon a sudden my mind was beclouded; and, although I was perfectly master of the subject, I was yet bound in spirit." "I expected no one could profit; but, to my amazement, almost all expressed themselves as being much edified." He could not fail of a valuable lesson from this experience.

Within a short time he made his first platform address, and achieved, in this maiden effort, that marked success which, so often repeated in after years, constituted him a prince among platform speakers. "When I ascended the platform my soul seemed weighed down with a sense of my unfitness. 'Oh! my God,' I could not help crying, 'why am I here? These poor heathen never trifled away privileges as I have done.'

"When my name was called from the chair, I was in this low state. I thought at first (owing to a violent hoarseness) that I should have to sit down, but just at this instant divine light broke in

upon my soul, my voice cleared, my heart filled with holy love and fire, and I was enabled to speak with a force unknown before. The place was filled with the heavenly influence, and the loud, silvery, and hearty amens were affecting and cheering. Nothing afflicted me so much as the compliments of my friends. It seemed dishonoring God; because I am convinced He gave the power and sent the influence. The Lord shall have all the glory."

It is not difficult for those who subsequently heard Mr. [George Grimston] Cookman in this peculiar realm, at the zenith of his popularity, to imagine the utter wonder and pleasure which this beginning of surprises must have occasioned to those who were present.

The purpose of God with his young servant was now fast showing itself. The apple was well-nigh ripe, when it either would fall of itself or could be easily plucked. Mr. Joshua Marsden strongly recommended him to offer himself to the American (Methodist) bishops, to take a circuit in the first instance; afterwards, if Providence opened the way, he could enter upon the missionary work. But he had engaged in business with his father for the term of three years, after which time he proposed to turn his attention more decidedly to the ministry, with the intention of going to America. His diary bears evidence at this period of the closest heart searchings; of the deepest and the most unaffected devotion to the service of Christ. The prayer is constantly on his lips, "What wilt Thou have me do?" There is no duty which he does not discharge, no self-sacrifice from which he shrinks: he is ready to do any work, to go, if need be, to the ends of the earth to preach the Gospel.

While his mind was particularly exercised in regard to an immediate entrance upon the ministry, he was appointed to drive Mr. Clough (one of the circuit preachers of Hull) to Partington. Mr. Clough impressed upon him the duty of present action, if he would not grieve the Holy Spirit; another young friend, and to his surprise the Rev. Mr. W. Entwistle, on whom he shortly after called, expressed the same view. Considerably agitated by such a concurrence of opinions, he laid the whole matter before his father, fully anticipating his decided negative for the present, when, to his great surprise, his father frankly told him that he had long been of the opinion that he was called to the ministry; and that, although his immediate departure might cause inconvenience, yet he would not throw one stumblingblock in his way, but rather further the ordinations of Providence by every prudent arrangement.

As might have been anticipated, his mother fully coincided with this judgment, and "was perfectly willing to give him up to the Lord." Thus every obstacle to his full devotion to the ministry, and to his going to America as the field of its exercise, was removed, and his decision was accordingly made to emigrate at the earliest opportunity.

Happy in the decision which freed him from suspense, and introduced him into the definite course of his life, he was all aflame with zeal for the work which lay before him. "My peace flows as a river, and my heart exults to reflect that in a few months I may be permitted to preach Christ crucified to the poor blacks of Maryland." He could find no figures so adequate to express his ardor as that of the racer restless for the course, or the soldier in the battle eager for the conflict.

This ardor, while it may not have been wholly void of the adventurous element which springs from the prospect of strange and hazardous enterprise, was nourished by the closest contact

with the great heart of the Redeemer, and in the one simple purpose to save perishing men. He breathed constantly for entire deadness to the world and the spirit of true holiness, evidently regarding his mission as one of utter self-renunciation in the pursuit of the divine glory. "Although privations and persecutions or shipwreck may await me, I feel strong in the Lord, determined to obey His will at all hazards." Such a young man was fit to follow a Coke, an Asbury, and even a Paul, over the sea in the sublime work of bringing continents to God. "I must be a man of one work -- dead to the world, and alive to Christ."

The 28th of March, 1825, was finally definitely fixed upon as the day of departure for America. The last days and hours were spent in preaching, visits, farewells, and preparations. The little brig *Orient* weighed anchor at the time appointed, and bore away westward with her devout and expectant passenger. The long voyage was not idle or irksome; the whole of its time was diligently consumed in close study and multifarious reading; in meditating and maturing plans of usefulness. He thoroughly digested such works as Bishop Watson's *Apologies*, Mason on *Self-Knowledge*, Jenyn's *Views of the Internal Evidences of Christianity*, Lord Lyttleton's *Arguments for Christianity*, Baxter's *Gildas Salvianus and Saint's Rest*, and Butler's *Analogy*. He preached to the seamen as occasion offered, distributed tracts, and otherwise labored among them.

What is most striking, however, was the constancy of his devotions, and the watchfulness he exercised over his own spirit. "I have been reflecting upon Baxter's warning of settling any where short of heaven, or reposing our souls to rest. on anything below God. Ah! how little do I think of this. This deceitful heart would fain set up its rest -- not, indeed, in riches, honors, etc., but in creature love, a Gospel Church, gracious ordinances. This will not do. They are the means, not the rest itself. This is the ingenious device of Satan, by which we are seduced into a species of spiritual idolatry. Strive, O my soul, to consider thyself as a pilgrim in this wilderness, and rest in naught but God!"

Just before landing, retarded by calms, he took advantage of the smooth sea and quiet waiting to re-examine the motives which led him to America. "This is no womanish employ; this ministerial work is no fine theory of fancy. It requires all the firmness, courage, perseverance, zeal, faith of the veteran soldier. Therefore, I must fix my principles, and draw them from the fountain of all wisdom. I bless God my soul can calmly rejoice in the prospect, and yield all up to the will and direction of God." "Now, then, in the strength of the Lord, I will go forth to the Lord's work in this my adopted country." Would that more young men entering upon the divine apostleship could have an "Arabia" of three or more months, or even years, on shipboard or elsewhere such as he had!

On Sunday, May 16, 1825, the *Orient* sailed up the Delaware Bay and River. Mr. Cookman was sorry to fall short of reaching Philadelphia in time for the services of the sanctuary; but he had so drilled himself to make the best of circumstances, that he found compensation in secret communion with God and in thoughts of friends afar. He wrote to a friend:

"This voyage has been profitable, both in an intellectual and spiritual point of view. I have been grounding myself in the grand principles of the Gospel ... I have preached several times to this most wicked crew, and I have been blessed to the captain's good, who is resolved to turn over a new leaf. Patience has had its perfect work ... I have found it good to lay my will at the

Redeemer's feet ... I have had painful views of the depravity of this corrupt heart, and this has stimulated me particularly to plead for the whole image and purity of Christ, so that the fire of divine love might devour all the grossness of sense and sin ... Here then we are on the Delaware.

"I regret that I can not assemble the crew and passengers for public worship, as the pilot keeps all the former in working the vessel up the river. I felt melancholy this morning in looking on shore and beholding nature in all its bloom, the sun careering [career \_ v. intr. move or .. go swiftly. -- Oxford Dict.] in the firmament, and then thinking, 'Ah! the people of God are now repairing to His holy temple to worship at His feet.' Nevertheless, I retired to my little cabin, and the Lord visited the temple of my heart, and spoke graciously and comfortably to His poor servant. I have renewed my missionary covenant. I am the Lord's: the same great principles which called me forth remain with augmented force; I go wherever He commands."

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## Part 2

### GEORGE G. COOKMAN IN AMERICA -- THE BIRTH OF ALFRED

Mr. [George Grimston] Cookman was cordially received by the Methodists of Philadelphia, among whom he lived and labored as a local preacher, in connection with St. George's Church, until the following spring. He was incessant in labors, not only in preaching as opportunity offered, but visiting the sick, the prisons, and hospitals. He also organized a class of young persons, which included among its members John McClintock, Charles Whitacre, and William and Leonard Gilder, all of whom subsequently became ministers of the Gospel. During a protracted sickness of Mr. William Barnes, the preacher in charge, he supplied the pulpit of St. George's.

At the session of the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1826, he was appointed to Kensington and St. John's churches, Philadelphia. Falling thus softly into the regular ministry did not suit either the design or the wishes of the young hero, whose soul was burning for his mission to the Africans. He had left England to convert the Negroes, and it was not to his mind to become a pastor amid the ease and refinements of civilized life. He was patient, however, and sought constantly, in the utmost self-denial, the guidance of God's Spirit and of His Church. On his twenty-sixth birthday he expressed himself thus:

"It was the voice of the Spirit which first called my attention to Africa. I have from a child commiserated the injured Negro; and for years prior to this my missionary feelings sympathized with them in common with the heathen world. Under the workings of the Spirit on this subject, I came to the conclusion to offer myself as a missionary to the African colony at Mesurado.

"The conviction I strove against for some time, until the conflict became overwhelmingly painful and distressing. In this situation I called upon Mr. Bacon, one of the first agents to the colony, who informed me that there was a loud call for a Methodist missionary, and that the field was white unto the harvest. After solemn prayer to God, I believed, according to the light given, it was my duty to go to Bishop George, and lay the matter before him, state my convictions, views, and feelings.

"When this resolution was once formed, I felt instant inward peace. I went to New York and had an interview with Bishop George, when he stated that he had often wished we had an African missionary, and approved of the design; at the same time, he advised me to take no definitive step until the close of the year ... Upon a fair statement of the case, it appears my way is not clearly opened to the African field. And as the practical decision is connected with such deep responsibility, it would not be advisable to move until the way be very clear. Bishop George thinks it appears probable that in the ensuing Conference year a very extensive field of missionary labor may be opened among the blacks on this side of the water, more so than could possibly be obtained in Africa.

"The agent is clearly of the opinion that a white missionary can benefit the general cause most efficiently by his labors here -- at least for the present. I feel my mind much at rest; I have done all that appeared to be my duty; I have endeavored to follow the leadings of Providence, for I have good cause to watch over and be jealous of my own spirit. If no other result flow from this than bringing my views before the mind of the bishop, perhaps a point of no inconsiderable importance is gained to the great cause. The heart of the benevolent old man seems warmed with love divine to the poor Africans."

Immediately in this connection, he adds, "I had a good day, particularly in bearing a decided testimony for the glorious doctrine of Christian perfection. Oh! my God, hasten the period when sin shall expire and grace shall reign. In visiting the sick, I have found assistance and power, but yet the habit of my mind is not sufficiently spiritual. Let me plead and strive for a pure intention, a sanctified affection, and a holy walk. O Lord, help me to remember that for myself, as a follower of Christ, as well as a messenger of God, I must answer."

The persistence with which Mr. [George Grimston] Cookman adhered to the original purpose he had in coming to America is truly admirable, as not only showing the depth of the conviction, but also the integrity of his heart and the force of his will. His preaching and speaking in Philadelphia had produced a strong impression, and his fame as an orator began already to be acknowledged. His ministrations were universally acceptable, and very much sought. There was a demand in the churches for eloquent preachers; and the brilliant career of Summerfield had prepared the people to appreciate thoroughly a young Englishman who promised in any degree to take the place of that seraphic man.

It must have required in Cookman just such close heart searchings and earnest prayers as his memoranda reveal to keep him firm to Africa. It is not without significance that he yearned for deadness to the world and for increased spirituality. The record in regard to Christian perfection in this relation is truly valuable, as showing its vital relation to missionary work, and equally so as exhibiting in the father thus early in his ministry the fast hold he had taken of that doctrine of Methodism which was subsequently to become the distinguishing feature of the life and ministry of his son.

While actively devoting himself to regular ministerial duty, Mr. Cookman's efforts in the direction of Africa were not relinquished.

"Some time ago I made an offer of myself to the Colonization Society to go out to Liberia as a Methodist missionary at my own expense. I am sorry to find that an extract from my letter has been published in several of the papers, inasmuch as I could have wished to go about the matter without noise and pomp of observation ... I feel resigned to do or to suffer what the Lord may appoint -- if He say go, I am ready; if He say remain, I will remain and be submissive. I feel the kindlings of God's love, and am looking for a deeper and a holier baptism."

His cherished desire, however, was doomed to disappointment. God had other work for him to do. As the sequel proved, instead of going as a missionary to convert the heathen -- possibly to leave his bones after a few months on the sands of Africa -- he was, by his advanced ideas and persuasive eloquence, to plant the seeds of missionary labors which were destined to spring up in ever-widening harvests to the end of time.

Methodist missions were just then starting, and they needed in their first feeble beginnings such a heroic, fiery advocate as this brilliant and devout young man. He was not to be a missionary, as he earnestly and sincerely intended, pure and simple; but he was to be a creator of missionaries, who, in unbroken succession, should go from the American continent to all parts of the world. He was here, too, to found a family which was subsequently to be identified in all movements adapted to advance the salvation of the race; and, in the apostolic zeal of noble sons, was to project his influence into the far-reaching future of his adopted country.

The Almighty concealed from His servant at the time His full design, as he had done from many of His chosen ones before; but go to Africa he could not. His way was blocked. As was natural, the defeat of a purpose so long fixed upon, and which had wrought in him as an all-absorbing and assimilating force, could not but cause a painful disappointment. He did not hesitate to own it.

On November 6th he wrote:

"Abraham went forth at the command of Jehovah, 'not knowing whither he went,' and Luther, Wesley, Coke, Asbury, were first thrust out, and led along by a path which they could not have imagined. Had it, for instance, been told Wesley when he was in Oxford at my age, that he should be the head of a large body of Christians; that he should approve and employ lay preachers, and stand up in the market-places and preach the Gospel without book, he would have thought the teller mad. And it has appeared to me, after impartial investigation of Church history, that the real, extensive revivals of vital godliness in every age have not been by preconcerted design on the part of the instruments, but by a series of causes unsuspected and uncontrolled by human agency, but directed by Him who has ascended on high and received gifts for men. It is a series of reflections like these which reconcile me to my present situation and circumstances.

"I had certainly resolved to go to Africa, so far as any volition of the human will can decide upon any question; and I confess with shame that when, from the statement of the agent of the Colonization Society and the advice of Bishop George, my way seemed blocked up, my heart rose in rebellion, as though the great purpose of my soul was frustrated. But the great question now is, Was the purpose of the Lord frustrated? Is it not rather in progress of fulfillment? For if one part

of our purpose be the preparation of instruments, then such a disappointment to my proud self-will may be the best preparation in convincing me of my imperfect judgment and frailty of purpose."

With such reflections as these, Mr. Cookman reconciled himself to what was now evidently the final subversion of his early plan, and his permanent settlement in America as an itinerant Methodist preacher with a jealous watchfulness over his heart, he did not fail to see in the thwarting of his scheme the deep need he had of thorough proving in his religious experience, and of much correction in his natural tendencies. He knew himself too well not to know that impulsiveness was a defect in his character.

"The thought and the action are with me nearly synonymous, and when a thing is designed, my bones ache within me and my flesh cries out till it is done. I am aware this is a defect, leading me to speak too fast and to act too fast. It was this very thing which plunged Dr. Coke into so many perplexities, and gave Wesley such an advantage over him as a character. I always need a sober counselor at my elbow to talk the matter twice over."

Thus did he carefully guard himself; seeing in his worst disappointments the providential means of perfecting his graces, and using the things which he suffered as the things he most needed. Whether justly or not, it is common for God's most conscientious servants to think they discern weakness where often lies their greatest strength. It was the ardent temperament inherited from the mother which was the real spring of Mr. Cookman's mental power; nor would it have done too far to restrain it. Ordinarily, the great instruments of Providence have rough and sharp points, and are not toned down to exceeding smoothness.

In February, 1827, Mr. Cookman returned to England on a brief visit. He was married to Miss Mary Barton, Doncaster, Yorkshire, on the 2d of April, 1827, and immediately left with his bride for America. Miss Barton was a young lady of excellent family, of superior personal endowments, and of exemplary piety. In marrying Mr. Cookman, she not only wedded him as her husband, but also as God's minister, and devoted herself; with the utmost simplicity and in entire sympathy with him, to the work which absorbed his soul and was to employ his life. The comforts and luxuries of an affluent English home were abandoned with the pure intent of becoming a true helpmeet to the man of her heart, the accredited ambassador of Christ in bringing the world a conquest to redeeming love. Mrs. Cookman still lives at an advanced age [at that time, about 1875], a witness to the power of the same self-sacrificing zeal with which she originally left her father's house.

In the spring of 1827 Mr. Cookman was appointed to the Lancaster Circuit. This charge embraced Lancaster; Columbia, and Reading, three of the most important towns in Pennsylvania. It was a large and laborious charge, being what was called a six weeks' circuit, in the arrangement of which he preached at each church in the circuit but once in six weeks. His residence was at Columbia, situated on the Susquehanna River.

Here Alfred was born, January 4, 1828. He was physically a healthful and remarkably well-proportioned child. The mother, as she clasped her first-born to her heart, felt mingling with her maternal and wifely joy a sense of disappointment in the probable curtailment of her active participation in the pastoral work of her husband, and further postponing, if not entirely defeating,



the missionary purpose which still possessed both husband and wife. She had come to America with great designs in her soul; and now that the mission of a mother opened distinctly before her, the enthusiasm of her spirit was not a little sobered. Tending a babe in the narrow confines of the nursery, did not quite comport with that brilliant apostolic career which she had marked out for herself as the companion of a Christian missionary. But God gave her a happy thought. "Alfred was to be her Solomon to build the temple which she in becoming a mother could not rear." She was reconciled to her calling, and henceforth gave herself to the training of this son as the main work of her life. With the persuasion that he was given to her of God, she consecrated him from birth to the sacred ministry, to be a builder of God's Temple. All her thoughts, feelings, and plans for the child grouped about this central idea, and the idea in turn stamped its character and complexion on all she did.

There were two classes of women whom the Romans loved to honor -- the few virgins who devoted themselves in perpetual virginity to keeping alive the vestal fires, and the mothers of heroes. Mrs. Cookman accepted the traditional Anglo-Saxon doctrine that there is, strictly speaking, no higher mission for woman than the function of a matron. She had talents and graces which would have made her useful and famous in any sphere; but she saw with womanly instinct and true maternal feeling that her greatest usefulness and utmost fame -- as far as she could consider fame -- would be found in losing herself in her son, in spending her time and energies upon him, in fashioning the man who was to stand a man among men. Surely to train men -- to offer to sons the care, instruction, and sympathy which they need, and to maintain over them a controlling influence through the successive periods of their development -- is the worthiest ambition which can fill a woman's heart.

Such was Mrs. Cookman's ambition. The sequel confirms the wisdom of her choice. She was a true companion of her husband, and as far as practicable aided him not only by her affectionate sympathies and judicious counsels in his ministry, but also did all she could privately and publicly, as a godly lady, to promote the work of religion; but pre-eminently her realm was her house, and her work rather to form preachers than to preach.

Mr. Cookman's duties on his circuit kept him much from home, and threw the young wife and mother upon her own resources. This could not be otherwise than a trial to her refined nature, but she found comfort in the companionship of her child, and in the constantly augmenting success and fame of her husband. He was universally popular. At Reading, where there was then no Methodist church, he preached in the courthouse to crowds, in which were to be regularly seen the foremost lawyers and men of business in the town.

I give here an extract from a letter received about this time from [George Cookman] the father of Mr. [George Grimston] Cookman, in which touching reference is made to the two Alfreds:

[Reader, please keep in mind as you read the letter below: Both George Cookman, and George Grimston Cookman, his son, were married to women who were both named Mary. And, both of these "George and Mary" Cookmans had sons named "Alfred," the second Alfred being the Alfred Cookman who is the subject of this book. This tends to really "contort" your thinking as you try to discern which George, Mary, and Alfred are involved in various parts of the story. -- DVM]

"Hull, February 11, 1828

"Dear George and Mary, -- Our last letters sent by vessel from this port would bring the mournful intelligence of the loss of our dearest Alfred [uncle of the subject of this book], with many particulars respecting his last moments and his tranquil exit. These events, when brought back to our recollection, form new associations and open afresh the wounds in our bleeding hearts. We trust, however, you will be supported by the good hand of God under this irreparable loss, by the full assurance that now he is released from all his suffering, and his happy spirit is admitted into the presence of his Redeemer, and is associated with the spirits of just men made perfect. This assurance should moderate our sorrows; and, though we [his father and mother along with you his brother and sister-in-law] cannot but feel as his near relatives, our Christian principles should check an excess of suffering, because we are assured it was the good pleasure of God to take him from us, and he is much happier, better provided for, and taken greater care of now by his Heavenly Father than he possibly could have been by us...

"On the receipt of your last, bearing date the 7th of January, our feelings were deeply interested in receiving the pleasing intelligence of the birth of your son, and we were delighted to find the name of Alfred should not become extinct in our family. May he exhibit a large share of his uncle's intellectual and moral character, and may his mental powers in due time become as vigorous and his person as likely to be robust ... May you receive him as the gift of God, and while you gratefully acknowledge His supporting and sustaining hand, may you and the child be entirely consecrated to Him."

Was ever prayer more prediction? The desire of the grandfather for his second Alfred was entirely fulfilled, and in nothing more than his entire consecration to God. Who can compute the value to children of the faith of such parents and grandparents -- a faith which connects them in their very infancy with the covenant that engages God to bestow special blessings upon the children of His people?

In the spring of 1828, Mr. [George Grimston] Cookman was stationed at New Brunswick, N. J., which was then comprised, with all the State of New Jersey, in the Philadelphia Conference. While stationed here he made one of his earliest platform addresses, which immediately established his reputation with the community outside of his own denomination as a first-class orator. A correspondent of the New York Observer, who was present on the occasion, wrote of that speech subsequent to Mr. Cookman's death:

"None who were present will forget the powerful impression made by him at a meeting of the Young Men's Bible Society, in New Brunswick, N. J., in the year 1828, when a Methodist preacher of small stature, almost unknown in the community, having been invited for denomination's sake to speak on the occasion, arose and electrified the audience with an address that suddenly bore away the palm from all competitors. It reminded one of the brilliant debut of Summerfield at the anniversary of the American Bible Society in New York. None could appreciate the force of that speech who was unacquainted with the charm of the speaker's manner. Besides the simplicity, vivacity, and variety of the address, there was an appropriateness, both in point of time and place, that secured the undissembled admiration of his enlightened audience.

[Let the reader bear in mind that at the time the following thoughts were preached there was more real spiritual life in the various denominations pictured by the speaker. -- DVM]

"His subject was Christian union combined with denominational action. His mind, rich in bold and natural metaphors, drew a sketch more impressive than the most profound and elaborate argumentation could be, especially when addressed to a popular assembly of various creeds. He undertook to marshal the spiritual army. He considered the Methodists as the mounted volunteers, hovering on the frontiers; the Presbyterians, 'who love an open field,' as the infantry, occupying the center in solid columns, and presenting to the enemy a series of impregnable squares; he stationed the Baptists along the rivers and lakes, to win laurels in their peculiar warfare; and Episcopalians were to man the garrisons, inspect the magazines, and direct the batteries. 'But who shall be our artillery men? I propose, sir,' said Mr. Cookman, 'that we commit this very important department to our brethren of the Dutch Reformed Church; and, sir, may they acquit themselves with a valor worthy of their ancestors when the proud flag of De Witt swept the sea and the thunder of Van Tromp shook the ocean!' He then warned them of a spy in the camp, 'old and gray in iniquity, toothless, crooked, and unsavory;' and proceeded to draw a most graphic picture of Bigotry. He hoped that if the Methodist cavalry caught sight of him they would ride him down; that the Presbyterians would bayonet him; the Baptists drown him; the Episcopalians, if he approached their garrison, open a double-flanked battery upon him, and the Dutch Reformed greet him with a round of artillery. 'Let him,' said he, 'die the death of a spy, without military honors, and, after he has been gibbeted for a season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble!'

It is easy to imagine, as this brief sketch is read, the well-nigh overwhelming effect which this speech from a comparative stranger and a rather unpromising young man must have had upon the audience. Such a picture was a creation worthy the genius of a Bunyan. The ability to sustain a series of comparisons at such length, reaching the requirements of allegory, with so much of genuine truthfulness and humor, showed in the young preacher a high artistic power.

In 1829 Mr. Cookman was appointed to Talbot Circuit, Talbot County, Maryland. He had dreamed over in England of one day preaching the Gospel to the blacks of Maryland, and now his opportunity had come. By long brooding over the sufferings of the poor Negroes, he had transferred their chains to himself; and he longed to be among them and to do what he could to ameliorate their condition.

His circuit extended through the whole county, and included both the white and colored population adhering to the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was cordially received by the warm-hearted Southerners, among whom he found many English traits which did not fail to make him feel at home, and did much to relieve the pain which the presence of slavery caused him. Mr. Cookman never found closer friends than among the devout people of this section. Methodism had taken early and strong hold upon the community, and embraced, with slight exceptions, the staple intelligence and enterprise of the whole region; the people lived in simple affluence, and were ever ready to lavish upon their preacher all the choicest gifts of air, land, and water. They received Mr. Cookman, his wife and children -- for by this time Alfred had a brother -- with the warmest hospitality.

One gentleman, Mr. Samuel Harrison, who owned a large plantation stretching in a narrow neck out into the Chesapeake Bay, took them to his own house. The minister's coming to each successive appointment every four weeks was an ovation -- the whole country, whites and blacks alike, turned out to hear him. And it was not because the people had not been used hitherto to good preaching -- they had had it from the beginning of their religious history; they therefore knew how to appreciate it in Mr. Cookman.

The celebrated colored orator, Frederick Douglass, in his book entitled "My Bondage and my Freedom," p. 198, tells us that the Rev. George Cookman took an interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the slaves. He writes:

"Our souls and our bodies were alike sacred in his sight; and he really had a good deal of genuine anti-slavery feeling mingled with his colonization ideas. There was not a slave in our neighborhood that did not love and venerate Mr. Cookman. It was pretty generally believed that he had been chiefly instrumental in bringing one of the largest slaveholders -- Mr. Samuel Harrison -- to emancipate all his slaves; and, indeed, the general impression was that Mr. Cookman had labored faithfully with slaveholders, whenever he met them, to induce them to emancipate their bondmen, and that he did this as a religious duty. When this good man was at our house, we were all sure to be called in to prayers in the morning; and he was not slow in making inquiries as to the state of our minds, nor in giving us a word of exhortation and encouragement. Great was the sorrow of all the slaves when this faithful preacher of the Gospel was removed from the circuit."

Mr. Cookman's custom was to hold special services apart for the colored people, to which they flocked in great numbers. He was regarded with increasing favor both by masters and servants.

But what, meanwhile, is our little Alfred doing? Playing often, no doubt -- as many others before and since who became good and great have done -- with the little Negroes near the "quarters," or in front of the "big house," or on the sandy beach, or chasing butterflies over the fields, or possibly at "holding meeting." His mother says of him at this very early age:

"The tone of his mind had always a religious tendency, and before he was four years of age he imitated all the services of the Church. He would sometimes collect a crowd of colored children around him, and in his childish way preach to them about the necessity of being good, and then they would go to heaven and live with Jesus; but if they were bad boys and girls they would go to hell, and be burned in a great hot fire.

"His father traveled a circuit on the eastern shore of Maryland about this time, which brought Alfred in contact with numberless opportunities to show the bias of his mind. He would ask for a bowl of water, and request the servants of the family to come and be baptized. Many of them would come and kneel down as devoutly as though they felt the reality of the ordinance; and he, taking the water in his hand, would say, 'Bob Trot, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. God bless you, and make you a good man.' Then Bob and others who went through the same process would rise up from their knees and go forth as though they had performed a religious duty. So Alfred would go through with all the services of the sanctuary in his

boyish way with as much gravity and decorum as though he were already ordained, or set aside for this special work -- directing men and women to be good and do good."

It is not uncommon for boys, who never become preachers or much of any thing -- for children are busy little artists, painting with the brush of sympathy on the canvas of their souls the real life which passes before them -- to do just what Alfred did; and yet there is that in the ways of every child which shows the natural bent, and to some degree forecasts the after life. Goethe's painful sensitiveness to the presence of ugliness or deformity while quite a baby was indicative of that fine, delicate organization which is the constitutional basis of the poet. His mother had the eye to see it, and with skillful hand she guided the divine instinct by bringing to its nurture agreeable objects, and gently inciting it with narratives of the wondrous and beautiful; otherwise Germany had not had her greatest poet, nor the world one of its greatest educators.

To every mother her child has an individuality, and she can discern in it the hidden germ which in the flower is to render its maturity distinct and beautiful. The difference in mothers is the power properly to direct this original faculty. Fewer children would perish in the promise if there were more mothers who knew how to cherish and train the natural and gracious endowment. Mrs. Cookman had one desire for her boy, and she sedulously watched every hint in his childhood which pointed in the direction of its fulfillment. She hailed every such indication as a precursor of his future, since it had been impressed on her mind from his birth that he was to do the work that was in her heart to do for the Lord.

But she was a wise mother, looking for results, however good and desirable, to follow only upon the use of the proper means. She did not expect devout wishes and devout prayers to mold the character of Alfred without corresponding effort to rear him aright. Great and good men do not grow, like the rank weeds, untended, but, like the lovely and fragrant flowers, by culture. Here's a memorandum from the mother on this point: "Alfred was very correct in all his deportment, obedient to his parents, very truthful, and conscientious. He was, of course, watched over with more than ordinary care. Parental vigilance was ever on the alert to detect and correct any thing that might mar the little tender plant." Yet there was not excess of training, nor morbid stimulating. "His father early impressed him with the idea, 'Play when you play, and work when you work.'"

It was hardly to be expected that the social scenes by which this child was surrounded at that period could permanently affect his disposition; yet he ever after loved this country and its people, and to this day there is no name fuller of sweet odor in the whole region than that of Alfred Cookman. It is well known, too, that he cherished throughout life a great love for the black race. He had romped, wept, and laughed -- nay, even prayed, with the colored boys; and a common feeling, so self-asserting in children, had taught him in the simple and innocent sports of childhood the great truth of the oneness of humanity. In the very lap of the warm, unselfish nursing of which the Negro woman is capable, associated with the strange and weird stories, and the low, soft melodies, the earnest and implicit trustfulness with which she mingles all her work, he received impressions at this susceptible age which ever endeared the colored people to him.

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### Part 3

#### THE GROWING FAME OF GEORGE G. COOKMAN -- THE CHILDHOOD OF ALFRED

How far Mr. Cookman felt himself successful in his mission to the colored people does not appear. He found obstacles in promoting their liberation. He was useful to them, as he was also to the white population; but his talents were soon in demand in the great city, and he was accordingly at his next appointment assigned to St. George's, Philadelphia. It showed the confidence of the bishop, and of the people of St. George's, that he was sent so soon to the charge where on his first arrival he had joined and labored as a local preacher. On the removal of the family to the city, Alfred, with his brother George, [Here we in succession, the third George Cookman. -- DVM] was placed at school under the care of Miss Ann Thomas, a member of the Society of Friends, who was quite celebrated for her skill in teaching. He remained two years under her care, and made rapid progress in the elementary branches of education. She took very special interest both in him and his little brother, and expressed great sorrow when they left her. In a note to the mother she wrote:

"I give my testimony respecting thy dear boys that I have enjoyed great consolation in their company. While endeavoring to inform their little minds, and give them a knowledge of literature, they have been obedient and attentive, very innocent, and strict to truth, and in almost everything what my heart could wish. Tell them to remember Miss Ann, who dearly loves them, and wishes them everlasting happiness."

I presume Alfred, at the age of five to seven, did not get very deep into what his loving teacher calls "literature." His instruction in the rudiments of knowledge was probably thorough, and imparted with the exactness and kindness for which the Friends are remarkable. This godly lady's spirit undoubtedly affected him as much as the lessons she taught, and may in some measure account for the great favor in which he always held her people -- a favor which was as warmly reciprocated by them.

Subsequently to the two years at St. George's, Philadelphia, Mr. Cookman spent one year at Newark, N.J. His reputation had reached Baltimore, Md., then and now a stronghold of Methodism in America. The intercourse of the citizens of the eastern shore of Maryland with their commercial metropolis could not fail to bring to the attention of the leading Methodists of the city the brilliant talents of the preacher.

Mr. Cookman had himself visited Baltimore, and preached in its churches. There arose an urgent demand for his services, and he was accordingly transferred to the Baltimore Conference in the spring of 1834, and appointed to the city station, which then included all the Methodist Episcopal churches of the city except those on Fell's Point. Mr. Cookman was associated with Reverends William Hamilton, James Sewell, Thomas Thornton, and James H. Brown, and preached in rotation with them on the circuit plan. His ministrations excited the utmost enthusiasm, and crowds filled the churches to hear him. His eloquent preaching and platform addresses, faithful pastoral labors, devotion to Sunday Schools, and magical social powers -- baptized as all his faculties and exercises were by the Holy Ghost -- gave him a position which has seldom been equaled and never excelled by any pastor in that city. His influence helped to sustain the position Methodism had already acquired; and greatly assisted to push it forward to the pre-eminence

which it has ever since held. The Methodists of that day who still survive scattered among the several churches never weary of talking of his power, and remember and narrate with distinctness, special passages in his sermons and speeches which thrilled the congregations.

On one Sabbath evening, Mr. Cookman was preaching to a dense audience at Light Street, and, as sometimes happened with him, and happens to all men, however able, if they are extemporaneous speakers, he had no freedom in his sermon, and evidently did not succeed as he wished; but, with a fertility of resource which seldom failed him, he began an exhortation as he proceeded to the consciences of his hearers, which was so effective for direct and fiery appeal as to subdue all hearts. A prominent citizen, who had been attracted by his fame, but was about to leave the house disappointed at his sermon, was so wrought upon by the exhortation as to be awakened and converted.

Among the vast multitudes who hung upon the eloquent lips of Mr. Cookman at this time was a little boy of seven years of age, not unknown to him. Alfred was no indifferent hearer to such life-like expositions and delineations as the father gave from Sunday to Sunday. The intelligence of the lad had sufficiently dawned to appreciate a method of teaching which was so well suited to awaken and chain the attention of the young. His conscience was growing with his other faculties, and now began to assert itself. The seeds of truth cast into the soil of his heart were beginning to swell, though the full time for them to burst into a definitive new life had not yet come. Referring to his early experience, he has himself recorded:

"I shall never cease to be grateful for the instruction and example of a faithful father and an affectionate mother. At this moment I cannot call up a period in my life, even in my earliest childhood, when I had not the fear of God before my eyes. When about seven years of age, I persuaded my parents to let me attend a Watch-Night service. It was held in Old Exeter Street Church, in the city of Baltimore. My father preached on the second coming of Christ. Thinking that perhaps the end of the world was just at hand, I realized for the first time my unpreparedness for the trying scenes of the judgment, and trembled in the prospect. I date my awakenings from that time."

With many of the families of his charge in Baltimore Mr. Cookman formed close intimacies, and with none more so than the family of the late Mr. Joshua Creamer. I extract the following incident, written by him in these happy days in the album of Mrs. Jane Creamer Taylor, then an unmarried daughter at home. It is beautiful in itself and indicative of the devout and humble spirit which animated his ministry:

"It was on a fine Sabbath evening in the month of June, 1821, that three youthful pilgrims visited the tomb of Wesley's father in Epworth churchyard. They gathered from the overhanging beech-tree a little bark as a memento of the past; and, while standing on that very tombstone from which John Wesley had preached to listening thousands eighty years before, they solemnly invoked a blessing from the God of the Church, and determined to follow Wesley as he followed Christ. One of these youths is now a missionary in Upper Canada, the second is a useful preacher of the Gospel in England, and the third the writer of this short article.

"Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

"George G. Cookman

"Baltimore, 9th of February, 1835"

Another leaf from this album will appear in its place, illustrative of the reverence and affection which was even then springing up in the son's heart for the father.

The time had now come when Alfred's academic training was fairly to begin. Since leaving the charge of the gentle Friend in Philadelphia, he had been mainly dependent upon home instruction; but now, in the providence of God, he was to be placed in the most favorable circumstances for a boy's education. Mr. Cookman, for reasons which were sufficient to the authorities of the Church, was removed in 1836 from Baltimore City to the town of Carlisle, Pa. At first glance, such an exercise of episcopal supervision might appear unaccountable -- certainly without justification. To remove a man so well adapted to mold great masses from the center of population and power, when his usefulness was constantly augmenting, to a quiet, rural town, where he could at most have only a limited community to influence, might seem at once strange and unreasonable. But the highest wisdom teaches that influence is not always to be measured by the number of minds which it reaches, but by the quality of the minds, and the degree with which it affects them. As in matter, so in mind, a given force may effect greater results by being exerted on a small spot than by being spread over a wide surface. It is one of the economies of Nature to gather up and concentrate her energies for the production of her most remarkable works.

There was reason enough for Mr. Cookman's removal to Carlisle. The Methodists of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences had recently purchased from the Presbyterians Dickinson College, located at that borough, and had made it their educational center. Once more, from the despair which was engendered by the ashes of Cokesbury and Light Lane, they had risen in hope, with a determined effort to found for their region an institution for the liberal training of young men. They had looked abroad through the Church, and had concentrated upon their new enterprise the best talents which Methodism could then afford, and from the West, East, and their own borders, had brought together Durbin, Caldwell, Emory, Allen, McClintock, and Roszell, all young men, instinct with literary enthusiasm, with denominational and professional pride [Contrary to being commendable, is it not true that "denominational and professional pride" were two things that contributed to the spiritual downfall of Methodism, and not to its spiritual elevation? -- DVM]. The selection of Carlisle as a location for the school may have been a mistake, but the choice of the Faculty was one of those rare successes which can only be explained by a guiding spirit in the Church.

The Rev. J. P. Durbin had recently come from the West, with a high reputation for pulpit ability and administrative skill, and was put at the head of its management; Professor Merrit Caldwell, fresh from the walls of Bowdoin, brought with him accurate scholarship and valued experience as a teacher; Professor W. H. Allen, also from Bowdoin, united rare physical and intellectual strength, which was disciplined and enriched alike by manual and mental toil; the youthful Professor Robert Emory had carried off the prizes at Columbia, New York City, and was probably one of the purest and most thoroughly furnished young men of the land; Professor John



McClintock graduated from the Pennsylvania University in his teens, and was already regarded by all who knew him as a prodigy for the grasp and versatility of his talents and the fullness of his attainments; Mr. S. A. Roszell, from the halls of the first Methodist College of the West, at Augusta, Ky., was of a parent stock justly famed for its vigor, and possessed in his own right a reputation for depth and finish of culture.

There was never a happier combination in the grouping of men, who were destined very speedily to crystallize into a harmonious unity. They blended at once -- thinking, feeling, working freely, with the most implicit interchange of principle, plan, and aim; and their joint labors began to tell in the college and at the remotest points of its patronizing territory. Methodist youths from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia, began to gather within its halls. These youths needed not only literary instruction, but also the ablest moral and spiritual care of which the Church was capable. The Conferences and the Faculty pledged themselves to the parents that the religion and morals of their sons should not suffer while under college oversight; and hence it was deemed reasonable that the ministry had no man whose powers were too great for Carlisle, or whose eloquence and piety could be more usefully employed than in inspiring and molding young men for the future of the Church and the nation.

Mr. Cookman was accordingly sent to take the charge of the Church, composed of both town and college people. He was still a young man, in all the glow of youthful zeal, in the full force of rapidly culminating talents, and with all the earnestness of an absorbing devotion to the single work of a Christian pastor. His task as a preacher was a most difficult and delicate one -- to stand before a congregation constituted as congregations are in a college town. He must satisfy professors, entertain students, and edify trades-people. Could any position require more genuine ability? There was Durbin before him -- a natural Tecumseh in the pulpit, then in his prime, whose words from the same desk were not seldom like alternate ice and fire bolts crashing through the consciences of the hearers there was Emory, exact, logical, and forcible -- and McClintock, in the first flush of a round, graceful, and persuasive oratory. There too were the fastidious, hypercritical collegians of all classes, the hardest hearers; and, not least, the matter-of-fact outside business community; but the pastor was master of the situation, nothing appalled him; his commission was from God, and he faithfully fulfilled it. His influence over all classes was unique and perfect. In the pulpit, the parlor, the prayermeeting, he was the acknowledged leader, and never was a ministry under like circumstances more productive of good. His trophies for the Cross were gathered from all these circles; young men were then and there converted through his preaching who have since become honored in all the walks of life.

But I must not forget our boy of nine summers, whose eyes opened upon these scenes in which his worthy father was so distinguished an actor. He also had come to college; and he equally, but in a different sense, was to be the companion of these classic men and their surroundings. Under such circumstances, in his focus of knowledge and piety, an impulse was to be imparted to him which was to determine his whole after-life. I know of few spots upon which Alfred could have fallen at this impressionable age more suitable in all its adjuncts for his first formal entrance into school. Of the people about him, to whose constant association the office and personal worth of his father would naturally introduce him, I have spoken; but of the place itself and its environs much can be said.

Carlisle has but little attractiveness in its immediate topography or in its artificial structure -- a plain town, its only importance is as the civil and natural center of a thrifty agricultural county, without any objects of taste whatever; the outlying country is very beautiful. The Cumberland Valley, in which it lies, is broad and undulating, abounding in springs and streams; its soil rich and productive, its whole bosom covered with fertile farms or luxuriant forests; while in the distance on either side the North and South Mountains, spurs of the Alleghenies, rise into prominence and sweep along in unbroken succession, save here and there a gentle gap, and form, in their continuous, wavy outlines, one of the most agreeable prospects which can be offered to the eye. I doubt if old Carlisle, in England, after which it is named, possesses a more charming situation.

It can not be supposed that this physical beauty was without educational effect upon the ardent temperament of the boy, inclined as he was by his healthful nature to relish all sensuous [not sensual] delights. Indeed, the aesthetical sense born in him, and afterward so strongly marked in his intellectual development, and the devout reverence for God in works of nature always so prominent through his whole life, must have received from it an exciting and durable effect. A lad so reflective as he is represented from the very dawn of thought could not have been otherwise than most favorably influenced by habitual contact with scenes so simple and pleasing.

"Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,"

might doubtless be said of him at this as well as later periods of his youth, and that not so much to elude his companions in play, as to gain for himself the quiet communion for which his thoughtful soul thirsted.

But enough of my fancy and a little of fact from Alfred's own hand. Fortunately one of his earliest letters has been preserved, and lies before me in his own handwriting. The composition must be regarded as creditable for a boy of ten years; not surprising, however, when the exercises he was then having in school and the constant care his mother gave him are taken into account. The penmanship already shows the indications of the beautiful chirography for which his later manuscripts are noted. It is to his grandfather Cookman:

"Carlisle, January 27, 1838

"My Dear Grandfather, -- I have long been thinking that it was my duty to write a letter to one for whom I desire to cherish the warmest affection, and to whom we are already under very great obligations...

"First of all I must congratulate you on your very honorable election to the high office of mayor to the important and flourishing town of Kingston-upon-Hull. Although we boys are Americans and Republicans in our feelings, yet we are not insensible to the honor attached to offices conferred by the votes of the people...

"I am very happy to say that dear mother's health continues very good. Fortunately for her, the winter up to this time has been unusually mild; indeed, the last week has rather resembled the

month of April than January, so that she has been able to go out three or four times a week in the middle of the day and see her friends. Indeed, ever since she was in Baltimore her health has been gradually improving, and long may she live to be what she has truly been, the best of mothers.

"About Christmas we had a slight fall of snow, which rendered the roads for a few days in good condition for sleighing, which is the favorite winter pastime in these parts. Almost every farmer has a good sleigh, and when you have a couple of stout horses and a plentiful supply of thick buffalo skins to keep out the frost, it is the finest riding in the world. Sometimes the citizens will put a great Pennsylvania wagon on runners, and yoke four or five good horses, and then thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen can enjoy themselves right well. Even we boys have our little sleigh, and it would amuse you to see myself and George going at full speed, with Frank on the sleigh, holding little John on his knee.

"It becomes my duty to give some account of our progress at the Grammar School. This is a large, elegant square building, three stories high, opposite the front gate of the college. The basement floor is occupied by the steward's apartments, the second by two spacious, lofty rooms, above fifty feet square, and divided by two folding-doors into the English and Classical departments. Mr. Roszell has the superintendence, and is a very strict man indeed. Mr. Hey is an Englishman, and is said to be one of the best grammarians in the country. Mr. Cary and Mr. Bunting, under whose care I am at present, are the assistants. Since I entered the school I have gone four or five times through the English grammar, and twice through the Latin, having committed all the rules to memory. George has gone twice through his English grammar, and is now beginning Latin. I have been twice through Tytler's Universal History; I am nearly through my Latin reader and geography, and have drawn a few maps. In arithmetic I am as far as the last section of discount. Besides all this, I have constant exercises in parsing [parsing = the resolving of sentences into component parts so as to describe them grammatically -- Oxford Dict.], composition, and elocution. I have written four or five original essays, and declaimed before the school three times, and frequently, besides three or four other tasks, have to write out an entire Latin verb in an evening. So you may believe we are not idle. Indeed, they work us very hard. Mr. Roszell says it will keep us out of mischief; and father says it is the very thing; but, indeed, I really do not know how I should have got along if it had not been for the help of my dear mother, who usually gives her evenings to the purpose.

"In conclusion, allow me to say that we hope the deep interest and liberality you have manifested for our education will be met by a corresponding application and improvement on our part, so that you will not have cause to be ashamed of us.

"Father, mother, George, Francis, William Wilberforce, and John Emory all unite in great affection to yourself; uncles, aunts, and cousins Robinson and Holmes, for whose welfare, present and eternal, we are taught daily to pray to Almighty God.

Your affectionate grandson,  
"Alfred Cookman"

To this the father adds a postscript:

"The subjoined is a Saturday afternoon exercise which Alfred, at my instance, has written for your inspection, and at your request. You will remember he is only just ten years old, and has been subjected to the interruption of the children, which has given a hurried and careless air to his writing. But the ... Mayor of Hull ... will treat the American boy magnanimously, especially as it is a first effort at epistolary writing.

"Your Advertiser came safe to hand. Your 'inauguration speech' is going the rounds to Philadelphia and Baltimore to friends Suddards and Plaskitt. It was in the college reading-room for a few days, and was admired by the Faculty and students for its moderation and propriety. Things look squally here both North and South. Canada will not easily settle on the New York frontier. I am solicited to go to Washington, Philadelphia, and Charleston, but will leave it with the Episcopacy. The Lord will provide. Accept our love."

Alfred's "first effort at epistolary writing" certainly needs no apology. If it chanced to fall under the eye of any "grammar School" student of that day, its references to the "fine, elegant square building," and to Mr. Roszell as "a very strict man indeed," will be duly appreciated. Mr. Roszell did not believe in sparing the rod; but whether he ever had cause to administer it to our boy or no, I have not learned. Alfred was studious and obedient; but it must not be supposed he was a saint from the cradle. The moral heroism of his character was not without its physical and mental basis; and possibly, but for the timely training of judicious parents, the metal of his disposition would have betrayed him into many of the rudenesses of other boys.

Twice in his life he was whipped -- when four years old, for throwing a book at his mother, and, when seven or eight, for fighting with his brother George. Was there ever a boy who didn't enjoy once in a while the exercise of a little power over his younger and weaker brother? How else can he show his muscle? And who so fair a subject for Alfred's muscle as little George? It was a good thing in the mother that she flogged the darling even at four and seven, otherwise "her Solomon" would likely never have been, and her temple to God never have been reared. Not the least lesson taught him while he was learning "literature" from the fair friend, was this whipping-lesson from his mother. But how like a sweet melody breathes the testimony of the dear mother to the fidelity of her boy, even thus young in years:

"His boyhood was spent pretty much like that of other boys, in the sports and occupations of that period of his young life. Obedience to parental authority was a prominent characteristic from his earliest years. Promptness in the performance of duty was another beautiful trait. Industry, patience, and perseverance were very early brought into requisition, and served a good purpose in laying a foundation for the successive periods of after life."

In this letter, too, is seen already the dawn of his thorough Americanism, and of his faculty for description. The sleighs and sleigh-rides of a Pennsylvania winter, the sled with himself and George in the harness, "going at full speed, with Frank on the sleigh holding little John on his knee" -- are not these to the life? This first letter also shows us Alfred among his brothers. Alas! too soon the buoyant lad, whose heart knew no thrill except of gladness as he guided the sports of his gleeful brothers, was to stand among them an elder brother and a thoughtful counselor. But let the veil rest, for we are yet some way from the awful darkness, and have many important and pleasant steps to take before we reach it.

In this winter of 1838 Alfred made another first effort, of greater moment than his first essay at "epistolary writing." The deep religious seriousness which he had felt in Baltimore had not at any time wholly subsided, and now, under the power of the Holy Spirit, was vividly renewed.

"There (Carlisle) I became," he has recorded, "the subject of powerful conviction. Often I have risen from my meal and sought some lonely place where I might weep on account of sin. Frequently I have lain awake on my bed, fearing to sleep, lest I might wake up amid the darkness and horrors of an eternal Hell. Sin became a burden too intolerable to be borne."

This is strong language for a youth of ten years, and for one who had been uniformly affectionate and obedient; and yet such an experience even for a youth in those days was hardly exceptional; but though it might have been, in his case it is not surprising in view of the sharp and definite features his religious character always assumed. Here, in the beginning of the spiritual life, is the same positiveness which afterward characterized his maturity. "Sin is real, Hell is real; I am a sinner; I am in danger of its punishment." Such was the revelation the Holy Ghost made in his conscience, and he felt and acted accordingly. It may not be necessary that every youth should feel thus deeply in order to become regenerate, but for Alfred Cookman it was the very best preparation he could have had for that clear and definite religious experience which subsequently distinguished him. Fortunately he has left a narration of his conversion, which I give entire:

[Alfred Cookman, the subject of this book, was born January 4, 1828. Therefore, the time of his conversion, as related below, was shortly after he had reached his 10th birthday. -- DVM]

"During the month of February, 1838, while a protracted meeting was in progress in Carlisle, I concluded 'now is the accepted time,' 'now is the day of salvation.' One night, when a social meeting was held at the house of a friend, I struggled with my feelings, and, although it was a fearful cross, I urged my way to a bench which was specially appropriated for penitents. My heart convulsed with penitential sorrow, tears streaming down my cheeks, I said, 'Jesus, Jesus, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do.' For some hours I sought, without, however, realizing the desire of my heart. The next evening I renewed the effort. The evening after that the service was held in the church; the altar was crowded with seeking souls, principally students of Dickinson College; there seemed to be no place for me, an agonized child. I remember I found my way into one corner of the church. Kneeling all alone, I said, 'Precious Saviour, Thou art saving others, oh, wilt Thou not save me?' As I wept and prayed and struggled, a kind hand was laid on my head. I opened my eyes and found it was a Mr. James Hamilton, a prominent member and an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Carlisle. He had observed my interest, and obeying the promptings of a kind, sympathizing Christian heart, he came to encourage and help me. I remember how sweetly he unfolded the nature of faith and the plan of salvation. I said, 'I will believe, I do believe; I now believe that Jesus is my Saviour; that He saves me -- yes, even now;' and immediately,

"The opening heavens did round me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss;  
And Jesus showed His mercy mine,  
And whispered I am His.'

"I love to think of it now; it fills my heart unutterably full of gratitude, love, and joy. 'Happy day; oh, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.!'"

It will thus be seen that the great change wrought in his heart, as presented in his own language in mature life, was as decided in the evidences of its thoroughness, as were his convictions for sin.

The altar was thronged with older persons, mostly students, whose presence and importance very naturally engrossed attention; he was only a little boy; his feelings might be regarded as the result of a sympathetic excitement, and not worthy of especial notice; but he understood himself and oppressed with sin and bent upon relief "he found himself in one corner of the church, all alone." Ah! my little brother, God's Spirit was doing a genuine work in your young heart. Your great Creator had also put iron in your "make-up" when He formed you. There were hours coming when again "all alone with your Saviour" you must stand; hours so bitter in their loneliness that only Jesus and self-reliance can keep you firm to duty and give you victory.

Although Alfred was off in the corner, God sent him a kind friend who opened the kingdom of God to him. There are always some great souls who can understand the hearts of little children, and have faith enough to anticipate the harvests which will come of tiny seeds. But Alfred had good companionship among the youths brought to God in this revival. The great Head of the Church was electing others who, like himself were to be marked and useful men.

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#### Part 4

#### GEORGE G. COOKMAN IN THE CAPITAL OF THE NATION -- THE YOUTH OF ALFRED

The time had come -- spring of 1838 -- when Mr. Cookman must again remove, and go he knew not whither, at the appointment of the Episcopacy. As intimated in the letter already quoted, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Washington wished his services. To the latter city, the national capital, he was sent; and the cozy college town was exchanged for the political center of the nation, and now upon a broader scene the eloquent and devout preacher was to make his appearance. The two years at Carlisle were invaluable to the man who henceforth must stand before "kings." Two more years, and four or six more, would have been valuable to Alfred. It was hard for him to leave the "stately grammar school," with its "strict discipline," and to give up the prospect of a speedy entrance into the walls of the college, a prize so coveted by every true "prep;" but when the itinerant wheel rolls, the schools of boys must stand out of the way, and so Alfred must go with father and mother and brothers; he was too young to be left behind, and he must do the best he can in the pursuit of "literature" in Washington City [Now Washington, D.C. -- DVM]. Mr. Cookman was stationed at Wesley Chapel, then a new charge, comprising in its membership many of the most cultivated and progressive Methodists of the city.

The proximity of his church to the Capitol rendered it convenient of access to the members of Congress and to strangers visiting Washington during the sessions. His ministry began at once to excite attention; soon the chapel was thronged with hearers from all sections of the country,

irrespective of denominational connections, and his reputation was promptly established as a first-class pulpit orator. It may be safely affirmed that no minister ever entered Washington who maintained from first to last a greater ascendancy over the popular heart. Men and women of every grade of society, of every station in the government, were equally charmed by his forcible and beautiful eloquence. Senators, heads of Departments and their clerks, rich and poor, the litterateur and the illiterate man, the slaveholder and the slave, all alike were captured by his magical tongue, and he swayed their hearts as with the wand of a magician -- with "a warrior's eye beneath a philosopher's brow," his spell was irresistible.

Mr. Cookman had a reputation for eloquence before his advent in Washington. This undoubtedly helped him to an expectant hearing; but, if he had not possessed genuine power, his failure must have been proportionately great, as the previous expectations aroused had been high. To sustain a reputation is proof of real ability. In most instances, however, his power was attested by his signal influence over men who, outside of the Methodist Church, had never heard of him, or who went first to listen to him with comparative indifference. Oftentimes the casual listener, who had come to church to worship, to hear anybody, and who was not acquainted either with the name or the personal appearance of Mr. Cookman, was so strongly impressed as to wish to hear him constantly ever afterward. As an example illustrative of this, and also showing how Mr. Cookman came to be elected Chaplain to Congress, I give here part of a sketch from the Hon. O. H. Smith, then United States Senator from Indiana, which appeared in the Indianapolis Journal soon after Mr. Cookman's death:

"It was Sabbath morning. The last of the city church-bells was ringing as I left my boarding-house on Capitol Hill, at Washington City, for Wesley Chapel. It was quarterly meeting. The preacher had closed his sermon, when there arose at the desk a slender, spare man, about five feet eight, dark complexion, black hair falling carelessly over his high forehead, lean, bony face, wide mouth, round breasted black coat with velvet falling collar, black vest and pantaloons. Addressing the congregation, he said: 'We desire to take up a small collection for the relief of destitute, worn-out Methodist preachers and their families. We appeal today to the hearts of the congregation,' and took his seat. A large collection followed. I whispered to Patrick G. Good, of Ohio, who sat by me, 'Who is that?' 'Don't you know him? It is George G. Cookman.' The next Sabbath I was at the chapel again. Mr. Cookman preached. I returned satisfied that he was no ordinary man. The election for Chaplain of the Senate came on a few days after, and without the knowledge of Mr. Cookman, I privately suggested his name to the Senators around me. The most of them had heard him preach. He was elected Chaplain by a decided vote over Rev. Henry Slicer, [This is a grave error. Dr. Slicer, though afterward repeatedly elected to the Chaplaincy, was not at this time a candidate for the office.] against whom there was not the least objection; but we wanted to bring Mr. Cookman more prominently before the public. The next Sabbath he preached his first sermon in the Hall of the House, to a very large congregation, from the text, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.' He made a profound impression on his hearers that day, which seemed to increase with every succeeding sermon."

Such a testimony was all the more creditable to Mr. Cookman, coming, as it did, from a Presbyterian gentleman. The interest shown in promoting his election to the Chaplaincy of the United States Senate was certainly magnanimous in Mr. Smith, but is the more significant as showing the remarkable influence which Mr. Cookman gained over those who heard him.

It was in the winter of 1838-9 that his election to this honorable position occurred. Politics were running high. The country has never known a more excited political canvass, except during the late civil war, than was then pending. The Whigs and the Democrats were the two great parties which disputed for victory. The first talents of the land were gathered in the capital. Orators, whose names are forever identified with the classic period of American eloquence; statesmen, who were probing and settling the principles of constitutional law for generations yet unborn; sagacious men from all the pursuits of life, elected to represent the diversified interests of widely differing sections, were experimenting in the problems of banking, protection, free-trade, of slave and free labor, of colonization, of internal improvements; soldiers, whose laurels won in the late war with England were scarcely yet withered, and who, jealous of every possible encroachment of the mother-country, were eagerly watching for the adjustment of all difficulties between the two nations on a satisfactory basis -- these all were in the Congress of 1838-9. The illustrious triumvirs -- Clay, Webster, and Calhoun -- and many others of hardly less fame, such as Benton, Berrien, Preston, Wright, Buchanan, occupied seats in the Senate. But Mr. Cookman was equally at home here as he had been at Carlisle before the professors.

A man of one work, his simple, devout piety was unchanged, and here, as elsewhere, inspired his preaching and his conduct. He so preached and so lived, with such an evident singleness of purpose, with such unaffected humility of spirit, as to win universal respect and confidence. His theme was Christ crucified; his object the salvation of men. Whether he preached in the Hall of the House of Representatives or in his own church, his sermons were not only eloquent in the popular sense, but appropriate, forcible, and direct, and uniformly conveyed to those who heard him proof of his deep and thorough religious earnestness. In these hours of responsibility, when the wisest were ready to receive his instructions; and of danger, when the incense of praise was perfuming his life, there was need of all that close application to books, that profound devotion to Christ, and that jealousy of self which he cultivated in his earlier religious experience. There is such a thing as the hiding of power in the present for the uses of the future. Young men, whom the great Master leads through conflicts, through long and tedious days of proving, through earnest and self-denying wrestles for purity and knowledge, do not always realize that they are storing the strength which is afterward to be their great resource. The highest proof of a great mind is its reserved force. In this element Mr. Cookman was pre-eminent in his sphere. His hold on God, his clear-sightedness, his firm convictions, his understanding of his own aims, his thorough self-abnegation, enabled him to stand unawed before the wisdom of the nation.

As might be expected, a ministry thus faithful was not without its direct fruits. In an ordinary church immediate results are looked for, and usually follow; but too often the highest ends of preaching, when to such congregations as then assembled in the House of Representatives, are left to the remote future. Some of the first men of the land were deeply moved by the minister's searching and persuasive appeals. Among them was ex-President Franklin Pierce, at that time one of the Senators from New Hampshire. Mr. Pierce never ceased to cherish for the memory of Mr. Cookman the most reverent affection, and although he did not at this time take a decided open stand for Christ and unite with the Methodist Church, it will be remembered that in his later life he manifested the highest respect for religion, and some years before his death, on profession of faith, he was received into the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It will be no breach of confidence, now that both of these men of God have passed away, if I make public Mr. Cookman's



own account of Mr. Pierce's awakening, written at the time to Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College. Reference is also made to Senator Linn, of Missouri, who likewise manifested much religious feeling:

"Washington City, D. C., February 28th, 1839

"... This morning I had an interesting and memorably affecting interview with a friend of yours, Senator Pierce, of New Hampshire, who is at present the subject of deep, poignant convictions of the Spirit of God. He has been attending my ministry regularly ever since I have been in the city, and for the last three or four weeks his heart has been broken up indeed, and a more sincere, humble, penitent sinner I have seldom seen. He opened his mind, he said, for the first time to any human being on the overwhelming subject of his soul's salvation, and while tears coursed down his cheeks, and he paced the room -- and then sat down and commenced anew the history of his life and the convictions of God's Spirit upon his mind; my own mind was deeply affected, for he is a gentleman to whom I am very much attached -- an amiable, frank, sincere character. He expresses his intention of attending the ministry and class meetings of the Methodists on his return to Concord, and also here in this city, if spared to see another session of Congress. He requested me to pray for him on the spot, in my parlor, and appeared deeply affected and earnestly engaged for the salvation of his soul.

"Senator Linn, of Missouri, has also manifested great interest on the subject of religion. He is intimate with Senator Pierce -- may both be brought into the favor and peace of our Lord Jesus Christ. If you are acquainted with the Rev. J. M. F., the stationed preacher at Concord, New Hampshire, a few lines from you advising of Senator Pierce's peculiar religious state might be expedient -- although I think it best in general to keep these cases away from the bulk of our people, who talk too much when great sinners are convicted, which often defeats the desired object. If you could write to the Senator it might have a good effect."

Among Professor Caldwell's unpublished manuscripts is a letter to the Senator, breathing a wisdom, purity, fidelity, and affection which must have been not only kindly received, but have made an enduring impression upon his mind. One of its closing sentences is, "Permit me, my dear sir, to express a hope that your application to the fountain of all truth, and to the source of all wisdom, may be so successful that you may never have occasion to rest your hopes for this world or the next on the doubts and uncertainties of skepticism -- the system to which I believe all ultimately resort who are so unfortunate as to find no better."

But I must not forget, in the work and fame which were thus clustering so thickly about the father, the lovely youth who was unobtrusively pursuing the even tenor of his way. It was Mr. Cookman's habit to make a companion of Alfred. Frequently he took him to the Senate Chamber, where he received the attentions of Senators in the genial greetings which occurred. He was just then as handsome, well-formed, and as engaging a boy of eleven years as could be found. He could appreciate, if not the intrinsic worth, the manifest popularity of his father as evinced in the position to which he was chosen, in the crowds that thronged his ministry, and in the compliments bestowed on his preaching; and it is not to be supposed he was indifferent to it all. His young heart swelled, no doubt, with emotions of pride for his father, and for himself as the son of such a father, and the consequent partner in his fame. The outside world of men and things into which Alfred was thus

introduced, differed vastly from the simple surroundings of Carlisle -- great men, great buildings, great measures -- these now crowded the thoughts that so recently were taken up and satisfied with books, play, and prayers.

I spoke of the disadvantage his education must suffer by his removal from the grammar school at Carlisle just as he was getting into thorough drill; equally it should not surprise us if his religious life, when removed from familiar and genial friendships into new and strange associations, were to meet with a chill which would abate its warmth, if not stop its growth. The first few days and nights of a plant's transfer from the nursery to the open air, are always days and nights of peril to its opening buds. How many young Christians, who commence with vigorous promise, fall away and perish because of a too sudden change of place or of pastors! Alfred did not lose his religious faith; but, by his own acknowledgment, his experience declined in vitality -- he was not the same joyous little Christian for some months that he had been soon after being "all alone with Jesus" in the corner of the church.

"Some time after this we removed to Washington City, in the District of Columbia. Here I fell in with new associates who felt no interest in the subject of religion, and declined a little in my warmth and zeal, and partook a little too much of their spirit." The subsidence of his piety was of short duration. "The campmeeting season rolled around; I expressed a desire to go; my mother cheerfully consented, observing, 'My son, I want you to seek at the meeting an entire restoration of your former happy experience, and regain every step you have lost by want of watchfulness.' Her counsel followed me to the forest. I sought God again. I remember the night; I remember the circumstances; the struggle was long and painful, it continued almost to the breaking of the day. Glory to God! however, He who said, 'Return unto Me, backsliding Israel, and I will heal all thy backslidings and love thee freely,' heard and answered, and restored unto me the joy of His salvation. Oh how beautiful the following morning appeared! the sky seemed bluer than before, the air sweeter, the trees greener, the landscape lovelier -- all nature seemed to appear in a new dress. I felt like saying, 'Come unto me all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul.' My precious father had gone off the ground to spend the night. I knew the way he would most probably return. I hastened in that direction, saw him coming, sprung into his arms, fell on his neck, and told him how happy I was. Since then I have had a place in the Church of Jesus Christ. In the midst of great unfaithfulness and unworthiness God has borne with and preserved me, and now I feel to say,

"Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I've come.'

"I attribute my conversion under God to the instruction, example, and influence of pious parents."

Henceforth the campmeeting was to be hallowed ground to Alfred Cookman. The father was nowhere more effective than when on "the stand" before a crowd at campmeeting. The ample platform, the absence of huge breastworks, the direct contact with the worshipping throng, the presence of earnest brethren, the natural and artificial accompaniments offered the exact conditions of his happiest efforts; but Alfred was to find in the campmeeting all these aids, and more -- the memory of this happy renewal of religious joy which he has so graphically narrated. His

attachment to the campmeeting, the ardor and constancy with which he used it as an agency of good, and the gracious results accomplished by him through it, ought not to surprise us. It is manifest from this account, our young friend could not consent to be religious by halves -- he must be a whole-hearted Christian, or not at all. Entireness becomes the fundamental law of his spiritual life. If these pages shall disclose any thing in regard to him, it must be, "All for God" -- "first, last, midst."

He returned from the campmeeting with his heart all aglow with sacred joy, and from the impulse which it awakened began at once to seek means of personal usefulness. He must communicate what he knew and felt to other boys; and so, of his free motion, "he established a prayermeeting for boys of his own age, and worked in various ways to impress his own spirit upon all with whom he came in contact. Many were induced to take their first steps in a religious life through his example and persuasion."

In the autumn (1838) he united with the Church. His father had thought it best to keep him on "probation" until he gave satisfactory proofs of a stable piety. Soon after his removal to Washington he commenced to exercise himself on the platform as a speaker, and at that early age received much commendation and evinced great promise, so that "predictions were freely made of what the future of this young speaker might be, to which the father readily assented." It was no little credit to the youthful "Cicero" that his father readily assented, for, whether for banter or not, Mr. Cookman used to rouse the mother's jealousy for her little "Temple builder" by intimating, "Your Solomon is a rather dull boy!" I doubt if he was even then so noted for quickness of perception as for tenacity in sticking to a lesson until he had mastered it, and then holding it fast. What is of most interest at this particular point is -- he appears before us at twelve years of age a decidedly religious lad in experience and action, and a speaker, thus affording us a clear view of the dawn of that personal career which was eventually to open into full-orbed day.

Mr. [George G.] Cookman during the winters of 1839-40, 1840-41, was at the zenith of his fame. The newspapers of the day not infrequently noticed his preaching in the most complimentary terms. Numerous extracts could be given showing the high estimate in which he was held, both as a man and a Christian minister. A correspondent of the United States Gazette, then the leading paper of Philadelphia, under date of January 7th, 1839, wrote thus of one of his earlier efforts:

"Yesterday the Hall of the House of Representatives was crowded to overflowing for the purpose of hearing Mr. Cookman, the new Chaplain of the Senate ... All the elite of Washington City were present. Thronged as we are with strangers during the sessions of Congress, there is no place of worship to which they feel that they have a sort of legitimate right of entrance, except when the House of the People of the United States is converted into the House of God: thither they usually flock for their religious exercises. All sects as well as all ranks join their devotions here, and I have always observed that the ministry, with good taste much to their credit, when addressing audiences of such peculiar character, shun those points of doctrine which are productive of controversy, and content themselves with inculcating religion in its broad, simple, and incontrovertible sense. Mr. Cookman is of the Methodist persuasion, and has won considerable celebrity for his oratorical power. Slightly made, of an age scarcely exceeding thirty years (as far as I could form an opinion at a distance), free from affectation of style and manner, he held his large and enlightened auditory in the deepest attention for about an hour, while he expounded from

the words of St. Paul, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation.' The descriptions of the apostle were given with a graphic power which was attested by the deep silence and breathless attention of all present. In that vast circle, so entirely were all absorbed, that the cracking of a chair caused a visible sensation. From the death of Stephen, the first martyr, he tracked him to the arraignment before Felix, marking every step with a precision which gave individuality to his posture; and, judging from the countenances of all around me, I was satisfied the preacher had established himself on a high basis as a Christian orator."

An occasion which afforded an opportunity for the versatile talents of Mr. Cookman, particularly for the expression of pathos as an element of power, occurred at the funeral services of the Hon. Thaddeus Betts, of Connecticut. Mr. Van Buren, the President of the United States, Mr. Forsyth, Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Poinsett, and Mr. Paulding, the heads of Departments, with a great number of the foreign Ministers and members of both Houses of Congress, were present. A correspondent of the Baltimore American wrote of the sermon by Mr. Cookman:

"It was one of the most eloquent and appropriate performances I have ever heard, and, though continued through an unusual length of time, it was listened to with almost breathless attention."

The Hon. Mr. Smith, of Indiana, before quoted, said of this occasion:

"I distinctly recollect one of his figures of speech -- 'As the human family come upon the great stage of life, they find at every fork of the road the finger-board distinctly pointing to the grave -- to the grave! There is no other road to travel from infancy to old age and death, but the road that leads to the grave.' There was not a dry eye in the Chamber when he closed his sermon of one hour, and sang alone -- his voice was melody itself -- the single verse of the hymn,

"And must this body die,  
This well-wrought frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie moldering in the clay?"

Nor was Mr. Cookman wanting in that delicate humor which is so often allied with real pathos. He could use it too as circumstances required, so that, while it would cut and correct, it rarely offended those at whom it was aimed, or the good taste of the most refined hearers. A writer in the New York American said of a passage in one of his sermons:

"He ventured once today on delicate ground. After having stated what the world is learning from the Church, he observed, in substance, 'that statesmen are imitating the apostles of Christianity, and have become itinerating preachers of late, and that within a few months there have been many convictions, many conversions, and no want of songs and anthems (to the triumphs of Truth).' The idea of this parenthesis, it is true, was not openly conveyed; but it occasioned many smiles, and some red faces. [The allusion was to the political canvass of 1840.] However, the preacher escaped just in season to save himself. It was a nice touch. The effect of all such things depends upon the manner and the tact of the man, in connection with the general respect he inspires. I do not think anybody that was present will scold about it, but it was a close rub."

I can not forbear quoting a little further from this writer. His description will recall Mr. Cookman to those who had the pleasure of hearing him, and to those who had not, it will convey a more adequate notion of the man and his preaching:

"I have already said that I think he is deservedly popular. He is modest, unassuming, and dignified. Withal he appears to be a good man in his appropriate calling. In the pulpit he has much action. In person slender, long arms, thin face, dark complexion, bushy hair, and can display his person in oratorical action to great advantage. His voice is good, and susceptible of great power. His language is well chosen and simple. His elocution slow, deliberate, and effective -- imparting great power occasionally to a single word, to a monosyllable, by his voice and manner. But it is not manner alone. The thought is the soul, and is always worthy of attention. He has now and then a theatrical start or sudden flight, with branching arms and stentorian voice or falsetto scream; not, however, offensive to those who are disposed to tolerate liberties of this sort. It is the man enacting himself or discoursing in his own way. He is decidedly one of the most remarkable models of eloquence there is in either House of Congress, and many of them might take lessons of him with profit."

To explain fully the character of this eminent man, and the widespread influence which he exerted, especially beyond his own denomination, it is necessary to note the catholicity of his spirit. I insert the following extract from a Washington paper as illustrative of this trait, and also for its allusion to one of the most intellectual and saintly ministers which American Presbyterianism has produced:

"On Sunday afternoon last the Rev. Mr. Cookman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so justly celebrated for his pulpit oratory and liberal sentiments, preached in the Rev. Mr. McLain's Church (First Presbyterian, on Four-and-a-half Street). His text was John xvii., 21: 'That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' The reverend gentleman stated 'that he had selected this text for the reason that, in conversation with the late Rev. Dr. Nevins (of the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, whose precious memory even the iron hand of time can scarcely ever obliterate from the minds of the Christian Church) during his last illness, the Doctor observed that, if he was again privileged to occupy his pulpit but once more, he would endeavor to preach from that text. Before the succeeding Sabbath he was taken to his everlasting rest and reward.' No two spirits were ever more congenial than those of Nevins and Cookman, and during the delivery of his discourse it seemed as if the mantle of the departed Elijah had fallen upon the speaker; and, with thoughts that breathe and words that burn, he illustrated and enforced the subject, giving full utterance to the sentiments of his departed friend."

In the spring of 1840 Mr. Cookman was appointed to the charge of the Church in Alexandria City, D. C. [Alexandria was afterward re-ceded to the State of Virginia.] He still retained his Chaplaincy, and regularly fulfilled its duties until the expiration of the Congress of the fourth of March, 1841. His pastorate in Alexandria was attended with all the marks of public favor and of ministerial usefulness which had accompanied him in other communities.

There occurred nothing to the father to which any special significance can be attached; but with Alfred it was quite different. He had seen but little of slavery since he lived a child on the eastern shore of Maryland. In Pennsylvania and New Jersey the colored race was free; in Baltimore the free blacks were more numerous than the slaves, and this was true also of Washington. He had seen few, if any, of the more painful aspects of the institution; and young as he was, it had seemed to him only a form of domestic servitude, relieved by the kind relationships often subsisting between masters and slaves. In Alexandria a free black was rather an exception. If, however, he had seen slavery even here only as he had been accustomed to it, there is no likelihood that any impression would have been made upon his mind of decided aversion to it.

Near his father's residence was one of those painful features of the domestic slave-trade -- a slave-pen or jail -- which the boy used often to pass, and where he saw poor men, women, and children confined behind iron grates, sometimes manacled, for no other crime than that they were owned as property, and could be sold hither and thither by their owners at pleasure. Alexandria was a depot, to which the slaves purchased in Maryland and the District of Columbia were brought, and where they were lodged before being sent to supply the cotton-growing states. Sometimes at the very doors of the jail would happen those scenes which were well fitted to rend a stouter heart than that of our sensitive young friend. The husband would be rudely separated from the wife, and parents from their helpless children; and these poor creatures, with all the instincts of human nature, strengthened by tender associations, would vent their sorrow in bitter cries, which gathered around them a sympathizing crowd -- how could Alfred look on without emotion, and without forming a deep hatred to laws which sanctioned such occurrences? Such sights were enough to wound the heart of a boy born in the midst of slavery; how could they do otherwise than curdle the blood of a youth born of English parents, on free soil, and with such a soul as Alfred Cookman possessed? The iron then went deep into his heart, and forever after he was the enemy of slavery, and steadfastly did what he could consistently to abate and destroy it. This is the only scrap of Alfred's education or history in Alexandria of which I have any information.

The disaster which removed Mr. Cookman from the scene of his usefulness and from the world was fast approaching. In the spring of 1841 he determined to visit England, and all his plans were accordingly made to sail from New York early in March. He had been appointed by the American Bible Society a fraternal delegate to represent it at the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society to be held at Exeter Hall, London, and was to be made bearer of the first dispatches to the British Government from the incoming Administration of General Harrison; his main object, however, in going over, was to see again his venerable father, and "to drop a tear on the grave of his mother." It was fitting, in view of his position and popularity, that his farewell sermon should be preached in the Capitol. He was regarded as a pastor not only by the Alexandria Church, but by the Senate of the United States and large numbers of the floating and unchurched population. A well-nigh romantic interest centered in him. The spell of his eloquence and the aroma of his character had completely fascinated the people.

Never were there circumstances attending the delivery of a sermon more fully adapted to awaken in the preacher all his capacity of thought and emotion, or to render it more thrilling and abiding in the minds of the hearers. Washington was literally thronged with strangers from all parts of the country. General Harrison had been elected President by an overwhelming majority, and his inauguration was about to take place in the presence of crowds the like of which for numbers and

refinement the metropolis of the nation had never before seen. Mr. Cookman's fame was now commensurate with the American public; though no politician, he was known to be in quiet sympathy with the dominant party; his piety was universally conceded; his oratorical supremacy none disputed; expectation was on tip-toe. It may be safely affirmed that never had sacred orator more conditions in his favor. Added to all this was his speedy departure for a foreign land, to encounter the perils of a voyage from which he might never return -- which consideration helped further to deepen in the popular heart the sense of his value, and to intensify in his own heart the conviction of his religious and ministerial responsibility. But he rose with the occasion. The external excitement infected him; the grandeur of his spirit never before attained to such proportions, nor shone with such effective light. The account given by eyewitnesses can best convey some true notion of the man, the hour, and the place:

"The session of Congress was about to close upon the administration of Mr. Van Buren. The inauguration of General Harrison was soon to take place. Mr. Cookman had all his arrangements made to visit England on the steamer President. The first dispatch from the new Administration was to be confided to his charge. The next Sabbath he was to take leave of the members of Congress in his farewell sermon. The day came. An hour before the usual time the crowd was seen filling the pavement of the avenue, and passing up the hill to Representative Hall, which was soon filled to overflowing, and hundreds, unable to get seats, went away disappointed. I obtained a seat early in front of the Clerk's desk. John Quincy Adams sat in the Speaker's chair, facing Mr. Cookman. The whole space on the rostrum and steps was filled with Senators and Representatives. The moment had come. Mr. Cookman, evidently much affected, kneeled in a thrilling prayer, and rose with his eyes blinded with tears. His voice faltered with suppressed emotion as he gave out the hymn,

"When marshaled on the mighty plain,  
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,  
One Star alone of all the train  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

"Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.

"Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.'

"The hymn was sung by Mr. Cookman alone. I can yet, in imagination, hear his voice, as it filled the large hall, and the last sounds, with their echoes, died away in the dome.

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.'

"Mr. Cookman was more affected when he gave us the text than I had ever seen him before. He several times passed his handkerchief over his eyes before he began. The first sentences are fresh in my recollection:

"When Massillon, one of the greatest divines that France ever knew, was called to preach the funeral service of the departed king, in the Cathedral, at Paris, before the reigning king, the royal family, the chambers, and the grandees of France, he took with him to the sacred desk a little golden urn, containing a lock of hair of the late king. The immense congregation was seated, and the silence of death reigned. Massillon arose, held the little urn in his fingers, his hand resting upon the sacred cushion. All eyes were intently fixed upon him. Moments, minutes passed -- Massillon stood motionless, pale as a statue; the feeling became intense; many believed he was struck dumb before the august assembly; many sighed and groaned aloud; many eyes were suffused with tears, when the hand of Massillon was seen slowly raising the little golden urn, his eyes fixed upon the king. As his hand returned again to the cushion, the loud and solemn voice of Massillon was heard in every part of the Cathedral, 'God alone is great!' So I say to you today, my beloved hearers, there is no human greatness -- 'God alone is great!'

"The subject was on the day of judgment. I had heard it preached before many times, but never as I heard it then. The immense congregation was held almost breathless with the most beautiful and powerful sermon I ever heard. He spoke of the final separation on the great day of judgment, and fancied the anger of the Lord locking the door that led to the bottomless pit, stepping upon the ramparts, letting fall the key into the abyss below, and dropping the last tear over fallen and condemned man. He closed -- "I go to the land of my birth, to press once more to my heart my aged father and drop a tear on the grave of my sainted mother; farewell! -- farewell!" and he sank down overpowered to his seat, while the whole congregation responded with sympathizing tears."

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, describing the same scene, after quoting Mr. Cookman's closing words, says:

"There was something prophetic, solemn, and deeply affecting in the tones and manner of the preacher ... All who had known him, or who had listened with wrapt attention to the eloquence which gushed from his lips, touched as with a living coal from the altar, were moved to tears, and seemed to feel as if they were taking in reality a last farewell of one who had given a new ardor to their piety, and thrown an additional interest into the sanctuary. The whole scene was in no ordinary degree grand, imposing, and affecting. The magnificent hall, a fit temple for the worship of the living God; the crowd that had assembled to hear the last sermon of the minister whose eloquence they so much admired; the attitude of the preacher, and the solemn and prophetic farewell, all conspired to excite feelings of the deepest solemnity and of the most intense interest."

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## GEORGE G. COOKMAN LOST AT SEA

Mr. Cookman spent a few weeks about Washington, completing his arrangements and taking leave of friends, and immediately after the first dispatch of the new Administration was prepared by Mr. Webster and committed to him, he left for New York. His last words to the gentleman so freely quoted from were, "May Heaven bless you, Mr. Smith; if ever I return you shall see me in the West." He spent Sunday, 7th of March, in Philadelphia, worshipping with and taking the communion at the hands of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Suddards, rector of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church. On Monday he went to New York, and on Tuesday evening preached his last sermon in the Vestry Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was to become the pastor after his return from England. He had intended to go to Boston and there take one of the Cunard steamers, but at the solicitation of friends changed his mind, and embarked on the steam-ship President at New York on the 11th, for Liverpool. He left amid the tears and congratulations of friends. Neither the vessel nor any of her company was ever after heard from.

Various conjectures were given at the time as to the ship's probable fate, the most likely of which is that, as a violent storm had been raging for days, she foundered soon after getting to sea. Hopes were entertained for a long time that she might be safe; or, on the supposition that the vessel had foundered, or had been burned, or had been crushed by icebergs, it was hoped that her crew and passengers had been rescued.

As the time arrived when tidings were due from the steamer, and no word came, the suspense both in England and America became intense and painful. The excitement prevailed among all classes. Steam-ship navigation was then comparatively in its infancy, and an accident to a steamer very naturally awakened more attention than now when fleets of them are plowing the ocean.

The fact that Mr. Cookman was a passenger heightened the public interest. His name was on every lip; his merits as minister and orator, his worth as a citizen, his loss to the Church and the nation, but above all to his young family, were the theme of general conversation and newspaper comment. At length all hope for the ship and her passengers died out of the public mind; but not so in the heart of the stricken and devoted wife -- hope lived in her heart many days after it had perished in the hearts of all others. She lived months and years with the expectation of seeing him return. The house was daily and nightly arranged -- his chair at the table ready to be vacated, and all else adjusted with the expectation of his coming at any hour.

Although not yet an accomplished fact with Mrs. Cookman, it was an accomplished fact that her husband had perished in the great waters. That "vasty deep" which he so loved, and from which he so often drew for choice imagery in the illustration of truth, and in the use of which he was almost without a peer, had become his grave. "He has discouraged me," said a Senator, distinguished for his eloquence, "in the use of my happiest figures. There is such a richness, beauty, and force in his illustrations from the ocean, so far surpassing my reach, that I know not that I shall ever again attempt to use them." That ocean which he had several times crossed, where death had before stared him in the face, all whose myriad ways in storm and calm had become familiar to his mind, whose endless forms and colorings he had studied with an artist's eye and transferred with an artist's skill to the tables of memory, in solitary communion with which he had

had so many thoughts of God and human destiny, so many seasons of prayer, praise, and aspiration, in whose awful silence and restless life he had found such strange sympathy with his own nature, from which he had in all these respects received so much for his own enriching, had now at last received him. His loss pierced thousands of loving souls with acutest sorrow.

But painful as was his death, the manner of it -- sudden -- in the sea -- involved in mystery -- threw around his end a tragic charm which well comported with the brilliancy of his reputation, and which served to deepen and extend his already widespread influence. In the prime of his life; at the height of his fame, in the fullness of his intellectual powers, and in the maturity of grace, he was not, for God took him. A star of the first order was suddenly quenched. But another star was to arise in due time, if not of equal splendor, yet certainly of equal clearness and steadiness in its shining.

I could fill pages with the public and private testimonials of the grief which pervaded all classes of society, and all circles of pursuit and profession, at the sad death of this eminent and good man. It would be pleasant to linger over these tender and discriminating tributes to his virtues, his services to the cause of Christ, and the rare eloquence with which God had endowed him, and which he had so successfully cultivated, but I am admonished by the limits of space and purpose which confine me, and the demand that I should hasten to bring forward into greater prominence the youth whose name and fame so quickly followed in the wake of his father's.

Mr. Cookman wished and intended to take Alfred with him to England. He thought it would be gratifying to the grandfather to see him; and the son had attained an age at which he could be a companion to his father, and also derive much improvement from travel. I can imagine how strong the paternal instinct was in him, and how he must have yearned to have his first-born accompany him in so long an absence from home, and under circumstances so suited to render them both entirely happy. There is nothing upon which a child can depend for safety more than this same paternal instinct. Ulysses was consistent in his feigned madness -- plowing the sea-shore with a horse and bull yoked together, and sowing salt instead of grain -- until his little son Telemachus was placed in the way, when his deception was betrayed by his showing sufficient foresight to turn away the plow from killing the child. Mr. Cookman could not but feel what a privation it would be to his wife to have Alfred leave her for so long a time, and what an additional affliction it would be should neither the husband nor the son be permitted to return. The lad, also, was of sufficient maturity in years and character to be of great assistance to the mother in her care of the younger children. And so, finally, Mr. Cookman yielded his preference, and it was left to the boy himself to elect -- to go with his father or to stay with his mother.

It is difficult to see how any thing could have been more attractive to a youth of his age, tastes, and habits, than this trip homeward to England with his devoted father. He had heard the old country, grandfather, uncles, aunts, and cousins talked of, till his boyish fancy reveled in the thought of seeing them and their beautiful homes. But Alfred Cookman loved his mother as few boys ever did, he loved his brothers and sister as few elder brothers have ever done, his loyalty to duty had already become a passion, and his decision was given accordingly: "I will stay with mother, and help her take care of the children." These words give the key-note of his character. They not only preserved his life, but became the warp across which the web and woof of that life were woven into a fabric so strong and beautiful. He would do his duty first, and standing by his

duty brought him into responsibilities which, under the divine blessing, made him what he was -- a prince among God's spiritual Israel. The father then had to go alone. He went off cheerfully. Among the last words he spoke as the family sat before the open fire, were these: "Now, boys, if your father sinks in the ocean, his soul will go direct to God, and you must meet him in heaven."

"There was sorrow on the sea." There was sorrow on the land. In the homestead at Kingston-upon-Hull, an aged father was bowed with grief; in many Christian houses, where the image of the saintly pastor was hung, if not on the walls, yet in the memories of grateful hearts, there was genuine mourning; but in the circle where the desolate widow gathered her fatherless children to a heart from which the warmth and light had well-nigh gone out, striving in vain to impart to them a comfort which she herself did not feel, who can depict the abyss of suffering into which this lovely family was thus suddenly plunged! Everybody was kind to them. Friends vied with each other in grateful offices. Warm hearts and cheerful homes were opened to them. But the very universality of regret and affection which met them seemed for a time only to help their hearts to compass the extent of their bereavement. What must be their loss, in the loss of him whom everybody else, even the comparative stranger, so missed and lamented! The brightness of sympathy often casts our sorrows into a darker shadow.

How like an angel of light Alfred now came to the side of his mother! He restrained his own grief, and always appeared before her calm and cheerful. With the utmost delicacy he watched over her, anticipating all her wants with a foresight beyond his years, and exhibiting for her most hidden feelings a feminine tenderness of which she scarcely supposed him possessed. Mrs. Cookman, from reveling in the brilliance of her husband's fame and usefulness, found herself all at once in such utter darkness that her mind from the shock sank into the deepest gloom. So overwhelmed was she, that for two years she did not recover her cheerfulness. The name of her husband could not be pronounced in her presence without unnerving her, and so the mention of the father was studiously avoided by the children. All the while Alfred was preserving such a composed demeanor in the presence of his mother, he would lie awake nights thinking of his father. It was some distance from the quiet home in which the family were entertained to the nearest post-office, and as he often went for the mail, his heart would sink within him when no letter came from father, or from any one giving tidings of the ill-fated steamer. "How I did dread," he said in after years, "to return home, and meet my dear mother without a letter and see her disappointment!"

Thus at thirteen years of age, when the thought of play is uppermost with most boys, was our young friend abruptly forced by the providence of God into a trying and important relation to the family. He must be a comforter as well as son to his mother; he must be father as well as eldest brother to the children. It is easy to conjecture, but impossible to know what would have been the course of Alfred's life, what the influence upon his character, what different impress he might have received, had his father lived. His training thus far, under the joint and harmonious direction of father and mother, was entirely judicious; he was as promising as the parents could wish; and, in all probability, had the father been spared to guide his studies as he grew to manhood, he might, in some respects, have been a more thoroughly cultured and intellectually a stronger man. What God's purpose was for the lad it is not for us even now to say; yet, permitted as we are to know the facts of his subsequent career, and to understand the distinctive nature of his mission as it afterward unfolded, I must certainly regard the great bereavement he sustained in the loss of his father as the

crucial point of his history, in which the elements of character hitherto prominent were fixed, and also the lines of action which afterward distinguished him took their rise...

\* \* \* \* \*

Part 6  
SPEECHES DELIVERED ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS,  
By George G. Cookman,  
Of The  
Baltimore Annual Conference,  
And  
Chaplain To The Senate Of The United States.

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## DEDICATION

To The President, Faculty,  
And Students  
Of Dickinson College,  
Carlisle, Pennsylvania,  
Endeared By The Remembrance  
Of Pastoral Relations  
And Personal Friendships,  
This Little Volume  
Is Respectfully Dedicated.

Alexandria, D.C., 14th May, 1840

\* \* \* \* \*

## COOKMAN'S SPEECHES -- EDITORIAL NOTICE

This little work is most earnestly Commended to the attention of the Christian public generally, as being calculated not only to impart useful instruction, but to diffuse the spirit of benevolence; and especially to awaken public interest in behalf of our great benevolent institutions. In these speeches will be found a sprightliness and vigor, with a novelty of expression, and an exuberance of figurative illustrations, almost peculiar to the author, and which impart the highest interest to his platform productions.

We have read these speeches with great pleasure, and, we hope, some profit, and have found nothing in relation to which we judge it necessary to guard the reader, unless we make an exception of several statements made in the last address. The author says, "Methodism, so called, is not a sect," p. 128. "Methodism is not a form," p.129. "Methodism is not an opinion," p.131. Though these statements are justified by the declarations of Mr. Wesley, and are undoubtedly true of "Methodism" before it assumed a distinct church organization, yet at this time they can only hold good in a very qualified sense, in relation either to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, or the Wesleyan connection in England. For though Methodism is not sectarian, or formal, or theoretical, in any bad sense of these terms, it still must be admitted that the Methodists are as really and truly a Christian sect, and as certainly have formulas, and as clearly have a set of doctrinal opinions, as any other Christian communion in the world. Our object in this notice is, so to qualify the statements alluded to, that they may not lead the reader into error, and by no means to detract from the value of the able and interesting speech in which they are found. We hope these excellent speeches may, in many cases, take the place of the light reading, which often has far less literary merit than they may justly claim, and never any of the and the sanctifying fire which gives them character.

Editor

\* \* \* \* \*

## SPEECH 1

The substance of a speech delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Young Men's Bible Society of New Brunswick, New Jersey, on Monday evening, Nov. 17, 1828

I feel myself happy, respected chairman, in expressing my concurrence in the recorded sentiments of your report, and in improving this public opportunity by advocating the noblest cause on the face of the earth.

Time was when for a Presbyterian minister and a Methodist preacher to appear as joint advocates in the same common cause, would have been a crying wonder, a marvelous astonishment; but, sir, thank God! the age of sectarian bigotry is passing away. Ephraim is ceasing to vex Judah, and Judah Ephraim, and to employ the eloquent language of an Indian chief, "Let us combine to brighten the chain that binds our nations together."

I am aware, sir, that from the fact of that diversity of religious opinion which has existed among Protestant Christians the infidel has drawn a fruitful source of cavil. I am aware that, high seated in the chair of the scorner, he has looked down upon the polemic strife with an air of sovereign self sufficiency, and pointing with the finger of contempt, he has said, "See how these Christians love one another."

I am well aware, also, that many well disposed persons have imagined that the surest method of silencing infidelity would be for the Christian church to effect a union in doctrine, to lay aside their peculiarities of religious opinion, and amalgamate into one uniform mass of sentiment and action.

Against such principles of Christian union you must permit me, sir, this night, as an individual, to enter my decided protest. Such union, at present, I should consider illegitimate and unscriptural -- calculated to defeat the purposes for which it was intended: in a word, to promote the spirit of infidelity, and injure the cause of vital godliness.

I grant, sir, (and rejoice in the concession,) that on one ground we may all agree without respect or qualification -- I mean in the universal circulation of the Holy Scriptures. "The Bible," says Chillingworth, "is the religion of Protestants;" and it is the positive duty of all Protestant Christians to unite in its distribution without respect to sect or party. I am not strenuous about the persons or the mode. Let the Lord send by whom he will send -- only let the word of the Lord run "over land and over sea," and be glorified "from the rivers to the ends of the earth." But, sir, notwithstanding this concession, I hold fast to the original assertion, that all union which involves any surrender of conscientious views of religious truth would be pernicious and promotive of the spirit of infidelity.

And, sir, on what ground is this assertion maintained? Why, that truth, being in its own nature unique, simple, and indivisible, holds no communion whatever with the changeling and contradictory varieties of human error, and therefore, in the present defective state of the human understanding, and the present defective state of the human heart, it is safer that the Christian church should be divided into parties, conscientiously differing in, but zealously maintaining points of doctrine and practice. For whatever delightful changes the millennial day may elicit, of this I am certain, that in the present degenerate condition of the world, the existing order of things is more favorable to the discussion and development of truth, the detection of error, and a friendly provocation to love and good works among the various bodies of professing Christians than any such union.

On this subject we may observe a striking analogy between the operations of the natural and moral world; for as in the former, order and equipoise are only maintained by the action and reaction of opposing forces; so in the latter, discussion rubs off the rust of prejudice, and leads to truth.

Sir, I maintain the old maxim, "Let every man attend to his own business, and the nation will take care of itself" And as in the science of political economy, so in the Christian church, the division of labor preserves good order, and promotes general prosperity.

Permit me to offer an illustration of the principle. Let us suppose, sir, that you are an honest Presbyterian, and that I am an honest Methodist -- that is to say, we each conscientiously believe our own principles to be right. Let us suppose that we are engaged in a friendly debate as to the respective merits of our peculiar doctrines. An infidel standing by cries out, "Gentlemen, you are both wrong." Well, sir, what is to be done? A fourth person interposes as mediator between the parties. "Brethren," says he, "the scruples of the gentleman standing by arise from your contradictory views of divine truth. Now make a union; lay aside your sectarian peculiarities; be liberal; and think and speak alike." Suppose, sir, we agree. Is the infidel convinced? What says he now? "Gentlemen, I am now doubly convinced you are both wrong, and I charge you both with a want of principle and courage in not maintaining and defending what you believed to be the truth."

What, then, is the amount of the argument? We say, let each sect and party maintain its own distinctive position, and pursue its own plans of operation, in its own way, to the very uttermost. Let us agree to differ. We are none of us infallible. It is possible we may all be a little wrong, for it is as natural for man to err as to breathe. But how are we to set each other right? By the silent quiescent neutrality of a nominal union? Nay, sir, in such a motionless reservoir the waters of life would stagnate. Let them rather run and encounter the winds of opposition and the rocks of controversy, and they will clear, and purify, and sparkle. Truth never did nor ever will lose any of its power by open and liberal discussion, even on religious points. Give it open field and fair play, and it shall overthrow the empire of infidelity, and conquer this world of sin.

Let then the Bible be the rallying point of Protestant Christians. Let them dispute for truth, not victory; let the God of peace preside in every controversy; yet let all be conducted in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace. Let each go to his post of duty, and without interfering or quarreling with his neighbor, do his uttermost under his own particular standard; let there be no strife, for we are all brethren, and the world is large enough for us all.

The union, then, which I would propose would be a union in spirit, rather than a union in doctrine; let each party of Protestant Christians make its own distinctive effort in its own way, rather than in a promiscuous union of the general mass. For, sir, depend upon it, David will not fight in Saul's armor, and we can no more make men act precisely alike than we can force them to think precisely alike. Will you allow me, sir, another illustration in confirmation of these views of Christian union? When we look abroad upon the sins of the times, I think we shall see the religious as well as the political world on the eve of convulsion and conflict. Thank God, the Christian world have heard the trumpet of alarm: they are mustering for the battle, and by one simultaneous effort they are coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty; and never, since the days of the apostles, was there so general a movement as at the present crisis. The leaven of divine truth is powerfully operative through the varied machinery of Bible, missionary, tract, and Sabbath school societies. There is a shaking among the kingdoms, and the world feels the earthquake shock. Nor, sir, are the principalities and powers of darkness asleep -- they have taken the alarm. Infidelity and antichrist have sounded the trumpet through all their hosts, and never since the days of the French revolution has there been so much activity and determination among the enemies of the cross as at this present moment.

I believe, sir, we are on the eve of a general engagement. Now, sir, borrowing the allusion, will you permit me to marshal the Christian army on those principles of union I have endeavored to sustain? Let, then, our Bible societies, with their auxiliaries, be a line of forts established along the enemy's frontier as bulwarks of defense. Let them be military magazines well stored with spiritual weapons and gospel ammunition, general rallying points for the whole army, and strongholds from whence our missionary riflemen may sally forth on the enemy. Let our Sabbath schools be military academies, in which the young cadets may be trained for the battles of the Lord. Let the tract societies be as so many shot houses for the manufacture of that small but useful material.

Having thus, sir, disposed of the outworks, let us endeavor to arrange the army.

Suppose, sir, for example, we begin with the Methodists; and as they are said to be tolerable pioneers and excellent foragers in new countries, and active withal, I propose that we mount them on horseback, and employ them as cavalry, especially on the frontiers.

And as our Presbyterian brethren love an open field, and act in concert, and move in solid bodies, let them constitute our infantry; let them occupy the center in solid columns, and fight according to Napoleon's tactics, in military squares, ever presenting a firm front to the enemy. Our Baptist brethren we will station along the rivers and lakes, which, we doubt not, they will gallantly defend, and win many laurels in the lake warfare. Our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church shall man the garrisons, inspect the magazines, and direct the batteries.

But, sir, we want artillery men. Whom shall we employ? The light field pieces and the heavy ordnance must be served. I propose, sir, that we commit this very important department to our brethren of the Dutch Reformed Church; and, sir, may they acquit themselves with a valor worthy their ancestors, when the proud flag of De Witt swept the sea, and the thunder of Van Tromp shook the ocean. And now, sir, the army is arranged. We have one great Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose orders we are all bound to obey. Our standard is the cross, and onward is the watchword. Let us give no quarter; we fight or death or victory.

At the same time let us preserve our original order. United in spirit and design, let us be distinct in movement. Let not the cavalry, infantry, and artillery men mingle in one indiscriminate mass. Let each keep his proper position, adopt his peculiar uniform, act under his local colors, and fight in his own peculiar manner. Thus we shall act with consistency and vigor, without discomposing each other, or disordering the ranks.

Let a strict religious discipline prevail throughout the camp, for we must not suffer that shameful reproach, that we recommend to others what we practice not ourselves. Accordingly, let us, like the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, read our Bible and pray twice a day in each of the tents.

And now, sir, let us to the field of action. May the God of battles give the victory, and the trembling gates of hell shake to their center!

Sir, it was at the close of one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times, that a celebrated military chieftain, from his point of observation, saw with deepest anxiety the shattered remains of his noble army ready to sink under the protracted fatigue of a three days' fight. At this



eventful crisis he summons around him his council of officers. "Gentlemen," says he, "these brave fellows can hold out no longer." Pulling out his watch, "Gentlemen, it now wants fifteen minutes of six o'clock. If the Prussians do not arrive before six, I must sound a retreat... Gentlemen, to your positions." He stood -- he looked at his watch -- he looked to the field -- he looked upward to heaven, and implored help from the great Arbiter of battles. It was an awful moment. Minute succeeded to minute. His hard-earned laurels, the honor of his country, the destinies of Europe, hung trembling in the balance. At length the cry bursts on his listening ear, "The Prussians are coming!" He starts from his knees, he flings away his watch, he cries, "All's well -- the day is ours." Sir, let us keep the field, maintain our position, do our duty, and all will be well -- the day shall be ours.

Before I sit down I have a duty to perform to that portion of the army here assembled. I have to forewarn them that there is lurking in different sections of our camp a dangerous and malignant spy. I will endeavor to describe this diabolical spy as well as I can. He is remarkably old, having grown gray in iniquity. He is toothless and crooked, and altogether of a very unsavory countenance. His name, sir, is "Bigotry". He seldom travels in daylight, but in the evening shades he steals forth from his haunts of retirement, and creeps into the tents of the soldiers; and with a tongue as smooth and deceptive as the serpent who deceived our first mother, he endeavors "to sow arrows, firebrands, and death" in the camp. His policy is to persuade the soldiers in garrison to despise those in open field; and again, those in open field to despise those in garrison; to incite the cavalry against the infantry, and the infantry against the cavalry. And in so doing he makes no scruple to employ misrepresentation, slander, and falsehood -- for, like his father, he is a liar from the beginning.

Now, sir, I trust the army will be on the alert in detecting this old scoundrel, and making a public example of him. I hope if the Methodist cavalry catch him on the frontiers, they will ride him down, and put him to the sword without delay. I trust the Presbyterian infantry will receive him on the point of the bayonet; and should the Baptists find him skulking along the banks of the rivers, I trust they will fairly drown him; and should he dare to approach any of our garrisons; I hope the Episcopalians will open upon him a double-flanked battery; and the Dutch Reformed greet him with a whole round of artillery.

Let him die the death of a spy, without military honors; and after he has been gibbeted for a convenient season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble!

And as allusion has been made to the society of Friends, permit me, in conclusion, to relate an anecdote, connected with a highly respectable member of that body of professing Christians, which illustrates all that I have endeavored to maintain.

A gentleman employed in raising funds toward the erection of a new Episcopal church, waited upon a member of the society of Friends, of known philanthropy and liberality. Having stated his object, and presented his subscription paper, the Friend, after a pause, very gravely said, "Friend, thee knows we cannot consistently with the sentiments of Friends help to build thy steeple houses." The gentleman politely expressed his regret, and was about to withdraw, when the Quaker recalled him by saying, "Friend, let me see thy paper again -- doth it not state that there is an old

steeple house to be pulled down?" The gentleman answered in the affirmative. "Ah!" says our Friend, "then I have it: here, I give thee twenty pounds; but observe you carefully mark, I give this not to build the new steeple house up -- no, no; but to pull the old steeple house down."

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## SPEECH 2

The substance of a speech delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the Baltimore Conference Missionary Society, City of Baltimore, Monday evening, March 23, 1829 and repeated, by request, at the Anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the City of New York, May 4

I congratulate you, sir, on the elevated position you sustain as the president of this Christian meeting; and I congratulate this assembly on the interesting and animating occasion which brings them together. There is, sir, about a missionary meeting a spirit-stirring atmosphere, a sacred sympathy better felt than expressed. It is here that we peculiarly recognize the solemnizing presence of the great Head of the church, and it is here we catch the kindling charities of the gospel. Missionary ground is high and holy ground -- we stand exalted above our sectional and national feelings -- and as our eye ranges over the boundless and comprehensive prospect of all the families of all the earth -- as we mark the advancing march of gospel truth, and the victories of our Redeemer's cross, our souls spread abroad with spiritual enlargement, and catch a spark of that seraphic fire which touched the prophet's lips, and burns on heaven's high altar.

There was a period within your recollection, sir, when it was necessary, in the very teeth of opposition, to advocate the cause of missions by force of reason and dint of argument. Skepticism pronounced it a doubtful scheme, and infidelity pronounced it a mad scheme, and the wise men of this world pronounced it a foolish scheme; but, sir, glory to the God of missions! He took the matter into his own hand, and triumphantly proved that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men!" and while some, with Jewish unbelief; were stumbling at the difficulties, and others, with Grecian pride, were smiling at the foolishness of the undertaking, our Father and our God was pleased by the foolishness of preaching to save even the very heathen that believed. And now, sir, throughout this babbling earth, from the equator to the poles, we have ten thousand living epistles of irresistible argument, demonstrating, beyond a doubt, that the cause of missions is the cause of God. The object, then, of these anniversaries, is not to argue the practicability or propriety of the thing itself -- this, we reiterate, is already abundantly established -- but to rouse into full and vigorous activity, by the application of powerful and legitimate motives, the energies of the Christian church in the advancement of this grand and heaven-born design. The spirit of Christianity is essentially a missionary spirit They are identified as one. You cannot separate them. Together they stand or fall. They are based on the broad foundation of an infinite benevolence; and they stretch abroad their sympathies to the wants and miseries of a universal world. The eternal Father loved nothing less than the world, and gave his Son for nothing less; and as he sends the sun to shine upon the evil and the good, so the out-beamings of his grace are essentially free.

The illustrious Founder of our holy religion, himself a missionary, and the prince and the pattern of missionaries, established a missionary system. He was not the mere head of a sect; but the great Head of that universal church which, standing on the rock, defies the gates of hell. He broke down the middle wall of partition -- He constituted this earth his magnificent temple, and in the evening of the world sent forth the general invitation to all the tribes of men to come and worship in His courts. This last glorious dispensation was ushered in by the songs of angels, as "glad tidings of great joy to all people;" and the "great effectual door" was opened on the day of Pentecost, amid the rushing wind and the descending fire, with the missionary commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

And, sir, what were the old apostles, but beads of a missionary college? Themselves graduates under Jesus Christ, the great teacher of the church. Heaven taught, heaven inspired men! They were linguists without a lexicon, and preachers without a book. They had "the thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn." These were missionaries of the right stamp. Men full of the Holy Ghost. Hearts of flesh -- decision of steel -- souls of fire. Emancipated by the Lord, the spirit of liberty, they rose above the narrowness of national prejudice, and became citizens of the world. They knew no man after the flesh -- they belonged to no nation -- they carried a message of mercy to every nation. There was Peter in his fisher's coat, and Paul the tent maker, and Matthew the publican; and they proclaimed, as they went, salvation free as the air you breathe, in the name of Christ the Lord. And the priests raged; and philosophy sneered; and royalty frowned; and the beasts of the people scourged, and pelted, and hooted but, sir, in the name of the God of missionaries, they went steadily on -- and, sir, what was the result? Why, sir, the gospel was preached to all the world. The platform of Jewish ceremonies sunk beneath the simple doctrines of Jesus -- the Gentile nations flocked to the standard of Immanuel. The proud citadel of pagan mythology, stripped of its delusive grandeur, stood exposed a gloomy sepulcher, full of dead men's bones. Philosophy was conquered without argument; the gospel was preached in the very palaces of Rome; and eventually the cross of Christ was planted triumphantly on the throne of the Caesars.

And now, sir, that 1800 years have rolled away, I ask, Has the cause of missions lost any of its commanding and authoritative character? Is it not, like its Divine Author, the same yesterday, today, and for ever? Where will the opposer of missions set his foot? Will he dare to say that the unchangeable love of the eternal Father is in any degree abated? Or that the great Prophet of the church has altered his purpose? Will he say that the gospel commission has run out, or that the moral state of the heathen is better, or the obligations of the Christian church less? O, tell it not in Gath, repeat it not in the streets of Askelon! We have been too lukewarm, too supine: it is high time to awake out of sleep. What! shall we need urging, with the high example of a missionary Saviour, and twelve missionary apostles, before our eyes? What! with such illustrious leaders in the vanguard of the Christian army, shall we shamefully loiter and lag in the rear? Nay, my brethren, let us up and be doing; the spirit of missions is the soul of the church; while we send the gospel abroad, God will revive the work at home. Let us then to the field. In this war there is no neutrality. Christ hath said, "He that is not for me is against me." "Thou shalt love thy (heathen) neighbor as thyself." O, sir, let us beware the curse of Meroz for our want of missionary zeal. "Curse ye Meroz -- curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof for they came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not preferring a bold and sweeping charge against the churches, but rather stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance. It is true, indeed, emphatically true, that much remains to be done; but, sir, it is equally true, that something has been done, and more is yet in progress. There has gone abroad throughout Protestant Christendom a redeeming spirit; of which this present missionary meeting is another triumphant proof; a spirit which, in the expansion of its liberal designs, contemplates, under the blessing of God, nothing less than the evangelization of the world.

The world in which we live has taken a wonderful advance in art, science, civilization, and liberty, within the last hundred years; nor, sir, has the march of religious truth been behind the improvements of the age. The word of God, once immured [walled up] in the recesses of the cloister, has been translated into almost all languages, and circulated in almost all lands; while the latent sparks of missionary fire have burst the shell of sectarian peculiarity; and now, sir, the Protestant churches are emulously laboring in breaking up and cultivating the great field of the heathen world.

While we rejoice in the labors and success of other missionary societies, and wish them God-speed in all their honest endeavors, perhaps, sir, we may be permitted, on the present occasion, to refer particularly to our own.

We were saying, sir, that the age in which we live was distinguished by unprecedented improvements. One astonishing discovery has followed upon another, proving how amazingly the vast powers of nature may be made subservient to the purposes of art; and among these stands pre-eminent the steamboat, the bright production of the creative genius of the immortal Fulton. It stands the eighth wonder of the world.

While, sir, I as an individual render up my meed [merited portion] of admiration, permit me to say, that there is a vessel now afloat which, though less celebrated on the pillar of this world's fame, has been productive of more real benefit to the best interests of mankind.

She was built at the Foundry, city of London, under the direction of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley. She is constituted on precisely the same model; and built of the same materials as the old ship which was launched in the city of Jerusalem by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ immediately after his resurrection, and afterward sailed and navigated by the fishermen of Galilee. She is, sir, to all intents and purposes, a missionary vessel, calculated for spiritual discovery and Christian colonization. She carries letters of marque [marque = a license to fit out an armed vessel and employ it in the capture of an enemy's merchant shipping. -- Oxford Dict.], a chosen crew of missionary adventurers, and steers by the bright and morning Star of Bethlehem. It is true, indeed, for the first few years her voyages were confined to the British seas. She alternately visited the islands of Ireland, Scotland, Man, Guernsey, Alderney, and Jersey; in all which, under the blessing of God, flourishing colonies were established. But, sir, the God of heaven never intended her for a mere coaster; she was destined to circumnavigate the globe. Accordingly, sir, at this juncture, the great Head of the church raised up a body of men of high missionary feeling -- spirits of lofty enterprise, hearts of universal charity. Need I name an Asbury, a Boardman, a Pilmoor, a Whatcoat, and last, not least, a Coke. These men, adventurous as Columbus, and greedy of souls as ever Spaniards were of gold, launched the missionary vessel into the great and boundless deep of

the Atlantic; and, favored by propitious gales and an proving God, reached the shores of this new and far-famed world. Here, sir, they boldly planted the standard of Methodism. Here they found the fields white already to the harvest, nor had they long to complain that the laborers were few. God gave the word, and great was the increase of able and effective men in this western vineyard of the Lord. The word of the Lord was like fire among dry stubble -- it cleared the woods -- it ran along the banks of our vast rivers -- it was irresistible -- it crossed the northern lakes -- it penetrated the southern swamps -- it defied the frosts of Canada -- it scaled the cloud-capped summits of Allegheny -- and now, sir, let the pious observer behold the great family of Methodism, from New Orleans in the south to Labrador on the north, sitting beneath their own vine and fig tree -- and truly may he exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

Nor, sir, is this all. The missionary spirit has done greater things than these. It has silenced for ever the futile theories of a self-created philosophy, and stopped the mouth of an arrogant political expediency. Where is now the empty declaimer who affirmed, with the solemnity of an oracle, that it was impossible to humanize the African, or civilize the Indian? Let that man cast his eye under the spreading tree of Methodism, and he shall see fifty thousand converted Africans reposing beneath its refreshing shade, and two thousand Indians finding a solace from the storm. Yes, sir, while selfish politicians have been debating the question of civil right, and minute philosophers have been arranging the proprieties of color, your missionaries have gone forth, and believing that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, that all souls are his, and that God is no respecter of persons, they have as debtors to the Greeks and the barbarians, preached salvation to all in the name of Jesus; and, sir, with what success? Why, God has proved that the things impossible to men are possible to him. He has proved not only that Africans have souls, but souls purchased by the blood of Christ; and that the Indian is not only a man, but, by the grace of God, a gentleman, and that with the Bible in one hand, and the axe in the other, he can exhibit a specimen of civilized industry which might put philosophers themselves to the blush, and triumphantly prove his claim to the rights of man and of citizenship, to the everlasting confusion of narrow and temporizing politicians.

But, sir, we are digressing. We must return to the missionary ship, and, if you please, embark for Europe. Mr. Wesley, finding that the Lord was opening up missionary ground in distant lands, and being himself detained at home, by the weight of his societies, appointed Dr. Thomas Coke admiral of the ship, with a commission for foreign service. And truly we may say the office was made for the man, and the man for the office. He was a Welchman by birth, and a cosmopolite in feeling. I saw the admiral when I was a boy, and hope never to forget him. He was, like Zacheus, a man of small stature; but, sir, there was a great soul in a little body. O who can forget the honest enthusiasm which glowed in his animated countenance, or the kindling glance of his benevolent eye! He was the apostle -- he was the martyr of Methodist missions. For them he was willing to suffer the loss of all things. In this spiritual adventure he risked his life, his purse, his reputation, his all. He stopped at no difficulty, and though on some occasions his vessel (as it respects money matters) was in the shallows, yet she never struck the ground. In the prosecution of duty he feared no danger. His favorite motto was, "I am immortal till my work is done." Appointed by the father of Methodism to this missionary command, he entered upon his office with humble boldness and generous enthusiasm. He hoisted the broad flag of free grace at his mast head, and, spreading his white canvass to the winds of heaven, steered for America. And although tremendous storms drove his vessel out of her intended course down to the West India Islands, yet here we

have to acknowledge the finger of God bringing real good out of seeming evil. For from that apparent accident sprung one of the most extensive, productive, and benevolent of modern missions, which has eventuated in the salvation of thousands of the African race. It would be endless to follow the admiral through all the cruising activity of his missionary life. Suffice it to say, that he lived as he died, and died as he lived -- a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The ocean was his sepulcher, but he being dead yet speaketh. Yet, when he died the enemies of missions began to triumph. "We shall hear no more of Methodist missions," said they. "No doubt the enthusiastic old man and his mad schemes have failed together." But, sir, these self-made prophets proved themselves false prophets, for when our Elijah ascended to glory there were many Elishas to catch the descending mantle of his charity. The admiral was dead; but, sir, the good missionary ship floated her triumphant course over the main, and waved her joyous banner to the nations. She doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and landed a band of spiritual warriors on the East India shores. Thence standing for New South Wales and the Sandwich Islands, she stretched across to Madagascar, touching at South and Western Africa, in all which places she established Christian colonies. Nay, sir, she has sailed under the batteries of Copenhagen up the stormy Baltic, and established a Methodist mission in the very fastnesses of Sweden. She has passed under the guns of Gibraltar, landing her missionary warriors on that impregnable fortress and, finally, she has traversed those seas, and planted colonies on the very ground once trod by the feet of the holy apostles.

But, sir, you are ready to think we are sailing out of all longitude and latitude. We shall, therefore, with your permission, bring our missionary vessel home to port, with one observation, namely, Is she to remain in port? Is she to be laid up as a dismantled hulk -- a melancholy memorial of what our fathers were able to begin, and we are unwilling to finish?

Methinks I hear some cautious calculator hint, "Charity begins at home." Granted, my brother; but remember, charity must not remain at home. When the pressing wants of home are tolerably supplied, let her go forth, like Noah's dove, on an errand of mercy to the four quarters of the globe. Such is the spirit of the missionary commission, and such was the practice of the missionary apostles. We are ready to admit that these United States have presented and do present a vast and comprehensive field for the incessant labors of our active itinerancy. We are ready to admit that the Indian tribes make a loud and pressing appeal for renewed and increasing exertion, and may God prosper that noble mission! But, sir, we are not ready to admit that this missionary effort bears any adequate proportion to the resources and responsibility of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Granting, as we do, that much has been accomplished at home with very small means, is that any reason why something might not be accomplished abroad with greater? What, sir, surrounded as we are by the spirit-stirring activity of the age, are we to sit still at home and let other men take our missionary crown? For ever perish the thought. Sir, I this night propose that we forthwith put the missionary vessel to sea under the care of American pilots; and, sir, let her first voyage be eastward.

There is on the western coast of Africa an American, and, I thank God, we may add, a Christian colony which, under the blessing of Heaven, promises to be a focus for the evangelization and civilization of that benighted continent. The freemen of Liberia are standing on those shores, and uttering the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." That colony is precious to the heart of the philanthropist -- it stands the altar of a national atonement, and an imperishable

monument of a nation's benevolence. And, sir, while the moral feeling of this republic is promoting its temporal interests, while the north is giving up and the south keeping not back, shall the Methodists of these United States be backward in answering the will of those gifted and qualified men who are crying, "Here am I; send me?" Sir, nothing is wanting but the means, and I am persuaded the means will not be wanting. And, sir, are the South American republics to be forgotten? Do these present no claim upon our benevolence? Among the millions of this extensive continent is there no field for missionary labor? If these United States have given them the bright model of a civil constitution, shall they withhold the brighter boon of religious liberty and Christian knowledge? It is high time something should be done. Let our missionary vessel stretch along the coasts of South America. Let her touch at the Havana, at Rio Janeiro, at Buenos Aires, and leave her missionaries at all these places; -- let her double Cape Horn, and coast along the shores of the Pacific. Yea, sir, let her never drop her anchor until she complete the circumnavigation of this transatlantic world.

But, sir, before we hoist our sails we are arrested by a very abrupt consideration -- the means. Who shall pay the freight of the vessel? We have the men, but, sir, we want the money, for it is demonstratively certain that if the world is to be evangelized, it must be by means, not by miracles. And, sir, if we succeed in getting our missionary vessel under way, it will not be by fair speeches, or loud professions, but by fulfilling, to the letter, the laconic peroration of Dean Swift's celebrated sermon -- we must, in one word, "Down with our dust." [Down with our gold-dust, or money? -- Put our money on the table, ready to pay the bill? -- DVM]

Suppose, sir, for instance, this meeting, *nemine contradicente* [with none dissenting], on the spot resolve itself into a committee of ways and means. Already I think I see the eyes of our enterprising brethren the collectors, sparkling full of expectation. But stay, my dear brethren; be not too sanguine. Alas, we can invite you to no gold or silver mines: they are amazingly scarce in this country; but you may draw encouragement from the language of the resolution I hold in my hand. Here it is asserted as a fact, that "the silver and the gold are the Lord's, while we are but the stewards and almoners of his bounty." Now, sir, if this be true, and I have no doubt of it, we may get at the silver and gold this very night. We must all of us turn miners. We must take the pick-axe of conviction, the mighty lever of conscience, and dig down into our own hearts, cleansing away the rubbish of self love. O, sir, once break up this great deep, and depend upon it, there are hidden treasures below. Would to God I had the prophet's rod! Methinks I would smite the rock, and what a stream of golden benevolence would issue forth! Sir, I am persuaded that this meeting will triumphantly rebut the illiberal insinuation of certain heathen poets, that the age in which we live is a brazen or an iron age -- they will this night prove, to the very testimony of sight and sense, that this is the golden, or at least the silver age.

Sir, in conclusion, permit me to pursue this idea one step farther. We live in an age of retrenchment and reform. But, sir, although no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, I foresee a period near at hand when the principles of moral retrenchment and moral reform shall be carried into full and legitimate effect. The time is at hand when true benevolence will stand on the solid basis of conscientious frugality, and genuine charity on cheerful self denial -- when the great inquiry will be, How much can I give to God? How little will supply my wants? It was this legitimate principle which gave such a moral splendor to the poor widow's mite, of whom it was said, that whereas others gave of their abundance, she gave all that she had. I see the day coming when... the fathers of

our families, like the heads of Jewish houses, will pour in their golden gifts to build the temple of the Lord -- when our young men of fortune, unlike the young man in the gospel, will sell all that they have, and give to the poor heathen, and taking up their missionary cross, follow their victorious Captain; and when the whole Christian church shall arise to the noble disinterestedness of primitive principles, and the universal charity of primitive practice. The hour is at hand, sir, when reform, moral reform, personal reform, domestic reform, will be the order of the day. It will turn the world upside down. It will enter our dwellings, and revolutionize our very household establishments. It will almost work miracles. It will sweep away from our mantel-pieces our splendid pier glasses, handsome glass and China vases decorated with artificial flowers, and substitute neat missionary boxes. It will convert ribands and veils into cordage for our ships, and India shawls into substantial sails; and piano-fortes and music books into Bibles and hymn-books for the heathen. It will transmute gold watches into silver or pinchbeck [pinchbeck = an alloy of copper and zinc resembling gold -- Etymology C. Pinchbeck, Engl. watchmaker d. 1732 -- Oxford Dict.], and transmit the net proceeds to the missionary treasury.

But, sir, are we speaking of the future? What, shall posterity take our crown? Nay, sir, let us this night anticipate the prophet's vision -- let us take time by the forelock -- let us make our advance march in the career of benevolence -- let us prove ourselves not children in this business. Come, my brethren, let us try our strength, test our principles, prove our love to God and our heathen neighbors. Are your hearts ready, your hands ready, your money ready? Then as ye have freely received, freely give," and "whatsoever thy hand findeth thee to do, do it with all thy might."

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### SPEECH 3

The substance of an address delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the American Sunday School Union, on a Resolution, offered by Dr. Reese, of New York, May 24, 1831

Mr. President, I rise, sir, to second the resolution offered by my respected brother; a resolution which I not only hold in my hand, but the sentiments of which I have treasured up in my heart. This resolution holds out the olive-branch of friendship to those kindred Sabbath School Unions which, although not immediately connected with that over which you, sir, have the honor to preside, are yet directly engaged in the same high and holy cause; while at the same time it brings into full review those broad and liberal principles on which this American Sunday School Union is founded, and on which I trust it will stand to the end of time.

Sir, I had not this morning the remotest intention of addressing this meeting. Indeed, sir, you know that I had declined the honorable invitation of your board some days ago; but when I was informed by my respected brother that this resolution was to be submitted in the course of this day, I dared no longer refuse; for, sir, if I forget the noble and magnanimous principles herein identified, let my right hand forget her cunning, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

However, sir, as I feel myself utterly unprepared to make a speech on the occasion, perhaps you will indulge me in attempting to mold and present my views in the form of a little allegory.



Once upon a time it so happened in your city of brotherly love, that a certain widow lady, with a large family of little daughters, was cast upon the protection of Providence and the compassion of the public. How to provide for the temporal wants of her little household, or how to furnish the means of a suitable education, were subjects which pressed with weighty anxiety upon her maternal and affectionate heart. At length it was suggested by a few friends, that if she could open a little bookstore in one of the principal streets of your city, and, in connection with this, superintend a small school, she might possibly make provision for the family, and accomplish the education of her daughters. This lady, sir, being possessed of fine talents, both natural and acquired, entered into the proposed enterprise, and succeeded at once beyond her utmost calculation, or even the sanguine expectations of her friends. Her high character secured her friends; her talents secured her pupils; while her sincere and ardent piety threw all around her little establishment a bright and soul-animating attraction. Thus, sir, being a woman of strong calculation, keen penetration, and comprehensive views, she speedily increased her capital, enlarged her establishment, extended her business, strengthened her connections, until finally, in the very center of your beautiful city, she erected a spacious and commodious building to answer and accommodate the claims of her growing and multifarious concern. Never, sir, did your good city possess a lady who maintained so high a place in public estimation. Her praise was in all the churches, and the report of her fame traveled to the remotest bounds of this republic. In the meantime, sir, her lovely daughters arrived to years of maturity. Never were the benefits of a systematic religious education more happily illustrated than in these young ladies. They were the facsimile, the very image of their honored parent, inheriting her talents, breathing her spirit, emulating her practical piety, and walking in her footsteps.

But the time had now arrived when it became the positive duty of the old lady to make suitable settlements for her daughters, and establish them for life. And having trained them under her own eye, and having the utmost confidence in their principles, she placed them in similar establishments to her own -- one in New York, another in Baltimore, a third in Ohio, and so on.

In this view I am quite certain that it will create no surprise in your mind, sir, when I announce to this meeting that these good daughters (as good daughters generally will) obtained good husbands. They married well and honorably -- one into the Presbyterian family, a second into the Baptist family, a third into the Protestant Episcopal family, a fourth into the Methodist family, a fifth into the society of Friends.

For some time the old lady was enabled to rejoice in the blessings of a good Providence, and the growing prosperity of her family. But, sir, man, and I suppose woman too, is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Every family has its troubles. The old lady had her share. After a lapse of time strange rumors floated through the country. Some said the old lady was getting too rich, and was amassing in secret immense sums of money, by which she would at some future time completely run down the establishments of her daughters. Others thought the old lady was too fond of power, and gravely predicted that if she were not kept in check she would endanger the liberties of this promising republic. Women had been ambitious in past ages, and who knew but she might at this very moment be aspiring to the presidential chair, and, like another Elizabeth, grasp the helm of the state? A third class of reporters thought her vastly too sectarian; it was hinted she went too

often to the Presbyterian Church. One thought she had too little religion, a second thought she had too much, and some advised her, as a wise woman, to let religion alone altogether.

These numerous whisperings troubled the old lady in Philadelphia. She determined on a decisive movement, and to bring the matter to an issue. Accordingly, she dispatched expresses and summoned her daughters before her, to whom she addressed herself in the following language:--

My Dear Daughters -- I have called you together to relieve your minds and my own in reference to the mutual understanding which ought to subsist, and has hitherto subsisted among us as one family.

You can recollect the period when we lived in the little bookstore, when we were cast upon the compassion of Providence, and the patronage of the public. You recollect the principles on which we set out, and the course we have pursued. Heaven has blessed our labors, and God has spared me to see my dear family happy and prosperous. Yet remember, my children, although some change has taken place in our outward circumstances, you have married, and with your families are settled; -- yet I trust you are determined to maintain the same sound principles, and the same friendly feeling as at first. Remember, I am your mother still! and let no idle reports disturb the harmony of the family. You know I exercise no control over your establishments. Manage your own concerns in your own way. All that I have is yours, and is reserved for the common benefit of you all, without respect of persons. Let us live in peace. If you wish to bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, then listen to idle reports and renounce me. But let me rather have your confidence, your love; then will I die like good old Simeon, saying, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." She ceased. Her daughters, melted into tears, rushed into her embrace, crying, "O mother, live for ever."

Sir, I leave the moral of this little allegory to the good sense of this meeting, and the application thereof to men of honest hearts. As I stand upon this platform, and look around upon this vast assemblage, permit me to say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven."

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#### SPEECH 4

The substance of a speech delivered at the Tenth Anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the bounds of the Philadelphia Conference, on Monday evening, April 19, 1830

Mr. President -- The immortal Milton, in that splendid poem which will for ever stand an imperishable monument of the lofty powers of human genius, informs us that when the news arrived in hell that God Almighty had created a new and beautiful world, and tenanted it with happy and holy beings, Satan, moved with malignant fury, summoned his infernal princes and potentates with a voice "so loud that all the hollow deep of hell resounded." "Their general's voice they soon obeyed innumerable." Up from their fiery beds they sprung upon the wing. This conclave

of devils enter into deep and solemn consultation how they may blast the designs of Heaven, and destroy the happy pair now seated in the bowers of paradise. After various powerful addresses from the chieftains of this infernal confederation, they unanimously resolve themselves into a diabolical missionary society, and appoint Satan, their commander in chief, as their first missionary from hell to earth, to accomplish the arduous task of discovering this new world, and, if possible, of seducing its innocent inhabitants from their allegiance to the living God.

I need not, sir, declare in your hearing the success of this infernal mission. Our world, resounding with groans, lamentation, and woe, returns the melancholy result; and the "god of this world," high seated in spiritual wickedness, proclaims his victory decisive. But, sir, if "the children of this generation are wiser than the children of light," then peradventure we too may gather instruction even from the policy of devils. If they, in a condemned and accursed state, could exhibit such calm deliberation, deep concentration, invincible fortitude, and quenchless perseverance, shall the Christian church be lacking in a cause blessed by the benediction of Heaven, and certain of success? What! shall devils exhibit more zeal to destroy, than Christians to save the world? I thank God, sir, this missionary meeting, from the center to the circumference, cries, Never, never!

Sir, we are met together in the cause of God and man. Not, indeed, as citizens of the political commonwealth, to debate the rights of men, but as citizens of the new Jerusalem, to devise ways and means for the regeneration of our world. We aim at conquest, but it is spiritual conquest; we grasp at empire, but it is spiritual empire, -- "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds;" and we are looking forward with brilliant anticipation to the happy era when great voices shall be heard in heaven proclaiming, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." We cannot, therefore, sir, withhold our congratulations on the propitious circumstances in which we meet together.

We have reason, in the first place, to thank God for the continued peace of the world, a circumstance highly favorable to the progress of missionary enterprise. The trumpet of the gospel has not been silenced by the trumpet of war, while the herald of the cross has traversed the seas fearless of an approaching enemy, and finds a cheerful welcome in every friendly port. It is true, the plowshare of revolution is passing over the earth, but it is only breaking up the rugged soil for the reception of the gospel seed. Greece has fought her way to civil and religious freedom, and once more found a place in the scale of nations. Jerusalem itself has been rescued from the clutch of the false prophet, and belongs once more to the family of Abraham. There is, sir, an evident shaking among the nations, indicating that our God is girding his sword upon his thigh, and riding forth in his gospel chariot to sweep the earth.

In the midst of these political agitations, the Sun of righteousness is rapidly ascending its meridian, while the light of Christianity, like the rays of the morning, is silently and imperceptibly stealing over the world. While missionary operations abroad have been eminently distinguished by abundant outpourings of the Holy Spirit, to the salvation of thousands of the perishing heathen, the missionary spirit has taken a firmer hold and a deeper root in the heart and conscience of Christians at home. By the last annual report of the parent society, we find that it had within the last year doubled its income, from seven to fourteen thousand dollars; and while we congratulate this

meeting on the fact, yet, sir, when it is remembered that this sum only supposes an average subscription of less than four cents upon each member of our societies, I think it will be confessed that such a sum bears no adequate proportion to the resources of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or the wants of the world at large.

From this general review we would sum up our friendly greetings in the memorable words of our father Wesley, "The best of all is, God is with us." Yet, be it remembered, God will only be with us while we are coworkers with him in the evangelization of the world. This is our peculiar calling, to spread Scriptural holiness through the earth. If we forget this, God will forget us. If we forget the missionary cause, may our right hand forget its cunning -- may our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth.

Here, then, we approach the friends of Christ on the broad scale of this missionary question. In the advocacy of this good cause we rather choose the ground of appeal than argument. The truth is, the missionary question is proved by the stubborn evidence of facts. The temple of truth is illuminated by fifty thousand missionary torches lit from the heavenly altar, and we feel no necessity to stand forth gravely to argue that the light shines. We deny not that opposition has been made, and is made; but, sir, we are careful for nothing -- the cause is of God, and it must stand. The missionary cause has shared the fate of every great and good design that has ever been proposed to mankind. Cowardly men have renounced it because it was great, -- and bad men have hated it because it was good, -- and prejudiced men have condemned it because it was new, -- and covetous men have grudged it because it was expensive, -- and what then? Why, sir, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil, it stands a towering monument of the mighty power of God, against which the waves of infidelity may dash, but dash in vain.

But, sir, of all the adversaries that ever arrayed themselves against the missionary question, the most formidable are your cool, prudent, calculating, common sense men, who would reduce the question to a mere sale of profit and loss, -- and measure the conscience of the Christian church, and the claims of the heathen world, by the rule of national expediency. Whichever way you turn, these men are ready for you, with a longitudinal countenance, a grave calculation, and a solemn admonition to count the cost. Now, sir, it shall be our business this night to expose the fallacy of their reasonings.

There are three great fields of missionary labor, which have long claimed the Christian efforts of the Methodist Episcopal Church the first is, the North American Indians; the second, our African population; the third, our sister states of South America. We place the North American Indians first because they are our nearest neighbors; and, as the original proprietors of this soil, they have, on the ground of justice, the strongest moral claim. Sir, I love the Indian character, in its original and unadulterated grandeur. It is the noblest form of the natural man on the face of our earth. The Indian is cast in the very "poetry of nature." Strong and impetuous, he is as the cataract that thunders down Niagara; free as the mountain eagle that screams above his native rocks, or as the deer that range through his measureless forests. Compare him with the insipid Hindoo, or the stupid Hottentot, and see how he soars in the manhood of moral and intellectual greatness. In peace a true friend, in war a noble enemy: there are more acts of magnanimity recorded of this people, than any other savage nation. These are the men who have made the first call upon our Christian principles.

Never shall I forget, so long as memory holds a place in this bosom, the powerful appeal of Peter Jones, the Indian missionary: "My white friends, there was a time when all this country belonged to our Indian fathers. Our fathers used to fish in these rivers, and hunt through these woods; and where your houses now stand, there stood their wigwams. But the white men came across the great waters, -- and the Indians drank the fire waters and they died. And now we are almost all gone -- there are a few in the west, and a handful of us in the north. And what do the Indians ask of you? Do we want our land back again? No: we do not want our land back again. Do we want your fine houses, or your fine farms? No: we do not. All we say is, Send us the gospel -- send us missionaries, and we are satisfied."

With gratitude to God we record that the American churches have answered that appeal. Long before the standard of Methodism was planted on this soil, there was an Elliot, the Indian apostle, who sought and found these sons of the forest. After him followed the sainted and heroic Brainerd -- that prince, and pattern, and martyr of modern missionaries -- who, amid unparalleled suffering, saw the travail of his Redeemer's soul in the conversion of the Indians, and died satisfied, crying, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The little missionary cloud which in those early days was only as the size of a man's hand, has now enlarged and spread over the continent -- and holy men are pouring forth from the different churches -- in this labor of love. We withhold names, as the parties are living; but their record is on high, and, thank God, they have living epistles in yon western woods, "seen and read of all men." It has pleased God to bless our unworthy labors during the past year in a remarkable manner. In the Choctaw nation alone 4,000 have been evangelized, and are added to our church. It would seem a second day of Pentecost has dawned, and the set time to favor these tribes has come. No man can question the work -- a change in spiritual character produces one in moral character -- and evangelization ever draws civilization in its train.

Sir, these are positive and undeniable facts, published to the world. And is there a heart so dead as to oppose a work like this? Lives there a man within these United States who dares to condemn what God has so manifestly approved? Yes, sir, even here he is, even the grave, calculating gentleman, the political economist. "Gentlemen," says he, "you have a zeal, but it is not according to knowledge. You are only wasting your time and your money. The Indian tribes are vanishing, and in another generation or two they will have perished as a people. Besides, you are doing real injury. The state legislatures have long been convinced it is high time to extinguish the Indian title to certain lands -- they must be removed, and your efforts only protract a useless attachment to their present situation. Depend upon it, gentlemen, your missionary scheme stands very much in the way of the national prosperity." Now, sir, in answer to this kind of reasoning, suppose we admit, for the sake of argument, that in a few generations the Indian tribes will be extinct, -- does that absolve the Christian church from present duty to the present generation? If we are to withdraw our missionaries, then, we ask, who is to answer at the bar of God for the one million of Indians now on this continent? at whose door will their blood lie? They can, if they will, extinguish the Indian title; but, sir, they cannot extinguish the missionary flame in the bosoms of Christian American citizens.

But, sir, we flatly deny the assertion, What! shall the Indian tribes become extinct? shall they perish? Sir, they shall not perish. God Almighty will not let them perish. Thousands of them

have given their hearts to God, and he will bless them down to their children's children. They shall live, if it be but to discomfit the selfish purposes of rapacious politicians. They may be banished. They may be sent away with a show of law under the seal of legislative sanction; but shall they go alone? Humanity, Christianity, justice forbid it. Sooner than they should go alone, I would myself shoulder my knapsack, grasp my staff, cross the Rocky Mountains, and accompany them to the shores of the Pacific. Shall they go alone? Methinks I hear a thousand Methodist preachers cry, They shall not go alone -- here we are, send us -- this people are our people -- their God is our God. Sir, they shall not go alone, -- God already has raised up among them Moseses and Aarons, Calebs and Joshuas, who will accompany them through the western wilderness; God's good providence will be as a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, -- his banner over them will be love, and they shall dwell in a wealthy place.

Leaving, for the present, the claim of the aborigines of our country, we would now call the consideration of another almost equal in importance, -- I mean the claim of our African population. I am aware that on the very threshold of this subject we shall be encountered by our prudent calculator with a hint, "that the subject is of a most delicate nature." We reply, that we disavow in the course of our remarks any intention of entrenching upon the civil or political bearings of this question. But connected as we are with a kingdom that is not of this world, we take the liberty of asserting and exercising the freedom of speech in respect of its religious bearing upon the happiness of the world. We should highly regret and strongly deprecate any warmth or vituperation of expression on this subject. That the residence of this unhappy race among us is a serious evil, is a truth already admitted by a large proportion of the southern population of this flourishing republic. The evil exists at our very doors, and we must do our best to counteract or ameliorate its pernicious influence.

Sir, among the numerous plans of philanthropy which are before the public on this subject, I only know one which fairly meets the exigencies of the case -- I refer to religious colonization. I say, religious colonization, sir; for, depend upon it, without religious principle mankind, whether white or black, cannot govern themselves. Religion must go in the advance of colonization, and prepare the way for a general emigration. It is in this view I have always considered the colored population on this western side of the Atlantic, whether in the United States or the Indies, as one vast field of missionary labor. And, sir, I thank God, Methodism, from the beginning, has been one extensive mission to the unfortunate Africans. Here the beloved Coke gathered his brightest laurels -- here Methodism has reaped its richest harvest of immortal souls. If any thing peculiarly attaches myself to the Methodist ministry, it is the pleasing reflection that it stands identified with the salvation, instruction, and guardian care of 100,000 converted Africans.

Inspired with these sentiments, we point to the colony of Liberia, on the western coast of Africa, as one of the noblest and most promising missions on the face of the earth. In despite of the prophetic forebodings of its enemies, it has stood the test of ten prosperous years, and is rising daily in political and religious importance. It has proved that Africans are men, and, when placed in suitable circumstances, can govern themselves. Thank God, sir, a good foothold has been obtained on the African coast -- the standard of American liberty has been planted -- and the stripes and the stars float in triumph on that very soil once depopulated by the slave trade. And now shall we not also plant alongside the standard of the cross? Glory to God! there are numbers

of enterprising young African preachers among us who burn with holy ardor to carry the bloodstained banner over the Atlantic, and wave it triumphantly over the land of their fathers.

Can the United States make a more acceptable atonement to high heaven for the injuries done to this unhappy race? Can the Christian church offer a nobler tribute on the altar of thanksgiving, than the gift of the gospel to the tribes of Africa? May God inspire, and then accept the sacrifice!

Sir, I would advocate the third missionary aim, and then conclude, -- I mean the claim of our sister states of South America. In every respect they present a loud and pressing appeal upon our Christian sympathy and assistance. Look, sir, at their geographical relation -- look at their political affinity -- look, above all, at their degraded and distracted condition -- and then say whether we, as men and as Christians, are justified in our present inactive position. These United States have led them on in the vanguard of civil liberty, -- shall we leave them there? If so, the end will be worse than the beginning. Sir, they are proving every day the truth, that civil liberty itself is but all empty bubble unless connected with religious liberty. The staff of freedom never stands so firm as on the Rock of ages, -- and the flag of liberty never floats so triumphantly as in the breeze of inspiration. Sir, the states of South America will never taste the sweets of liberty until they drink of the "cup of salvation."

Methinks, in the utterance of this sentiment, I am beset by a host of those prudent, calculating gentlemen. "What!" say they, "what new scheme is this? a crusade to South America! well, of all the schemes in this moon-struck age, this is the wildest. Sir, the South Americans do not want your missionaries -- they are perfectly content with the religion of their forefathers. At least, wait at home until you are sent for: why should you add to the distractions of these governments? Besides, if you were to send your missionaries, you know very well their life would be in jeopardy. Truly the country is poor enough without sending our money to South America to support such fanatical schemes; you had better send them domestic manufactures, and receive in return solid Spanish dollars; this would be better patriotism.

In reply, permit me to ask, Are we to obey God or man? God has commanded, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Did he annex a condition that we are to stay at home until the heathen send for us? Was this the practice of the old apostles? Alas, sir, had the Saviour of the world acted on this principle, we, of all men, would have been most miserable. But, sir, he came into his own although his own received him not. And we in missionary matters must go and do likewise. "What is the reason," said one, "that the Methodists are more successful than the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Baptists, at breaking into new countries?" "The reason is this," returned the other, -- "when these other sects knock at the door, if it does not open they go away; but the Methodists knock again and again, and, if no one comes, they burst the door open and walk in."

But, sir, it seems in attempting a South American mission there are difficulties in the way. Granted, and what then? Can you accomplish any thing great or good without encountering difficulties? Is it the quality of true living faith to flinch at difficulties? No, sir; true faith, strong in the presence and promises of Israel's God, looks difficulties in the face, and cries, "Let us go up and possess the land, for we are fully able." I am ready to admit, that the religion of that country is

fortified within and entrenched without, and bids defiance to missionary operations. But, sir, is the rampart of opposition to be compared with that which withstood the apostle of the Gentiles at Corinth, Athens, or Rome? and are the weapons of our warfare less effective now than in the days of the apostles?

I see the lofty bulwarks of paganism flanked by the batteries of heathen philosophy, and entrenched by the prejudices of four thousand years; and I see beneath, the simple apostle, a solitary man, indeed, but not a man of worldly calculation, -- no, sir, a man of faith; and he calmly moves on to the attack, bearing in his hand the conductor or lightning rod of divine truth; he points it against the rampart, and lifting up his voice he cries, Help, God of Israel, help! God answers by fire, -- the lightnings flash, and the whole bulwark is dashed to a thousand pieces, -- while the apostle marches forward conquering and to conquer.

But, sir, it is said our missionaries may lose their lives in this undertaking. Be it so. Thank God we have men among us who can say with the same apostle, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Again, sir, we are told about the expense. How can we be warranted, say they, in sending so much money out of the country? I must confess I am at times perfectly astounded at the inconsistent reasoning of some men on this very subject. Now, sir, they argue all on one side of the question. We may have English stag-players, both male and female, French dancers, Italian opera singers, and ten times the amount of our missionary fund will be sacrificed, -- and these very men will pay their money, admire, and find no fault. And yet, forsooth, when a few hundred dollars are expended in the outfit of a missionary, to carry Heaven's best gift to distant lands, they raise a hue and cry, as though the national credit were endangered.

What, sir! are we to measure our duty to our heathen neighbors by a scale of dollars and cents? Are we to be more careful to save dollars than to save souls? Are we to sell our Saviour over again for pieces of silver? May Heaven in his mercy pity and forgive the man who can entertain such narrow and mercenary sentiments! But, sir, whatever opposing opinions men may cherish, the evangelization of the world must go forward. "The field is the world," and God is the husbandman. He has given to his Son the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. If we draw back, God will raise up other laborers to reap the glorious harvest.

Draw back! in a cause for which God gave his Son, and Jesus spilt his precious blood! in which the apostles agonized, and martyrs burned at the stake, and holy angels watched with breathless anxiety. Draw back! in a cause which binds the human family in the golden bonds of amity and love, -- which communicates living hope, and dying consolation, and everlasting happiness to thousands of our heathen neighbors. Draw back! and leave our heathen brother to perish in the highway of perdition, in his sins, and in his blood, while we, like the cold-blooded Levite, pass by on the other side. No, sir, -- so long as the life blood ebbs and flows in these veins -- so long as conscience maintains its awful tribunal -- so long as our hearts beat true with love to God and man -- we solemnly pledge ourselves to support this good cause with every gift and talent Heaven may please to bestow.



In the name of Elijah's God. I make my last appeal. I call upon the fathers by the remembrance of ancient days. I call upon the children by the prospect of coming years. I call upon the rich by the abundance they possess. I call upon the poor by their hope of heavenly treasure. I call upon our young women by the compassion that dwells in their bosoms. I call upon the young men by the spark of latent fire which kindles on their hearts. I call upon all "to come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

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## SPEECH 5

The substance of an address delivered at the Fifth Anniversary of the Methodist Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore, held in Light Street Church, Nov. 3, 1835

Mr. President, -- I am unexpectedly summoned by your board of managers on the emergency of the occasion to stand in the lot originally appropriated to our worthy brother Levings, of the Troy conference, who has suddenly been called away this morning from your city to the north, by the urgency of imperative and indispensable engagements. Notwithstanding, I do honestly assure you, that in advocating the claims of "The Methodist Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore," I feel myself perfectly free from all possible embarrassment, and come up to the subject in the spirit of Christian frankness and ministerial independence. There are some who have plead the cause of your society on a principle of mercy, and others on a principle of justice. Sir, I shall not confine myself to either of these grounds, but taking my stand on the broad foundation of Methodist economy, I shall urge the claims of this institution as an essential and integral part of that great system of practical mercy which we all love and venerate.

In pursuing this course I may possibly incur the charge of egotistic sectarianism. Be it so. I am not careful to answer concerning this matter. I have no favor to ask, no apologies to offer. I shall speak the truth in love.

The "Methodist Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore" is an association of benevolent laymen, principally members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who are united together to supply what has too long been a desideratum among us, an adequate support to our needy superannuated preachers, their wives, widows, and children. And sir, in order to see what may be accomplished by united and steady effort, I would state, that although this society has been in existence only a little upward of eight years, within that short period it has accumulated a vested capital of \$14,500, having distributed from the proceeds thereof about \$4,000 and \$825 during the present year. The affairs of this society are administered by eighteen managers, nine of whom are chosen by the members of this institution, and the remaining nine by the Baltimore annual conference, the latter of whom has the privilege of nominating annually to the board the most suitable objects for the application of its revenue. The individuals qualified to receive assistance from this society are itinerant Methodist preachers, with their families, who have traveled twelve years in the connection, and seven years within the bounds of the Baltimore annual conference. Sir, I shall not occupy your time by any farther statements as to the precise constitution of this society, but proceed to advocate its claims to our patronage and support on this general ground -- That the

"Methodist Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore" is in full harmony and accordance with the original calling, active movements, and ulterior design and objects of Methodism.

Sir, I ask, What was Methodism, (so called,) and what is it now? Is it not a revival of religion, of New Testament religion? It was not a schism, nor a mere scheme of ecclesiastical policy, but a revival. It is about a hundred years ago since Almighty God revived his work in the hearts of a few Oxford students. They became the revivalists of the age. Sir, mark particularly, the original character of the work. It was an appeal to the people. The people, sir, did not call them -- they called the people. God called Wesley, and Wesley called the people. Nothing is, more evident than that the Wesleys contemplated neither more nor less than a revival, and that specifically within the Church of England: They commenced preaching the great awakening doctrines of the Reformation, just as they found them in the articles and homilies of the Church of England. And, sir, for this enormous heresy they were stigmatized as the setters forth of strange doctrines and the doors of the mother Church were closed against them. They were thrust out by the good providence of God into the wide field of the world. What did they do? Do, sir -- why, they appealed to the people, and, glory to God, "the common people heard them gladly" -- for this was done that the Scripture might be fulfilled where it is written, "To the poor the gospel is preached."

Sir, the Wesleys in the first instance, not fully alive to the original calling of Methodism, appealed also to the clergy of the Establishment, "Come over and, help us," but, with a very few honorable exceptions, comparatively in vain.

But, sir, the great Head of the church called from the ranks of the people zealous and converted lay preachers. There was a Maxfield, a Thompson, a Pawson, a Mather, a Benson, an Asbury, a Clarke, and a host of other's, men full of faith and the Holy Ghost, who rushed into the highways, and lanes, and alleys, preaching the everlasting gospel. What is to be done now? How are the men to be supported? Why, sir, the motto of a Methodist preacher's standard was then, as it is now, "GOD AND THE PEOPLE." God first of all, then the people. It is true they had no parishes, no tithes, no glebes [glebe = a piece of land serving as part of a clergyman's benefice and providing income. -- Oxford Dict.], no stated congregation, no positive salary; but, sir, they had the people with them, and the poor cried, "Here is our penny a week," and the rich said, "Here is our table, and there is our stable, and yonder is a little prophet's room by the wall -- come in, thou man of God, and abide." Chapels were to be built, and the people built them: Schools for the preachers' children were to be founded, and the people endowed them. Books were to be printed, and the people purchased them. God, through the mouth of Wesley, called for missionaries, and Sabbath schools, and tracts, and all the people cried, Amen. It was done. Yes, sir, the people have been, and I believe ever will be, true to us, as long as we are true to God and ourselves.

It is true, sir, we have our difficulties, but we know our refuge and resource. Our lordly enemies have cried, "Who are these ignorant, incompetent, unauthorized teachers, traveling out of the regular line of the succession? We answer in a voice of thunder, "Ask the people." We wish to hold no controversy; we merely say, Let us alone: and if perchance we should encounter, in our itinerant course, one of these lofty successors of the apostles, we would meekly act toward him as Mr. Wesley did to the country magistrate. It is related of Mr. Wesley, that, riding one day to preach, he met a pompous country magistrate, mounted on his stately charger, who, looking with ineffable scorn upon the little apostle of Methodism, exclaimed, in a rough tone of voice, "I shall

not give the road to a fool." Wesley very calmly reined his horse to the left, and quietly replied, "But I will." We affirm, then, that the constitution of this society is in exact accordance with the calling of Methodism. It is an appeal to the people to sustain the Methodist ministry, and it will be answered, "For freely ye have received; freely give."

I will now proceed to argue the merits of the case from the second clause of our original proposition, namely, -- That this society is in full accordance with the active movements of Methodism. We need not here remind you, sir, that the grand peculiarity of our ministry is its itinerant character. And we conceive that it may easily be shown that the operation of this society removes impediments, and gives increased celerity to the wheels of the system. It cannot be concealed that Methodism is necessarily a system of sacrifice; and permit me to add, of mutual sacrifice. In this respect we are one with the people, and they with us. They surrender the right of choosing their own pastor, and we the right of choosing our own congregation. They yield up the power to legislate, and we the power to tax. They can make no laws, and we enforce no payment. Strange and unique as such conditions will appear, yet they are essentially necessary to the very existence of an itinerancy of ministers. Our system is emphatically a voluntary association, having no binding obligation but the love of God and the love of our brother also. We stand, therefore, on equal and independent ground, yet bound together in the sweet bonds of common dependency. We cannot do without the people, and the people cannot do without us. Now, sir, the itinerant system is good; it works well all over the world. But with all its excellences, it is clogged by one grand incubus, which this society, at least, proposes to remove. I mean a competent provision for the exigencies of misfortune, sickness, or old age.

In speaking of the actual condition of the Methodist ministry I wish to be governed by the severity of truth. I shall offer no palliation, I shall attempt no exaggeration. It is really amazing to see the extremes into which some people run in speaking on this subject. There are some who represent us as well conditioned, jovial, idle, roving fellows, well mounted, and living on the fat of the land; imposing upon the ignorance of the poor and basking smiles of the rich: while to the distorted imagination of others, the only proper idea of a Methodist preacher is that of a sallow-looking little man, of thin visage, and threadbare coat, mounted on a living skeleton, across empty saddlebags, and in constant jeopardy of perishing by hunger.

Sir, this kind of mischievous misrepresentation answers no other purpose than to degrade the ministry, or amuse the parties. We protest against it, and desire to speak the unvarnished truth. If we were required to characterize the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we should describe it, as for the most part, poor self-denying, and laborious. It is not, in good truth, marked by that utter destitution and poverty which some people seem to imagine; on the contrary, in the possession of health, and in the exercise of a just economy, the Methodist ministers are probably as free from actual debt and worldly embarrassment as any body of preachers in the United States. They are aware that to be really useful we must be self-denying, and feeling themselves called to teach the great mass of the people, particularly the poor, immense sacrifices must be made. The severity of their labor, and inevitable exposure of person, involve a sacrifice of health, frequently to life. They know that as itinerants they can neither accumulate much wealth nor learning, but they are willing to renounce both for the love of Christ and the good of souls. In the attainment of a concentrated personal influence, in the means for the proper education of their children, and in the enjoyments of the sweet retirements of home, they have literally to forsake all

for the kingdom of heaven's sake. They feel, though poor themselves, they are making many rich; and so long as they have health, and means to travel, they are ready to say with the apostle, "But none of these things move us, so we may finish our course with joy." But, sir, here comes the trial of a Methodist preacher. Let his health fail him. Let him lose his voice. Let him lose his furniture by fire, or even his horse by accident -- for, sir, these soldiers of the cross not only march to the field, but furnish their own arms and ammunition, that is, they have, generally, to purchase from their poor pittance their own furniture, books, and horses, -- I say, let one or all of the casualties befall a preacher, or if he escapes the whole, let old age, in its natural course, overtake him, then sir, O then, where is he? Will the great wheel of itinerancy stop because he is sick or infirm? No, verily! He must lay, like the poor man in the gospel, by the wayside until some good Samaritan come to his relief. "O," says one, "but he can obtain credit" -- for what? to run in debt? What! after preaching honesty to others, shall he close the history of a useful ministerial life by violating his own conscience, and the rule of his own Discipline, by contracting debts without the possibility of paying? "O," cries another, "but there is the great Methodist mammoth establishment in New York, and the chartered fund, and the conference collection." Granted. Put the whole together, strike off his dividend, how much does this yield him? Forty dollars! Goldsmith describes his village parson as "passing rich with forty pounds a year." Surely our aged and worn-out ministers may pass for poor with forty dollars a year, and that at a period of life when the infirmities of old age may fairly claim a little indulgence and comfort.

And now, sir, with these plain and obvious facts before us, I put it to the common sense and feeling of this assembly whether it is at all surprising that Methodist preachers, with these sad apprehensions of debt, difficulty, and destitution before them, should locate, and seek that little competence from the labor of their own hands which has not hitherto been furnished by the church? "The best of men are but men at the best," and really, to my mind the wonder is, not that so many have retired from the work, as that so many should remain.

But, sir, it becomes a question of vital interest to the church to inquire, whether this sad state of things is to continue? whether we are to sacrifice our best and highest ornaments to a cruel and contracted policy? Will not the Methodist public hear, believe, feel, and act on this momentous subject? Sir, you say, and your society says, "They will." Let us appeal to Caesar, and to Caesar we will go. The hearts of God's people are the treasury of the church, and upon that treasury we will fearlessly draw. Sir, I rejoice that your society manfully comes up to the merits of the case. You have fairly resolved the problem as to what may be done, and done in very short time. I cannot but approve the organization of your society as an association of laymen. It is better to be in your hands -- it is liable to less exception; for were this exclusively a ministerial association, I would argue on our part some secret distrust in the guardianship of Providence and the kindness and liberality of the people. It might possibly expose the ministry to the charge of growing rich, secular, and making themselves independent of the people. It is pleasing also to remark, that this society manifests a suitable regard for the office and personal feeling of the ministry, in giving the annual conference the right of electing half the board of managers, and the privilege of recommending from its body the proper subjects for the appropriation of its funds. There is not a shadow of a doubt but that in a very few years this noble institution will meet all the wants and exigencies of the itinerancy, raising every preacher above all worldly apprehension, and giving to this ancient and respectable conference that high and honorable standing to which it has ever been entitled.

I feel happy also in this opportunity of bearing my personal testimony to the correction of an error which has unfortunately obtained in the minds of some -- "that this is a charitable institution." I may be authorized to state in the most open and unqualified manner, that there is not a manager, or member of this society, who does not disown, yea, spurn at such an insinuation. "A charitable institution!!" Why, sir, we would sooner turn our backs upon it for ever; we would not even say farewell; and if in our travels we met it across our path, we would not even salute it by the way. No, sir, there is too much Christian magnanimity, too much nobility of soul and veneration for the ministry, to tolerate such an idea for a single instant; the members of this society regard their institution as a debt of devout gratitude, and a tribute of Christian love to those faithful and laborious men who have been instrumental in the salvation of their souls.

Finally, sir, I regard this society as co-operating in no inferior degree with the ulterior design of Methodism, as a great system of benevolent agency, in supplying the spiritual wants and deciding the moral destinies of the world. The character of this, and indeed of any other church, must ultimately depend upon the character of its ministry. And the purity and efficiency of the ministry will depend upon its exemption from worldly cares and anxieties. I love the glorious system of ministerial itinerancy, established by Jesus Christ, and owned and honored of God. I particularly love the Methodist itinerancy: uniting within itself an endless diversity of gifts and usefulness, combining the experience of age, the vigor of manhood, with the ardor and enterprise of youth: a system, sir, of missionary activity, which directs its vigorous instrumentality over the Rocky Mountains, where the foot of neither prophet nor apostle has ever trod the soil, down through the swamps and canebrakes of the south, into every corner of this extensive and extending republic; planting its foot on the islands of the sea, and traversing the mighty continents of the earth. Shall such a system be sustained and perpetuated? Shall we hand it down to posterity better provided than we found it? Let this meeting give the answer; Then, sir, "whatever our hand findeth to do, let us do it with our might, for there is no work, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, nor device, in the grave whither we are going." And, sir, if I can trust my feelings in recurring to the sad event, I might urge, as a final motive, the irreparable loss your society has sustained in the death of its amiable and sainted corresponding secretary, Dr. Samuel Baker. Among its first and most zealous founders, he was the unchangeable and unchanging advocate of this society. May my poor heart pay this last tribute of fond affection to the memory of him who was the first friend I made in this city, whose hospitable roof was the first home I found, and in whose sweet society I have spent many a precious hour! -- the ornament of his profession, a burning and a shining light, a pillar in God's house. He wiped away the orphan's falling tear, and comforted the widow's broken heart. But I must desist -- I can say no more.

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## SPEECH 6

The substance of a speech delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society of Middletown, Connecticut, held at the Commencement of the Wesleyan University, Wednesday evening, August 28, 1833

I feel myself happy, respected president, in being permitted to advocate the lofty claims of the missionary enterprise before the Areopagas of American Methodism, and the juvenile branches of the missionary family.

Particularly I address myself to my young friends of this town and university, who are already embarked in this adventurous achievement, as the rising hope, the living soul, and the chosen instruments of this good cause.

If, sir, the great subject now before us were not in itself infinitely superior to all secondary excitements, I should feel myself strung up to the utmost exercise and energy of thought and feeling, by the bare recollection of the possible results of this meeting upon the ardent minds and burning hearts by which I am surrounded. Who knows, sir, but a spark of holy ethereal fire may now be kindled, whose electric shock may tell on the destinies of generations yet unborn, and a blow struck which shall reverberate through ages yet to come?

Sir, it is no ordinary privilege to live in so spirit-stirring an age as the present. If a stream of time and a map of the world were now before me, and the question were put, "In what period of the ample circumference of this world's history would you choose to exist?" I would say, Let me be a young man in the United States of America at the commencement of the nineteenth century. Never, never has the world presented so interesting an aspect; never has the march of religion, knowledge, and liberty been so rapid; never has the public mind been so graciously cited; never have such great and effectual doors been opened for the advance of the missionary and the dissemination of the sacred Scriptures.

Sir, let us stand, like the holy prophet on Mount Carmel, and watch the signs of the times. Is not the cloud rising out of the sea, the lofty beacon of an auspicious providence? Look, sir, to the far off west, and beyond the precipices and pinnacles of the Rocky Mountains, nations yet untold are uttering the voice of appeal: their swift messengers have come, like the queen of Sheba, from the uttermost parts of the earth, to hear and to invite the wisdom of a greater than Solomon. And scarcely, sir, are we recovered from our astonishment, ere another voice from the east, borne on the wings of the wind, over the bosom of the Atlantic, it comes, it comes from widowed Africa, robbed of her children, and, like the weeping Rachel, refusing to be comforted because they are not. Yet in the dark hour of her extremity she is turning her imploring eye to Him who will not break the bruised reed. Hark! hark! from the banks of the Niger to the Mountains of the Moon, "Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands unto God;" a voice is crying in the African wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

What shall we say to these things? Say, sir; why, we say that the world is going to be converted, and that right speedily.

I know, however, that all this will be contested. You will be told of difficulties. You will be told that the Mohammedan cleaves to his Koran, and the Hindoo to his Shaster; that the barbarous Hottentot is shut up in the incomprehensible jargon of his uncouth dialect; that infidelity spits its venom, and antichrist frowns its defiance. And what then? Are young men to be appalled

by difficulties? Are young men to quail before difficulties? Perish the thought! No, sir, we will venture to affirm that this is neither the creed nor the character of this youthful assembly. They have not so learned to underrate and depreciate the high missionary commission of Jesus Christ. Resting upon the sure word of prophecy, they believe that God will give the heathen to his Son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; yea, that the stone cut out of the mountain without hands shall break in pieces the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold become a great mountain and fill the whole earth.

While, therefore, we take this immutable and elevated ground, candor compels us to acknowledge that there are formidable obstacles in the way, and wisdom requires that we look them in the face. We have a few grave, yet honest considerations to submit, for which, of course, we alone are responsible and which we are persuaded will be judged according to their intrinsic merits. We intend no offense to any missionary society of missionary in existence. Our views are general, and are intended to bear upon the future rather than comment upon the past. Perhaps it may appear that our plans are capable of improvement; that we have not yet attained the manhood of missionary stature; in a word, that this is but the silver age of the church. Under these convictions may I be allowed most respectfully to submit the following questions -- First, Whether the present amount of missionary effort bears any adequate proportion to the resources of the Christian church, or the wants of the heathen world? and, secondly, Whether the spiritual success of modern missionaries, as a whole, is at all commensurate with the amount of labor bestowed? Sir, to both these questions we are reluctantly but conscientiously compelled to answer, No. Is there not a cause? Verily there is. Bear with us while we attempt to point it out.

With regard to the first question we inquire, Does the missionary cause occupy that authoritative and commanding position in the estimate and conscience of the Christian church which the New Testament imperatively demands? Nay, sir, does it not take a secondary and subordinate place? Is it not regarded in the light of a mere charity, depending more upon the popular excitement of good feeling than the fixed and determinate force of religious principle? So that instead of being considered an integral part of the church militant, it is passed off as an adventitious and extempore benevolence, which may be done, or not done, at the mere option or caprice of the party. We affirm, sir, that until missionary principle be more deeply lodged in the heart of the Christian church; our operations must be inevitably slow and irregular. Depend upon it, sir, this is the reason why we witness so many mortifying declensions and changes in our missionary societies. We adopt the plausible notion that we must be first just to ourselves, and when generous to the heathen. We very ostentatiously strike the balance sheet of our accounts at home, and after allowing a Benjamin's portion for our own expenses, should there be, as it were by miracle, a small surplus, we very ceremoniously, in the sight and hearing of all Christendom, hand it over to the missionary treasury, Is this, I ask, doing unto others as we would they should do unto us? Would we wish our spiritual mercies to be doled out by the same miserable measure? Is this loving our neighbor as ourselves? I trow not! With respect to the second question, will it not admit of a query, whether the Protestant churches have not rated the scale of missionary qualification too low; and instead of advancing the missionary character up to the fulness of the stature of the New Testament standard, have been disposed to make it subordinate to the pastoral calling at home? Else why such an outcry of opposition when one of our leading, talented ministers proposes to go out on missionary work? Else why the prevailing opinion that inferior instruments will do as well? Else why the disposition to send forth into the heathen world young and inexperienced persons,

male and female, who have not even been sufficiently. tried and proved at home to be entrusted with any weighty responsibility? We again repeat, that, in these remarks, we verily disavow any intentional cause of offense, any personal reference, or any disposition to discourage the ardor of youthful enthusiasm. But truth compels us to express our honest apprehension, that amid the blaze of popular excitement, and the splendor with which the distant and magnificent scenes of missionary enterprise are ever invested, many young and ardent minds, suffering their imagination to overrule their judgment, and their zeal to outrun their knowledge, have rushed upon a work for which they found, when it was too late, they were morally and spiritually unfit: thus disappointed in themselves, they have been a burden on the missionary cause, and a stumbling block to the attempts of others.

Sir, I know of no remedy for these things but a general diffusion of correct views of the missionary office and the missionary work. We must raise the standard of the missionary character. Raise it, did I say? Nay, sir, we have it raised already in the primitive instructions of our Lord to the twelve and the seventy, which stand forth in bold relief on the page of inspiration, as the eternal model for the study and practice of all future missionaries down to the end of time.

With these impressions, sir, I deeply feel that in addressing this youthful assembly I cannot pursue a more interesting and instructive topic than in attempting a brief sketch of such a New Testament missionary. And; sir, in this humble attempt, I feel that I am approaching no ordinary character. I hesitate not to say, that the heaven-called, heaven-inspired, and heaven-sent missionary of modern times, hears a close relation to the apostle of ancient days; or, to say the least, is fully equivalent to the evangelist of the primitive church. Sir, he stands pre-eminent in the first order of the Christian ministry; he answers above us all -- bishops, elders, and deacons; he is the chosen vessel to the Gentiles, the great spiritual pioneer in the wilderness of the heathen world. What, sir, can he be an ordinary, everyday minister, who is sent by the Lord of the church to the Flat Head Indians in the far west, or to bear a message of mercy to Sego or Timbuktu? He goes to lands "unknown to song," over which the foot of prophet or apostle never trod; he goes to beard the lion in his den; to grapple with the fierceness and obstinacy of paganism in all the primary elements of its native and gigantic strength. What, sir, can he be an ordinary character who, as the chosen champion of the Lord, advances to the attack in the teeth of the heaviest fire of the enemy's strongest batteries, and when the victory is won, is appointed to lay the broad foundations of the Christian empire abroad?

And now, sir, in all good conscience, and with all due solemnity, let me ask, Shall the Christian church intrust this momentous enterprise to the raw conscripts of our camp, or demands it not the most experienced and determined veterans we can send forth? Else why did the Lord and Prince of all missionaries call the fishermen of Galilee, men in middle life, to this arduous work? Else why have the most successful reformers, aye, and missionaries too, been the veterans of the church? Who can forget that Luther, and Knox, and Calvin, and the Wesleys, were not employed in the morning but in the meridian of their age? To which may be added, in the missionary field, a Carey, a Marshman, a Morrison, a Coke, and honorable living names, connected with the missions of our church in this country, the mention of whom propriety forbids: men first trained at home in the regular ministry, and thus prepared for the higher duties and difficulties of missionary labor. I am aware, sir, that this position will be contested and confronted by the heroic and devoted examples of a Henry Martyn, a David Brainerd, or a Harriet Newell; but without questioning the



correctness of their aid, or the ordinations of Providence, may we not innocently assume, that if the ardor of their youthful zeal had been chastened by a few years' discipline at home, they might have been yet more permanently useful abroad? May we not consider them as splendid exceptions to the general rule? in the light of martyrs, offered up on the missionary altar to rouse the spirit of the church to the height and grandeur of this great enterprise?

Let us then magnify the missionary office; let the church feel its responsibility and duty; and let our young aspirants, contemplating this lofty character, press toward the mark of this high calling.

We affirm, then, that the spiritual qualifications of such a missionary should be scarcely less than apostolic. For if deep and genuine piety be indispensable to the pastoral office at home, how much more to the missionary calling abroad! Who can estimate the spiritual burden of the missionary standing alone amid the dreary solitudes of the pagan world? Who but himself knoweth the heart-rending trials, the soul-harassing temptations of such a life? Separated from friends, and home, and country, cut off from the consolations of Christian fellowship, and the aids of ministerial counsel and religious ordinances; a stranger in a strange land, begirt by an unknown tongue, surrounded by scenes of lust and blood, and opposed, and ridiculed, and threatened at every step of his work; think you that the dwarfish piety of a modern religionist will sustain, or the ephemeral fervors of youthful enthusiasm will endure the wear and tear of such a Herculean undertaking as this? No, sir; he who adventures forth to this dangerous and desperate post must aspire after the apostolic zeal and devotion which adorned the primitive champions of the church. Is he the messenger of God? Then he must be a man of God. Is he the trumpet of the Lord to the nations? Then he must be sanctified to the Master's use. Preaches he Christ crucified? Then he himself must be crucified with Christ, baptized not only into the faith, but unto the death. He must possess resources within himself sufficient to sustain him single-handed against the combined powers of earth and hell. Though heart and flesh may fail, he must feel that God is the strength of his heart and his portion for ever. A victorious faith which laughs at impossibilities; a love omnipotent; a zeal unquenchable; an industry untiring; a disinterestedness unimpeachable. He must have a lion's heart, and an eagle's wing, and a serpent's wisdom, and a dove-like charity, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." He must approve himself as a minister of God, "in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned. By the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left. As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

As to the natural qualifications of such a missionary, we should say, Let him be a practical man rather than a theorist. Let him be formed in the school of the world rather than the schools of philosophy. Let him have a body inured to labor, and a mind prompt to decide; for rest assured his life will be a life of action rather than a life of contemplation. Not that we would exclude the aids of learning from the scale of missionary qualifications. It has a place, and it ought to have a place. We cannot sufficiently acknowledge this important auxiliary in the numerous translations of the Scriptures, and in combating the errors of oriental skeptics; we intend not these general remarks to be interpreted as an exclusion of human learning from our estimate of the missionary character, but still we insist that it must occupy a secondary place; the practical qualities of the missionary are

the primary qualities. We had rather, sir, that our missionary should possess good common sense than metaphysical acumen; that he should resolve a case of conscience than a problem in Euclid: we had rather, sir, that he should know how to make shoes, or hats, or wagons, than acids or gas. We should be very sorry that our missionaries abroad should be reduced to follow trades for a subsistence; but yet, if, in the interims of their public labors, they could occasionally instruct the heathen in the arts of civilized life; if, for instance, while driving the gospel plow, they were at times to drive the agricultural plow; if, while wielding the hammer of the word, they were now and then to take up the hammer of the forge, could they not then more convincingly urge that delightful text, "Godliness is profitable to all things?" We urge, then, the practical qualifications of the missionary. St. Paul, in ancient times, with charming magnanimity, has set the illustrious example in working at Corinth as a tent maker; and Barnabas Shaw, that noble-minded and devoted missionary of modern times, first built a pulpit with his own hands, and then had the double honor of preaching in it; and hesitates not, when necessity requires, to ride round his circuit on the back of an ox.

The missionary must be a man of decision. He must be a man of one purpose. He must keep his eye singly fixed on the one great object, and all inferior things count but loss, so he may win the missionary crown. He is separated, devoted, and consecrated to this sublime and godlike work. In him the missionary spirit burns like fire, and the love of Christ is the master passion. He is determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Forgetting the things which are behind, he presses toward the mark. He thirsts for souls, he pants for spiritual empire. He shuts his ears and steels his heart against the entreaties of friendship at home, or the anathemas of opposition abroad. His cry is, Onward! Though mountains rear their rugged heads, and oceans roll their tempestuous surges, and pestilence breathes its deadly poison, yet, in the name of that divine Master whose he is, and whom he serves, he embarks his health, his reputation, his hopes, his interests, his life, his all, and having landed on the enemy's opposite shores, he disdains a retreat. Like the great Athenian commander, he burns the ships behind him, he draws the sword and throws away the scabbard, and, inscribing on his banners, "Victory or death," he rushes to the imminent deadly breach, and victoriously scales the loftiest battlement of the enemy's strongest hold.

Such, sir, is a brief and imperfect sketch of our New Testament missionary. Let it not be said that this is an imaginary character; sir, we have the bold and graphic original embodied in the persons of St. Paul and his apostolic coadjutors. "These be the men that turn the world upside down;" -- we pray God they may "come hither also." And cannot God raise up such missionary men among us? We believe it, we expect it. What the great Head of the church has done before he can surely do again. Yes, sir, we believe that prior to the bursting glories of the millennial day, the breath of the eternal Spirit shall come from the four winds and breathe upon the church, and we shall behold "an exceeding great army" of such heaven-inspired, and heaven-qualified men, marching forth to the conquest of the heathen world.

And who knows, sir, but among the juvenile assembly I now address, some youthful spirit feels the thrilling touch of a live coal from the missionary altar? Think not, my young friends, that because we have drawn a high portrait of missionary character, and faithfully depicted the rugged and stiff-necked work of missionary duty, that we wish to damp the generous ardors of your enthusiasm. Our object is not to repress, but to regulate your zeal; not to quench, but to awaken and rouse up the magnanimity of your spirit to the elevation and magnitude of this lofty undertaking.

Small and feeble is the missionary call in its beginnings, and humble its pretensions. Insignificant it may appear as the little glimmering spark. Yet despise not the day of small things. Fanned by the Almighty Spirit, that little spark may increase to a pyramid of missionary flame. We are told of Samson, the mighty Nazarite, under the old dispensation, that as the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan, between Zorah and Ashtaol;" and of John, the inspired Baptist, that " the word of the Lord came to him in the wilderness:" so when the Spirit of the Lord begins to move the youthful disciple; though it be in his native village, in his father's house, let him not resist but obey its movements. If the call be of God, it shall stand, and triumphantly outlive the floods of opposition. Where shall he commence his mission? Sir, let him begin at home. Let the school of missionary preparation be within the little circle of his own neighborhood. As the blessed Jesus opened his ministry at Nazareth, so let him, amid the opposition and ridicule of kinsfolk and acquaintance, test the validity of his spiritual call, and the strength and sincerity of his missionary feelings. Thus, like the youthful David amid his father's flock, let him, in juvenile and local encounters with the lion and the bear, be qualifying for a sterner and more gigantic warfare.

And depend upon it, sir, the Spirit of God will work in him mightily. The things of the flesh will decay and die, and the things of the Spirit will flourish and live. The life of faith will overwhelm and swallow up the life of sense. He will feel the power of a spiritual crucifixion to the world, and a spiritual resurrection with Christ. He will unlock his grasp on the things which are seen, and which are temporal, and fasten his soul on those things which are unseen, but which are eternal. The ties of home, and kindred, and country, will relax and dissolve before the melting, moving, omnipotent love of God and man.

The missionary words of Jesus, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," will be imprinted in letters of fire on his heart. The piercing cry of the perishing heathen will wax louder and louder on his ear; the generous tumult of his bosom shall increase; he shall find no rest to his soul until God and the church call him directly to the field; then shall he respond, "Here am I, send me."

And away he goes, over land and over flood; through fire and flame, storm and tempest, amid danger and death, daring the spirits of earth or goblins damned. Behold him climbing the Rocky Mountains, or ranging the banks of the Niger, and as he goes he cries aloud, he lifts up his voice like a trumpet; he prays, he beseeches the guilty people to be reconciled to God. Here you may see him in the Indian wigwam, or yonder in the African hut. Nothing dismays him. Barbarian despots may curse, tumultuous mobs may roar, onward he goes, and God is with him. The haughty

abandoned, and the dumb idols are cast to the moles and the bats, and cowardly superstition skulks to her native dens and deserts, and amid the wreck and ruins of idolatry the faithful missionary plants the victorious cross, with this triumphant shout -- "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ:  
The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter thy Master's joy.

His sword was in his hand,  
Still warm with recent fight,  
Ready that moment, at command,  
Through rock and steel to smite.

Oft with its fiery force  
His arm had quell'd the foe,  
And laid resistless in its course  
The alien armies low.

But on such glorious toils,  
The world to him was loss,  
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,  
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,  
"To meet thy God prepare!"  
He woke and caught his Captain's eye,  
Then strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit; with a bound,  
Left its encumbering clay,  
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,  
A darken'd ruin lay.

Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ:  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

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#### SPEECH 7

The substance of a speech delivered at the Anniversary of the New York Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 31, 1832

Mr. Chairman, -- In the year 1735 two most extraordinary personages appeared in the two most enlightened cities of the old world. In talents and activity they were nearly equal, but in project directly opposed. Destined to accomplish two amazing moral revolutions, they appeared on the great theater of public life as mighty antagonists; and the object for which they were about to grapple was no ordinary one, -- it was no mere question of politics or literature, but it was a decisive struggle upon the awful alternative -- whether error should triumph over truth, whether Atheism or Christianity should exist.

Sir, I refer to Voltaire and John Wesley. The world stood by to behold the contest. Here was the apostle of Heaven -- there, the emissary of hell. Each champion exhibited an entire devotedness to his cause; each was a perfect master of his weapons; each knew the arts of popular address; each had the advantage of protracted life to accomplish his purposes.

Voltaire, like his father, the devil, cloaked his designs under the most insidious hypocrisy. In open, outside profession, he was friendly to virtue and religion; while the secret watchword of his party was, "Strike, but conceal the hand." Crafty, bold, and designing, he employed every artifice to accomplish his diabolical purpose. He tumbled down the bulwarks of virtue, and advocated the unrestrained indulgence of the passions: he flattered the vanity of human nature, and exalted reason into a goddess; A system so congenial to our fallen nature was sure to have its followers, especially when that system was adorned with the attractions of learning and of genius.

Accordingly, the philosophers of France crowded to the side of Voltaire; forty thousand infidel clubs were established in that country; wealth and nobility patronized this arch infidel: in Paris he was honored with a public triumph, and royalty itself was ranked among his disciples. In short, sir, a blind infatuation possessed the people. Religion, morality, and order, were laughed out of countenance. The majesty of God was insulted in his own temples, while the prophets of infidelity confidently predicted the glorious era of reason and liberty. That era arrived. The principle of infidelity had a fair trial upon an extensive scale. The cup of God's vengeance was full, and tremendous was the comment read to a trembling world. The kingdom was torn up to its foundations -- the throne overturned -- nobility banished -- priesthood overwhelmed -- king murdered -- virtue proscribed -- all the bonds of civil society burst asunder -- and France, like a huge volcano, from the conflict of its boiling and heterogeneous elements, belched forth fire and flame, while from its deep-mouthed crater rose aloft the gigantic demon of infidelity, the dark magician, the ruling spirit of the whirlwind and the storm, smiting with his withering rod "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

Here, sir, let us pause and mark the finger of God. While Voltaire was fostering the elements of that fearful tragedy, a counter revolution was in operation, and, under the blessing of almighty God, a deep and extensive revival of primitive religion commenced in England, which continues to this day [October 31, 1832].

The great instrument of that revival was John Wesley. Wesley, by education a high churchman, and by profession a scholar, was a staunch assertor of church order and literary formula; and had it been foretold to him, in early life, that he should hereafter not only preach without book in the streets himself, but actually send forth others also -- it is probable that he would have replied in the language of Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" Indeed, he seems to have entertained no preconceived design, but calculated on ending his days amid the pious and fascinating seclusion of a college life. But God's ways are not as our ways, and he was led by a way that he knew not of. Behold this child of Providence going forth to convert the Indians of America, and then returning home with the conviction that he himself was unconverted. And when, through the instrumentality of the pious Moravians, it pleased God to reveal his Son in him -- immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood, but boldly preached to

others that saving truth he had himself experienced. His was not the crooked and serpentine policy of Voltaire, but, as an honest man, he declared with faithful vehemence the uncompromising, unfashionable precepts of the gospel. He appealed not to the vanity or pride of man, but smote them to the dust. He rested not his cause in the attractions of his genius, or the variety of his learning -- all these things he renounced; in this respect he became "a fool for Christ's sake," humbling himself to the simplicity of a little child, that he might save some, and bring glory to God.

And, sir, at a period of time when vital Christianity was almost extinct, Wesley, in the name of his divine Master, boldly stepped forth, and firmly withstood the rolling tide of corruption, proclaiming the powerful, regenerating doctrines of Christ's religion. The fashionable jeered, the learned despised, the vulgar persecuted. The churches were closed against him -- he stood almost alone -- the butt of public scorn. But was he ashamed of the gospel of Christ? No, sir, he set his face as a flint. The wide world is before him, and the world becomes his parish: to the poor the gospel is preached, and to the poor he makes his appeal. He goes forth, and on the highways and by the hedges -- in fields and market-places -- at all seasons, in all weathers, amid hootings, peltings, and outrages, he proclaims free salvation to a lost world. And, sir, was his preaching in vain? Let the colliers [coal-miners] of Kingswood and Newcastle -- let the miners of Cornwall -- let the tens of thousands of departed saints, in glory -- let the eight hundred and fifty thousand living witnesses in the old and the new world answer the question.

Glory to God! the Spirit has been poured forth, and we witness a revival of vital Christianity, which in purity, depth, energy, and rationality, has no parallel since the days of the apostles. Almighty God has raised up a great missionary people to cooperate vigorously in the approaching salvation of the world.

And will it be said, sir, that Methodism so called has exercised no salutary influence upon the social and political condition of the nations? What, sir, has the salt of divine grace, thus freely scattered, and faithfully applied, had no healing virtue upon the festering ulcers of the body politic? or in quenching the raging fires of anarchy and infidelity?

The principles of Voltaire stand identified on the historic page with treason, persecution, and murder. The principles of John Wesley will stand identified with patriotism, toleration, and human security. We triumphantly challenge the world on this subject. When has Methodism ever stood connected with rebellion or political combination? What act of bloody persecution has ever disfigured the annals of our church? Nay, sir, we go farther; we affirm that if Britain and America out-rote that tremendous revolutionary storm, which scattered far and wide the wrecks of continental nations, we fearlessly attribute such salvation to the exclusive influence of Christian principles, and the blessing of God upon Christian nations.

And now, sir, nearly a century has elapsed since these two extraordinary personages commenced their public career, and above forty years have passed away since Wesley slept with his fathers. But though dead, they yet speak in their characters and writings. The opposing principles and movements of their respective systems exist in undiminished vigor, and advance with unparalleled rapidity. Methodism has compassed both Indies, reached the four continents, visited the islands of the sea, and overrun the whole civilized surface of North America. In all climates, under various opposition, among men of all colors, distinctions, and languages, it has

proved itself to be a revival of New Testament religion, the work of God in the salvation of immortal souls; and it remains for us, as the true sons of the illustrious Wesley, to say whether, treading in his footsteps, we will consolidate what we have attained; secure the conquest we have won: whether, in a word, we will add to our zeal knowledge, by cultivating and fencing, as well as clearing, the great field of the world.

But, sir, if Christianity be on the advance, -- so is infidelity. Has the wheat sprung up luxuriantly? -- so have the tares. We affirm that the civilized world is rife with infidelity, and society, through all its elements, is surcharged with this deadly poison. This is attributable to a variety of causes. In continental Europe the victorious and sweeping onset of the French armies into almost every kingdom, carried with them, universally, the doctrines of Voltaire. This may be considered the seed time of infidelity -- and the comparative peace which Europe has enjoyed for the last sixteen years, affording leisure to the public mind, and opportunity for the rapid circulation of infidel publications, has luxuriated into a plentiful and prodigious harvest. Nor, sir, has it rioted merely amid the overgrown corruptions of the old world; it has crossed the Atlantic, and, like an ill-omened bird of night, has croaked amid the benign institutions of this happy republic. It has poisoned the fountains of our literature, contaminated the halls of legislation, and the temples of religion; yea, in our very stages and steamboats we encounter the monster with a dog's face and a serpent's tongue. Nay, sir, it has appeared among us in a unique and unprecedented form -- even the form of a woman -- teaching us the knowledge of evil. Yes, sir, strange to tell, infidelity in petticoats has marched through the land -- fitly typified by that scarlet-colored personage in the Apocalypse, who, sitting upon the waters, vented her venom spleen against the living God.

But, sir, the strangest feature in the history of the present day is the unnatural coalition which is now actually taking place between infidelity and popery. We confidently affirm, sir, that the devil, knowing that his time is short, is effecting an unholy alliance, an infernal confederation, between these two opposite powers. There are, however, between them points of affinity. They each tolerate error, and persecute the truth; and deny the real Saviour. Like Pilot and Herod, they are combining against the Lord of glory. And, sir, we anticipate an awful crisis, a final and decisive struggle; a time to try men's souls, in which every religious community in Christendom shall be sifted as wheat. Nevertheless, we dread not the result. The eternal promise stands for ever sure, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the church of Christ. We peculiarly recognize the cheering words of the prophet, spoken, indeed, to Ahaz, but applicable to us:-- "Take heed and be quiet, fear not, neither be fainthearted for the two tails of these smoking firebrands; thus saith the Lord God, it shall not stand, neither shall it come to pass."

Now sir, are we extravagant in our anticipations. We ground our hope of final victory from this pleasing consideration -- that contemporary with the French revolution it pleased almighty God to raise up two mighty spiritual agencies to counterwork the designs of antichrist: I refer, in the first place, to the institution of Sabbath schools, and in the second, to the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The one furnishes the weapons, and the other trains and regiments the troops. Let the word of God, the sword of ethereal temper, be placed in the hands of the men of God, and they shall be mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of the wicked one. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;" and rest assured, sir, that Bible principles, taught and enforced by Bible Christians, will clear the world both of superstition and infidelity. Sir, the time has come when the daring spirits of the "sacramental host of God's elect"

must throw themselves into the Thermopylae of the Christian church, and defend the pass against the combined forces of the prince of this world. The work, sir, is spiritual and requires spiritual men. It is not so much the infidelity of the head we have to encounter -- neither must we contest the matter with weapons of metaphysical subtlety -- this would be to fight Goliath in Saul's armor. It is, sir, the infidelity of the heart, and to storm this stronghold demands men full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Such spiritual men we have -- trained in Sabbath schools, and competent, under God, to the conquest of the world.

But, sir, before I close my observations, truth and candor compel me to state, that in the way of the accomplishment of this glorious consummation there exists a formidable impediment. I refer, sir, to the prevalence of that latitudinarian spirit now operating in the Protestant churches; a spirit which too frequently compromises the integrity of Christian principle, and, consequently, neutralizes the decisive force of Christian action.

Permit me, sir, to illustrate my meaning. It was announced some years ago that old Bigotry was dead and fairly buried. I am sorry to be under the necessity of informing this audience that it has been discovered of late that he left behind him an only child -- a prodigal son, who is arrived at man's estate. This son is known by the name of Liberalism. Young Liberalism is the very antipodes of his old father. He is handsome, polite, insinuating -- and, although somewhat superficial, possesses that polish and tact which impose upon general observers. He speaks all languages, subscribes to all creeds, holds a levee with all sects and parties, is friendly with everybody, but stands identified with nobody. He professes to abhor religious controversy, and disposes of all doctrinal questions by a motion of indefinite postponement. He can swallow the wafer with the Papist, receive the cup with the Protestant, and thrust the Westminster Confession and the Methodist Discipline into the same pocket. You can never find Liberalism at home, or, rather, "he is never at home but when from home." He sails all waters under all colors; he exhibits the papers of all nations, but he hails to no port, he charts to no country and, therefore, we strongly suspect that he is, in reality, a pirate.

In a word, sir, to speak without a figure, we are fully of the judgment that this spurious liberalism is a grand obstacle in the way of the conversion of the world. Truth, sir, is unique, and, to be efficient, must stand forth in all its prominent peculiarities. If you soften down her features, you destroy her beauty and paralyze her usefulness. We believe that, in the present constitution of the church, the arrangement of sects and parties is, upon the whole, for the best. It checks the growth of heresy, excites a spirited competition, and prevents the aggrandizement of ecclesiastical domination. There was a time when we thought otherwise, particularly in its application to our Sabbath schools; when we supposed it to be unwise to introduce doctrinal peculiarities into the minds of children, and that a liberalizing system would be for the better. But, sir, we see our error and confess it. [If George G. Cookman was led unawares into views somewhat too ecumenical, too accommodating, too liberal, -- it would appear that here he admits that this was a mistake. -- DVM] We dare not mitigate the matter; we must teach the whole truth. The infidel spirit of the times demands that we hold fast the form of sound words. Our children require this at our hands.

Believing the doctrines of Methodism to be the nearest approach to truth, we honestly inculcate them in all their native peculiarities. We deny not that our dissenting fellow Christians



have, in the main, truth substantial -- but we think we have truth distinctive. And, sir, we wish our sword to be keenly set, two-edged, and sharp-pointed.

We are aware; sir, that the fashionable liberalism of the times will ridicule our Methodistic tenacity. Be it so, we are content to bear our burden. We have heard, also, the jeering of infidelity in reference to Sabbath schools; they have been styled a baby institution, and our labors, children's play. But time will prove all things. Let infidels remember that [the mythological] Hercules was once a baby, rocked in his cradle, and Samson was once a little child, -- but, sir, the day is not very far distant, and infidels, too, may live to see it, when this now despised little child, waxing mighty with the advance of rolling years, shall, with gigantic force, grasp with one hand the pillar of infidelity, and with the other the pillar of superstition, and, calling on the name of Samson's God, shall shake the fabric of error into a thousand atoms.

In conclusion we would say, "The best of all is, God is with us" -- and so confident are we of ultimate success, that we feel constrained, this night, from the bulwarks and towers of our Sunday School Zion, to shout aloud, in the exulting language of the royal psalmist, -- "Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

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## SPEECH 8

### Centenary Address

Mr. Chairman and Christian Friends, -- It was, if my memory serve me, on a bright and beautiful evening in the summer of the year 1821 that three young gentlemen might have been seen standing in Epworth church-yard on the tomb of Wesley's father. They had gone on a pilgrimage to the village of Epworth, -- the birthplace of John Wesley. Above their heads arose that venerable pile, the parish church of Epworth, in which he was presented at the baptismal font by his illustrious mother, and consecrated to God, the church, and the world. In the neighboring distance might be seen the site of the ancient parsonage in which he first drew his breath, and around the green fields, with their rich and verdant landscape, in which he spent the joyous days of infancy and childhood. And on the very tombstone they were now occupying they recollected Wesley himself had stood upward of half a century before, and preached to listening thousands the unsearchable riches of Christ. O, sir, it was an hour of hallowed inspiration, never to be forgotten. One of the young gentlemen involuntarily exclaimed, "May the spirit of Wesley descend upon us!" Whether that exclamation were prophetic it is not for me to say, but certain it is, that within a comparatively short space of time these three young gentlemen were called by the Spirit to the work of the Christian ministry. One is now a missionary in Canada, another a minister of the Baptist denomination in England, and the third the humble individual who has now the honor to address this meeting.

Sir, although eighteen years have passed away since your speaker stood upon that sainted spot, yet the sublime and holy enthusiasm of that moment lives and burns in this heart as intensely as ever; and surely if any circumstance might give expansion and vigor to the emotion, it is the inspiring fact that he who stood eighteen years ago on the tombstone of Wesley's father, now in

this, the hundredth year of Methodism, finds himself standing in John Street church, the birthplace of American Methodism, surrounded by a multitude of its warmest friends. What hath God wrought! Surely, sir, we may sing,

"When he first the work began,  
Small and feeble was his day."

Yes, sir, while in imagination's bright creation I see the parsonage of Epworth on fire, and in yonder window a little boy enveloped in the raging flames, and crying aloud for help, I involuntarily exclaim, "Who is that boy?" and the reply is, "Yon is little John Wesley, -- yonder is the boy who will set the world on fire; yonder is the boy that, under God, will make a stronger impression upon the public mind, and public morals, than all the philosophers who have ever written, or the legislators who have ever governed." For, sir, the little plant of Methodism which was placed by his hand as a root in a dry ground, amid the scoffs and persecution of the world, has become a most magnificent tree, throwing its wide-spreading branches over the continents of the earth, and the islands of the sea, and in this, the first centenary, more than a million of happy, rejoicing Methodists, from "Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand," will, beneath its friendly shade, raise the loud and triumphant song of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men."

It is not my intention to pronounce any panegyric [acclaim, fame] on Mr. Wesley, but rather to glorify the grace of God in him. We regard him as an eminent instrument employed by divine Providence for the good of mankind. The history of Methodism as identified with that of John Wesley is a bright page in the mysterious book of Providence. Was it not providential that he was born when he was, where he was, what he was? Was it not providential that he descended from an honorable and pious ancestry? that he was the happy son of so excellent and talented a mother? that, like most great and good men, he had a great and good mother? and, although speaking of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, we are not prepared to go the same length as Dr. Adam Clarke, "that she was the greatest of all the daughters of Eve," yet we may affirm that the Methodism of Mr. Wesley's mind and habits was laid by the early systematic training of his mother. And, sir, it is no inconsiderable proof of the hand of an overruling Providence, that Mr. Wesley had the advantages of an academic and collegiate education. I thank God, sir, that John Wesley was a college student, that he sharpened his wits on the Oxford grindstone, that in the great emporium of British erudition he forged and polished those weapons of intellectual warfare by which, in future, he was able to reason with the lofty prejudices of the stall-fed prelate, or detect the sophistries of the skeptic. For, sir, it ought to be remembered that Mr. Wesley was not only one of the most successful preachers, but one of the most industrious writers and extensive publishers of his day. He wrote largely on almost every subject -- history, criticism, philosophy, as well as theology, and wrote well and wrote not for fame or for money, but for the illumination and elevation of the mass of the people. He could appear to advantage in a two-penny pamphlet or in a royal octavo: from his little tract on "Primitive Physic" to his "Christian Library" in fifty volumes, we see the versatility of his taste, the comprehension of his views, the energy of his application.

Nor is it unworthy of a passing remark, that Methodism came into existence in the Augustan age of English literature, that Mr. Wesley was contemporary with Dr. Samuel Johnson, with the Burkes, the Goldsmiths, the Garricks, the Chesterfields, of that remarkable period, with several of

whom he enjoyed a personal friendship, and thus Methodism, so called; had to pass the fiery ordeal of powerful and penetrating genius.

Well, sir, it was in the commencement of the eighteenth century that a handful of Oxford students came to the conclusion that if the Bible were true, real Christianity was a very different thing from the popular religion of the day. To promote the one grand object they laid down rules for reading the Scriptures, conversation, prayer, meditation, fasting, and visiting the sick. Their precision attracted the attention of a wag of a student, who facetiously remarked one day, "A new sect of Methodists has arisen among us," and from this satirical remark, a byword, a nickname, arose this famous cognomen, "METHODIST." But what's in a name? "A rose would smell as sweet by any other name."

It was no inconsiderable link in the chain of second causes that Mr. Wesley should have been so early associated with that singular man, Mr. Law, the author of the *Serious Call*. This Law was a severe but salutary schoolmaster to bring Mr. Wesley to Christ. Full of strong moral convictions and honest zeal, and good intentions, behold our young churchman embarking for Georgia to convert the North American Indians, and, before half way across the Atlantic, discovering, through the aid of a few pious German Moravians, to his consternation, that he was unconverted himself. Finally, behold him, led on by Peter Bohler, the Moravian, his spiritual father, from one step to another, until finally he says, while at a meeting in Aldersgate Street, London, as one was reading Luther's preface to the Galatians, "I felt my heart strangely warmed." That, sir, was Methodism! There was the kindling of a fire which, I trust, will glow and run until

"Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below."

And in all his subsequent history, in his expulsion from the Established Church, in his outdoor and field preaching, in the origin of class-meetings, the employment of lay preachers, the settlement of the poll deed, securing the chapels for ever to the itinerancy of Methodism, thus perpetuating the system, binding it equally upon preachers and people, we see not the wisdom and policy of man, but the wisdom and power of God.

But what is Methodism? To this oft-repeated question, and to the many explanations which have been offered, permit us to give a definition of our own. And, first, we would answer the question negatively, by remarking, Methodism, so called, is not a sect. The announcement of Mr. Wesley at the outset of his career was anti-sectarian, and has been fulfilled to the very letter, "THE WORLD IS MY PARISH." Mr. Wesley ever disowned all idea of forming a mere sect. He intended that Methodism should be a nucleus to radiate light and heat throughout all the churches. And then it was no uncommon circumstance for persons to be in communion with the Established Church, or of the dissenting denominations, and yet meet in class among the Methodists. Thus Mr. Wesley lived and died a member of the Church of England, nor have the Wesleyan Methodists ever formally withdrawn from the Establishment. Our pulpits and altars are anti-sectarian, admitting all evangelical ministers to the former, and members of other churches to the latter, setting forth on this subject an example of Christian liberality which it would be well for some churches to imitate who charge us continually with sectarianism.

Methodism is not a form. It has always adapted itself to providential circumstances, and practiced the doctrine of Christian expediency. Less anxious about nonessentials, it has labored at the substance of religion. It has waived a controversy about forms, but contended manfully for the power of godliness. It has laid less stress on the straight coat, and smooth, slippery bonnet, but more upon the right state of the heart within, and the evidence of the life without. Mr. Wesley was no ways scrupulous; he could preach at St. Paul's or St. Bartholomew's Fair, in a mahogany pulpit or on a horseblock, under a tree or upon a mountain. And his sons are like him. They can preach in a surplice [robe], or in their shirt sleeves, in pewed or free churches, with notes or without. It is of very little consequence to them; they know Methodism will and must go, either on foot or on horseback, by steam or on wheels, no matter. And here let me animadvert upon a certain class of deplorable croakers, who, looking at mere forms, are for ever complaining about departures from what they are pleased to call good old Methodism. Good old Methodism, indeed! And is good old Methodism susceptible of no improvement? If our noble fathers, in the days of their poverty, walked, is that any sufficient reason why we, their sons, now that we can afford it, should not ride? What! sir, shall we be so wedded to old prejudices that we must travel in the old Pennsylvania wagon, at the rate of two miles an hour, when all the world is flying by steam? Shall we, like the redoubtable navigators of "New Amsterdam," creep along by day, sleeping by night, and making the Atlantic voyage at the rate of once in three months, when the modern steam ship makes the passage in thirteen days? No, verily! put Methodism on the railroad, let it have steam power, and fly with the foremost to the very ends of the earth. I trust, sir, Methodism will ever repudiate all such prejudices, and keep pace with the spirit of the age ["progress of the age" might have been a better choice of words, at least for our times. -- DVM]

Methodism is not an opinion. It demands no previous test of opinions, but one only condition, "a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from sin." The magnanimous language of Mr. Wesley was, "Away with opinions; if thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand."

What, then, is Methodism? And we answer,

Methodism is a spirit. It is the spirit of Bible truth and Christian charity embodied and defined in the mind, the heart, the character, the habits, the labors of that remarkable man, John Wesley, and from him expanded to upward of a million other minds and hearts, making upon them the imprint of his sentiments and doctrines, the light of his example, the impulse of his zeal.

And what is this spirit? We answer, "Now the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." That, sir, is Methodism.

What is Methodism? Methodism, sir, is a revival of primitive New Testament religion, such as glowed in the bosom and was seen in the lives of the apostles and martyrs.

It is a revival of the vital, fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith.

It is a revival of the original New Testament organization, particularly in restoring the itinerancy and brotherhood of the ministry, and the right administration of church discipline.

It is a revival of the social spirit, the free and ancient manner of social worship.

It is, above all, a revival of the missionary spirit, which, not content with a mere defensive warfare upon Zion's walls, goes forth aggressively, under the eternal promise, to the conquest of the world.

Sir, I can never think of the great revival of religion which took place within the Church of England one hundred years ago, without having before me the image of some ancient cathedral, with its lofty aisles and vaulted roof, and in the very center of the marble-paved floor I see a few shivering, decrepit old people endeavoring vainly to warm themselves over the flickering embers of an expiring fire, and, while indulging feelings of pity and commiseration, I see a brisk, sprightly little man enter, and, with characteristic promptitude and zeal, he begins to stir up the fire, -- that little man is John Wesley. While he is thus engaged I see the saintly Fletcher approach with an armful of faggots and throw them on the brightening flame; and presently I see approach, with eager steps, a bluff and portly personage; his name is George Whitefield, and he begins to blow, and blow mightily, and the fire begins to kindle and, as the towering flame illumines and warms the church, I see Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of Methodism, take his harp, and, as he touches the strings with a more than mortal inspiration, I hear the joyous strain,

"See how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace;  
Jesus' love the nations fires,  
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

"To bring fire on earth he came,  
Kindled in some hearts it is;  
O, that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss."

Methodism repeats the word of command through all her ranks, first issued by the great Lord and Captain of the "sacramental host;" she says, "Go -- go ye into all the world." And, blessed be God, her sons obey, and march.

If, then, sir, this be a true version of Methodism and I am still pressed with the question, "What is the grand characteristic, the distinctive peculiarity of Methodism?" I would answer, It is to be found in one single word, ITINERANCY. Yes, sir, this, under God, is the mighty spring of our motive power, the true secret of our unparalleled success. Stop the itinerancy, let congregationalism prevail for only twelve months, -- Samson is shorn of his locks, and we become as other men. Sir, here I would make a central position, here lay the utmost stress. This is a vital point, in the maintenance of which we, as a people, stand or fall. In the establishment of this position allow me to borrow the light of an illustration.

In considering, some time ago, that beautiful text, "All things work together for good," I found the apostle explaining, in a previous chapter, how the "all things" worked. He says, Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." Now, sir, it occurred to me that these things all worked to a delightful result, after the manner of wheels in beautiful co-operation, as in Ezekiel's vision. Tribulation may be compared to the great iron

wheel, where, by the divine blessing, the gracious power is first felt and attained. To this great iron wheel there is attached a smaller brazen wheel, which we may denominate patience, and as the great iron wheel moves around, lo, the brazen wheel begins to move also; to this we see a bright silver wheel, which is styled experience, which, moved by the two former, commences and continues its bright and rapid revolution; and yet, beyond all these, there is a splendid golden wheel, which is fitly styled hope, and over this is thrown the gospel rope of exceeding precious promises, upon which, if a man hold fast and never let go, it will wind him up to glory. Now, sir, let us apply this to Methodism. The great iron wheel in the system is itinerancy, and truly it grinds some of us most tremendously; the brazen wheel, attached and kept in motion by the former, is the local ministry; the silver wheel, the class leaders; the golden wheel, the doctrine and discipline of the church, in full and successful operation. Now, sir, it is evident that the entire movement depends upon keeping the great iron wheel of itinerancy constantly and rapidly rolling round. But, to be more specific, and to make an application of this figure to American Methodism. Let us carefully note the admirable and astounding movements of this wonderful machine. You will perceive there are "wheels within wheels." First, there is the great outer wheel of episcopacy, which accomplishes its entire revolution once in four years. To this there are attached twenty-eight smaller wheels, styled annual conferences, moving around once a year; to these are attached one hundred wheels, designated presiding elders, moving twelve hundred other wheels, termed quarterly conferences, every three months; to these are attached four thousand wheels, styled traveling preachers, moving round once a month, and communicating motion to thirty thousand wheels, called class leaders, moving round once a week, and who, in turn, being attached to between seven and eight hundred thousand wheels, called members, give a sufficient impulse to whirl them round every day. O, sir, what a machine is this! This is the machine of which Archimedes only dreamed; this is the machine destined, under God, to move the world, to turn it upside down. But, sir, you will readily see the whole success of the operation depends upon keeping the great iron wheel of itinerancy in motion. It must be as unencumbered and free as possible. To accomplish this has ever been our main difficulty and hindrance, and if ever this machine stop it will be because the great wheel is clogged. The provision for the support of the ministry is insufficient, the funds for the support of the worn-out preachers meager, the temptations to location strong and pressing.

Let me furnish you with a startling fact. At the close of the second volume of that excellent History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Dr. Bangs, you will find the names of all the preachers who were admitted into the conferences between the years 1767 and 1813, and the names of those who have located. I took the trouble the other day to count them up, and find, in a period of 46 years, that 1616 were admitted. Now how many of these left the ranks of the ministry? Why, sir, it is hardly credible, but we have it in figures, an undeniable but astounding fact, that 819 of these located! -- leaving only 797 in the regular ranks. Now, sir, will any man tell me that these men had less devotedness and zeal than our transatlantic brethren, among whom locations are delightfully rare? Was it because they were tired or ashamed of the work? No, sir, it was necessity, dire necessity, arising out of the feebleness and inefficiency of our financial system. They found it impossible, out of their poor pittance, after feeding and clothing their families, to educate their children; in many cases to furnish their houses, and in all to purchase their own horses. Thus, in deciding the sad alternative between the disgrace of retiring from the ministerial ranks, and the disgrace of being in debt, they chose the former. Sir, it is not so much the actual

pressure of want as the apprehension of want, if not for himself, at least for his helpless widow and fatherless children, which drives many a Methodist minister into location.

Now, sir, I ask, shall these things be? Shall we, at this memorable epoch, the hundredth year of Methodism, suffer the "great wheel" to be clogged a moment longer? Can we offer to God, his church, or the world, a more acceptable centenary gift than by, contributing to the creation of a permanent fund which shall free the itinerancy of all anxiety for the present, all apprehension for the future; a fund which shall provide for the education of the preachers' children in the establishment of manual labor, Kingswood, and Woodhouse Grove schools, and which shall spread the missionary flame to the very ends of the earth.

Here, then, let us raise our Ebenezer; here let us build our centenary monument of gratitude, in the sight of heaven, to be admired by generations yet unborn. Let its base be itinerancy, and on that broad, deep pedestal, let us inscribe the words of Wesley, "The best of all is, God is with us." Let its columns be education, let their architecture be classically chaste, and on its lofty summit rekindle the hallowed flame of missionary zeal, which, as a beacon light, flashing its bright beams across the deep dark sea of this apostate and tempestuous world, may guide many a forlorn wanderer safe home to the land of rest and peace.

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THE END