

REV. JOSEPH COOK

(Montreal Witness.)

We give above a portrait of Rev. Joseph Cook, whose lectures have proved so acceptable to our readers. The following facts regarding his life and character, by Rev. L. N. Beaudry will prove interesting:—

As the interest of the community is becoming more and more engrossed in the utterances of this remarkable young man, it has seemed proper to me who have known him from little boyhood, and was several years associated with him as schoolmate, class-mate and chum, to give your readers some particulars of his life, which have not appeared in the public press.

His father, William H. Cook, Esq., is one of nature's noblemen, a wealthy farmer, residing about three miles south-west from the village of Ticonderoga, Essex County, N. Y. His extensive lands stretch from mountain range to mountain range across Trout brook, a limpid stream which mingles with the Cheonderoga, or sounding waters, the outlet of Lake George. In this lovely spot, which Joseph has named Corvalls, he was born in 1838. He is an only child. I distinctly remember the merriment caused in class once when he was rendering one of Aesop's fables in which a mother fox reproaches a lioness for bringing forth but one young at a birth, and the lioness replied, "Yes, one, but a lion!" The emphasis then given to the word has grown more and more significant with passing years.

Mr. Cook's first education was at home, and was begun so early that he cannot now recall the time when he did not know his alphabet. From this best of all schools he passed to the common school of the district, where, however, he was soon more capable than the teacher. Consequently he was sent to the Whitehall (N. Y.) Academy, boarding while there with a somewhat prominent and eccentric Baptist preacher named Grant.

In 1850, the writer of this article and Joseph Cook met as schoolmates at Newton Academy, Shorham, Vermont. Though attracting considerable attention even at this early age by his compositions, he showed no great strength in any other direction. He was very large of his age, and was looked upon by most people as an overgrown, verdant boy. In the autumn of 1852 these two schoolmates became chums and classmates at Keeseville (N. Y.) Academy. Here the young hero of "Scholarly Theology" developed into the graceful and eloquent extemporaneous speaker, the trenchant debater and the remarkably interesting writer. Though not a member of the church until two years afterward, he was thoroughly versed in the scriptures, and was punctual in his attendance on public worship and Sunday-school. It was through his influence that the undersigned was led for the first time to attend the services of a Protestant church. This interesting incident I quote from the pages of my autobiographical sketch entitled "Spiritual Struggles," page 193, as follows:—"On our first Sabbath morning in Keeseville he said to me, 'Will you go with me to the Presbyterian Church this morning?' I hesitated a moment and then replied, 'Yes, if you will go to the Catholic Church with me this afternoon.' Certainly, he unhesitatingly answered, showing no prejudice against it. I was not a little perplexed at my dilemma, for I had a holy—rather an unholy dread of going into a Protestant church, looking upon it as the sure way to perdition. My early training on this subject came up forcibly to my mind. But hoping that the harm I might incur would be more than counterbalanced by the good he might receive by going with me—for I greatly desired to convert him to my faith—I finally ratified my engagement and prepared to go with him. This was an occasion never to be forgotten."

The Essex County Republican, of a recent date, published in Keeseville, referring to the Boston orator, says: "There are many who attended the Keeseville Academy with Dr. Cook, the recollection of whom is very vivid." After speaking of some "whose faces we shall see no more," it adds: "Rev. L. N. Beaudry, now a Methodist minister, was also a schoolmate of Mr. Cook at Keeseville. Though considerably his

senior, the sharp debates between him and Cook were among the interesting incidents of the Lyceum, or the 'Keeseville Cabal,' as they chose to style it."

From early childhood Mr. Cook kept a diary, in which are recorded not only the ordinary occurrences of life, but also studies and reflections by the way. His motto was "Nulla dies sine linea."

He was a careful student of men and things, or as he styles them the "Newest" and the "Oldest" testaments. He is a poet of no mean order. Some of his productions are full of the tenderest sentiments, and the most striking and beautiful imagery. One verse of a hymn written for the "Keeseville Cabal," will show the direction of his ambition:

"Here fit us for the storms of life,—
"Here would our plastic spirits dwell
That fainting not amid the strife,
"Our lives for God and Truth may tell."

One day the question of favorite pursuits or vacations was raised among the students, and each was requested to give an answer. Mr. Cook's was so characteristic and original, that it could not be easily forgotten, namely, "Preaching without pastoral care and authorship." This *beau ideal* he now realizes. After nine months of careful study at Point-aux-Trembles, then a thorough college preparation at Philip's Academy, Mass., two years at Yale College, two more at Harvard University, ending with graduation with honors, three years at Andover, (Mass.) Theological Seminary, a few years in German universities and in foreign travel, he now writes for the leading periodicals of the country, such as the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, &c., and preaches to the largest number of cultured minds of any man on this continent. He is a congregational minister without pastoral charge, nor is he open to what is known as a call. In one of his recent letters to me, he says: "I had rather occupy this Boston lectureship to ministers than any pulpit or professor's chair in New England. This is saying much, but I speak deliberately, and, after some experience in the Lectureship, I have my Sabbaths for speaking from point to point in the churches, and my week day for lecturing and authorship. With courses of lectures on my hands at Springfield, Haverhill, Amherst College and Boston all at once, I have not had two seconds of leisure for three months. I am not planless nor hopeless. Your friend as ever." His perseverance and energy are equal. He possesses a splendid physique, an immense brain well balanced, and a pure and thoroughly consecrated spirit.

LOUIS N. BEAUDRY.
P. S.—I hope to furnish your readers ere long some of Mr. Cook's early poems.

L. N. B.

Montreal April 11, 1877.

EVERY MINISTER MUST BE HIMSELF.

The personal peculiarities of preachers no doubt ought to be kept within bounds, but, depend upon it, they ought not to be altogether renounced. When you come to a really considerable preacher you will not find one of them who has not distinctive marks, just as you will never find one human face that is worth the wearing, that has not got, in some shape or other, some distinctive marks. If I go back myself upon remarkable preachers whom I have heard, I heard Dr. Newman about forty years ago. Dr. Newman was at that time, long ago, before the era of the controversies with which his name is connected—but, controversy or no controversy, battle or no battle, a man like Dr. Newman, with his deep piety and his remarkable gifts of mind, could not but be a great object of interest. Dr. Newman, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, was looked upon rather with prejudice as what is termed a Low Churchman, but was very much respected for his character and his known ability. He was then the vicar of St. Mary's at Oxford, and used to preach there. Without ostentation or effort, but by simple excellence, he was constantly drawing undergraduates more and more around him. Now, Dr. Newman's manner in the pulpit was one about which, if you considered it in its separate parts, you would arrive at very unsatisfactory conclusions. There was not very much change in the

inflection of the voice; action there was none. His sermons were read, and his eyes were always on the book; and all that, you will say, is against efficiency in preaching. Yes, but you take a man as a whole, and there was a stamp and a seal about him; there was a solemn music and sweetness in the tone; there was a completeness in the figure taken altogether with the tone and with the manner, which made even his delivery, such as I have described it, and though exclusively with written sermons, singularly attractive. Well, now I will make a great jump and go to another very notable and very admirable man—I mean Dr. Chalmers. I have heard Dr. Chalmers preach and lecture, and I think I have heard him speak. Well, now, being a man entirely of Scotch blood, I am very much attached to Scotland, and like even the Scotch accent, but not the Scotch accent of Dr. Chalmers. Undoubtedly, the accent of Dr. Chalmers in preaching and delivery was a considerable impediment. Notwithstanding that, it was all overborne by the power of the man in preaching—overborne by his power, which melted into harmony with all the adjuncts and incidents of the man as a whole; so much so, that, although I would have said the accent of Dr. Chalmers was distasteful, yet in Dr. Chalmers himself I would not have it altered in the slightest degree. I will take another example. I am afraid no one here recollects hearing Mr. Sheil. If nobody recollects him, there is nothing I can appeal to, but if you will consider a tin kettle battered about from place to place, producing a succession of sounds as it is knocked first against one side and then against the other, that is really one of the nearest approximations that I can make—(laughter)—to my remembrance of the voice of Mr. Sheil; and there, again, in anybody else I would not, if it had been in my choice, like to have listened to that voice, but in him I would not have changed it, for it was part of a most remarkable whole, and nobody ever felt it painful when listening to it. He was a great orator, and an orator of much preparation—I believe carried even the words—with a very vivid imagination and an enormous power of language and of strong feeling. There was a peculiar character—a sort of half-wildness—in his aspect and delivery; and his whole figure, and his delivery, and his voice, and his matter were all in such perfect keeping with one another, that they formed a great parliamentary picture; and although it is now 25 years since I heard Mr. Sheil, my recollection of him is just as vivid as if I had been listening to him to-day. Therefore I hope that these individualities will never be too much discountenanced, and never altogether forgotten. This whole subject runs up into the general principle. Let the preacher never forget the reality of the man; let him never become a conical being; let him never adopt—you won't misunderstand me if I use a homely phrase—the mere slang of religion; for there is a slang in religion—that is to say, there is an illegitimate growth of vulgarity of dialect in religion as in everything else. Let him retain his reality as a man; and in proportion to the sense he entertains of the immeasurable dignity and power of the office he has to fill and the instrument he has to wield, let him extend a proportionate and corresponding care in the cultivation, eye, in the very smallest incidental qualities that he thinks may contribute to the fuller accomplishment of his work. The right honorable gentleman resumed his seat amid applause.—*Mr. Gladstone's London Address in City Temple.*

A TADPOLE OR AN ANGEL?
One of the best things we have ever heard of Carlyle is told by Miss Martineau, to the effect that he has always been troubled about his literary style, and that he has never been pleased with anything that he has written. And another good thing in regard to this distinguished man is also vouched for as authentic. He happened, not long ago, to be where a number of so-called philosophers and scientific men were present and were airing their opinions. The theory of evolution had been asserted with much confidence, and under the supposition that he was a sym-

thizer, and not at all fettered by religious scruples, he was challenged to deliver his opinion as to Darwinism. Gathering himself up, and speaking in a tone that silenced laughter, Mr. Carlyle replied, "Gentlemen, you may make man a little higher than the tadpoles. I hold with the prophet David—'Thou madest him a little lower than the angels.'"

When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.—*F. W. Robertson.*

A FUNERAL HYMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

With silence only as their benediction
God's angels come.
Where in the shadow of a great affliction
The soul sits dumb.
Yet would we say, what every heart approves
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth.
Is mercy still.
Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel
The good die not.
God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given
They live on earth in thoughts and deeds
As truly
As in heaven.

OBITUARY.

MR. LEWIS WRIGHT.

Mr. Lewis Wright, of Searstown, P.E.I., departed his life, on the 14th of March, in the 72nd year of his age. Very early in life under the ministry of the late Rev. John Snowball, he yielded his heart to Him whose right it is, and by a public confession of his faith united with the Methodist Church. From that happy season it was his predominant endeavour to follow Christ, and to promote the interest of his redeemed kingdom. He at once began to take an active part in the services of the sanctuary, and shortly after was appointed to act in the capacity of class and prayer leader. He also filled the offices of circuit steward of the Bedeque circuit, and Sabbath school superintendent of Searstown. Being naturally of a vigorous constitution there was an earnestness and heartiness in his manner which he carried fully into the religious life, and whatsoever his hand found to do, for the honor of his Master, he did it with his might. He was a man of impulse; and though not entirely free from faults incident to that sort of temperament, yet he endeavored to guide the impulse by carefulness; to steady the wayward transport of feeling at home or abroad, by sober meditation; to hallow the enthusiasm of his nature by the sanctities of prayer; and thus to bring his impulses ever on the side of virtue, order, benevolence and piety. He was a sincere Christian, a faithful man, as well as a man of faith; and one whom many testify adorned the doctrine which he professed by an exemplary life. In the latter part of his days he seemed animated by the high and holy purpose of making all his powers subservient to the good of man and the glory of God. A little over a year ago, though physically weak, he attended frequently and entered heartily into the revival services held at Centreville; and with his pale countenance lit up with a celestial radiance he warned, as for the last time, his friends and neighbors to flee from the wrath to come. His chief delight was to be "in audience with the Deity," and often he seemed to lose sight of his weakness as with a variety of spiritual pleadings he besieged a throne of grace.

He was a kind friend, and hospitable entertainer, generous in his support of the institutions of the church, and for a time in the absence of a sanctuary fitted up one of his own buildings, lighted and fired it at his own expense, for the public worship of God. He died as he lived spending his last days in prayer and praise, repudiating all self-worthiness, and trusting solely to the mercy of God through the merits of the Redeemer. On this rock he rested with immovable firmness. This was his unflinching support in the trials of life, and the ground of final triumph in his peaceful death. We shall miss him, but are assured that our loss is his infinite gain.
J. SELLER.

Bedeque, P.E.I., April 26, 1877.

GEORGE W. WHORTON.

From the Appleton "Post," Wisconsin, U. S., Sept. 28, 1876: In this city on the 20th of Sept., 1876, George W., only son of John H. and Priscilla M. Whorton aged 19 years, 9 months and one day. No similar event has occurred in our city for many a day the intelligence of

which has caused such a shock to the community. Everybody had learned of his severe sickness, but all knew that he was naturally robust and strong, and such a thing as a fatal result had not been thought of. But alas, a mysterious Providence had decreed that this young life, so full of hope and promise should come prematurely to a close. It is a sad fate with which the devoted relatives and attached friends of the deceased must struggle long and hard to become reconciled. The struggle will be all the more severe since the departed one was endowed with those qualities which endeared him to the home circle and a host of friends. The grief of latter as well as the former is heartfelt and sincere. The afflicted family have the sympathy of the whole community in the great loss which they have sustained. May a beneficent Providence lighten the load which at best, bears down with crushing weight.

(We would have made changes in the MS. of the following Obituary, but that we have been prohibited. Contributors who insist on depriving an editor of his rights, ought to be gratified.—EDITOR.)

ANNE E. VINCENT, OF CAPE ISLAND

Crossed the Jordan with holy, complete triumph on Tuesday, March 27th. Forty-nine summers she saw in this sin-spoiled world, each unfaithfully followed by its Winter emblem of death. So she has met with the inevitable. But Winter is the mother of Summer. So is death to the re-born soul. That's just what enabled her to die so gloriously. God spoke the re-creating word in her being some twenty years ago. "He speaks and it's done. Commands and it stands fast." He said to her darkened soul, which had long sought and struggled to find the "light that shines upon the road and leads us to the Lamb," while that deeply pathetic hymn of the Poet of Olney was being sung in a Prayer-meeting. "Let there be light," and there was light. Tiny ray at first. But how it increased. One flash—the gloom of guilt forever fled, and a holy fire of love kindled on the altar of her heart. Quietly it burned till the devoted Mr. Todhunter was appointed to labor in this circuit. The Master blessed his efforts with a most speaking spiritual conflagration. Not only hearts and homes but whole communities were metamorphosed. Her quietly shining light from this time developed into what Daniel Quorn justly remarks ought to be the case with every X-tian a burning as well as a shining light. Nothing less than Perfect Love. So that, as with some few here, he had only to describe it to her and her experience and inner-consciousness answered, mirror-like, at once. How is it that such a comparatively small number of X-tians do the same? Its seldom I do any "idle scribbling" for the Public, and may never be guilty of the like again, so I trust I shall be allowed to record on this occasion my positive conviction that this ought to be a vital point in the examination of all candidates for the ministry. We should then have more hope of the church enjoying it. Every member ought to do so. I'll give but one reason, which I consider unanswerable. They may.

What is it but an uncompromising consecration of all we have and are to God, and by simple faith realising that He is all our own. Dwelling in us. That faith is the gift of God. Quite right. And will He withhold it from any earnest X-tian who unreservedly complies with the first condition? O Friends, let us have done with every phase of the subjective mood in speaking or thinking of this phase of X-tian experience. Neither the Bible nor Faith ever uses it. *Be ye perfect.*—Holy. Imperative. If ever the devil is to be defeated and the world won for X-tism it must be. Who will join with our dear departed sister and say "It shall be in my case" and it shall. We crave pardon for this digression. It is the memory of the dear and holy face of the subject of our pen which compels us to effereance on this point. What a face was that! Not acquired merely as the death-hour approached. Always thus, because always ready and expectant. Death seemed only to have rubbed the glass clearer. King of Terrors? Humble servant here. His shadow fell upon her last X-mas when she caught a cold while attending the funeral of a friend who had perished in the ice, and is proved to be the beginning of the end. For three months her friends suffered the tumultuous tossings of alternate hope and despair, like Ocean's bosom in a breeze. But she? O was it not grand to hear her sing—

"My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine"
just before she shook herself free from the cumbersome clay. Angels caught up the refrain. "Don't you hear that beautiful music?" she asked. Ah we are not so near heaven as that. But we are getting nearer, and we join earnestly in her last spoken prayer. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." And he did. Thank God.
J. W.

TO KEEP
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