

says that it was the "great potential idea of early Methodism." And surely none need wonder that it was potential. Definiteness of aim and distinctness of statement are sources of power in any propagandism. This idea possesses *that* merit. One-ideaism is a source of power to any propagandist—let the careers of Peter the Hermit, Joan of Arc, William Wilberforce, bear witness. And it has *that* merit—but with an advantage lifting it above all other cases of one-ideaism—that it is the noblest of human ideas; it is an idea that does not render the character of him who holds it awkward, ill-shapen, or, in the useless or baneful sense, eccentric, but masters, and at the same time invigorates, the soul; fully employs, but at the same time glorifies every truly human affection and every intelligent impulse. It is *one* idea, *one* thing; but it is the *central* idea of the moral system in which man lives. Its dominance being the dominance of the rightful king, does not develop excrecence, but fills up defects and adds energy to all that is "true and lovely, and of good report." "Potential," in a most emphatic sense, was this idea in the careers of such men in the ministry as Fletcher and Bramwell, Clowes and Smith, with a host of others; and scarcely less potential in such cases as Carvosso, Hick, Field, and men of their class.

Standing up to the full stature of the tallest of these holy ones, we find in Alfred Cookman, who died in November, 1871, a remarkable illustration of the potency of this idea. As we glance again at the goodly and well-filled volume whose principal subject is his biography, we think it not very probable that a volume of its size and circulation would have appeared in the literary market connected with his name were it not for this potential idea. Had he not firmly held it as a dogma, gained it as an experience, and lived and preached it as he did, a somewhat full and extended obituary article in some of the religious journals would probably have furnished his principal literary monument. For although his mental furnishings and development could not be described as of an inferior order, and his admiring biographer credits him with a vigorous mind, yet we are inclined to agree with Bishop Foster, who says of him in the Introduction,—“I never thought him a genius. He was not in my judgment transcendently gifted. He was eloquent, and many times mighty, in the pulpit. . . . But it was not his great intellectual power, nor yet his persuasive eloquence that impressed me chiefly. It was the sacredness of his entire life;—everywhere he seemed invested with a Christliness that was as beautiful as it was impressive. His own life was the ablest sermon he ever preached on the subject with which his name is so intimately associated. He lived the 'higher life' even more than he preached it.”

The book has been ably written by his life-long friend, H. Ridgway, D.D. Some sixty pages are occupied with a sketch of the brilliant but sadly brief career of his father, Rev. G. G. Cookman, who perished in the Atlantic Ocean in March, 1841, leaving the principal subject of the book, at thirteen years of age, to mourn his loss; and to prepare for life under the tender but conscientious guidance of a widowed mother. Her prayers and counsels appear to have been blessed to the great benefit of her promising son, who loved her with intense and reverential affection. He appears to have been awakened