

[Cook, William B.]

OBITUARY NOTICES

XII. REV. W. B. COOK

This faithful and devoted servant of Christ died in Muskegon, Michigan, June 5, 1871, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was born in Marcellus, (Onondaga Co.) N.Y., December 8, 1810. He entered the ministry in 1843, and was ordained in 1846. From his first entrance into the ministry to the year of his death he consecrated all his energies to his sacred calling. Among the places where he preached stately at different times were Mottville, Alexander, Lockport, Gaines, Churchville, Newburg, and Aurora, in the State of New York. In 1866 he went to Michigan and remained there until his death. In all places where he preached he left the odor of a good name. In the controversies in which he was sometimes engaged with the enemies of Universalism he ever exhibited the manners of a gentleman and the spirit of a Christian. He contended earnestly for the faith, but from a love of truth rather than the pleasure of victory. He sought to live peaceably with all men. He was neither the victim of envy nor of pride. He appreciated talents superior to his own, but despised not the humblest effort. His last sickness was painful and protracted, yet no complaint or murmur escaped his lips, no irreverent thought agitated his soul.

In reviewing his ministry, at a time when conscious that he was near his end, he said to his brother, (Rev. T. D. [Theodore Dwight] Cook), with great solemnity, "It is marked with some failures, but on the whole I regard it a success. I feel that I have comforted some sorrowful souls, and strengthened some that were ready to falter in the race set before them." He possessed a rare faculty for speaking to the sorrowing and comforting the afflicted. His sympathies were active and tender. When brought into communion with the bereaved he apprehended their wants with such accuracy that at such times he seemed to be inspired—the very incarnation of the comforter.

His MSS he confided to the care of his son-in-law, Rev. M. B. Carpenter, of Lansing, Mich.

Soon after he was taken down with his last illness, being convinced that his hour was come, he made all necessary arrangements for his funeral, requested the Masonic Fraternity, to which he belonged, to have charge of it, and desired that the sanctuary should not be draped in black on that occasion, but that it should be decorated with flowers. To his wife, then prostrated by sickness and over-exertion, and to his children, he expressed himself with a husband's and a father's affection, and commended them to the care of their heavenly guardian and benefactor; and to some friends to

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whom he was under peculiar obligations he expressed the gratitude of a full heart. To his brother he said, "O brother, I have preached for the last few years the glories of eternity, as they have appeared to my faith, with more earnestness and unction than ever before during my ministry." "And how do all these things appear to you now, as you feel yourself in the presence of death"? it was asked. "Brighter than ever, aye, brighter than ever!" was the prompt and energetic response. At another time, he said, "If, as ministers of Christ, we would bring within the sweep of our vision of faith all the glories of the future life, as they now appear to me, and preach them in the demonstration of the spirit, we should [would] turn the world upside down. We should [would] have no drowsy hearers, and no drones in the pulpit."

In this triumphant and blessed frame of mind he passed to his eternal rest; and by his faith "he being dead yet speaketh."

*The Universalist Companion*, Boston MA, 1872, pp. 99-100

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