

Should a stranger pass this spot where we are gathered, and behold us clustering around this obelisk, and he should inquire what means this assembly, you need not give utterance to a single word, but point your finger to that monument and he will at once comprehend the whole matter.

That marble column pointing heavenward, though mute, expresses more of the soul's sympathy than the most eloquent of words.

Though silent, yet from its place it contains as much, if not more, of historic fact than does the record of most written history.

It is silent, yet expressive—eloquent, speaking out continually to every passer the memory of him who lies sleeping beneath in his earthly house, "The place appointed for all the living." This monument is friendship's offering—it is a tribute [of] hearts, placed here as a monitor reminding [us] of the days gone by, when in childhood, youth and manhood, one lived among [us] who was cherished and beloved. It calls to our memory the life of one who acted well his part as a man, a Christian and a friend. It lifts up the drapery from fading memory, and lets in a ray of light from the spirit world, proclaiming the stern reality "though dead he yet liveth;" his memory shall not rot from the generations yet to come.

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reality "though dead he yet liveth;" his memory shall not rot from the generations yet to come.

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the eye and exquisite in its proportions, will stand firm and erect when this assembly shall have passed away—when not a man, woman or child on this consecrated spot, nor yet in yonder city with its teeming thousands nor yet in all the cities on this earth, when not a soul now breathing heaven's free air shall be in the land of the living, when unborn generations shall spring up and repair to this spot, this sacred structure will speak to them in tones not to be mistaken, as it does this day—here lies the mortal remains of John T. Cook, the honored and beloved, the man who lived in the confidence of his fellow man, an ambassador for Christ, who faithfully proclaimed the “glad tidings of salvation unto all men.” That is a consideration worthy of our regard, that the memory of the useful and pious among us should not perish, and it is in keeping with this sentiment that we this day perpetuate the life of a pastor and friend.

Through the personal efforts of Mrs. Rachel Kiger, at a cost of \$160, this monument has been procured. Filled with an holy zeal she went forth in her ardent Christian love, determined to wrest from the treachery of memory and the possibility of oblivion the life and labors of him she valued in life, and mourned in death. Unaided and alone, like the good Samaritan, or like a Florence Nightingale, went

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forth on her mission of love, and finding a ready response from kindred hearts, we behold to-day the consummation of her labor, and may we not say in view of her success, "well done." In the language of Scripture it may truthfully be said to the citizens of Washington, with no disparagement whatever, "that this man was born there," and of Zion, "this man was born in her." Here John T. Cook was born, here he lived, and here he died. Loved when living, regretted when dead, and his memory cherished though in his grave, for his usefulness and virtue.

It should create no surprise to any that we should be found clustered here in this city of the dead, and engaged in these ceremonies, and placing this sacred testimony of friendship's offering over the remains of him who slumbers beneath. This is but carrying out the promptings of our better nature. God has implanted in our hearts a sympathetic chord which binds kindred hearts, and which, when touched, like the vibrations of electricity, affects the whole, and we may not doubt this harmony of souls, for there is a divinity within from which the sympathetic emotions spring. Classic history shows that among the refined and polite nations of antiquity, monuments were erected to perpetuate the memory of those who once lived. Classic writers considered it as worthy a place in

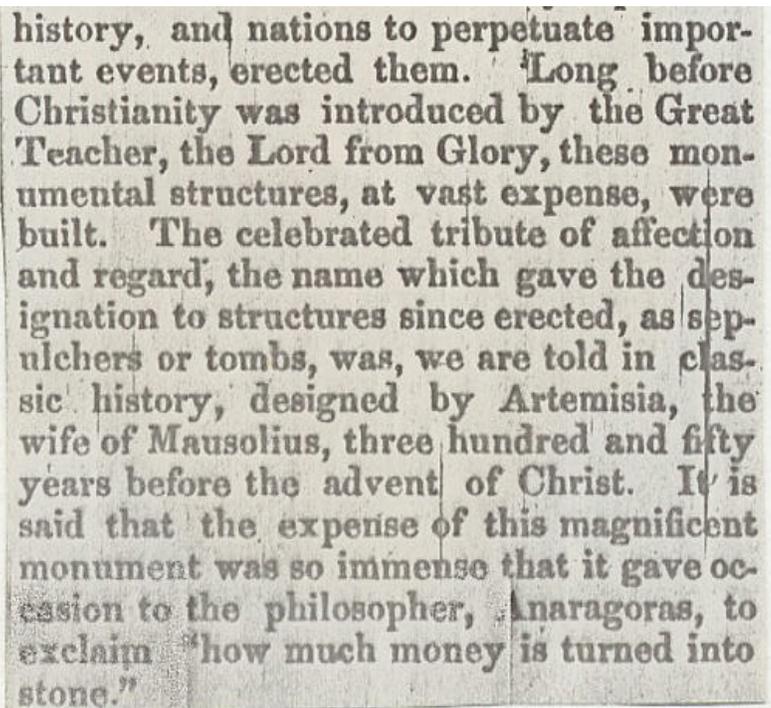
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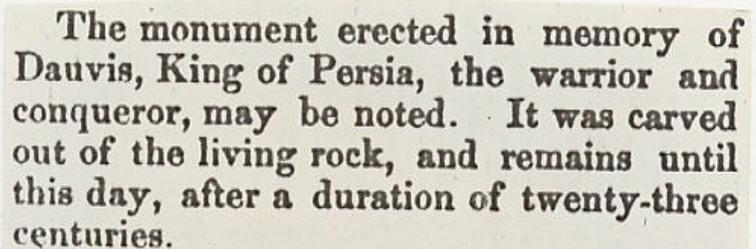
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The monument erected in memory of Dauvis, King of Persia, the warrior and conqueror, may be noted. It was carved out of the living rock, and remains until this day, after a duration of twenty-three centuries.

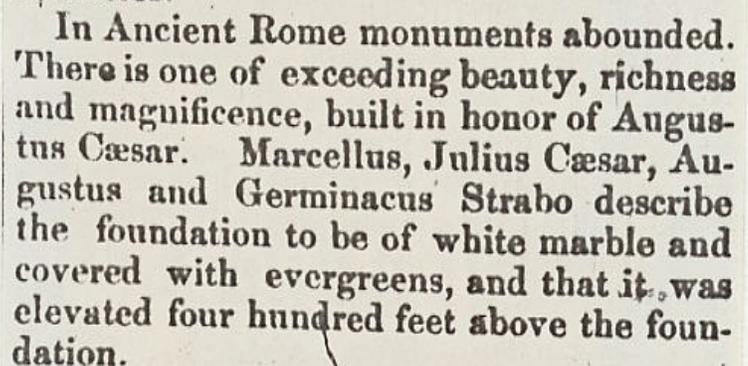
In Ancient Rome monuments abounded. There is one of exceeding beauty, richness and magnificence, built in honor of Augustus Caesar. Marcellus, Julius Caesar, Augustus and Germinacus Strabo describe the foundation to be of white marble and covered with evergreens, and that it was elevated four hundred feet above the foundation.



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These are only brief descriptions of a few monumental structures from among the thousands that may be mentioned among the nations of antiquity. We turn for a moment from Greece and Rome to another quarter for monumental history. Egypt, old Egypt, with its absorbing history so full of interest to the antiquarian, continually flashing upon modern progress proofs of its once greatness and power.

Far back into this world's early history, Egyptian history may be traced.

Four hundred and forty-five years before Christ, Herodotus, the father of history, tells us that in a long anterior life of Egyptian history, there were tombs erected to the memory of the dead. "The eternal Pyramids, the mystery of the past, the enigma of the present, and the enduring for the future ages of the world, are proofs.

One reference here, as it regards the Pyramids of Egypt, will be sufficient for our present purpose.

The great pyramid built by Cheops, a King of Egypt, required one hundred thousand men twenty years to construct it, and the body of Cheops was placed in a room beneath the pyramid. What a stupendous monument must that be, and at what a terrible cost to construct it! This shows the great veneration of that ancient people for the noble dead, whose deeds and actions were worthy of a nation's remem-

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brance. The pyramids of Egypt are to this day classed as among the wonders of the world. And let it not be supposed that it was a barbarous nation or people that built these massive superstructures. Whoever so considers does an injustice to a highly cultivated people. A writer thus records of them: "Egypt, in every point of view, is one of the most interesting regions in the world. Its remains of art are of the most curious and impressive character. For the most part they are unique, carrying us back for their origin to the earliest annals of history. Its geography is connected with both sacred and classic writings. It may be said that Egypt was the parent of Grecian wisdom, the inventress of science, the oracle of nations, the fountain-head of philosophy, in whose schools we may be allowed to suppose Moses, Pythagoras, and Plato exhausted the treasures of human learning. This is the land of Mizraim, as denominated in Scripture, and therefore descendants of the much abused Ham of the Bible."

Leaving Egypt, and Greece, and Rome, as furnishing us with facts conclusive of monuments being erected in honor of the dead, we may point you to sacred writ, and say that there, in the oracles of God, we find abundant proof to justify and warrant the friends of our departed friend in erecting this day this obelisk, to perpetuate his memory to coming generations.

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As early as the day of Abraham, a good man, one worthy to be called the Father of the Faithful, Abraham, in the land of Moriah, on a mount of that name—and supposed by many, with no small probability, to have been the mount afterwards called Mount Calvary, where our Lord was crucified—built an altar, and in commemoration of what then transpired called the place “Jehovah Jireh; in the Mount of the Lord it shall be seen.”

Jacob, also a man highly favored of God, when traveling from Beersheba to Haran, came to a certain place, and the sun having set he laid down to sleep, and dreamed that remarkable dream recorded in the 28th chapter of Genesis, which so impressed him that he awoke out of his sleep, and said, “Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place; this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.” And Jacob took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, in remembrance that it was here he saw the Lord and here he communicated with Him.

The two tables of stone and the Ark of the Covenant, Aaron’s rod and the pot of manna, may be justly regarded as monuments, though moveable. After the death of Moses, Joshua became the leader of the children of Israel. Coming to Jordan’s stream, Joshua, by the command of God,

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ordered the priests to "take up the Ark of the Covenant, and pass over before the people;" and as they came to Jordan and their feet were dipped in the brim of the water, Jordan's rushing stream rolled back and formed a heap, as a wall that stood and checked the furious stream, untill all the Israelites passed safely over, clean over on the other side of Jordan. Then it was that Joshua spake and said, "Take you twelve men out of the people, out of every tribe a man, and command you them to take out of the midst of Jordan, out of the place where the priests' feet stood firm, and carry them over with you, and leave them in the lodging place where ye shall lodge this night." And they did so, and Joshua set up twelve stones in Gilgal, and then said to the people "When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, 'What mean these stones?' then ye shall let your children know that the waters of Jordan were cut off before the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord when it passed over Jordan, and these stones shall be for a memorial with the children of Israel forever."

Of the evident design of these monuments as memorials, none can doubt. They recall to memory deeds of the past; they are the silent historians of by-gone days, when the men that lived and the deeds then done have receded far back into the

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dim vista of ages past, when the musty pages of history, written on parchment, can scarce be discerned, and in many instances only present a mass of confused and disconnected characters, not recognizable. These enduring evidences of friendship's offering, these time-enduring memorials erected in memory of the pious dead shall stand until the last sand from the glass of time shall run out and time be no more, and then, and only until then, shall they find their end among the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

Not only have monuments been erected by nations of antiquity, civilized and barbarous, as we can easily show from classic and sacred writings, but every nation now existing, Pagan and Christian, erect monuments in honor of their great and good men. The same care taken to preserve the memory of the dead, the same disposition to their perpetuity, the like care to adorn and beautify them, mark the present age as they did the people and nations of ancient days. There is not a city on all this earth but contains them, not a cemetery but where you behold them; and next to the temples of our own Christian country, these monuments erected in memory of our friends retain a place in our estimation, a hold on our hearts, which time cannot efface, life wear out, nor death destroy; and when our bodies die the memory of dear

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friends dies not with it, but goes on with the soul of God who gave it, and who now claims it back, with all its powers, to be reunited in eternal life with those we loved on earth.

This superstructure we this day raise we raise to the memory of a good man. May this monument remind us all to act well our parts in life, that when dead there may be left behind us such evidences as we see this day that in life we did something for God, something for humanity, and something for the world. May no hand dare deface it. Sacreligious would be the hand that would do it. And when any approach this spot, may they remember that around it clusters sacred and tender associations; and could I speak to that marble as its spire points heavenward, I would say to it, as you, my audience, now hear me, Thou marble monument, thou memorial of friendship, around thee stand friends of the departed; to-day, as ever, fond and friendly hearts around this spot in sympathy beat. We love this spot where friendship's hand has placed thee Henceforth thou art the guide to show the stranger that here lies the body of John F. Cook. Here stand, thou sentinel, firm to thy post by night and day; and when the bleak, cold winds of winter blow and moan among these cypresses—when icicles, like crystals, hang from sprig and

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branch, and nature is clad with its mantle of ice; or when the starry snow-flakes, beautifully pure and white, shall fall around this spot, driven by furious winds, sheeting the earth around in its drapery of white, and piling it in drifts around and around thy base, thy head from out the drifts yet lift, looking heavenward, and still proclaiming, "This is hallowed ground. It is here they have laid him; come see the place." When winter's winds, its frosts and snows, have passed away, and when sweet spring returns; when Nature's God shall have dressed the earth in her garments of green; when from amid the foliage of these cypresses and oaks the feathered songsters of this grove are sweetly singing; when beautiful flowers, in their rich variety, planted by friendship's hands over the graves of departed loved ones, are unfolding their beauties and blushing in the sunlight; when gentle zephyrs sigh softly through these trees, and all nature is alive and happy, stand thou here, and from thy place proclaim that he who slumbers here inhabits a fairer land than this. And when the playful, merry boy comes bounding along, or the little innocent, laughing girl, whose bright eye shows how lithe and happy is her life; or the maiden and youth leisurely sauntering here conversing of matters to come; or when the strong, sturdy man, or the grey-headed sire, or the aged and infirm, resort to this place—whilst

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all move along, each wending his way to some favorite spot—some spot cherished and dear—stand thou in thy place, thy head still towering heavenward, and proclaim to each passer, “This earth is not thy home; here you have no continuing city. Work out your salvation in fearing and in trembling, for the day of life waneth, and the night of death draweth nigh.”

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