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E. A. FERGERSON WARMLY REMEMBERED

Compiled by William B. Yates

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INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL PUBLICATION

No Printed Book Copyright For the Printed Edition -- Published Perhaps in 1913

The printed book from which this digital edition was created shows no copyright, and no publication date is given. However, internal evidence points to the time of publication as either in the year 1913, or near that time. In the Preface, the compiler says: "This book was born in my mind between midnight and day-break, after we buried our dear Bro. Fergerson." At the beginning of Chapter 1, the date of E. A. Fergerson's death is given as: August 23, 1912. Thus it is reasonable to conclude that the book may have been published shortly after that date -- possibly as soon as the end of 1912, but more likely some time in 1913 or maybe 1914. -- DVM

The Title Changed

The title of the printed edition of this book was: "Successful Evangelism or Life and Labors of Rev. E. A. Fergerson," and it was published by Pentecostal Publishing Company, Louisville, Kentucky. Neither of these titles suited me, for they did not seem to denote the content of the book that well. I think that the title "E. A. Fergerson Warmly Remembered" better expresses what the book is to a large extent:-- written remembrances of E. A. Fergerson following his sudden and unexpected passing. While these tributes in memory of Edward Allen (E. A.) Fergerson do not constitute the whole of the book, they do comprise a larger portion of it than does the straightforward biographical portion, or any other portion of the book.

Twenty or Twenty-one Different Writers of the Book

The total number of writers who contributed to this book may be twenty-one. The first chapter of the book may have been written by E. A. Fergerson's mother; two sermons in the book were written by E. A. Fergerson; and nineteen other writers contributed portions of the book, among whom are some whose names are widely known in the holiness movement today:-- J. W. Bigham, M. Edward Borders, J. L. Brasher, W. R. Cain, Beverly Carradine, W. B. Godbey, Isaac F. Hodge, Andrew Johnson, Charles A. McConnell, G. A. McLaughlin, Leroy McWhorter, H. C. Morrison, L. L. Pickett, U. E. Ramsey, Seth C. Rees, Bud Robinson, Charles H. Stalker, T. B. Talbot, and W. B. Yates, who compiled the book.

Other Known Publications by E. A. Fergerson

Some may be interested in knowing what other writings of E. A. Fergerson there may be besides those found in this book. In addition to the two chapters authored by E. A. Fergerson that are found in this book, he is listed in William Miller's Holiness Bibliography as the author of: "Heart Purity: A Sermon," Louisville, Ky.: Pentecostal Publishing Co., n.d. 16 pp.; and he is the

author of "Gold From God's Mint," hdm0469. Dr. Mark Eckart, in his book "Presentation of Perfection," hdm0084, says:

"E. A. Fergerson wrote another article concerning the source of the Holy Spirit [E. A. Fergerson, "Ye Shall Receive Power," God's Revivalist, April 11, 1907]. He based his article from Acts 1:7. This article focused on the aspect of a Holy Spirit-filled person not being worldly. Fergerson said, 'the Holy Spirit coming upon you will give you power to live right, power to stem the tide of worldliness and go up stream, power to stand in the minority, and though the odds are against you, you will go through with God.' ... This author [E. A. Fergerson] got very specific in what he meant by worldliness. He says if people really get the Holy Ghost, '... Sabbath desecration would be thundered against until people would begin to have some conscience along that line. People will welcome preaching against dancing, card playing, theater going, and ball games of all kinds.'"

In this publication, Andrew Johnson wrote of E. A. Fergerson: "The columns of the Witness and other holiness publications have for the past years contained many strong and helpful articles from his pen." Thus there were other published writings by E. A. Fergerson, but the titles of those mentioned above are the only ones that I have thus far discovered.

A Brief Note About The Compiler's First Name

With one exception the compiler's name was always given in the book as "W. B. Yates." In the one instance where he was "named" differently, he was addressed as "Bill." It is from that evidence that I took the "W" of his first initial to stand for "William." Perhaps this is a mistaken conclusion, but based on that conclusion I have decided to show the compiler's name as "William B. Yates."

All 10 Pictures of the Printed Book Included

As JPEG graphics, all 9 of the pictures in the printed book are included with this digital edition. Below is a Key, identifying the file-name-number of each graphic with its corresponding subject:

hdm0773a.jpg = Edward Allen (E. A.) Fergerson
hdm0773b.jpg = Father and Mother Fergerson
hdm0773c.jpg = The Old Country Home
hdm0773d.jpg = Old Salem Church
hdm0773e.jpg = Brumbaugh Hall
hdm0773f.jpg = Sister Fergerson, George, Carlan, and Edward, Jr.
hdm0773g.jpg = Harry Fergerson
hdm0773h.jpg = Marie and Lucile Fergerson
hdm0773i.jpg = Allen and Byron Fergerson
hdm0773j.jpg = the Compiler of the book, W. B. Yates

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DEDICATION

To the mother of our dear Brother E. A. Fergerson, who rocked the cradle and spent sleepless nights to rear a man such as we had in her son. He was her comfort in old age, and now holds a strong cord pulling her heavenward. To her this book is lovingly dedicated by the Authors.

W. B. Yates, Compiler

* * * * *

PREFACE

This book was born in my mind between midnight and day-break, after we buried our dear Bro. Fergerson. It contains a few of our thoughts concerning him and his work among us as a man, as a father, as husband, as a Christian gentleman, as a preacher, and as a successful soul winner. I am indebted to the evangelists who have so kindly and willingly donated articles which you may find in this book. May it glorify God and help all who read its pages and help the family left behind, is the prayer of the compiler,

W. B. Yates

* * * * *

01 -- A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE

[While W. B. Yates, the compiler of this book, does not specifically state that this chapter was written by E. A. Fergerson's mother, the title of the chapter, "A Mother's Tribute," seems to indicate that this may be the case. If she was indeed the author of this chapter, she writes of herself in the third person, using "she" and "Mother Fergerson" in reference to herself instead of "I". On the other hand, perhaps Mother Fergerson related the events and quotations of the chapter to W. B. Yates and he authored the chapter from that material. In either case, it is an interesting and inspiring chapter. -- DVM]

Rev. Edward Allen Fergerson was born August 6, 1869, and departed this life August 23, 1912. He was born in the country one and one-half miles west of Mt. Vernon, Ill., on his father's farm, where he grew up to the age of 17. His school advantages were very limited, only attending the common country district schools, with the exception of part of one winter, he attended school in Mt. Vernon, doing chores morning and evenings to pay his board.

When young he was like many boys, full of life and fun and did not always apply himself as studiously to his books as perhaps he might, until nearing the close of one school term, he took a notion to apply himself closely to his studies and see how near he could come to getting a certificate to teach school, and he did so, the last six weeks of the term, and succeeded in getting a second-grade certificate [I think this may mean "a certificate to teach second grade." -- DVM]. In the summer following, he made application for a position in the machine shops, and while waiting for that he hired to a neighbor to work on the farm, and when informed through a cousin of his, that

a position could be obtained in the shops, he rose early in the morning and went until he found a man to take his place on the farm, paying him a dollar a day to complete his contract, though he was working for smaller wages himself.

Having a pleasant make-up he went to work in the shops and soon made many warm friends and liked his work fine. His first severe sickness was when he was a child about nine or ten years of age; it was a severe attack of double pneumonia, and the doctor who treated him said, "It's no child's pneumonia but full-grown man's pneumonia; a severe attack from center to circumference of both lungs." He hovered between life and death for more than two weeks and for seventeen nights the light was not blown out in his room. To add to the anxiety of his parents he said to his mother in the early part of this spell of sickness: "Mama, did you see the good man's lamp?" and she answered, "No, I didn't see it." Then he said, "Well, I saw it and it was shining on his book and there were not any sins on it against me." Since, it has occurred to our mind many times why God spared his life at that time when it seemed to hang on such a slender cord; God saw the end from the beginning and knew He could use him for the salvation of many precious souls.

He attended a revival meeting at the First M. E. Church, in Mt. Vernon, when he was just a boy, perhaps thirteen or fourteen years of age, and embraced salvation and really seemed to enjoy it, for perhaps a year or more, but as he grew up and mixed and mingled more with the world, he grew careless and indifferent and finally went back into the world.

After working in the machine shops two years or more, he took a notion to run on the railroad; got a position as fireman first, filled that place for a year or so and the shoveling coal was so hard for him, he changed to brakeman on local freight. He was faithful to his task until God called him to the evangelistic field.

He was united in marriage to Miss Gussie Jones, daughter of Mrs. J. D. Jones, of Mt. Vernon, Ill., on Oct. 2nd, 1890, which proved to be a happy union of hearts until God called him to his heavenly home.

God's Holy Spirit must have been striving with him in conviction for months before he was saved, as his wife told his mother months before he was saved that he was in trouble; felt he ought to be saved and he felt he could not be an acceptable Christian and work on Sunday. He felt he could not make a living at any other work he could get to do, but in the month of February, 1894, when his oldest child Marie was about thirteen months old, they drove out to the old farm one Sunday morning to spend the day, and when they got there his father and his brother Harry were gone to the old Salem Church to Sunday school, and then to stay to circuit preaching; so he put his horse in the barn and said to his wife, "I believe I'll go to Salem to church. Would you Gussie?" (He always liked her approval to all he did). She said, "Yes, I would," so she and the baby stayed in the home with Mother Ferguson, as she was detained at home with a sick sister.

It being the month of February and knowing how fond he was of baked ribs, his mother was arranging to have them just done to a turn, to suit his taste, but something seemed to detain them, so the dinner needed watching to keep it from being overdone. Finally they came, and while mother was busy arranging the dinner, her dear boy rushed into the kitchen, caught her in his arms saying, "Oh, mama, wish you could have (been to the church today, for I've got something better than

dinner. Oh, mama, I am saved." We leave the reader to infer what followed. Salvation was the theme dwelt on at the dinner table.

His dear brother Harry was with us then and he had the blessing. A good old neighbor man, and a distant relative by the name of Bullock, better known in our home as "Uncle Ben," came home with them for dinner, and after dinner "Eddie," as we called him, got the Bible and began to read and ask questions, and we all together spent such a delightful afternoon talking of the many mercies and blessings our dear heavenly Father had bestowed upon us.

All too soon the time arrived for the children to go. Harry had gone to Mt. Vernon to Sabbath School, at 2:30 o'clock, and as he came home he met Eddie and Gussie going to their home. Mother Ferguson hasn't forgotten how she stood on the front steps of the old home waiting and watching for Harry; when he came riding up on his little roan pony, with his right hand high in the air saying, "Oh, mama; wish you could have seen Brother Eddie and Sister Gussie as I saw them. When I met them brother Eddie was just shouting along the road in the good old-fashioned way and sister Gussie was crying just as hard as she could; but oh such a shine in her face; they sure were happy."

At 7 o'clock that same evening, Father and Mother Ferguson, with their son Harry, went back to old Salem Church to a prayer and praise meeting and as Harry testified in the meeting and told the people what a happy sight he met on the road, and how his dear brother was shouting the praises of God, the power fell on Mother Ferguson and she too, raised a shout. She had much to shout over for what God was doing and going to do with her boys.

From that very time "Ed," as he is more familiarly known these days, had very few idle evenings as he felt from the very first God saved him to do something and he went at it with a will; he was in a service of some kind almost every evening. He was running on local freights between Mt. Vernon, Ill., and Evansville, Ind., so it gave him his Sundays all at home; in fact, from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning, he was in Mt. Vernon and every alternate night through the week and the other nights in Evansville or Howell, a suburb of Evansville. He soon had cottage prayer meetings going at each end of the road; or he worked in the mission in Evansville, and out in the country about his father's home. He led many prayer and praise meetings; people were reclaimed or saved often in his meetings.

Sometimes he was sent out by the circuit preacher to fill his appointments, and he went in the strength of Israel's God, expecting God to use him and God did not fail him. After reading a good lesson from God's word and commenting on it, he would throw the altar open and call all church members and any one else who wanted to be saved or sanctified to gather quickly around the altar and God always gave him a good altar service.

His brother Harry died of enlargement of the heart and was afflicted for four or five years previous to his death. He too, was a very devoted Christian from a child, and when Bros. Smith and Niles came to Mt. Vernon and preached holiness, Harry began seeking the experience, and he was so anxious to get the genuine from God he went through several different meetings without getting just what satisfied him. In the year 1893, Sister Bertie Crow held a meeting in a hall in Mt. Vernon, known as Brumbaugh's Hall, in the month of October, and on the 17th day of the month in

the evening service, Harry prayed through and got the satisfying portion. From that time had an experience no one doubted.

I'll here quote a small portion of a note he wrote the same night he was sanctified after going out to the country home and going into his mother's room and embracing her in his arms and saying, "Oh, mama, I am sanctified and I never was so happy." Then kissing her good night, went up stairs to his own room and wrote the following: "Thank thee dear Lord for sanctifying me, after going to the altar twenty-one times. Now dear Lord, keep me saved and bless me and help me to point others to the dying Lamb." This note with more to it, was found in his trunk after he went to Heaven, and was read by the minister at his funeral; it was sealed in an envelope and these words written on the outside of the envelope: "Don't open until to glory I go, then you can open it."

This note is put in a frame with the envelope and hangs in his mother's bedroom today. He lived a victorious life and died a triumphant death, begging his mother not to grieve for him. He said he was going to live with Jesus and would be waiting for his dear ones. He shouted the praises of God to almost the last breath and went to be with God on September 29th, 1894.

His parents claimed the experience of holiness, but his mother after seeing his life, after he was sanctified, proved to her she wasn't satisfied with her experience, and as she approached her home from his funeral, the home looked so empty and lonely without Harry in it she said in her heart, "Oh Lord, how can I go into that home and live without Harry." God seemed to answer clearly and say, "If you had the experience Harry had you could live anywhere." Then came the gushing response from the deep of her heart like this, "Oh Lord, I must have it" and from that moment before she even got out of the vehicle, she began to cry to God in her heart for the experience of entire sanctification. For two weeks she wrestled, Jacob-like; her friends rallied round her and said she must not stay much alone; but how she improved the hours she had alone with God, no one else knows but God. Oh those dark days of dying out to sin and self, to the world, and opinions of people, and being completely crucified with Christ. Oh, how we praise Him because He can do "exceeding abundantly above" what we ask or think."

The year of 1893 was the first year of the Bonnie camp meeting. L. L. Pickett was the leading preacher. Harry's body was laid in its last resting place, like his brother Ed's [was later laid to rest], on Sunday afternoon, before the Bonnie Camp opened on Friday following. When the camp closed, L. L. Pickett sent an announcement to Mt. Vernon that he would preach in Brumbaugh's Hall on Monday night. Father and Mother Ferguson were among those who heard him and he preached from the text, "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification," and that text went through Mother Ferguson's heart as she has often expressed it, like a locomotive engine, completely breaking that old stony heart.

The hall was crowded and there was no chance for an altar service. At the close of his good sermon, Bro. Pickett said, "Let's rise and sing, and have a good handshake." Father Ferguson in his usual quiet way expected Mother Ferguson to start first, but she failed him that time, and he said to her, "Come on and let's go," but she said, "I can't walk." He said, "Oh, yes you can," and took her by the arm and urged her. They started toward the altar where the preachers were, and she says she started and a blank seemed to come over her and the next thing she knew she was on her knees in the altar, the preachers and saints all about her trying to instruct and help her.

Bro. J. J. Smith said to her, "You want God to sanctify you, don't you?" She said, "Yes," and then he said, "You believe He can do it don't you?" She said, "Yes," then he said, "Well, don't you believe He does do it?" and she said, "Yes," and oh how light and beautiful and sweet everything was, and how she seemed to go up a thousand miles in her soul; how clear it was that the blood of Jesus did cleanse and sanctify her soul. She is old and nearing the end of life in this world now, but the best of all is the blood of Jesus still cleanseth her soul from all sin now. She was sanctified on Monday night, the 15th of October, 1894.

We will now return to the main subject of this little sketch. Ed was saved in February preceding Harry's going to heaven the following September, and when Harry left us Ed shouted all around the house. It seemed like he could hardly stay in the body, he was in such a happy frame all the time. He often said that God must have done something extra for him, and he [mistakenly] believed that God had sanctified him when he saved him."

His mother being sanctified on Monday night (that was his night to be in Howell). So, he missed being in the service, but his mother went into Mt. Vernon and to Ed's home on Tuesday to be there when Ed got home. His train arrived about three o'clock and when his wife said it was about time for him to come to the house his mother went out to his front gate to watch for him. Here he came with his lunch-bucket in hand in his usual hurried way, and as he neared his home and looked into his mother's face he said, "What's the matter, mama?" She said, "Oh, Ed, the Lord sanctified me last night." He rushed on in the house and said, "Come on in here and tell me about it."

She began to try to tell him what she could and he stopped her by saying, "Is there any meeting tonight?" His mother said, "Yes, an old lady had meeting given out for her to lead, but the preachers are all gone." Then he said, "Well, I am going, and get sanctified tonight. I thought I was sanctified but now I don't think I am, but I will let God sanctify me tonight."

The sister held the services and he and his wife went and the sister made an altar call, and he went forward, because that was what he went for. Of course he got the blessing and got such an overwhelming blessing that he did not stop shouting when he came down on the street and started home, but gave one of his good, happy Hallelujahs, to the top of his voice, right on the street in Mt. Vernon.

The night watchman heard him and came running down the street and met him and asked what was the matter. He shouted again, "Glory to God! I am sanctified," whereupon the watchman, turned and ran away from him, as fast as he ran to him, as though he was afraid of him. His little wife did not run from him; she was with him and clung to him, for she realized the more salvation he and she both got, the higher the tide of happiness rose in their home.

If you have noticed in reading these broken fragments, Mother Ferguson and her two sons were all sanctified around the same altar, but Harry was sanctified and safe in heaven before his mother or brother were sanctified. Mother Ferguson was sanctified on the 15th, Ed on the 16th and Harry on the 17th, all of October, but Harry a year previous to the others.

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[PLEASE READ THIS PARAGRAPH BEFORE CONTINUING TO READ THROUGH THIS DIGITAL BOOK:-- I have not changed it, but the arrangement of the material in the printed book leaves something to be desired. After the story of E. A. Fergerson's sanctification above, completely skipping over the details of his life and ministry, the following paragraphs relate some facts about his sickness, journey home from Waco, Texas, and his death. It seems to me that these paragraphs are out of place, and would have been better placed in Chapter 19, wherein William B. Yates, the compiler, gives more details both about E. A. Fergerson's life and about his death. In order to better grasp the chronology of E. A. Fergerson's life, readers might find it helpful to read the remainder of the book as follows: (A) NEXT READ CHAPTER 19; (B) AFTER THAT, READ THE PARAGRAPHS BELOW; AND (C) READ THE REMAINING CHAPTERS OF THE BOOK. -- DVM]

* * * * *

I will say in conclusion, for the satisfaction of Ed's many good friends, it was a misunderstanding about his being unconscious when he arrived home from Waco, Texas, though he was a very sick man and could not talk much; but for two or three mornings he seemed brighter and did talk some with his dear wife and mother. He spoke of the long, tiresome journey from Waco, all the way home, over the railroad, and he with fever; also told how kind Bro. Talbot was to him and how the conductor on the sleeper proved to be a man who had been saved in one of his meetings, and what an interest he showed in him and gave him all the attention he could, helping him on his train in St. Louis for Mt. Vernon. Also he said to his wife and mother, "If this proves to be typhoid fever I don't want a trained nurse, but I want you two, to nurse me, if you can," which they did with the assistance of his sister and her husband; also two of his wife's brothers.

Many kind friends, relatives and neighbors offered to do anything they could for him, for they all loved him. His dear wife gave him every dose of medicine. He was often noticed as she turned from him, to take his thumb and finger and wipe the tears from his eyes, but invariably as she returned to his bed he smiled in her face. The last forty-eight hours he lived, his sufferings were intense, but his vocal chords must have been paralyzed, as there was not a sound of any kind escaped his lips.

With his entire family around his bed, with his father, mother, sister and many other dear ones about him, he quietly passed out of the tenement of clay and went sweeping home to glory where Jesus, whom he so faithfully served, and many loved ones who had outstripped him, were waiting to welcome him over on the banks of eternal deliverance. Truly it can be said of him, "He has fought the fight; the victory is won and he has entered into rest."

* * * * *

02 -- MY BIG BROTHER -- By Bud Robinson

In the memory of my precious Brother Ed, my big brother, Oh what shall I say? or how shall I say it? I can't say that he is dead, for he is not, but I will have to say that his precious body

is sleeping under the green turf, while his bloodwashed spirit is today in the presence of his glorified Lord that he loved so well. I have tried to describe him in other days. I have called him a young giant, and a cyclone of fire, and a cyclone of glory, and a holy terror to the devil. These are a few of the many names that I had given him but none of them seemed to fit him so well as "Big Brother."

From the first day that we met until he went sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb, we were as warm friends as men can be in this world. We first met in the month of October in 1900, at the little city of Omaha, Illinois. I had been there for several days and on Monday after the first Sunday of the meeting, he arrived, and came down the aisle of the big hardware house while I was preaching, and took his seat just in front of me, but he did not keep it long until he was up on the floor shouting as loud as he could whoop, and our hearts ran together like water in the cup. He had a shine on his face, and the glory in his soul, until he could not control himself; he was simply on fire.

That night he preached on hell, and as I had never seen and heard him before, it was to me the hottest preaching that I had ever heard in all my life. His description of hell was the most awful that I had ever heard, and it broke me up and I almost screamed while he preached and I finally got down on the floor and prayed while he preached, and it seemed to me God was running thunder and lightning through him in perfect tornadoes. While the saints shouted and prayed, the sinners groaned and wailed and some of them got to almost screaming before he made the altar call; he had no trouble at all in getting sinners to the altar. The only trouble we had was in finding room for the seekers. We had them in droves and some whole families were in the altar at the same time. When we had been together for only about half a day we were as well acquainted as if we had been raised together. We met in the afternoon service and before midnight we were as well acquainted as we were the day he went to live with the Lord. It only takes the sons of God about one minute to get well acquainted with each other.

Our meeting ran all week and closed out the next Sunday, and there is no way to describe it. In fact, it can't be put on paper. Sinners were converted, backsliders reclaimed and believers were wholly sanctified and the saints were blessed until they hardly knew whether they were in Illinois or in heaven.

Brother Jimmie Kesler was in charge of the song service and he did great work. I remember that he sang and laughed and cried at the same time, while the glory rolled, and the devil fled, and saints leaped for joy. At the close of the meeting we were called back to hold the meeting in the fall of 1901. We parted in the middle of the street and we both cried as loud as we could yell. We met in our next meeting in Chicago, in a great convention that was held by the Rev. Seth C. Rees in the month of March of 1901. Brother Ed was one of the workers, and Brother Andy Dolbow and John Norberry and Brother F. M. Messenger. In ten days there were not less than one thousand souls saved. Brother Ed was one of the most successful workers in that great revival. There was nothing that could stand before him when his soul would take fire like the stubble, and he would leap into the air and point men to the Christ and picture a hell of fire and brimstone and outer darkness. The big tears would roll down his face and he would wipe off the tears with his big hands until I have seen his hands wet with the tears that he shed over the sinners as he preached Christ to them. No man that I ever worked with pictured a more glorious heaven or a more horrible

hell, or shed more tears in the same number of years than did my big brother Ed. He has won tens of thousands of precious souls to our blessed Christ.

At the close of the great Chicago convention we separated again and I turned my face toward Texas. We saw nothing of each other again until October, when we met at Omaha, Illinois. The second meeting was one of the best that we ever held together where he and I did all the preaching, or at least we were the called workers. If I am not mistaken Brother Niles came to this meeting and preached once for us, and we also had Bro. Tom Talbot and many others whose names are in the Book of Life. At this meeting Brother Ed did some of the greatest preaching that I ever heard him do up to that time. I think that he improved more in one year than any man that I ever saw.

There was one thing that took place in this meeting that I will never forget. Right in the middle of our meeting and just at the time that the whole town was stirred, and also the country for miles around, a big show came to the little town and as we had the folks in the grip of the meeting, the devil put up an awful hard fight for the show as he always does; the devil is a great showman. The first night of the show they gave away a few complimentary tickets and I think that they claimed that they only sold a dozen tickets, while we had at least fifteen hundred people at the holiness meeting, and the altars full. The services ran till almost midnight and the showmen beat their drums and blew horns, and nobody went. They finally dismissed and came to the big holiness meeting to see what we had going on, and as the saints shouted and the sinners prayed and the glory rolled, the show crowd was perfectly amazed. Big Brother Ed warned them of an awful hell until they quaked and trembled, and some of their crowd were at the altar seeking God.

The next day we had a very great service at ten in the morning, and as we went down the street to our dinner, they were on the streets with horns and drums, and the showmaster was on a box pleading for a crowd, with the promise that if the people would only come out and give them one trial that night, if they were not well pleased when the show was half over, that they would refund the money. Brother Ed and I stopped and listened to their speech as they plead for the crowd. Brother Ed stood on the street corner and told his experience, how that God had saved and sanctified him and taken him off of the railroad, and put him in the field as an evangelist to persuade men to flee from hell. He told the people where we would be that night and told them that they had better be there early if they wanted a seat.

At night we had in the big hall and on the street together, not less than two thousand, and the showmen sold no tickets at all. Just after dark they lit up and beat their drums and the old horn began a doleful wail and nobody went at all. The showman pulled up and left town and the crowd was outside and could not get into the meeting. They said that the showman went out of town cursing the meeting and the big preacher at the top of his voice. When dear Brother Ed heard about it he got up and shouted and praised God for something that would break up a show.

At the close of our meeting there, we went to Indianapolis to hold a meeting for Dr. Bye in a new brick tabernacle, and Andy Dolbow joined us there and we had another great revival. Scores of precious souls were beautifully saved and the tide was high and the crowds came by the hundreds and the altars were full at almost every service. We thought that not less than two hundred and fifty were at the altar during the ten days and many of them plunged into the fountain

and were made whiter than the snow. Many others had their names written in the book of life for the first time in this meeting. Brother Ed preached three nights on the judgment day, and the altar would not hold the crowd that was trying to get ready for that great day.

At the close of this meeting we turned our faces eastward for a big convention in the city of Baltimore, that Brother A. Lee Gray had gotten up just before he went to India. We had a great trip from Indianapolis to Baltimore. Brother Ed was one of the finest traveling companions that a fellow ever traveled with. We reached Washington, D. C., early in the morning and spent the day in Washington. We had a great day of it. We went to the home of Sister Phoebe Hall and had a nice talk with her. We went to the home of Brother Joseph Dempster, the converted Catholic, and every home we were in Brother Ed would call them to prayers before we left.

We spent the day visiting the holiness people and taking in the sightseeing of the city. Brother Ed sang, and cried and prayed all the way from Indianapolis to Baltimore. We got off a number of stations along the way and sang and testified and Brother Ed would get back on the train with his handkerchief in his hand and wave the people a last good-bye and leave the town with his face wet with tears, and a shine of glory on his face that the devil could not wipe off or duplicate or imitate.

After a full day in Washington we went on over to Baltimore and opened the convention; we had a very great time. Oh, so many were beautifully saved. Brother L. L. Pickett led the song service and it was at this convention that I met Brother Charles Weigele for the first time. He preached for us one night and we had one of the times of our lives. He got up on the pulpit and jumped ran down to the door and began to call mourners, and he came back up the aisle with enough to fill the altar. While he was down the aisle Brother Ed got up on the pulpit and turned around like an old-fashioned pair of winding blades and shouted to the top of his voice. Brother Pickett began to sing, "Where the healing waters flow," and Ed spun around on the top of the pulpit like a top dancing. He finally got down off of the pulpit and went across the big platform hopping on one foot, and stood on the platform and danced before the Lord and sang,

"There is joy in my soul;
Oh, glory hallelujah!
Jesus' Blood makes me bold,
Oh glory hallelujah!"

His preaching in this meeting was with power and in the Holy Ghost, and much people was added to the Lord. His preaching had teeth in it, and it grappled with the souls of the sinners, and there was fire and juice in it. It is well-nigh impossible for people to resist his messages. He spoke as one having authority and not as the scribes. He was called and sent and owned of the Lord.

We were out on this trip nearly two months and we often stayed in the same room. He wrote to his wife every day while we were out, except on the Sabbath day. In our prayers he would pray and weep over his wife and babes like his heart would break, and say, "Oh Lord, bless Gussie and the babies right now," and wipe his big face and start a good song with the joy of heaven in his soul.

We went from Baltimore to Seaford, Del., and from there we ran over to New York and spent a day in the city, taking in the wonders of New York. That night we took a boat for Providence, R. I., and got up there the next morning for breakfast. Brother John Pennington met us at the boat and after a few hours in the city, we went on to North Attleboro, Mass., and held a meeting for Brother Arthur Green. At the close of this battle we divided up and Brother Ed went to Haverhill, Mass., and I went to Groverdale, Conn.

At the close of our meetings we met in Boston at the great convention that Brother F. M. Messenger planned, and Brother Rees had charge of. This was one of the greatest conventions that I ever saw in many respects. The tide was high and the devil had to fly to save his hide. At the closing of this great convention Brother Ed turned his face westward to see Gussie and the children, and I boarded the train in Boston for Cleveland, Miss., and we never met again for several months.

Our next meeting was at Florence, Ala., May 1902. Brother Ed was surely at his best. He was a wonder to men and angels, and I am convinced that he was also a puzzle to the devil. His preaching on sin, hell, the Judgment Day and repentance, was the most terrific that I had ever heard up to that time. I will never forget one night he preached on getting the Israelites out of Egypt, and he crossed the Red Sea with them, and on through the wilderness. He went with them and up to the foot of the mountain where the Lord buried Moses, and then he took them across Jordan and camped in the outskirts of Jericho. When he started around the city of Jericho with the Israelites, you could see them in your mind as plain as if you had been there.

He got his ram's horn to blow the walls down, and he started around the wall and began to blow his horn. He got his big hand up to his mouth and began to blow and marched around the pulpit blowing the horn. He got faster and faster until he got to running around the pulpit, and the walls began to tumble. The saints began to shout and the whole crowd of Christians got to their feet to see the walls fall; and they began to wave their handkerchiefs and scream, and the wall was now down.

He grabbed the sword and went to slaying the wicked and putting the sinners to death, but by that time the sinners went to holding to the benches and screaming, until I never saw such a sight in all the days of my life. Plenty of them could not get to the altar, but lay in the straw and groan and prayed and screamed and begged God for mercy, and thank God they got it. They will never forget that night till the day of their death, and, then they will just begin to remember it for many of them were saved that night, and their salvation will date from that time and they will never cease praising God that he ever sent Brother Ed to Florence, Ala.

In this meeting we had for our yokefellows Brother Will Randolph and wife and Brother Baker and wife, and before the close of the meeting we had Brother John Randolph with us. This meeting was planned and arranged by Brother L. P. Adams. Brother Will Randolph was the organist and he sang and played and shouted all at the same time. What a wonderful combination a holy sanctified man is. He is without doubt a mystery to the devil and he is not understood by the devil.

I am of the opinion that the devil has not understood Brother Ed in the last twenty years. The devil never knew just what turn that he was going to take on him next. I will never forget one day while we were together that he was sorely tempted of the devil and he sat down and sent a poor preacher ten dollars. At the same time, he sent Brother Sherman at the Vanguard office a money order for \$20.00 to take care of one of the little India orphan children. That night his soul was on fire for God until men and devils were not as big as grasshoppers in his sight.

The devil had no idea in the world that if he made it hard for Brother Ed that he would give away all that he had, and in that way the devil never knows what to do with a wholly sanctified man. If the devil suggests to him to keep what he has, he will rise up and give it all away and if the devil suggests to him to slow up a little, he will run that much faster and shout that much louder and pray that much longer. The trouble with the sanctified man is, that he never goes to the devil to get good advice. He goes to headquarters and that almost kills the devil.

My next meeting with Brother Ed was at his own home at Mt. Vernon, Illinois, in the courthouse. I was with him there for a week and stayed in his home and with him and his family. He was one of the most lovely men in his home that I ever had the pleasure of visiting. He was like King David; -- he was prince in his own home. I have never seen a man loved in his own home more than was Brother Ed. His little wife almost idolized him and his children loved him with that easy loving love. There would be two or three of them on him at once and when we would sit down to eat, Brother Ed would start a song and every little fellow would begin to clap his hand's and sing to the top of their voices, and their little faces would shine with delight as their father would wait on them and help them to whatever they wanted. His great heart was overflowing with love for his wife and babies and their wants were supplied by his great strong arm and loving heart.

Their home was a home of prayer. I will never forget the first night that we had prayers in his home. He had one child on each knee and one stood between his knees and his little wife sat near him, as I read the Holy Scriptures and we went to prayers. Brother Ed just laid his arms full of babies down on the floor and as we prayed Brother Ed wept and praised the Lord for full salvation and for the privilege of having us in his home. At the time we felt that we were the gainers and they the losers, for it was a great privilege to be in the home of a great man. Brother Ed was truly great. He was no common man for he was God's man; -- he was owned of the Lord.

He was called of the Lord, and sent of the Lord. He was a great preacher and also a great exhorter and one of the finest altar workers almost in the United States. He was one of the greatest soul-winners in the holiness movement. He had no superior as a soul-winner, and probably no one was his equal. He had many things in his favor. He was a physical giant and a man of a very fine appearance. He looked like a preacher and he had a preacher's heart in him. He loved the world in which he lived. He knew men and loved them. He knew what man needed and had the remedy. He was not afraid of the face of man. He spoke as one that had authority. He had heard from God and he did not wait to hear from man as to his message. He was a man of fine ability. He was a hard student. He was a digger; -- he studied to apply himself and to fit himself for the great work that God had called him to do.

No young man in the holiness move had made such progress as had Brother Ed. A few years ago he stepped down off the locomotive and turned his back on the railroad and took his Bible and went out to tell men of the great salvation that he had found. After studying for a few years he saw the need of a deeper insight into the word of God and he got him a Greek Testament and before the average boy would hardly know the Greek alphabet, Brother Ed could read in the Greek as well as some of the other boys could in their English Bibles. He was a man of great faith. Many were both converted and sanctified under his ministry. He was a strong believer in divine healing and in some of our meetings I have seen as many as fifty in the altar at a single service for healing, and many of them went away with the touch of the Master in their bodies. It was wonderful to hear him shout with them when they would get the victory over their diseases.

Well, we have lost one of our greatest soul-winners and one of our best generals. His place will stand vacant. We have no man that can fill it. Our loss is something tremendous. We have lost a brother, a friend, a companion and a warrior that went to the field to win and he always came back with victory on his banners. We miss him, but what will his wife and children do without him? None but God knows.

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03 -- HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH -- By G. A. McLaughlin

No death has sent such a shock through the holiness ranks for a score of years. Others older than he have passed away, but on account of advanced age it was expected in the nature of things. But he was young, robust and full of energy. It is very rarely the case that a holiness evangelist dies young. We have known of no other, with the exception of Charles Hartley for more than twenty-five years. As a rule God keeps those who preach holiness to a good old age. He seems usually to need them here more than in heaven. So when the news came that Brother Ferguson, the strong, hearty evangelist, full of Pentecostal fire and steam, like one of the locomotives he so often described, was dead, it sent a shock all through the ranks of holiness throughout the country.

When God makes an exception to the rule and calls a holiness evangelist in the prime of life, and thus gives him early promotion, it means something out of the ordinary. It means some place of honorable employment in a higher world. When they are so needed here to fight the battle against sin, their promotion means important positions in the better world.

Brother Ferguson's death speaks to us, or rather as the inspired Apostle says of Abel, "He being dead yet speaketh." Every man has two kinds of personality -- that which he leaves here and that which he takes into eternity with him. Inskip is still telling the church "I am wholly and forever the Lord's." Whenever one thinks of Cookman we see him on his glorious death bed as he shouted, "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb." [*Here G. A. McLaughlin repeated an apparently mistaken, but oft-made, quotation of Cookman. See hdm0602.tex, "The Life of Alfred Cookman" by Henry B. Ridgeway, to read a more accurate account of what Alfred Cookman actually said on his death-bed. -- DVM] So while with one personality the sainted dead are speaking to us here, they are at the same time joining with the other personality, with the songs of the redeemed in heaven. Bro. Ferguson, while he joins the songs of the redeemed in heaven, is also speaking to us.

I. He is telling his experience of being saved from sin. Multitudes are remembering his experience as they have heard him tell it. How God for Jesus' sake pardoned his sins, and saved him from his bad habits. How he felt the need of being sanctified wholly after he had been gloriously converted. They are hearing him tell again of the prayers of a mother for the salvation of her boy and how gloriously God answered those prayers, as shown in his effective ministry. The multitudes who heard his glowing testimony will never forget it. They can still see and hear him tell it. He is still telling the lost that Jesus Christ can save them from their sins and make them useful laborers in the Lord's vineyard, as in his own case.

II. Bro. Ferguson is speaking, telling us that the stern doctrines of God's wrath and punishment of sin are still effective. In these days when men say "Why do we not see the same effects of preaching that we used to see?" And are saying, "humanity has changed. The age is different. Men are not so easily reached." He is telling us this is all a mistake. The old-fashioned doctrines produce the old-fashioned results. The trouble is the gospel is no longer preached in many pulpits. When has the reader heard a sermon on repentance, or the general Judgment or eternal punishment. Bro. Ferguson preached the old-fashioned, unpopular, scriptural doctrines of repentance, the judgment and hell and he had the old-fashioned success. Many a time he saw multitudes of people run and fall at the altar, after his vivid descriptions of hell. He proved to us that human nature has not changed, and the real gospel has the old-time effect. No man among us could so portray the final doom of the impenitent.

III. He is speaking to us and telling us, that it is possible to make much of our opportunities. He was a self-made man. Coming out of railroad employment late in life, after the usual time of life for schooling, he set himself to the most difficult task -- learning to study. It is a rare sight to see a man buy his Greek grammar and New Testament and work at it with diligence without the incentive of school or professors. He did this. He made the most of himself for God by training his mind. He could read the Greek Testament with ease and he also became proficient in other branches. He was indeed a self-made man, availing himself of all opportunities for improvement. It is an example for others.

IV. He speaks to us and tells us the time is short. We must get our work done quickly. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." How energetic he was! How full of life and vigor. How he counted on a long life in the service of the Master. He was the last one whom we would have thought would be taken. He wrote us a few weeks before his death hoping we could be with him in a camp meeting in 1915. His voice now tells us "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Let us preach and labor all the time as if it were the last time for us.

V. We believe if he could speak to us in articulated words today he would say, "It pays to preach holiness, explicitly, definitely and constantly." We believe if any of our holiness preachers who have gone over the other side to join "the great majority" could come back, they would be more in love with holiness than ever. Browning in his Epistle of Karshish speaking of the resurrection of Lazarus says, he came back to earth with a passionate love for holiness. The eternal world makes men specialists in holiness. God makes it a specialty. We will when we come to die. Let us do it more. Will we?

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04 -- THE FINISHED LIFE -- Rev. J. L. Brasher

"But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry. For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2nd Tim. 4:5-8

It seems to me perfectly appropriate that these apostolic words should be placed at the head of this chapter, as they are expressive of the life and labors of our brother in whose memory this volume is written. They are also full of consolation to those of us who yet linger on this side of life's crowning. In hours of sore bereavement, such as those through which we have just come, many questions arise which will not down at a wave of the hand. We are not here to attempt the solution of theology, but the question will certainly arise, why should a man so highly endowed, and so very successful in his life's work, as Brother Ferguson, be taken away in the midst of manhood's fruitful years, while others who are of no especial help to the world nor to God continue for a long term of years? Why was he not allowed to finish his work?

Perhaps if we thoroughly understood in what a full and finished life consisted, we should not be perplexed with such a question. What is a finished life? Is it, that eight decades have silvered the hair, dimmed the vision, and rest upon the stooped and tottering form until life becomes a burden and the end is longed for as a surcease from further activity? Or, is it to be gathered to one's people after all the friends of early days have gone, and one stands all alone like a great old tree, the only survivor of the forest? A man may be full of years and not have filled full his life. He may have finished his allotted time and not have finished his allotted task. Indeed some very aged people are very empty people. They shall go into eternity with nothing but withered leaves in their unfilled hands. That "we live in deeds not years, has become so manifest as to need no argument and may well pass for a proverb. On an ancient occasion the question was asked, "Who is this day willing to consecrate himself unto the Lord?" The marginal reading is "who will fill his hand?" that is, "who will come with both hands full to devote to the Lord?"

Whatsoever was thus devoted, or consecrated to God became most holy and passed out of the possession of the person devoting it into the possession of the Lord, and he henceforth had absolute property rights -- even to life and death. It was ever after to be at the disposal of the Lord himself for his own peculiar use. Does it not follow then, that if a man thus yields himself to God and stays committed, that nothing can thwart God's designs in him, and no one can call him away from the field of action until the Lord, his absolute owner, desires to promote him to another sphere of activity? And is it not also true that, the incident of death does not in such case as above, dismiss such an one from service, but virtually promotes one to service of a higher order and character? And does it not further follow that a life thus devoted to God, however early closed to its earthly career, is a finished life as really as if it had passed the allotted "three score and ten?" It must be so.

This, then, must be the key which unlocks the mystery of such a strange providence. Every life devoted to him shall, whether early or late, come to Him brimming full and perfectly finished. This should comfort all of our hearts and we should lay aside the emblems of mourning and put on those of praise and thanksgiving, that whatever personal sacrifice it may cost us we shall be able to find our highest happiness in the infinite goodness and wisdom of the will of God. And, whatever may be our temporal loss, He who attends the sparrow's funeral, will undoubtedly see to it that "all things work together for good," to us because we also are devoted to Him.

A finished life, then, does not consist in its number of years, but in the quality of its being. From the divine standpoint a perfect life is made up of the following elements. A devoted will, purified affections and loyal, fervent and apostolic service. Measured by these tests I believe our Brother Ferguson left a finished life on record before Him.

First. A Devoted Will. It was no common vision nor common grace that laid hold of the iron will of a stalwart railroad man and changed him into a living, flaming angel of God. But from his conversion even, like Saul of Tarsus, he could truly have said "Henceforth let no man trouble me," and his sanctification, a little later, only intensified his loyalty, so that he might truly add that he was the "Love slave of Jesus Christ." Whoever knew his will to waver in the conflict through all the years? His will was fixed to obey God, and he went up the shining way laughing at hard conditions, perfectly unmoved in his moral purpose, and echoing the apostle's words, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself." When the opposition loomed the larger he fought the harder and seemed of iron mold, so undaunted was he. I think neither friend nor foe could ever truthfully accuse him of turning his back on the battle line, nor faltering ever at the call of duty. He was ever characterized by a love, constant devotion to the will of God.

Second. We have said that another element in a finished life was to have Purified Affections. How well do I remember when first I heard him preach, and how well also I remember his text. It was first Tim., 1st chapter and 5th verse, which he freely translated as follows: "Now the end of the strict charge, is love out of a pure heart, and a sanctified conscience, and faith that does not put on." His theme was not one of the sterner kind, but he talked of a pure heart and conscience, filled with pure love which had faith for its mainspring. How tender he was! How unctious! Oh how his affections had been purified until he loved God supremely and a lost world enough to wear himself out for it. How he loved his brother evangelists. I never heard him adversely criticize one of them, but only when we were last together he was telling me how he and Brother Yates had had a good time praying for me in their last meeting. He was purified from the love of the world and fearlessly held up that standard as the experience of regenerated people, to say nothing of those who were sanctified. I think none of us have had occasion to doubt that his affections had been thoroughly purified and kept so by the blood. Brave, pure hearted brother. Thou didst teach us to love purely for that thy heart was pure.

The third element in a finished life is Loyal, Fervent Apostolic Service. Did any one ever know our brother to be deficient in any of these qualities? I think not. Who ever knew him to stint in his efforts to help and save men, or falter before a task because it was hard? When did he fail to contribute his full measure of life and labor in the service of his King? As freely as ever a patriot laid down his life in the service of his country, he laid down his life for the Lord whom he loved. He poured himself out for others. His was a loyal service.

Again his was a Fervent service. When was he half-hearted? When was he faint hearted? When was he lukewarm? Has any one ever known him to be such? No! Again and again! His heart was boiling over with divine warmth. He could stir the heart and enthuse the faith of a whole audience. He never sang of a "love so faint, so cold," but he sang of a love "pure warm, and changeless a living fire."

The fervor of his heart ran like a contagion through a company of people. In this element he was free and abounding.

Nor was he behind in the quality of apostolic zeal in service. His motto might well have been, "This one thing I do." His zeal kept him at his labors longer than safety allowed. "He was in labors abundant in journeyings oft." He endured "hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Studious, diligent, joyful, often hilarious, yet he was ever pressing on to the regions beyond, and eager to reach and save another lost soul. His warnings did not sound hard and unfeeling like the crack of a slave-drivers' whip, but like the apostle he "warned men with tears." There was no inertia in his being. His springs of activity seemed to be inexhaustible. Such were the characteristic elements of his life. Can such a life as the one we have feebly attempted to portray, be other than a full-finished life? Must it not follow that, the day he ceased to live the life of earth he went to his crowning? Must it not have been true that, like the great apostle he caught a vision, even in the delirium of fever, of "a crown of life?" Did he not hear above the shouts of the battlefield, which he was hearing, the "well done" of his Master? Did he not hear above the farewells of sobbing comrades, and weeping, sorrow laden family, the all hail of many who had found the Lord under his ministry and passed to their reward before him? And, where were Inskip and McDonald, Wood and Cookman, Sheridan Baker and S. A. Keen, together with a great host of holiness evangelists and people, who beyond doubt have never lost interest in, nor been out of touch with the revival of holiness on earth? Surely they were there to greet him, and what a royal welcome they must have given him, nor was he ill at ease in their company! While we sing

"Servant of God well done,
Thy glorious warfare is past,
The battle's fought, the victory won,
And thou art crowned at last."

they greet him with songs such as are suitable to victors and which, God grant, we shall some day hear and sing!

Thou hast gone to thy crowning at the noontide of life; we shall meet thee and greet thee whether from the fullness of harvest noon or at the close of summer. Farewell, brother, for awhile. Thy going has left a great gap in the lines, and a great yearning in our hearts, but because thou art promoted and crowned, we shall not weep as we say, "FAREWELL".

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Our valued Brother, E. A. Ferguson, enjoyed the distinction of being a fearless evangelist, impelled by a conviction that dominated his being. A conviction born from above, responsive to a revelation of Christ in the believing soul, a supernatural impartation of love Infinite filling and constraining his heart. This result upon and throughout the trusting spirit, moving and firing with the quenchless desire to bless and save humanity, is the basic principle on which the church of Christ is built. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Such conditioning of man's affectional nature, conforms him to God's will, transforms him by the renewing of his mind and makes him a partaker of the divine nature, and thus walking in the light as He is in the light, he enjoys fellowship with God, and the blood of Christ cleanseth him from all sin.

The rugged and impetuous nature of men like Ferguson, unsubdued by power Divine, and without that "Charity that suffereth long and is kind, that hopeth all things, endureth all things, and that never faileth, would with the carnal mind unchanged, tend to bondage and subserviency to worldly lusts. Such holy conviction is authoritative, and once begun in the moral nature should be gratefully and most reverently entertained and obeyed. Such a conviction lies at the foundation of right choice, and such choice impels to right action. The right action in exercise of the will brings the man into right relationship with God, and such relationship gives a right character, and such a character continuing -- secures a right destiny. The value of such convictions is above rubies, and can be esteemed only in the light of their fruits, as in the case of St. Paul, whose apostolic character and service, resulted from his obedience to such conviction.

Our distinguished brother not only received personal salvation through his obedience of faith to the Divine conviction in his case, but continuing to obey and follow the constraining power Divine, he attained, like Paul, to the "stature of manhood" in Christ. The sanctifying and empowering of the Holy Ghost for service realized by Paul, at Damascus, finds a parallel in the experience of our Ferguson, and gave to the church, and to the world, a ministry whose benedictions, like the rain and sunshine, shall continue to the end of the days. Eternity alone will discover the value to men and God's purposes, of the courageous obedience to his convictions that characterized the life and labors of E. A. Ferguson.

The hush of death lies 'round his grave,
His name abides among the good;
Like Christ he died, a world to save,
And now he rests at home with God.

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06 -- A GLIMPSE OF BRO. FERGERSON'S SOCIAL LIFE -- By W. R. Cain

Having been requested to write one chapter in this book, and being associated with Bro. Ferguson more or less for the past few years, affords me a little ground for the basis of what I have to say at this time, and only in the Lord. And I pray God's benediction upon it, with the balance of the book, as it goes out on its mission.

I met Bro. Ferguson first, on the first night of the camp meeting of the Kansas State Holiness Association, in Riverside Park, Wichita, Kan., Aug. 1909. His personality impressed me,

for I could see God's seal on his countenance. He had come to us from some distant camp, traveling far enough to make him weary, and which would have been sufficient to excuse him from preaching that evening. But he took his place on the platform, and when the hour came for preaching, he announced his text from Rom. 6:23, "The gift of God is eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord." It was truly an appropriate subject for the beginning of our camp. The Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and personally, I was tremendously moved by even the physical demonstration. The way he walked back and forth on the long platform while presenting the electrifying and most thrilling subject, was of itself a strong stimulator and splendid tonic, and needless to say, it was a great service. His altar call was to the point as well as his preaching, and almost an altar full quickly responded, and several of them soon gave evidence of having received what he had preached about. What shouting, laughing and praising God. He was indefatigable in his labors and so tender-hearted, that almost always, prior to time to preach, he would weep like a broken hearted parent.

All through the camp he was greatly used of God in gathering many trophies for Jesus. His being at one time a railroad man, and thirteen years of my own former life being devoted to telegraphy, very naturally made a tie between us aside from the one through our Christian relation through the Blood of Jesus. No one who ever heard him preach would question his obedience to his Divine Commission, "Preach the Word." He never shunned to "declare the whole counsel of God," which of course explained his frequent preaching on such subjects as, "Everlasting Punishment," "The Judgment," "Retribution," and an awful hell. How faithful he was in handling these great themes. His voice had a peculiar carrying power. It was also so penetrating, and at Blackwell, Okla., where I also heard him, the people could hear him for nine blocks. Still he did not appear to be exerting himself much, nor straining his voice, which was truly anointed with "the oil of gladness." But he also preached continually on the subject of Perfect Love, or Entire Sanctification, as a second definite work of grace subsequent to regeneration.

Heaven alone will reveal the multitude of pure hearts received under his vivid presentation of this fundamental doctrine and experience which he himself enjoyed. Not only will I never forget his first sermon at our camp, but the last, which was the last night of the camp one year later, for we had called him again for 1910. His subject was "The Judgment." When he made the altar call, the long altar was soon filled, and we begun to build additional altars out of the seats, until there were six, a total of seven, and as fast as they could be arranged, they were surrounded with seekers, until there were not less than 200. What crying to God. Many of this number were saved, reclaimed and wholly sanctified. We invited him back to our camp for 1911, but he had promised the date to Kearney, Neb. Then the invitation was extended for his return in 1912. He accepted, intending to bring his wife with him. His tent was nicely furnished, and in readiness, and we fully expected him, and looked for his arrival on each train, but instead, we received the sad telegram announcing the flight of his spotless soul for Glory. Our hearts were sad. There seemed to be a gloom sweep over the camp temporarily and we could scarcely realize it to be true. Still we had the common consolation of knowing where he had gone -- this was joyful.

As this refers particularly to his ministry, I'll briefly speak of his life out of the pulpit, for it is sadly true that profession and possession of those claiming the experience of holiness of heart, do not always blend. This is especially a stumbling block for the unsaved. Only last year I was his co-worker in the Rice County Camp, Little River, Kan., and the Butler County Camp, El Dorado,

Kas. (two of our strongest), and as we boarded at the same place, conversed with each other so often, prayed together, studied together, and went about much of the time locked arms together, whistling and singing along our way, it gave me the opportunity of knowing something of this more vital phase of his life, namely, "the hidden man of the heart." One of his chief characteristics was cheerfulness. Holy buoyancy was constantly on exhibition, which told of perfect adjustment of heart and freedom from all sin. We loved each other like brothers. We kept up our correspondence until within just a few days prior to his translation. He usually closed his letters to me with the words, "Yours in Holy Love." Truly he possessed what he professed. He enjoyed what he preached. By God's grace I shall meet him again for I am on the home-stretch for the same place, but I never dreamed he would outrun me and get there first.

His life over this continent has left a holy aroma which will move people Heavenward. May his mantle fall on some one thoroughly qualified to pick up the work where he left it and be instrumental in God's hands to complete it, even though through a long line of successors until time shall be no more. Doubtless, few, if any, will understand this early transfer of one of God's servants, but after awhile we shall be permitted to glance back over a fragment of his life, part of it on earth, the balance in heaven, and see it as one, all linked beautifully together, and the Divine plan will be plain -- then, we shall understand. God had a place reserved for him in heaven and no other could fill it. Amen.

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07 -- ECHOES FROM GREENVILLE, TENN. -- By Leroy McWhorter

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich. -- Prov. 10:22.

Greeneville is a beautiful little city, located nearly midway between Knoxville and Bristol, on the Southern Railroad, in upper East Tennessee. It is surrounded by fertile valleys and lofty mountains; and is noted historically as the home of Andrew Johnson, the Tailor President, and also as the place where the heroic Gen. John H. Morgan, of Confederate fame, was killed during the great war between the states. Greeneville is also noted for its beautiful churches, handsome homes and its generous, intelligent, noble-hearted people.

Sixteen years ago Dr. Beverly Carradine, with Prof. Rhinehart as his singer, came to Greeneville and held our first holiness meeting, in which scores were saved and sanctified. A Holiness Band, consisting of quite a number of the best people, from the different churches of the town, was organized; and from that day to this we have had regularly our annual revival meetings, conducted by our leading holiness evangelists, among whom we are glad to number the late and lamented E. A. Ferguson, of Mt. Vernon, Ill. He held four of these annual meetings for us, the first in May 1902; the second in May, 1903; the third in June, 1908, and the fourth in September, 1909. He also held a short mid-winter meeting for us which lasted but a few days. In these meetings many sinners were saved and many souls were sanctified; and scores of people bless the Lord that Bro. Ed ever came this way.

He passed through our town last, just a few weeks before his death, and a number of our Band met him at the depot. To say that Bro. Ferguson was popular in Greeneville would be

putting it very mildly indeed. As the number of calls received from us indicated, he was a special favorite here. The people were simply devoted to him; and no man has ever drawn larger or more enthusiastic crowds. The people loved him dearly and were delighted to hear him preach and pray, and sing and shout. He enshrined himself especially in the affections of the Band, and the interest he manifested in our welfare will never be forgotten. He organized the East Tennessee Holiness Association in 1902.

Bro. Ferguson was one of God's noble, manly men. He had a fine, faultless physique, the peer physically of most any man; mentally strong, and spiritually a giant among men. He had the courage of his convictions. He was most emphatically a positive character, with but little of the negative element in his make up. Hence, he was always on the aggressive, rather than the defensive, in his Christian warfare. He preached as though he had no one to please but the Lord. There was no compromise with sin; and no pandering to the whims of friends or foes, saint or sinner. He was a flame of fire -- a fire-brand in the midst of stubble. He poured the red-hot truths of the gospel, in perfect torrent, upon the thousands who flocked to his ministry; and many of them fell in deep conviction and heart-felt contrition at the altar of prayer, for the blessings of pardon and purity, soon to rise rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

Bro. Ferguson was far above the average, as a preacher; and he was especially adapted to the evangelistic work to which God had evidently called him. He was most emphatically a God-called, God-equipped, and a God-commissioned evangelist, who cried aloud and spared not, giving to saint and sinner their portion in due season. He was a minister that God could trust with his most important message, knowing that it would be faithfully delivered. For while he was gentle as a lamb, he was as courageous as a lion. Bro. Ferguson was a unique character. He was in a class by himself. There was no other evangelist like him. Like the noted Sam P. Jones, he stood in his own shoes, wore his own hat, answered to his own name, and preached his own sermons in his own way; and no one could successfully imitate him, he was so different from other preachers.

But he was not a "hobby rider." He had no pet scheme to introduce on every occasion, whether opportune or inopportune. Neither was he a latitudinarian, harping on the latest novel, sensational or startling events of the day. But on the other hand, he was most emphatically a Bible preacher, determined to know nothing save that which clustered around and centered in the crucifixion, resurrection, ascension and second coming of the Christ of the gospels. Hence, there was an atmosphere from Sinai and Calvary when and wherever he preached. His law messages brought conviction deep, pungent and powerful; and the gospel messages which followed brought salvation full and free to the hungry hearts of believers.

Sanctification was his favorite theme. He was in his element and at his best, when he was preaching holiness. A salvation to the uttermost -- from the uttermost sin to the abundant and abounding grace of God -- was the fullness that fired his sanctified soul, and set the wheels of his gospel car humming and flying for God. With a clear cut, deep and rich experience, and with the Holy Spirit abiding in his heart, and the sword of the Spirit grasped in his hand, he simply reveled in the rolling tide of full salvation as the surging billows of grace and glory swept in great power over the large audiences to which he preached. There was a rush and a roar, like the torrent of a rapidly rolling river, in some of his earnest, heart-searching appeals to sinners, to flee the wrath to come and turn in with the overtures of mercy.

Bro. Fergerson threw his whole soul into whatever he undertook to do. He was in dead earnest about the Master's work. There was no half-heartedness about anything he did. Sanctification in his case was Christianity at its best. It was religion on flying wheels. It was salvation at high-tide. It was spirituality on the higher, holier planes of the divine life. He seemed to be constantly sinking into deeper depths and rising to higher heights in the divine life.

Bro. Fergerson's life was an exemplification of the truth uttered by the wise man when he said, "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow therewith." He evidently had this blessing: and was rich in all the gifts, graces and fruits of the Spirit. He believed with the Lord's faith, hoped with his hope, rejoiced with his joy, was pacified with his peace, loved with his love, lived out of his life, and walked in his light, guided by his eyes, and was afterward received up into glory. He realized that he was a child of the King; and seemed to feast daily upon all the fullness of God -- not that infinite fullness that belongs to God alone, but that fullness that God has provided in the gospel of his Son for every child of grace.

Bro. Fergerson was a man of great faith. He expected results when he preached the gospel of Christ; and hence he was eminently successful in winning souls for Jesus. His messages carried with them a burning conviction of their truthfulness and great importance. His love for God was supreme; and there seemed to be a fullness of joy in his glad heart all the while, even to the point of overflowing. It was high noon to his sanctified soul all the time, day and night, week in and week out, the year round. His cup was always full to the overflowing. It was just as natural for him to praise God as it is for water to run down stream when the impediments are all removed, or for the sun to shine when there are no intervening clouds. He had put his hand unreservedly in the Lord's hand; and Enoch-like, he walked and talked with God, until he was not for God took him. The Lord led him safely on, bridging every river that he could not swim, tunneling every mountain that he could not climb and dotting with beautiful oasis every desert waste over which he called his faithful servant to pass in his triumphant pilgrimage, through this to the glory world, till at last he said, "It is enough, come up higher; well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Bro. Fergerson was a valiant soldier of the cross -- a spiritual hero, panoplied with the whole armor of God, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot: on his head he wore the helmet of salvation, over his heart the breastplate of righteousness, around his loins the girdle of truth, while his feet were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. In his hands he carried the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, which he wielded mightily in the victorious battles of life, even to the quenching of the fiery darts of the wicked one, and to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan in the earth.

Bro. Fergerson was a close student of the Word. He certainly did study to show himself approved of God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, properly dividing the word of truth; and giving to saint and sinner their portion in due season. He was a fine, clear-cut sermonizer. For a man of his age and opportunities, having entered the ministry with a limited education, he was simply a marvel in his knowledge and application of the truth.

He was not a sensational, but a sensible, Biblical preacher. He did not have to resort to sensational subjects, to draw and hold his audiences. There was a sufficiency of the sensational in his manner and style of delivery, even on the most solemn and serious subjects, to both rivet and hold the attention of any audience, to any subject he saw fit to discuss. For he was genial, jovial, joyful, even in the midst of sympathetic tears, as he pictured the beauties and glories of heaven to the saints, or portrayed the eternal horror of a blighting, blasting, blistering, burning, yawning hell to the finally inpenitent sinner.

Bro. Ferguson's peculiarities were many; but they all seemed to be perfectly natural with him. He could not be natural and true to himself without being unnatural and very peculiar to many other people. The fact is he was one of God's peculiar people; and hence had a different way of saying and doing things than almost anyone else. He was that much like Jesus, that he often reversed the common order of things, giving even the expected in an unexpected way, or at an unexpected time, and often with unexpected results. How often people prophesied that he had said or done something that would kill the meeting, to find that he had only added fuel to the flames that would break out in a few moments in greater power, to sweep on to greater victories.

Bro. Ferguson was a powerful preacher. His preaching was usually in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. He generally preached with freedom, often with liberty and sometimes with an unction that gave to his messages a melting, moving power upon his audiences, that was wonderful in its effects. But he did not stop with preaching. He prayed and sang and shouted and prophesied in his meetings as if he were living in Canaan every day in the year, and feasting continually on the good things of that goodly land. He and Bro. Yates, who sang for him here, and who has been with us eight years in succession, were truly yoke-fellows and made a whole team. They worked together like brothers in the gospel harness. It was a great treat to hear them sing and pray and shout together till the fire fell and souls were saved and sanctified under their ministry.

Bro. Ferguson was a great camp meeting preacher. He was princely in his commanding personality, powerful in his popularity, and all but irresistible in the purity of his passion for souls. As a leader of the militant hosts, he simply swept things before him like a rushing tornado, a spiritual cyclone or a religious avalanche. His commanding voice filled, chilled and thrilled his hearers, until he moved and swayed his large audience almost at pleasure [at will].

When Bro. Ferguson left the walks of men, a prince in the holiness movement had fallen -- a man like Saul, head and shoulders above his fellows, bade farewell to his comrades in this holy war, leaving thousands to mourn his departure. But best of all he was God's man -- one of God's noble, manly men -- a man that God could trust, and that God could honor, and that God will richly reward with an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens.

Bro. Ferguson died when it cost most to die. He died in the prime of life -- in the vigor of manhood's years -- when he had just well launched out upon the great ocean of life with an apparently prosperous voyage ahead. With a wife and seven children dependent upon him, oh how much it must have cost him to lay down the armor and give up the work, and pass out into the

eternal beyond. But he had made his last run, fought his last battle and won his last victory on earth -- and he was not, for God had taken him home.

The Lord took Bro. Ed from the engine and promoted him to a similar service in the gospel railroad. Under the orders of the Divine Conductor, he made some fine runs. He swept across the valleys, through the tunnels and over the mountains at great speed, as an experienced spiritual engineer, and always came in on time. On these runs the Holy Spirit generated the steam, faith lifted the valve and his spiritual engine sped along the pathway of righteousness that shined brighter and brighter unto that perfect day, when the old engine whistled at last for the grand central depot above, and Bro. Ferguson stepped out, and up to glory, amid the sweet hosannas and loud hallelujahs of welcome, from the angels and loved ones in heaven. The Divine blessings rest upon his loved ones. Amen!

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08 -- A GREAT MAN AND A GREAT MESSAGE -- By Charles H. Stalker

It was twelve years ago I had the privilege of meeting our dear Bro. Ferguson, for the first time, in a meeting in Providence, R. I., and have been associated with him more or less ever since. I had heard much about him and was glad to meet him. It was a great blessing to me. My first impression was, there is a man who belongs to God. The very way he walked on the platform and took charge of meetings impressed me.

He was used to having things move and he put his whole soul in his work. He had been much alone with God in prayer and carried a great burden. He had had a special vision of Calvary and lost humanity. He had a tender spirit, yet he was a man who would not compromise. He was a plain preacher but had the unction of the Holy Ghost upon him. I shall never forget the days spent in the work of the Lord with this man of God.

One night he preached on the text: "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God." It was an awful message, but true. I have heard numbers preach on that text, but never heard any one equal this. He first pictured the class of people that were going there. When he was through, I do not think there was any one in that large audience but who wanted to escape the place he was talking about. One could almost see them marching down, helpless, hopeless millions, sad and suffering humanity, lost, doomed and damned forever in the lake of fire, the door locked and the key thrown away where it could only be found by the Trinity.

Brother Ferguson gave a description of hell, in Bible language. I never knew the Bible said so much on that one subject. He followed this with some of his experience on the railroad. Seeing men and women die in the wrecks, begging for someone to pray for them, who died without hope, screaming and crying as they sank into hell. Saints dropped on their knees and began to pray. Sinners ran to the altar from all over the house. The Holy Ghost was present in such mighty power that large audience was moved as audiences are seldom moved. I have been in meetings for years but this is one that stands out above all others. Such meetings, such messages, such men, live forever.

His was a short life, but he was a mighty warrior. He stood for God and holiness and preached it by lip and life, until from the last battlefield, Waco, Texas, he heard the voice from heaven, saying, It is enough.

"He has fought a good fight."

"He has kept the faith."

He has his crown.

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09 -- AS I KNEW HIM -- By U. E. Ramsey

The first time I ever met Brother E. A. Ferguson was in the Gospel Mission Hall, Evansville, Ind., in 1902. He was conducting some special meetings in the mission. He impressed me as a stalwart, true, courageous soldier of the cross; the more I knew of him the better I loved him, and I never had occasion to change my first impression of him except to increase and intensify my love and esteem for him.

He had many warm friends in Evansville, some of whom spoke often to me concerning the incidents connected with his early ministry, and how he would cheer them, by his joyous testimonies in their holiness meetings when he had opportunity to look in upon them, after one of his runs on the railroad. They were delighted to watch him grow in grace, in knowledge and in ministerial power.

I never had the privilege of being associated with Brother Ferguson in many meetings, but I heard him preach enough to know that his preaching was unctious, strong, emphatic, searching, tender and very edifying. His prayers and testimonies had the ring and joyous swing of a victor in the battle and in his very walk he had the quickened step of a conqueror.

His account of the time he was saved and afterward sanctified, was always intensely interesting, and to me very thrilling, when he was on his way from the service in which he was sanctified and met the policeman who was attracted by the unusual demonstration on the street, and the policeman asked, "What is the matter Ed?" And he replied at the top of his voice (and his voice had considerable top), "I AM SANCTIFIED," was certainly a time of great victory to Brother Ed's soul. If an angel in heaven should meet him now on the streets of gold in the city of the New Jerusalem, and ask him the reason for his hilarious hallelujahs, he could shout with all the power of a redeemed soul, I AM SANCTIFIED!

If I may be pardoned for a little personal reference, I remember once when we were in a camp meeting together at Williams Camp Ground near Ripley, Tenn., and Brother W. B. Yates was leader of song. One day I was preaching and speaking of the fruits of Canaan, how it seemed to me that God could cause the fruits of Canaan to grow for us on any kind of an old dead post of hardship, or trial, or apparently discouraging circumstance. I stepped up to one of the posts of the camp shed and acted as though I was picking luscious fruit from it, and Brother Ferguson gave a shout and went with a stride across the carpet of straw, threshing the straw around and having a holy jubilee, he said, "Ramsey, if you don't quit you will kill me."

Brother Fergerson was an all around strong man spiritually, mentally and physically; he went into the battle with all his might, his strong confidence was a spiritual tonic to others, his ringing shout was an inspiration to his comrades, but a holy terror to devils.

The last time we saw Bro. Fergerson was in August, 1909, one afternoon at Bonnie camp meeting in Illinois. Little did we think, it would be the last time that we would see him on earth. August 24, 1912, I went to the post office in Cucamonga, Calif., for the mail. I stepped over to the drugstore, and while being waited upon I glanced over the Los Angeles Examiner, and my eyes fell on a dispatch from Mt. Vernon, Ill., stating that Rev. E. A. Fergerson, known all over the United States as the railway evangelist, had died there the day before. Some way I felt sure that the news was true, and went home with a heavy heart. I could hardly tell my wife and daughters the sad news.

The next Sabbath while getting ready for Sunday school, I remarked that this is Bro. Fergerson's first Sunday in heaven, but then the thought came that in heaven it is one eternal Sabbath. Thank God we know where to find Bro. Ed. We know he is in glory, for the last time we saw him he was making rapid strides for the City of God. May the God of all grace comfort, cheer, strengthen and keep his faithful wife and precious children. May they be an unbroken family in heaven.

While Brother Fergerson did not leave them much of this world's goods, he left them the legacy of the influence and example of a holy life, the value of which cannot be estimated when compared with temporal things.

The Lord abundantly bless Father and Mother Fergerson. They have the comfort of knowing that their precious son went to heaven in a whirlwind of glorious victory and holy triumph, and had an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of God. Well, glory to Jesus forever for the glorious hope of immortality, of the coming of the King eternal, with all His saints, the resurrection of the dead and the meeting of the Lord in the air, and the glorious privilege of entering with Him into the Holy City, and partaking of the marriage supper of the Lamb, of sitting down in the Kingdom with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, all the patriarchs, prophets, apostles and the redeemed, the holy, the faithful, the true of all ages and nations. Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

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10 -- THE LATE REV. E. A. FERGERSON -- By Andrew Johnson

He had not gone far beyond that point which marks the middle milestone on life's allotted journey when the shadow of death's invisible wing fell upon and finished his ministerial career. It seems sad that the sun of his earthly existence was not permitted to pursue its course and to cross the distant horizon of hoary age, but while in the undiminished glow of noonday splendor was suddenly and unexpectedly obscured -- to shine no more until the righteous shall shine forth in the coming Kingdom of their Father's glory.

Indeed, a great tree in the forest of holiness evangelism has fallen. He will be missed from one end of the country to the other -- from the rocky shores of Maine to the golden slopes of the Pacific. Camp meeting and college platform, pulpit and rostrum will ring no more with his trumpet-tongued and uncompromising voice, yet the chords of memory stretching from his lonely grave in the quiet cemetery to thousands of living hearts and hearthstones will reverberate and re-echo his name and deathless deeds of Christian heroism.

In this fast and feverish age it is difficult for us to pause long enough to properly estimate and fully appreciate the sterling character and strong personality who erstwhile moved in our midst and marched to the music and rallied at the "throb of the heavy war drum" in hundreds of religious meetings and revival occasions.

When the meeting was dry, the tide on the ebb and the battle seemed to be going against us

--

"Where was Fergerson then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

When "Old Ed," well warmed up, "hit the arena of practical life with an easy ball-bearing carriage and with a divine supernaturalness," told his experience -- an experience of how God wonderfully and powerfully saved a wicked railroad man and sent him home to his praying mother -- how he "came through" under the "Old Constitution," left the meeting house, crossed the corn field, jumped over the fence, ran by the old "ash hopper" and tumbled into the door of the kitchen where "Mother Fergerson" was getting dinner -- and how he greeted her with the new-found joys of free salvation. "Amens" and "hallelujahs" sounded and re-sounded and things were afloat, with victory perched on the banner.

Then, again, when the large night crowds of sinners gathered, exhibiting much stubbornness and resistance, Bro. Fergerson would step forward singing:

"A charge to keep, I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save
And fit it for the skies."

His text would be something like Psa. 9:17: "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God." With tears streaming down his face, he painted and pictured all the horrors of hell. He would make the lightnings of doom dance upon the butting crags of damnation, and would pull back the borders of eternity's curtain and let the sinner take a peep at the blue blazes lapping hell's Plutonian shores -- would harness the steed's of God's wrath to paw the mountains into cinders and to eat the earth into ashes. By the time he had disposed of the unscriptural dogmas of Russellism, no-hellism, Universalism and Unitarianism and tore away the "refuge of lies" in general, and dragged his judgment bound audience through the rattlesnake swamps of eternal despair, he would extend the gospel invitation, open the altar, calling and

exhorting sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Whereupon, thousands have fallen at the mercy seat and prayed for and found pardon.

O what a contrast between this fearless evangel, dealing out the Sinaitic thunderous terrors of the law as well as the mercy of the gospel, and the nice present-day dude with a beautiful little steel-ribbed, metaphysical essay, sprinkled with rosewater theology, telling his congregation: "If you don't repent (to a certain extent) and be converted (to a certain degree) you will be damned (in a measure)."

While our companion, compatriot, co-laborer and friend died comparatively young, yet he sent fear into the ranks of the enemy and joy into the hearts of thousands of Christians in a faithful ministry which lasted nearly twenty years. He had a strong physical constitution. Fortunately, therefore, he was not hampered and hindered in his strenuous field of labor with a frail, delicate, dwarfed and diseased body. Being of such athletic and Herculean build and brawn that nothing but the most fatal disease could have terminated his glorious career and caused his much lamented, premature death.

Socially he was at par, clean and above reproach. He walked so circumspectly and conducted himself so wisely and prudently that no slanderous tongue of disrepute dared lift a voice against him. He rang the changes on the divorce evil most radically and ever and anon blessed and "blistered" those who, contrary to the law of equal distribution, have a plurality of life partners.

As a student he made a fine record. He did not have the early advantages of college training, and after his call to the ministry, he did not, like many of us, stop at the tank of a college curriculum to fill the boiler of his mental engine, but like some of the airline fast trains he "caught it on the fly." On his evangelistic tours he had a pencil and book in hand, studied Greek and wrote articles and thus achieved a good practical education.

The columns of the Witness and other holiness publications have for the past years contained many strong and helpful articles from his pen. But "what he has written, he has written." His limp and lifeless fingers will trace no more lines for the press, yet, in the sweet bye and bye, deft and nimble by the celestializing power of the resurrection they will touch sweet music from the harps of gold and grasp the hands of loved ones who will meet him "just inside the Eastern Gate."

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11 -- GONE! DID YOU SAY? -- By J. L. Brasher

Gone! did you say? Our dear E. A. Ferguson, the man with the smiling face and sunbathed heart, the man with laughter, like the song of a brook, and tears whose fountains could be as easily opened as a child's? The man with iron in his blood and honey in his soul. Gone! did you say? Surely it is a dream. Why, it was only yesterday when we took our grips and boarded a train for a hundred-mile run, while we talked like men who had a "charge to keep" and then like comrades after the battle, and then like boys alee with the light of the sun, and the freshness of the meadow

upon us, and now and then a glimpse through the willows of the dreamy river or sparkling brook where the trout gambols or the perch suns his golden sides.

Little did I dream that I should see him no more until the battle of life would be o'er. Oh! how we miss him, when now and then, the smoke of the battle lifts and we cannot see his shining helmet or mighty sword on the battle line. Save us, oh Lord from discouragement and somehow fill the ranks where his falling has made such a gap.

But he went on to his promotion like a warrior fresh from the field of victory. He went with the fullness of life's day upon him. He left his armor unstained and his whole record unspoiled. The tragedy of it is not his going, but our staying. The aching-hearted family, the hundreds of his comrades still hard pressed in the battle, but we pause long enough to say:

"Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare passed;
The battle's fought, the victory won,
And thou art crowned at last."

Thou art gone up at high noon, but we shall join thee by the eventide. Bloodwashed, glory crowned brother, farewell and all hail.

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12 -- A NOBLEMAN FALLEN -- By Isaac F. Hodge

Another one of God's noblemen has fallen. The sudden and shocking news of Brother Ed Ferguson's departure seems yet but a dream. I cannot think of him as dead, for he has only been transferred to yet higher and holier associations among the same kind of spirits that so enraptured his holy soul while here.

It was my great pleasure and high privilege to meet him first at Denton, Texas, camp meeting nine years ago. From the first minute of acquaintance with him we fell deeply in love with each other, and that affection increased to the day of his death.* [*Let the reader here bear in mind that this description of holy, brotherly love was written before the widespread curse of brazen, unnatural affection of today made such wordings and expressions unwise. -- DVM]. We were providentially thrown together in several battles after that and they were all victorious ones.

To me his manner of preaching was always in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. His mission and ministry were a constant benediction to those who heard him. His message was always given without fear or favors for any, and was always accompanied with burning conviction. He was peculiarly and particularly a camp meeting preacher. His princely personality purified and unctonized by the Holy Ghost swept everything before it. His great and noble looking bodily presence commanded the respect and attention of even his severest critics. His piercing and penetrating voice often chilled and thrilled his listeners who sat or stood at the remotest distance from him. He could move and sway the large camp meeting crowds with his mighty messages of salvation as few men could do. He always preached expecting men to yield to God and was

eminently successful in getting people deeply convicted and moved to the altar, and then on through to God after he got them there. He was as tender and kind as a woman. His spirit was always genial and jovial. His big, hot tears, often flowed so freely as he pictured the beauties of full salvation and heaven, or as he sounded the clarion notes of the dangers of a yawning, blistering, blighting, and withering hell.

Naturally he had a very positive disposition, and when he was turned to God in the salvation and sanctification of his soul he at once became a flame of fire for the Saviour who redeemed him. And thus from the heavy and hardy position of a railroad man God promoted him to the front ranks of the holiness movement. May his mantle fall upon some of the many thousands whom he led to Christ during his auspicious career as a preacher.

It was to have been my privilege to be associated with him at my home camp at Wichita, Kan., and the one here at Oakland City, Ind., immediately following it. But a letter which he dictated brought us the sad intelligence a week before he passed on to his final reward that he could not be with us at Wichita, Kan. Just a week later, on Friday, before camp closed on Sabbath, a telegram reached us saying he was dead. The sensation in the camp was exceedingly grievous and sorrowful.

I came by his home at Mt. Vernon, Ill., on my way to this camp at Oakland City, Ind., and stopped off between trains to see Sister Ferguson and his seven children. They were so dazed and grief stricken that it has not yet fully dawned on them that he has gone not to return. The Lord gives them gracious victory through it all and they are triumphantly resting and trusting in Jesus.

Sister Ferguson told me that he came home from Denton, Ind., and complained much of feeling badly, but thought it was tonsillitis, as his throat was sore. When the time came to go to Waco, Texas, he felt altogether too badly to go, but said he would start, and if he felt no better when he got to St. Louis he would come back. When he reached there he felt still worse, but wrote home he would go on and wear it out, as he did not want to disappoint them at Waco. He would get out of bed at Waco and preach and then go back to bed. He kept getting worse and on Monday after the first Sunday at Waco they insisted that he return home. This he did, but the trip was so long and hard on him that he never recovered from it. He reached home on Wednesday looking so badly, and feeling worse than he looked.

When the doctor pronounced it typhoid fever he said to his wife that he was so strong that he would wear it out, and expressed the greatest confidence that he would. But he was so sick from the first that he could not rise above the treacherous grip of the fatal disease that had already gone too far in its work of destruction. However, he was cheerful to the last and never expressed the least hint but what he would recover. He could only whisper the last few days. His eldest daughter said to him on Thursday morning before he died on Friday at 1:25 p. m., "I love you, papa," to which he replied in a gentle whisper and sweet, restful smile: "I believe you do." Soon after he seemed to become unconscious and never rallied. He had a slight hemorrhage on Wednesday before he died on Friday, but at the last severe ones sapped his life blood and strength, and the Christ whom he had so often honored and exalted took him to be with Himself forevermore.

Sister Ferguson is left with seven children, and her only source of revenue was from his freewill offerings. The two eldest children can help her some, but I am sure if those who knew him and have been blessed by his ministry can send any amount to her from a lesser to a larger sum, it would be greatly appreciated and very thankfully received.

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13 -- HIS LAST RUN -- By G. A. McLaughlin

"Brother E. A. Ferguson is dead." To my mind no more shocking news has been flung abroad by our great holiness press in many issues than the ones containing the above statement. How shocking it all was! The sad information came to us so suddenly that we bowed our head and wept tears of genuine loneliness and sorrow. With tears rolling down our face we tried to formulate a letter of consolation for the sorrowful and broken-hearted widow and children left to mourn a loss greater than we can feel or know. Surely a Prince in Israel has left us, and a voice that has been heard from coast to coast and from the frozen North to The sunny South is silent on earth.

We first met him in 1901 when he was coming into prominence in the holiness movement. Such sermons! Who that heard him can ever forget him? We shall never forget how he poured the red-hot truth forth, and how the people flocked to the altar by the hundreds to seek the blessings he said they could get.

Brother "Ed" has made his last trip and no doubt he has made Central Station on time and in good condition. He was faithful to his call to the very last. Others would have saved themselves but he could not. Thus he died in the ranks of the "Conquering host." How beautiful to go from labor to reward! Shall we? His sun went down while it was noon, but his reward will be great. How we cherish the days that we pulled together in the gospel harness.

In a substantial way, let the holiness people from ocean to ocean rally to the aid of those he has left behind. Let us close up the gap and with steady march move forward with the glad news of full salvation to the famishing sheep of every fold "till Jesus comes" bringing our loved ones with Him.

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14 -- THE REMORSE OF A LOST SOUL -- By E. A. Ferguson

I am nearing the gates of Death. Shadows full of phantom shapes stare at me on every side -- images of terror rise and beckon me on -- deeds of the past stretch out their bony hands, to shove me into the vortex of a hungry hell, whose flames leap out to meet me at my coming. I am dying.

Not unattended. Despair mocks me. Agony tenders to my burning and parched lips her fiery cup. Remorse feels for conscience to rend it, while regret clutches at the throat of memory. My guilty soul is swept on billowy blasts of damnation -- where the rain of fire and hail of brimstone

in an horrible tempest roll its black crested waves, tissue with fire. On and on, into the blackness of darkness, forever lost, eternal night.

I am pushing on into the boundless, bottomless, infinite darkness, where satyrs wielding thongs of forked flames, flit and scream -- where serpents sired in the black dungeon of inky damnation, crawl and hiss, spurt their venom with blistering feet and swollen tongue and press on into greater misery.

The streams I started in life of oaths and lies and gambling, stealing, adultery, Sabbath desecration, drunkenness -- all pour in on me now like so many black streams of fire. Here the outraged Justice of a holy God, lays on her fiery whip, while remorse plies her scorpion thongs, surrounded by grimacing devils, howling fiends gnashing aghast.

I am tormented in this flame -- where the fearful and the unbelieving, the abominable and murderers and whoremongers, and sorcerers and idolaters, and all liars have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone -- and drink of the wine of the wrath of God -- which is poured out with mixture, where they gnaw their tongue for pain and blaspheme the God of heaven.

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15 -- A WRONG CHOICE -- By M. Edward Borders

"Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified." -- Matt. 27:22

This text contains a great question and an unspeakably sad answer. It was propounded by a man to whom justice and mercy were strangers, and was answered by a people who were thirsting for the innocent blood of the Christ.

In considering this subject, I wish to call your attention:

I. To the historical narrative leading up to the expression of this text -- A blood-thirsty mob, with staves and swords, led by a fallen [Jewish] church and a backslidden preacher, found Jesus at the midnight hour in the lonely solitude of Gethsemane's garden. They laid violent hands on Him, and led Him bound and fettered to the Hall of the Sanhedrin to appear before the Jewish authorities.

He was arraigned first, before the white-headed high priest, Annas, thence into the presence of his son-in-law, Caiaphas, who was the active high priest at this time. His trial at this early hour was irregular and illegal. In spite of the fact that nothing was found against Him, both Annas and Caiaphas declared Him guilty of blasphemy. Their action was rapturously ratified by the Jewish Sanhedrin. This farce of a trial occurred between the hours of one and five o'clock Friday morning. This necessitated a wait from two to three hours before a regular meeting of the Sanhedrin could take place.

During this interval, the humble prisoner was brutally mistreated. They spit in His face, indicating that He was vile, only fit to be spit upon, and hardly good enough for that. They slapped Him with open hands, struck Him with clenched fists, and smote Him with rods until His blessed eyes and face were doubtless bruised, blackened, and bleeding; His hair matted and dripping blood and spittle; His garments torn and features so distorted that His own mother would scarcely have known Him. In this piteous condition, He was led like an animal, with a cord around His neck, from the Sanhedrin Hall to Pilate's Court in Antonia Castle.

The Jews, at this time, had no authority to put anyone to death. In order to carry out their dastardly crime, they must get Pilate, the Roman governor, to ratify their action and sign the death warrant. To do this, they must change their charge, so they arraigned Him before Pilate, charged with treason against the Roman government. This crime was considered the greatest in Roman law. The charge was carefully specified as follows:

- (1) Sedition, perverting the people or stirring up trouble.
- (2) Opposition to Caesar.
- (3) Claiming to be Christ the King, or the anointed King.

There was some truth in all these specifications. Christ was a Revolutionist in the same sense that proper medicine will revolutionize a bad system. He was opposed to Caesar in proportion to the degree that Caesar was opposed to truth. He was King, and admitted this to Pilate; not in a Roman sense, but in a spiritual one; not over Rome, but over the entire spiritual world; not over soldiers and arms, citadels and great navies, but over principles and truth. He took a wooden cross for His throne, thorns for His crown, a torn and bloody mock-robe for His vesture, and a mock-reed for His scepter.

He became King of kings over an imperishable kingdom, the subjects of which will live when all the pomp, power, glitter and glory of temporal kingdoms have passed away. The heart of merciless Pilate seems to have been touched by the friendless, patient, prisoner, and to the surprise and indignation of these wicked Jews, he returned a verdict of innocence. In spite of his verdict, they still clamored for the Saviour's blood. At this juncture, it occurred to Pilate that Christ was a Galilean and That Herod Antipas, the governor, was in the city. Pilate, therefore, turned the matter over to Herod as this came under his jurisdiction, and so Jesus was led from the praetorium, Pilate's judgment-hall, to the Court of Herod, the governor of Galilee.

This was the same Herod that had murdered John the Baptist, and when he saw Jesus, he became alarmed, thinking it was that fearless prophet arisen from the dead. Herod treated Him as a cheap magician and tried to get Him to give a sleight-of-hand performance. He took one of his cast off kingly robes, put it on Jesus, and put a reed in His hand, and the hall of the Court rang with laughter at the joke. He finally sent Him away with the verdict that He was an innocent fanatic.

They led Him the second time before Pilate who was brought again face to face with his duty. His slumbering conscience became aroused and warned him of the fearfulness of the crime which he was about to commit. His wife, in a paroxysm of dread and fear, came into his presence

and entreated him to exonerate the just man. In the midst of this battle with himself and with the Jewish leaders, he gave expression to the question in the text, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus, which is called Christ?" Before the sound of his voice had died out in the distance, the multitude gave the awful answer, "They all say unto him, Let Him be crucified!"

II. Pilate has asked a question, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" Let me ask a question, "Who is this Jesus who is called the Christ, on trial before the Jewish authorities and Pilate?"

First, let me say -- "He is the greatest man that ever lived." Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Newton, Christopher Columbus, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and all other great men of any age sink into insignificance when compared with Jesus Christ. He is the greatest Reformer, Evangelist, Preacher, Physician, and Philosopher that the world has ever known. He is the greatest in Philosophy, in Literature, and in Life.

Then again, He is more than a man, He is the God-Man. Isaiah saw Him as "The Mighty God," and again when he foresaw His birth, he said, "His name shall be called Emmanuel, or God with us." Paul, in his epistle to Titus, called Him "The Great God." When we see Him at the grave of Lazarus weeping with those sorrowing sisters, we see a man with a heart to love and pity, but when we hear His voice full of majesty and divine authority, saying, "Lazarus, come forth," and the dead respond to His call, we see the Mighty God. As a man, He pities the hungry multitude that throng about Him to hear His matchless message; as God, He distributes the five loaves and two fishes to feed them. One has said, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God."

His body was taken from the cross, warm, limp, and lifeless, the body of a man, but on the glad Easter morning, He illumined the dark enclosure of the grave with his resurrection glory, snapped asunder the bands of death, broke the Roman seal, and stood forth a victor over death, hell, and the grave -- the Great God. A great man could pity us in our fallen condition, but it took the mighty God in the person of Jesus Christ to save us.

Let me ask again, "What is this Jesus which is called Christ to you?"

(1) He is your best friend. In my boyhood, I heard my mother sing, "What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear." You remember He was accused of being a friend to sinners. You have been treating Him as if He were your worst enemy, but the fact is, He is your best friend. He is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother -- yea, closer than a mother, for He hath said, "When your father and mother forsake you, I am still your friend." The poet said, "He is the best friend that sinners ever knew." He loved you when you were unloving and unlovable. He loved you in your rebellion and your sins, and as one has said, "He will love you until the gates of hell clang behind your lost soul."

(2) He is more than a friend. He is your Saviour. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Your mother is your friend; she loves and pities you and yearns to help you out of your life of sin. Her gray hair, hollow cheeks, bent form, and a sacrifice life-long is a constant reminder of her unflinching and untiring

love, but as much as she loves you, she cannot save you from one sin. Her arm is too short to lift you out of this horrible pit. Jesus Christ not only pities and loves you, but He is able, willing, and ready to save you from the last and least remains of sin.

III. You must do something with Christ. He is before you on trial; what will be your verdict? You can do but one of two things, accept or reject. I repeat, you must do something. Say! what will it be? Will you crown Him Lord of All, or with a crown of thorns? Not to accept is to reject; not to reject is to accept. Did I say you must do something? Yea, more! You are doing something with your Lord now!

Pilate did not want to murder Christ. He tried to evade it in four ways.

(1) By sending Him to Herod, or putting the responsibility on someone else.

(2) By scourging Him. He, doubtless, felt sure that this brutal beating would satisfy the Jews and thus dispose of the matter.

(3) By giving them their choice between Barabbas and Christ. He must have expected that they would release Jesus.

(4) By washing his hands in a basin of water, thinking that this would wash his guilty soul. But all these did not release him from this appalling crime, and he has been pillared in history as the man who crucified Christ, in spite of the fact that he knew and confessed His innocence.

IV. I draw from this the awfulness of a wrong choice. These Jewish leaders chose against Christ and thirty-eight years later, in identically the same place, their blood literally ran in streams through the streets! Many of their chief men were scourged and crucified under the very shadow of the wall where they cried, "Crucify Christ."

Old Annas died in disgrace. His palatial home was plundered and mined; his son was beaten and dragged through the streets, dying a horrible death at the hands of an infuriated mob. Caiaphas lost his high position inside of a year and never regained it. Herod was banished to exile, and died of a loathsome disease in dishonor and public disgrace. And Pilate? Ah! the great Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, what became of him? Did he escape the result of a wrong choice? Oh, no! He was soon banished to exile. His remorse became unbearable and he took his own life by precipitating himself from a window in the Castle. The Castle stands today as monument, indicating the place from whence Pilate went to hell.

Judas, poor blackslidden Judas, chose against Christ and dispatched his soul to hell on the end of a hemp rope. What happened to Jerusalem? Oh Jerusalem! the joy of the whole earth, the city of the great King! Since that day, it has been plundered and ruined by ten bloody wars. The very place where Christ was tried and condemned is heaped house-top high with wreckage and ruin. Tottering walls, ruined temples, broken arches, and crumbled architecture are all that are left of the city of those who slew their King.

What became of the Jews as a nation? Their clock struck twelve. That day spiritual darkness gathered about them from which they have never emerged. As a nation, God has never spoken to them since that time, and I seriously doubt if He ever will speak to them.*

[*It is not my desire to inject anything into the text here that will detract from this excellent message, but I believe that the writer's doubt whether God will ever again speak to those of the Jewish nation is not well founded, being contrary to the scriptures prophesying that when Zion travails a nation shall "bring forth in one day" and "be born at once" -- Isa. 66:8; "And so all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Rom 11:26 I believe that these scriptures await their fulfillment to a penitent, finally-believing remnant of the Jews on the Day of the Lord, who following their belated, but instantaneous conversion, when they see Christ Jesus coming in the clouds, shall cry: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." -- Matthew 23:39 -- DVM]

Oh! the lives and souls that have been wrecked and ruined as a result of a wrong choice. I knew a man who received the light on systematic giving. God told him to give one-tenth; he refused, began at that very moment to backslide, and became a woeful drunkard. Another, God told to go to the street meeting. He refused, lost his experience, and backslid his whole family. Four years ago, while preaching from the subject, "Christ Knocking at the Door." God spoke to a rich lady in my congregation. She said, "I felt that I must get right out of my seat and go to the altar and to God." Oh, how God entreated her to choose Jesus and let Him into her sin-burdened heart. She came very near yielding, but alas, alas! like thousands of others, she put it off. She has been dying for two years with a lingering disease, and tonight, while I preach to you, she is near the end. It is almost too sad to be true! She cannot seem to feel, or find God.

Oh! that wretched thing, a wrong choice. I had a schoolmate who sat in the same seat with me. We studied out of the same books, recited in the same classes, played tag and ball together at recess and noon; we grew up and started life for ourselves. I chose Christ; he made a wrong choice. He died some time ago, and the last words he ever uttered were, "I'm damned! I am going to hell!" God called a bright Christian young man to preach. He refused -- chose money-making -- succeeded for awhile -- soon woefully backslid and finally paid the penalty of a wrong choice by hanging himself, Ah, my dear friends, if a wrong choice has ruined others, will it not ruin you to whom I preach tonight? Some of you have been chasing wrong so long that you are two-thirds damned now. You really talk and act like doomed souls! The mark of damnation is on you. Your condition is enough to make angels shudder. Hell is right under your pew, and if you should fall dead where you are, you would drop into it! May Almighty God help you to see the crime of choosing against Christ!

V. Christ was on trial before Pontius Pilate and tonight He is on trial before you, but there is coming a day when this order will be reversed.

(1) A reversion of authority and power -- Christ will then be on the throne, and both Pilate and you arraigned before Him. Yes, you must appear before the bar of eternity, and before the judge from whose decision there can be no appeal. The same Christ whom both Pilate and you have despised; yes, the very one who was mock-robed, thorn-crowned and cross-crucified, but now, blessed be God, has risen and ascended with majesty and power, and has sat down on a

throne of ineffable glory amid all the coronation celebrities of that celestial universe! In that day, He will not be hanging on a cruel cross, but sitting on a glittering throne; not holding a mock reed, but waving every scepter; not thorn-crowned but diademed with every honor and glory of the infinite eternal One; not wearing a mock-robe, but clothed with the dazzling vesture of the Omnipotent God; not despised and forsaken, but surrounded by rank after rank of shining angels who delight to be His servants and obey His mandates, and myriads and myriads of unfallen beings from millions and millions of unfallen worlds who delight to pay Him humble homage and worship Him, the Redeemer of earth, the idol of Heaven, and the unrivaled Champion of the universe.

(2) Reversion of question -- The question Pilate asked is, "What shall I do with Christ?" In that great day, when both you and Pilate shall appear before Christ, I believe two questions will be asked.

1. What shall I do without Him? You seem to get along without Him here, but what will you do without Him when the worlds are staggering, stars are falling, the moon is bleeding, the elements are melting with fervent heat, terror stricken sinners are crying, the happy glorified saints are rejoicing, and when you look into the face of Him whose countenance is like lightning? The question then will be, "What will you do without Him?"

2. Not what will you do with Him, but what will He do with you? Say, what will He do with you, Annas, and you, crafty Caiaphas, and you, heartless Herod, and you, pitiless Pilate, you lawyers and doctors, scribes and Pharisees, and Christ-rejecting sinners in this service tonight? What did you do with Him? You lacerated His back, spit in His face, led Him bleeding through the streets like an animal, dressed Him in a mock-robe, without mercy and without pity, crowned Him with thorns, spiked His hands and feet to the cross, pierced His side, broke His heart, and treated Him worse than you would a dog; but now, "What will He do with you?"

Listen! "Depart ye that are under a curse. Flee from my presence." To where? Into a lake of fire, into a furnace of fire, into a bottomless pit, the smoke of which ascends forever and ever, into outer darkness whose inhabitants gnash their teeth and gnaw their tongues for pain; into the abode of the damned where there is no love to outrage, no mercy to resent, and no Christ to reject and crucify, where the sweet zephyrs of hope never fan the cheek, where the howling storms of God's infuriated displeasure and wrath shall sweep on forever, where the only music is the deep death-dirge of the doomed and damned, and the howling shrieks and screams of the lost.

VI. Hell the fruitage of a wrong choice. Let us imagine that after we have been in Heaven a million years, we are allowed to explore the dark domain of Hell. We speed with the rapidity of light, which travels 185,000 miles per second. On and on we go until, having past all that is blessed and beautiful, we are suddenly almost deafened by the sharp shrieks and shrill screams of this lost world. This horrible confusion of cries and wails are like the sound of ten thousand thunder-claps multiplied by as many desolating tornadoes, multiplied again by as many devastating earthquakes.

At last, we are there. O! how unutterably awful! And if it was awful a million years, ago, it is a million times worse now, for there is nothing in Hell to make it better, and everything to make it worse. We begin to explore it, guarded by Omnipotent power. We travel on through this dark

domain for a thousand years, and this is a short time, for time will be no factor in eternity. Suddenly, we find Judas Iscariot. He still drags his intestines and a broken hemp rope. Ah! what are these words that I hear wrung from his parched lips? "I have betrayed innocent blood." This will be the cry of every backslider in Hell. He seems to be persecuted by ten thousand devils, for numbers do not count here. They call him a coward, a backslider, and a two-faced betrayer of the innocent. He has had no peace and rest in all this million year night. I pity Judas and speak to him and say, "Oh Judas, Judas, what brought you here?" He shrieks his answer, "A wrong choice, I chose money instead of Christ!" He turns and is off through the dark thundering ravines of Hell, screaming as he goes "A wrong decision, a wrong choice! I betrayed Him; I sold Him; I brought Him to open shame in the presence of His enemies; I turned traitor to my best friend; oh, horrors; if I could only forget that sad sweet face, that awful deed and that awful night!

We travel on a few years more and we find Pontius Pilate, the great Roman governor of Jerusalem, before whom Christ was tried and finally condemned. Pilate seems to be in a delirium of dread and fear, as if haunted by some dreadful deed. He sheds no tears in yonder world, but now he is crying, and seems to be vainly laboring to accomplish something. He is washing his hands in the billows of damnation; for there will be no water in Hell. He is saying, "If I could only get this blood off my hands. Oh, these accursed hands!" He is kicked and cursed by millions of demons and tormented in the hissing, billowing flames, but he seems oblivious to all this. He is engaged with the blood on his hands. He says, "All this external torture is nothing compared with this haunting memory. I say, "Pontius Pilate, what brought you here?" He answers, "A wrong decision. I sought to please the multitude, and deliberately chose against the innocent One." The last we see of that poor old man-pleasing, moral coward, he is wringing his hands and crying, "Oh, this blood! Oh, this blood! Oh, that horrible decision! Blood! Blood! Blood!

Mounting some lofty pedestal, I lift the trumpet to my lips and ask the question that thunders to the four corners of this lost world, "Lost souls, one and all, why are you here? Did not God love you?" The united answer rolls back, "Yes, For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, not willing that any should perish!" "Did not Jesus Christ die for you?" Again the united answer, "Yes, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. He tasted death for every man." "Were you ever told of this place and warned to escape it?" "Yes, a thousand times." "Did God ever call you? Did Christ ever knock at your heart's door? Did the Spirit ever show you your undone condition, and tell you about the precious meritorious blood, and invite you to it? Did you ever hear the earnest entreaty of a faithful preacher?" "Yes, oh yes!" "Well, then, oh ye lost souls, why are you here?" Suddenly, like the rumbling sound of a mountain torrent, or the surging crash of ten thousand Niagaras, the answer rolls back from this fire begirt world, "We are here, all of us, as the result of a wrong choice!" Then it seems that all pandemonium takes up this eternal wail, "A wrong choice, a wrong choice!"

VI. I close this sermon with this appeal. Two thousand years ago, Pontius Pilate stood out before the people and asked the question, "What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" The Jews gave the terrible answer, "Let Him be crucified." I stand here tonight as an ambassador for my Lord and propound the same great question. What will your answer be? Oh, in God's name, what will it be? Come now, He is on your hands, and you must answer tonight! You can give but one of two answers and upon your decision depends holiness and happiness here and home and

Heaven yonder. I present to you Jesus who is the Christ, the greatest man, the Mighty God, your best friend and only Saviour. You are answering this very moment, "Yes, or no."

Let me, as a gospel preacher, and as one that loves your immortal soul, entreat you with a hardened heart to choose Christ. Fleet-footed time as he gallops on at fearful speed cries to you, "Choose Christ." The ghastly monster, Death, the clatter of whose hoofs can be heard on the stones of time, waving his poisonous sting and pursuing you at rapid pace, warns you to "choose Christ." The curse and consequence, pain and penalty of a broken law waves flaming sword just above your defenseless head, waiting the command from Infinite Wisdom to cut you down as a cumberer to the ground, warns you, "Choose Christ." Lost souls writhing in Hell's torment, their fingers dripping infernal fire, point to the cross of Christ, and with all the eloquence of their damned lips scream to you, "Choose Christ."

The judgment day with its lightning flash, pealing thunders, rocking, reeling worlds, bleeding moon, record books, howling demons, crying sinners, shouting saints warn you, "Choose Christ." Calvary's cross dripping with redeeming blood, lifting its substitutionary Saviour between your lost soul and the yawning chasm of pitiless, endless Hell, pleads with you to "Choose Christ." Mercy, long rejected and long outraged, with all the melting pathos of her sweet lips, entreats you to "Choose Christ." Bright, shining angels, as their immortal forms crowd the gilded galleries of the celestial city, turn their radiant faces to Calvary's cleansing fountain, and with all the earnestness of their angelic voices, shout to you, "Choose Christ!" Dear ones in glory are bending over the bannered battlements of their Heavenly home and with outstretched hands are beckoning to you and saying, "Come this way. Oh! steer for the harbor light!"

Oh! my dear friends, you must choose! You must choose now! May God help everyone of you to say from the bottom of your heart, "For time and eternity, I now choose Christ!"

Come soul and find thy rest;
No longer be distressed;
Come to thy Savior's breast,
O, don't stay away.

Come with thy load of sin;
Christ died thy soul to win;
Now He will take thee in;
O, don't stay away.

Time here will soon be past;
Moments are flying fast;
Judgment will come at last,
O, don't stay away.

Prayers are ascending now;
Angels are bending now;
Both worlds are pleading now,
O, don't stay away.

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16 -- THE FREEDOM AND FUNCTION OF THE HUMAN WILL -- By Andrew Johnson

All modern works on Mental Philosophy regard the mind as consisting of three parts, namely: The Intellect, the Sensibilities and the Will. This three-fold or "tri-logical classification," however, does not mean that the mind, which is an indivisible unit, is composed of separate and distinct parts like so many organs of the body. It simply means that there are three primary or fundamental forms or modes of mental activity, intellection, feeling and volition. All the various mental acts and products of which a moral intelligent agent is capable, come under one or the other of these three elementary forms.

Logically inferring his existence from the fact of his thinking, Des Carte, the philosopher, made use of the first of these three divisions in that immortal sentence, cogito ergo sum. I think, therefore I am. Applying this rule of argument from the effect to the cause, to the other two fundamental forms of psychic action, we have: "I feel, therefore I am sentient." [sentient adj. having the power of perception by the senses. -- Oxford Dict.] "I will, therefore I am volitionally free." I am, I am sentient, I am free.

For centuries the philosophical world recognized only two general faculties of the mind -- the cognitive and conative, or the knowing and doing powers of the soul, the faculty of the sensibilities being omitted. The stoical, indifferent and unfeeling philosopher, being all head and no heart, could not appreciate the emotive faculty which was first emphasized by theology and literature. The will, however, as a great elementary and fundamental faculty, was never called into question by any philosopher. It was and is the most conspicuous as well as the most important function of the soul.

The memory, as the retentive and recollective phase of the intellect, may traverse the realms of the past and by the law of association refresh the mind with useful facts. The imagination, as the sublime, poetic and artistic phase of the intellect, may give concepts of fanciful objects, may paint the rarest pictures in the art galleries of the soul and assign to "airy nothing a habitation and a name;" the sensibilities may flow forth in strong desires and tender affections, yet with all these no mental act ever stands out full-orbed and finished, ever comes to maturity in the mortal world without the concurrent and culminating work of the will.

Therefore, in exploring the sacred precincts of individuality it appears that the will, more than all other human faculties, goes further back and deeper down, and partakes more of the very essence of the inner being itself. Hence, it may be properly termed the ne plus ultra of personality. As such, the will ever accentuates and validates all our mental acts, giving them their morally, intrinsic values, This being the case, all the grand achievements recorded in the history of nations and individuals have turned on the pivot of the human will, yea, in all the annals of time everything that has made for the weal or woe of humanity, has at some critical moment, hung on the right or wrong choice of the will.

The will has been well named, the King of humanity. It is indeed, that sovereign power of the soul by which man becomes the conscious author of an intentional act. It is that imperial force in every individual which constitutes him the architect of his own fortune, the arbiter of his own destiny. Created in the image of God, vested with the sovereign power of volitional freedom, man, as the inspired Psalmist well said: is "fearfully and wonderfully made." With the poet of the Avon, one may exclaim: "What a noble piece of work is man! In moving an address how admirable! In apprehension how like an angel, in understanding, how like a God! The paragon of animals, the companion of saints!"

This natural power, this native ability means nothing less than responsibility. God has placed as it were, the die of destiny in every hand, delegating to the individual, through the action and agency of the will, the power to cast the die and to cross the Rubicon.

In regard to the different theories and theological views concerning the will, there are two extremes. The pendulum of the clock of dogmatic opinion in the tower house of time swings from one extreme to another -- for each ulterior stroke there is a corresponding rebound. The creedal statements of the hoary confessions of ultra Calvinism, represent the will as being completely paralyzed and utterly impotent relative to moral and spiritual volitions. While the position of Pelagianism is to the exact reverse of this, maintaining that the will is morally and volitionally free and spiritually efficacious to the harmonious adjustment of the individual to the will of God, the will is nothing with the former system of theology and everything practically with the latter. The truth is somewhere between these two extremes. And just here is where the doctrine of Arminianism comes in as the happy medium or golden mean. Take, for instance, the question of regeneration. Calvinism considers it a work of God without the agency of man, while Pelagianism considers it a work of man without the direct influence of God, whereas Arminianism considers it a work of God performed on conditions required of man, and not a work of God without the influence of God, Arminianism recognizes depravity but sets over against it prevenient grace and conviction, which relieves the embarrassment of the helpless situation in which Calvinism unfortunately places humanity. Among the inalienable gifts with which every man is endowed by his Creator, is natural, volitional ability. This natural ability of the will is not absolutely useless in the plan of salvation as ultra Calvinism asserts, but cultivated, it culminates into "gracious ability" and co-operates with grace in the salvation of the soul. God expects the sinner to use what powers he has, to do what he can and trust grace to save him. But, if God unconditionally imparts "gracious ability" to some and purposely withholds it from others, and only those to whom "gracious ability" is imparted can be saved, then those to whom "gracious ability" is not imparted will be lost, not through any fault of theirs -- not through willful rejection or disobedience, but because they were reprobated, refused "gracious ability," that which God freely and unconditionally bestowed upon the elect. This is certainly an iron-clad, rigid and horrible decree, yet it is the natural and logical consequence of denying the free moral agency of man. It is a mystery how such an absurd and unreasonable dogma can be maintained in the presence of Scriptures like the following: "Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men," -- "That he by the grace of God should taste death for every man." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "God is no respecter of persons."

Fatalists are Necessitarians along with ultra Calvinistic divines, deny the free moral agency of man, basing their objections to volitional freedom on the doctrine of motives, the principle of cause and effect and the divine prescience. They hold that the thought of the freedom of the will is contrary to cause and effect, motives and foreknowledge. While Freedomists maintain that there is no real conflict between the idea of moral freedom and the principle of cause and effect, motive and foreknowledge, but that the real conflict is on the other side of the question, between non-freedom and intuition, consciousness, the history of the human race, the distinction between virtue and vice, the distribution of rewards and punishments, the justice, mercy and goodness of God.

Let us carefully consider the objections raised against volitional freedom.

I. The doctrine of motives. It is claimed that the will is necessarily and irresistibly swayed by the strongest motives; hence, cannot be free. Freedom, on the other hand, has been defined as "the power to choose uncoerced any motive given in self-consciousness." There is nothing in the motivity of the moral agent contrary to the principle of freedom, from the fact that motives are not objective and the cause of our volitional actions, but subjective and the because of our actions. The motive doesn't seize the man; but the man seizes the motive. The will does the acting and the motive is the reason why the will acts. Many conflicting motives may solicit the will; but the will, being the very essence of the man himself, decides which motive it will reject and which motive it will receive. A thousand motives may crowd the royal throne chamber of the imperial will, and persuade his majesty's consent, yet, far back of all these motives, vested in the volitional nature of the sovereign will, is the power or immunity to select or reject any one of a given number of motives. Man, therefore, is the master of motives rather than motives being the master of man. Like a witty minister remarked: "If I find myself opposed by a surrounding circumstance, I bridle it, saddle it and ride it to the town of industry, hitch it to the post of prosperity and go on my way rejoicing." The sovereign, imperial will, the mighty mogul of humanity, is greater than any motive. This being true, there is nothing in mere motives to invalidate the freedom of the will.

II. Let us advance to another objection brought forward by the Necessitarian School -- the foreknowledge of God. The argument runs thus, "God foreknows all things." If He foreknows all things, then, all things must come to pass according to the will of man; hence the will of man is not free. There would doubtless be some force in this argument if certainty and necessity were synonymous, and if foreknowledge invariably implied foreordination. But such is not the case. Contingent events are foreknown as contingent events, and necessary events are foreknown as necessary events. Knowledge being informative, certifies events but never necessitates them. While knowledge is in the intellect, causation is in the will, and it is not the will of God that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. The weather bureau may foreknow and forecast the coming storm; yet no one thinks of blaming the bureau for the bad weather, as the cause of the aerial currents is in atmospheric conditions, entirely outside the cognitive realms of the weather prophets.

Foreknowledge, therefore, may be compared to an infallible bureau correctly forecasting the calm and the storms in every human life, with the cause of the climate far remote. Knowledge, prescient and omniscient, is grand and glorious, enabling the Deity to look down through the dense mists of futurities and see the end as from the beginning -- one eternal now. How can any one be so

bold and blatant as to attribute all the crimes and cruelties of earth to this divine foreknowledge? Yet this is the inevitable conclusion if foreknowledge is the direct, immediate and absolute cause of all things foreknown. Would it not be infinitely better to have a God not knowing the future, than to have a God who positively and causatively foreknows the future? The divine foreknowledge tends toward the prevention rather than the causation of an evil event. The Watchman on Zion's walls, foreseeing the sword of destruction, tries to avert the calamity by forewarning the people. When a few individuals foresaw the coming of the Johnstown flood, instead of using their foreknowledge to the destruction of the inhabitants, it was heroically applied by way of warning in saving them from destruction.

It is only the wicked gambler, the man of greed, who uses his foreknowledge in a baneful way. He gambles in futures, using his foresight and keen insight, in making investments detrimental to the welfare of the people. The Necessitarian philosophy makes God the greatest gambler in the universe. His foreknowledge causing the souls of the non-elect to be laid as mere pawns upon the fatal chessboard of damnation. Such is the case if foreknowledge is inseparably connected with fore-ordination. The Calvinistic creed would work pretty well if God only foreknow and foreordained the good. But trouble begins to brew, difficulties begin to thicken and the whole system begins to collapse when the creedal announcement, "God foreordains whatsoever cometh to pass," is applied to the evil in the world. If foreknowledge essentially and unconditionally produces all the good, it must likewise produce all the evil in the universe. Here is where the conscientious Calvinist gets more than he bargains for. It can't be taken in broken doses, so he must take it all or reject it all. This dilemma demoralizes him and he retreats to the ranks of Arminianism. While the foolish fatalist or the stubborn Necessitarian swallows the whole doctrinal dose.

Foreknowledge and free agency are not incompatible or irreconcilable terms. If intellect, sensibilities and will can consist in a unitary psychical agent without the least infraction or infringement, surely foreknowledge and free moral agency may agree in the forecasting and execution of a single transaction. Indeed, the lion of divine sovereignty and the lamb of free moral agency may lie down together in the fair fields of philosophy, when nothing hurts or destroys in the millennial mountain of Arminianism.

3. Cause and Effect. The celebrated argument of Jonathan Edwards known as the dictum necessitatis is the Necessitarian stronghold on the question. Briefly stated, it is this: "If the will is able to put forth a volition, it must act to put forth this volition, and if it acts to put forth the volition the act is an effect itself and takes an antecedent cause to produce it." This makes each cause in an infinite series the effect of an antecedent cause in turn the cause of another effect. These cold, mathematical, arithmetical, abstract ratiocinations of "infinite series" and "endless chains" sacrifice the living man to the lifeless machine, and all philosophical as well as political machines are "wire-worked" instruments of cruelty and injustice.

Let us apply this dictum necessitatis to the will of God and note how it dethrones Deity as much as it dehumanizes man. If God put forth a volition in the beginning, he must have acted to put forth the volition, and the act was an effect which in turn required a preceding cause, and this cause, being an effect before it became a cause, required a cause to produce it, and so on with an endless adjournment of causes. Hence this dictum of destruction is as disastrous to deity as to

humanity. Plausible as it sounds, reasonable as it may seem at first glance, yet, it is only an ingenious piece of sophistry. The astute theologian side-tracks in the very statement of his propositions. Mark the expression: "If the will puts forth a volition, it must act to put forth the volition." Herein lies the subtle error -- making two acts instead of one act (the volition itself) and the actor (the will -- the man himself).

The will does not act "to" put forth the volition, but it acts "in" putting forth the volition -- the volition being the one and only act in the whole volitional process. In other words, all that is necessary as an antecedent to the volition (the act), is an acting originating agent. The will being the first or the uncaused cause in the process, acts, and the act is the volition. Here we have an intelligent personal cause producing the required effect. This does away with the necessity of "impersonal series" and "endless chains" of confusion, and at the same time meets all the demands of the principle of cause and effect without doing violence to God or man.

There is nothing, therefore, in the motivity of the moral agent, nothing in the principle of cause and effect contrary to truth of free moral agency, which is in harmony with all law and at variance with none. So, the arguments arrayed against volitional freedom, fall to the ground. Having devoted some time in refuting the arguments of the Necessitarians, let us briefly survey the arguments offered in direct proof of volitional freedom.

1. Intuition and consciousness. There is always a starting point, a base, a court of final appeal in all branches of science and philosophy. The politician runs everything back to the people; the teacher of physical science traces everything to, and draws all his arguments from the data of facts; the theologian bases his theories on the Book; and the philosopher makes his first and final appeal to consciousness. For, is not true philosophy the mere scientific classification of the states, acts and products of the mind as revealed by consciousness, the self-knowing attribute of the soul? Without the chart and compass of consciousness, therefore, the ship of speculative philosophy would be sadly adrift -- lost on the wild seas of fancy and falsehood, undiscoverable and irrecoverable. With consciousness as the criterion in the philosophical world moral volitional freedom is forever established. Since deep down in every human breast is the consciousness of a power to choose or not to choose. Feeling the full force of this intuitive sense of volitional freedom, Dr. Samuel Johnson of England, exclaimed: "I know I'm free and that settles it." Consciousness crowns freedom and kills Calvinism.

2. The world at large in all of its commercial enterprises, business relationships and governmental dealings, acts on the principle of volitional freedom. If man is not free, the young convert to Christian Science had it about correct when he said: "There ain't nothing true nohow, what is, ain't and what ain't, ain't too." If there is no integrity in the universal interpretations of the human mind, then all of life is an optical illusion, a medley, a mirage. If we believe in humanity, if we can at all count on the common consensus of the universal mind of man, we must admit that universal consciousness attests the fact of volitional freedom. On the other hand the Necessitarian theory of non-freedom, makes null and void the universal testimony of mankind. This is undoubtedly too great a price to pay for a fond theory.

3. Again, the idea of the non-freedom of the will destroys the distinction between virtue and vice. Virtue is no longer virtue and vice is no longer vice if the will is a non-factor in the

moral affairs of life. This would take all the moral complexion from the events of life, making them the mere incidental products of the grinding mill of fate. How different the theory of moral freedom which makes virtue and vice the result of the voluntary right and wrong choice of the free will.

4. Volitional freedom is the only theory which perfectly accords with the fact of the distribution of rewards and punishments at the last day. How can there be merit and demerit without personal accountability, and how can there be moral accountability without free moral agency? The king's answer to those on the right and those on the left was, "Ye did," and ye "did it not." Upon the free action of their wills, the former chose and the latter refused to work for the Master.

5. Non-freedom is at variance with the justice, mercy and goodness of God, How? The very essence of all these attributes is the fact that "God is no respecter of persons." "His ways are equal." "He willeth not the death of any." "He loved the world and gave his Son to be the propitiation for the sins of the world." It is just and merciful in God to give all a fair chance for their lives. To those who are finally lost he can say, "How often would I -- but ye would not." It is the human will in time, and not the divine will, in eternity, that damns the individual, for they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. As the old colored man expressed it: "God is voting for you, all the time, and the devil is voting against you, all the time, and it just depends on which way you cast your vote." This is what one might term, "making your calling and election sure." Sam Jones expressed it very truly and tersely when he said: "The elect are the whosoever wills, and the non-elects are the whosoever won'ts." Lorenzo Dow sized up the situation and explained ultra-Calvinism as follows:

"If you seek it, you can't find it, if you find it you haven't got it, if you've got it you can't lose it, if you lose it you never had it." "You can and you can't, you shall and you shan't, you will and you won't, you'll be damned if you do and you'll be damned if you don't." Here is one question that has never been answered by Necessitarians, It is this: "How can God be just, merciful and good, and at the same time foreordain a part of the human race to hell." There have been dozens of excuses, palliations, modifications and ameliorations made in reply to this question, but no answer ever has or ever can be given.

Taking all these facts and truths and circumstances into consideration, and summing up in one succinct sentence, we would say, "Non-Freedom is Non-sense!"

If man is free, if he can "do as he pleases" and act according to his own desires, how can God providentially govern the world? How can the divine will and the human will both be free? It must be kept in mind that the volitional freedom and bodily freedom are not identical. It is one thing to make a choice and it is quite another thing to be able to carry out or execute that choice. "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not," said the Apostle. He was free to put forth the volition, to make the choice; but found difficulty in executing his choice. One may choose as he pleases but cannot always do as he pleases. "Betwixt cup and the lip there's many a slip." Hence, a free moral agent may fully decide to do a certain thing and yet his plan may never materialize, as contingencies may arise and defeat his purpose. Back in the sacred precincts of personality and volitionality the individual is lord and master, intrinsically and constitutionally free. Here, uncoerced and unrestrained, he makes his choice. Thus far even the

Almighty cannot interfere with him without dehumanizing him. But the complexion of the whole affair is completely changed in the process of developing the subjective execution. While man has the power the privilege and the right to make his own decisions, yet the execution of his decisions may conflict with the rights of others and the divine government, in which case contravention is necessary.

Let no one for a moment suppose that this external limitation of man's powers of performance minifies and reduces his free moral agency until it is of little or no consequence. Although the outward deed may be interfered with or may never be committed at all, yet the inward act per se is strong enough to attitudinize its author and to be counted a virtue or a sin. Jesus Christ, the greatest philosopher the world ever saw, attached great importance to these subjective, volitional acts of the soul. He did not wait until the deed was outwardly committed before he judged it. He saw it rising in the consciousness, shaping itself in the desires, forming in the purposes, springing full-orbed in the volitional freedom of the will, and according to its merit or demerit, set it down to the credit or discredit of the individual. "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

To illustrate how God may leave the will free and at the same time check man in the execution of his deeds, it is only necessary to refer to the following Bible incidents: Take the case of Balaam the prophet. God did not unhinge his will and render him incapable of making the choice to curse Israel. He did not interfere with the volitional operations of his free will; but with the enunciations of his vocal apparatus, muzzling his mouth and turning the curse into a blessing. By this simple arrangement of liberty and limitation the Lord accomplished two things in one. First, -- He took the moral temperature of Balaam in permitting him to make the maledictive choice, and secondly, -- He protected Israel by interfering, not with the freedom of the will, but with the freedom of speech.

And in the case of Abraham's offering up Isaac, the Lord did not prevent the old patriarch from freely and fully deciding to offer his son in sacrifice. Divine interference stayed his hand of execution instead of the volition of the will. Here again God accomplished two things in one. First. He tested Abraham's love, by leaving his will free and secondly, He saved Isaac's life by checking Abraham's bodily freedom. This is a plain case where the will may be free and the body not free. "If there be first a willing mind it is accepted, body or no body. It is said, "Man proposes but God disposes." Yet, God is not disposed to make it impossible for man to propose. Shakespeare said, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." However, divinity may shape our ends, there is no interference with our volitional rough-hewing, and let every one take heed how he hews, for he must account for the same. "Man deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." If man were not conditionally free he could not even devise his way. The fact that he does devise his way proves he is free in his will. God does not interfere with the stamina of his will but with the steps of his feet. As in the case of Cowper when he tried to commit suicide and was defeated in his purpose by a storm. God did not keep him from deciding to go to the sea, but after he had freely acted in his will, the Lord checked him in the execution of that decision. Hence Cowper sang,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Moses, the proper child, the man of meekness, the jurist of the desert, the penman of the Pentateuch, if consulted would cast his voice in favor of volitional freedom. For did not he choose to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season? Did he not call heaven and earth to record against Israel when he set before them life and death, blessing and cursing, and commanded them to choose life that both they and their seed might live?

And how about Joshua the son of Nun. Can any one suppose that this "Iron-Duke" of Israel was ultra-Calvinistic when he could give expression to words like these, "If it seems evil unto you to serve the Lord your God, choose you this day whom ye will serve, whether the gods which your fathers served before the flood, or the god's of the Amorites in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord." The intuitive sense of volitional freedom, which swelled in the breast of the man who stopped the sun in its course and stayed the moon in the valley of Ajalon, fairly bristles in the above speech. From the frowning heights of Mt. Carmel we hear another speech from another Freedomist: "Why halt ye between two opinions; if the Lord be God follow Him, but if Baal be God, then follow him." The people spell-bound, nonplused and dumfounded, answered him not a word.

If these three respective speeches do not appeal to the principle of free moral agency in man, then to what do they appeal? How could any one, in a direct address, find language that would more clearly and strongly convey the thought of volitional freedom? The issues involved on these occasions were certainly moral issues and the power averted to was undoubtedly "free-will" power. So here is the ability to exercise free agency in moral matters. There are modified Calvinists who will admit that the sinner has the power to exercise his will in all temporal or secular affairs, that he is only impotent in moral volitions, having been paralyzed by the fall. They do not urge or argue the doctrine of motives, foreknowledge or cause and effect, but simply assign the fact of total depravity as a reason for assuming this position. Total depravity, rightly interpreted, does not mean that one is as bad as he can possibly be, in every possible way; for in that case wicked men could not "wax worse and worse" as the Bible plainly affirms of them. It can only mean that all faculties are involved and: that there is a total absence of divine life.

The sinner, let us say then, is void of divine life, loves darkness rather than light, has a keen appetency for sin rather than a strong desire for holiness. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, he has all the faculties, in body, mind and soul, that the Christian has. The Christian has intellect, the sinner likewise has intellect, the Christian has sensibilities, the sinner also has sensibilities, the Christian having intellect, has a memory, an imagination, a judgment, the sinner having an intellect, has a memory, an imagination, a judgment. The Christian has a will, the sinner also has a will. The mind of the Christian can think about God, the mind of the sinner can do the same. The sensibilities of the Christian are stirred in contemplation of God, the same is true of the sinner. The will of the Christian may be exercised with reference to God. The difference between the Christian and the sinner is this: The soul of the former is united to God, the soul of the latter is separated from God. The former has the life of God, the latter is minus the life of God. The faculties of the Christian are

employed in the service of the Lord, the faculties of the sinner are employed in the service of the devil.

Now, if depravity does not wholly incapacitate the intellect and the sensibilities of "the sinner" with reference to moral things, why insist that it wholly incapacitates "the will" with reference to moral things? If the sinner can think and feel, it would be strange indeed if he could not will. Conviction and prevenient grace freely and unconditionally bestowed upon all, the tender pleadings and strivings of the Holy Spirit, sufficiently counteract depravity and arouse the natural and inalienable faculties of the soul to the extent that whosoever will may come and take the water of life freely. The will must act, in a volitional and optional sense, before and in order to salvation, instead of after and on account of salvation. The will, therefore, is not entirely dormant and dead before regeneration. Jesus represents himself as standing at the door and knocking, saying, "If any man will open the door I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me." If he had waited until he was within before he appealed to the will this would have been regeneration first, and volitional ability afterwards; but he appealed to the will while yet without, before he entered, corroborating the fact that the will can act and must act before, and in order to regeneration. In weeping over Jerusalem did Jesus say, How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but you 'could' not?" No, but ye 'would' not. "Behold your house is left unto you desolate." Did he leave them because they were morally unable and could not choose, or because they were morally able and would not choose?

The theory of the impotency of the will or the negation of free moral agency is the leading tenet of the "Famous Five Points of Calvinism." All the other four hinge on this one. The doctrines of irresistible grace, partial atonement, unconditional election and final perseverance stand or fall with the idea of the freedom or non-freedom of the will. It is the keystone of the Calvinistic arch. The will, being impotent, is not able to resist, consequently grace must be irresistible, not because grace is so strong but because the will is so weak -- non-resistibility of the will instead of the irresistibility of grace. Again, the idea of partial atonement grows out of the non-freedom of the will. For would it not be nonsense to die for all unless all were privileged to partake of the benefits that accrue from such a vicarious death? So, in order to save their system from Universalism, Calvinists must doctor and diminish the atonement to include the elect only, since they do not, like the Arminians, consider the will free to accept or reject the universal atonement. Hence, all hinges on the freedom or non-freedom of the will. As with the other points, therefore, election must be conditional if the will is free, and unconditional if the will is not free. The "Famous Five Points" sifted and simplified, are practically reduced to one point -- the non-freedom of the will. Cut this Calvinistic cord of non-freedom and the whole system collapses into hopeless ruin.

Prof. James, who was one of the most eminent psychologists of Harvard University, in his treatment of the different options of the will, gives the following classifications:

1. Trivial options.
2. Momentous options.
3. Dead options.
4. Living options.
5. Avoidable options.

6. Forced options.

There are thousands of trivial decisions made or options passed upon matters which do not amount to much either one way or the other. To pick up a pin or a pencil or to leave them, for instance. Then there are times when the future welfare of a nation hangs on the decision of the hour. This would be a momentous option. To decide whether to be a Moslem or a Buddhist would be a dead option to most of us, as there is no concern to be either. But in deciding the question between being a glorious success or a miserable failure the option is a very live one. An avoidable option is where there is a way out, or a third line of procedure opened to the individual when hemmed between two options. A forced option involves two mutual exclusive choices -- "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish." It's up to the individual to decide either pro or con, with no neutral ground or other alternatives, as when he finds himself at the parting of the ways on some great moral question. The term, "force of option" in this connection is not opposed to the idea of volitional freedom. The will is only in a "straight betwixt two" with perfect freedom to decide which of the two. If the moral agent, in a "forced option," were compelled to decide one certain way, this would destroy his volitional freedom; but he is at liberty, as between the two, to determine which he will take.

Creation, notwithstanding the fall, gives us moral volitional freedom. Government gives us political and religious freedom. Regeneration gives us soul freedom from actual sins -- guilt and condemnation. Entire sanctification gives us soul freedom from carnality, the principle and inbeing of sin. Glorification gives us final freedom from all mental infirmities. Resurrection gives us bodily freedom, from all physical infirmities and temporal curses.

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free."

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17 -- A PIONEER IN THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT -- By W. B. Godbey

God in His condescending mercy baptized me with the Holy Ghost and Fire forty-four years ago, fifteen years before the movement reached great Dixie Land, and used me to pioneer the Sanctification Gospel from the Atlantic Ocean to Mexico in the different States of the Union, as my Southern nativity had given me birth in that connection of Methodism at that time in Providence of the Divine Leadership which in due time gave me not only the great North but the whole world. From Western Kentucky the movement reached Southern Illinois, when I in my peregrinations preached in Mount Vernon, enjoying the hospitality of a local Methodist preacher, having the honor of the paternity of our noble, gifted, much lamented and recently glorified brother, E. A. Ferguson, who at that time was a Herculean youth fireman on the railroad, and characteristic of his paradoxical proficiency, soon becoming engineer, and in the providence of God, my Gospel son, as at that time though unconverted, I took hold of him heroically and claimed him to blow the silver trumpet, not only my contemporary, but as I sanguinely anticipated, a whole generation after I had exchanged it for my golden harp. "Man proposes, but God disposes." Hard for me to now realize that I am dictating his biography. You must excuse me for apparent paradox, as I would not write this in reference to my beloved son in the gospel if he was still by my side on the battlefield, lest Satan take advantage of it for his detrimental inflation. I trow you heard the maxim: nil de mortuis,

nisi bonum, "Speak no evil of the dead" (free translation; literally, nothing concerning the dead except good).

Our brother, the Ajax of the MOVEMENT, the triune feruginous apostolic focalization of Paul, Peter and Apollos. When I preached in his town, lodged in his father's house, became acquainted with him and claimed him for a preacher, I carried with me the Greek Scripture, as I have used nothing else for the last forty years, and he saw me reading it as readily and rapidly as he did the English, and though he had no opportunity to prosecute a collegiate education, he heroically took hold of it and used it to the end of his life, paradoxically by assiduous study, mastering it, the most difficult language in the world, and thus reaching the crystal fountain and living water as it emanates from the mouth of God, and thus becoming a profound exegete of the inspired truth by which we are saved, sanctified, fed; for it is the bread of heaven and the water of life, panoplied, and by which we will be judged when we stand before the great White Throne; thus becoming the veritable successor of Paul, the princely Theologian and Logician, standing on the Areopagus and confounding his great audience of Greek philosophers, the most learned assembly the world has ever seen, meanwhile he revealed to them the unknown God, to whom they had actually erected a temple and blindly worshipping Him, though confessedly unacquainted with Him. Oh, what a sensation supervened when Paul certified to them that he knew Him! With equal pertinency we may pronounce our brother the successor of Peter, the great exhorter of the apostolic age, literally verifying God's definition of His minister. Heb. 1:7, "A flame of fire."

See him standing at Mt. Zion, preaching the introductory Pentecostal sermon, to an audience of one hundred thousand, and behold the paradoxical effect of those heavenly thunderbolts and lightning shafts, converting three thousand in the morning and five thousand in the afternoon, to the Christhood of Jesus. Our brother was also the brilliant successor of Apollos, the most eloquent man in the apostolic age, therefore, we lovingly, gratefully and at the same time with broken hearts, bewailing his removal from our ranks at the very noonday of his brilliant career, place on his brow the triple crown of Pauline Theology, Petrine Exhortation, Appollonian Eloquence.

"Slowly and sadly we lay him down from the field of his fame, fresh and gory; we carve not a line, we raise not a stone; but leave him alone in his glory."

In the providence of God: he has left seven children. This is our fortune. God calls his laborers home, but carries on his work. So you see instead of one Fergerson, we have seven, and we must take care of them in the interest of His kingdom. We must bring them to Cincinnati or some other Holiness College, and educate them to preach the everlasting gospel in the succession of their glorified father, who never enjoyed these opportunities, but in God's signal providence and mercy, received the extraordinary intellectual endowment which utilized by the sanctifying grace of God, enabled him to come to the front by his own application, beautifully and triumphantly solving the abstruse conundrum which reconciles perpetual study with incessant and efficient labor; verifying the trite maxim, perseverantie omnia vincit; (perseverance conquers all things).

We must not only take these seven children to God in prayer, but we must see them all educated in our Bible Colleges, lest Satan might capture them, despite our prayers, and we would not have the seven preachers. (My amanensis, Rev. H. L. Burkett, asks, "are they all boys"? The

answer is, no; "but in Him there is neither male nor female." Gal. 3:28.) We have felicitously survived the dark ages which depreciated womanhood and shoved her out of the pulpit. You see this and many other scriptures (my woman preacher) the indisputable fact revealed in both Testaments that sexhood evanesces the moment we are born from above, and is utterly unknown in both the kingdom of grace and glory; but a mere temporality appertaining to probationary life; simply in the providence of God, perpetuating the human race on the earth, and has nothing to do with the gracious economy. Therefore, Brother Fergerson's girls are worth as much to us as his boys, and we must hold fast to everyone of the seven and see them all go out blowing the silver trumpet.

We have a glorious consolation in the very number seven, which is sacred throughout the Bible in the superlative degree, and most preeminent sense, because it represents Christ throughout the Bible. Three stands for God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and four signifies man, because he is lord of the world, which is represented by the cardinal points, North, South, East and West. Four plus three equals seven, and represents Christ who is both man and God. Be sure you all pray night and day, for Sister Fergerson and her seven children. Showers of blessings on them all and the holiness movement girdling the world with salvation and holiness to the Lord, with no leader but Jesus, no Guide but the Holy Ghost, and no Authority but the Precious Word.

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18 -- A MIGHTY MAN IN ISRAEL -- By Charles A. McConnell

"A choice young man, and a goodly: and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he: from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people."

Thus it was written of one of whom God had made choice. While there have been some notable exceptions, among them, probably, the "greatest of all the apostles," Paul, God has generally chosen men of commanding presence to do His great works.

Ed Fergerson was a magnificent specimen of manhood. Tall, broad-shouldered and muscular, he was the embodiment of physical power. He reminded me of one of those great mogul engines he used to drive as a railroad man. When he hitched on, the train moved. His very appearance gave confidence, and in his meetings. His [spiritual] "train crews" had no doubt of their ability to make the run and arrive at the Grand Station of Victory.

It seems also to be God's plan, when He has made a choice of a leader, to try him out in the "back-side of the desert." So [thus it was with] Moses and Paul. How often have I rejoiced in the upholding grace of our Christ, as I have heard Bro. Fergerson tell of reading his Testament in his caboose, surrounded by the ungodly trainmen. He had his trying out, and a severe one, but he came out shining, victorious and strong. Henceforth he could with faith proclaim, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

In his youth Bro. Fergerson had no opportunity to acquire a classical education, and indeed, his chosen field of labor in railroading would not demand such. But when God called him to take charge of His gospel train, he felt that the best preparation was none too good for the

service of his Master. By himself, he took up the study of the Greek language that he might know the full force of the gospel message as it was originally written, and God gave him a working knowledge of that tongue, as a reward for his hours of laborious, persevering toil.

His labor in this direction was characteristic of the spirit of the man. He was not satisfied to be nothing for the Lord -- he wanted to be able to strike the blows of a giant. And God gave him the weapons and the strength of a giant.

When Brother Robinson's daughter Ruby was a wee thing, she, with her mother, was attending one of Buddie's meetings. As they were going under the tabernacle, the little thing said, "Papa, are you going to preach today?" "Well, sweetheart," said Bud, "I'm going to try." "Papa," said Ruby, "if you try and find you can't, you can come and sit down by me."

It was never necessary for Ed Ferguson to "come and sit down;" he could preach. Time and again when the glory would roll over the camp during the song service or testimony meeting, and Ed would be dancing on the platform, throwing his handkerchief, or making like he would climb one of the poles, when the time came for preaching a solemnity would come upon the man which would be reflected in a hush over the audience, as he and they faced the tremendous issues of the hour. He never forgot that it had been given him as an ambassador in Christ's stead to stand between the living and the dead; that it was his to warn and to entreat; to cry "choose ye this day."

Bro. Ferguson was an old-time preacher of the terrors of the law. He believed in the judgment to which all are bound; and he believed in and warned men of hell fire which would be the inevitable fate of those who neglected this great salvation. Never have I heard from the lips of man more vivid description of the awful state of the lost and the damned than that which he gave.

There is a manner of preaching the solemn, the awful truth of eternal damnation that will grip the hearts of men and move them to repentance. There is another way, a tone and a spirit which says, "You are going to hell, and I would like to be the one to give you the last shove," that hardens and drives souls away from the mercy seat. A sermon on hell should never be preached with dry eyes. If one can not suffer in his own soul over the eternal agonies of the lost, he had best not attempt their description. As stern and fearful as was his denunciation of sin, and as graphic as was his portrayal of its eternal consequence, Ed Ferguson's face was always bathed in tears as he warned and pleaded with men to flee from the wrath to come.

Do you remember his "Lodebar" sermon? I shall never forget it. How clearly we saw the son of Jonathan hidden away and lame in his feet. Then Ed would picture the coming down of the king, searching him out; taking him up into the chariot and carrying him to Jerusalem to live with the king and eat at his table.

Then he would testify to the coming of the great King down to find him at his Lodebar, all lame of his feet, so that he could not walk straight, and how King Jesus took him up.

And now, and now -- Ed, fellow soldier, beloved brother, you are indeed in the palace of the King, beholding Him in His beauty, feasting at His table, and, I doubt not, leaning on His

breast. You have heard the "Well done" and have entered into the joy. It may be that it will be His pleasure for you to meet us at the Eastern Gate -- in the Morning.

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19 -- HOW AND WHERE WE MET -- By William B. Yates

Sometime in the year 1900, while on my way to Iowa to lead the singing in a meeting conducted by Dr. Carradine, I met a man at the Union Station in St. Louis, Missouri. I am not quite sure, but I think he was holding a meeting at the time somewhere in the city. As I walked through the great Union Station to the ticket window, the eyes of that man followed me, and as the ticket was purchased and put away in a sure place, he walked up and slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Hello, Brother Yates!"

I had never met him before to my certain knowledge, and somewhat surprised, I said, "Who are you?" and quick as thought he said, "I am a high class detective looking for a song evangelist." "Well," said I, "If I am guilty here am I, but I am not much of a singer, so I presume you will not have a hard case against me, but who are you?" "Ah," he said, "I am a railroad man." Then it all dawned upon me, and I put my arms around his big neck for the first time and said out loud, "It's old Ferguson."

I checked my grips away and we boarded a Page avenue car, and went out through the city looking at the sights along the way. To me it was a great pleasure for many reasons. First, I had so long wanted to meet Brother Ferguson, and second, I was going through the city of St. Louis with a man who knew the city almost as well as I knew the way to the old swimming hole in Mr. LaRue's field when I was a boy. The time was limited, I must get back and board the Burlington for Iowa.

He looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Bill, old boy, I've been wanting to meet you for a long time. We must arrange some work together." In reply I said, "Amen, nothing would suit me better." We parted at the gate, the long train pulled out, and left my big tender-hearted brother in the city, but I had absorbed enough of his spirit to carry him in my mind and heart ever after.

Not long after that time I received a letter from him, wanting me to help him in a meeting in Cincinnati, but I could not go. He said some very kind things in his letter to which I replied telling him how he had lived in my heart since we first met in St. Louis. I think it was the year 1902, we had our first revival together in Louisville, Kentucky, at the tabernacle. I had heard him preach a few times before the meeting in Louisville, but this was our first work together as leaders in the meeting.

I shall never forget that revival. So many fine young people were converted and sanctified in the meeting. We sang and preached in the tabernacle, on the streets, at the railroad shops, in the jail, and everywhere people were blessed under his ministry. From that day until the day he went home to Heaven, we were like brothers. He knew me better than any other living man, and I'm quite sure I knew him as well as any man knew him. We have worked in churches, and camp meeting sheds, under gospel tents, on the streets and everywhere he lifted his voice like a trumpet,

and the people always understood his message. He was not like the man driving the old, poor, lame horse to the rickety back crying out as loud as he could yell, "RA BA SAH."* When questioned what he had to sell he said, "I am not selling, I am buying." "Well," said the preacher, "What are you buying?" He replied, "I am buying rags, and bottles, and sacks."

[*It sounds like "RA" meant "rags," while "BA" meant "Bottles," and "SA" meant "Sacks," the spoken abbreviations of the words by the lazy crier being quite indiscernible to any who did not already know their meanings. -- DVM]

The preacher said he reminded him of a preacher who tried to preach sanctification without the experience. He would yell and puff and blow thirty minutes, and when he was through some good brother would ask him what he was driving at. When a look of surprise came on the preacher's face and he said quickly, "That's my sermon on sanctification."

I am saying everyone understood dear Brother Ferguson, not only when he preached on Holiness but when he preached on Hell.

I remember one night during our meeting at Waycross, Georgia, the tent was crowded to overflowing to hear him preach on the Ten Commandments. It was a cool night but the people were hot. Somewhere about the middle of the message he was telling about preaching the same sermon at other places and God was pouring His Spirit on the message, and on the people, when a man tried to leave the tent but failed because his strength was gone, and he sank back into his pew a dead man. It seems this had been repeated more than once in his meetings while he will relating these incidents. That night there was a commotion near the center of the great crowd and pretty soon they carried a woman out more dead than alive, I do not know whether she survived or not. I have seen many people swoon while he pictured a lost soul in Hell. I wish I could write something just half as startling as it was to hear his messages.

Two years ago next November I met him in Boston, Mass. He was helping Bro. John Gould over at Lynn. Our meeting was quite a coincidence. We were going to Port Fairfield, Maine, to hold a midwinter convention. Knowing he was at Lynn, I sent him a telegram "I would come through on the 6 o'clock train," but he had figured out some better connection and promised the audience at Lynn another service, and also promised them I would be with them that evening. But now he has a job on his hands to find a little man in the great city of Boston. He and Brother Gould came over to the city, went to North station but I was not there. To wait for me to come for my train would make them too late for their service, so they started out for a chase. While walking up Main street Ed said, "Here, let's go up this street, I think we will find him." They had not much more than turned the corner till we stood looking each other in the face. He shouted aloud on the street and praised God for leading him to the object of his trip to the city. There was no getting off from them, so I went with them. We had a glorious service that night. It was at that service where I met Miss Gussie Balch, who in a short time after became the wife of our Kentucky genius, the gifted, polished Andrew Johnson.

We left Lynn by night, and after a long trip we rolled into the little snow-covered city of Fort Fairfield, Maine. The weather was very cold, twenty degrees below zero part of the time, but the crowds came and we had a good time. One night there was a group of old men, several in

number, with long white beards and white hair. They were very nervous while Ed preached on Hell. He said, "They tell me you are cursed with one infidel club here in the city." He skinned them and tanned their hides and made whips out of them, and literally frazzled the infidel club. He told them that the infidel was in for Hell, and if they would never repent, the sooner they got there the better off the city would be. He offered them a thousand dollars a piece for every Irish potato they would make that would sprout and grow. Then he paid his respects to Christian Science. He said one objection he had to their doctrine, was that they were like a guinea pig, -- it was neither guinea nor pig.

After he had addressed the infidels and ridiculed Christian Science, he landed a jaw breaker to Russellism, paid his respects to the tongues people, and then settled down to the old Bible doctrine of a glorious Heaven for the Christian and a burning Hell for sinners. He said, "If the pulpits were filled with men who would preach the Bible all of this modern nonsense would never have had a place in this Christian nation." I said, "Amen" out loud.

The next morning we were going to the post-office when we passed several of the old men who were at the hall the night before and heard Brother Fergerson's sermon. A very old man squared himself on the sidewalk and said, "Well, I thought you would have gone on the other, side of the street." "Why," said Ed, "Well," said he, "We were those infidels you were talking about last night." "Well," said Ed, "I will not let a little thing like that get in my way, of anybody gets on the other side of the street let it be you. I'm at home; this is God's country. If I were you I would go to some country where God is not preached, and where no church bells are heard, -- where no mother ever teaches her little child to lisp the name of Jesus, and have it kneel by her knee and say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep,' -- where there are no Christian homes, no religious liberty but where without the Gospel of Jesus they could feed their children to the wild beasts of the forest." He told them they had better repent of their sins and pray God to forgive them for their wickedness and help them to make restitution for the wrongs of the past. They evidently felt guilty, and one by one they went away and did not return during the meeting.

A man with a false doctrine had no rest in a small town when E. A. Fergerson unpacked his big trunk and preached about three times on Hell. While he was terrible to the man with the false doctrine, he was a great comfort to the man who had, or wanted, the truth.

We were holding a meeting in a little town in Tennessee and the fight was on, and the battle was hot. The air was full of smoke. It finally got so hot a committee came to see him and told him if he did not let up on that close preaching they would not pay him one dollar. What do you reckon he did? He jumped up and said, "I have never been scared nor bought. I'll preach the truth, and when the meeting is over, I'll have Brother Yates to put me in a goods box, nail it up and ship me to Sister Fergerson, C.O.D." He said he wanted to be true to the God who called him from railroading to preach a gospel, that made a man pay his debts, love his own wife, pray with his family, live as clean a thousand miles from home in the dark, as he would at home in daylight. The Devil hated him. Some men can go to town and stay ten days and never stir the Devil, but old split-hoof always got busy about the third day in Fergerson meetings.

He was holding a meeting in a big warehouse in Greenville, Tennessee; both sides were busy. One night while he was preaching the outside crowd corralled a cow and compelled her to

go in the house. Ed said she looked about as much at home as a holiness fighter would in Heaven. He spoke to the old cow and told her she was welcome but her crowd was out in the street. Sometime after that, he was holding a meeting in Washington, D. C. One evening he was telling them how the people of the South all turned out to a meeting like that. "Why," he said, "the cows come to hear me preach in Tennessee." There was no end to his wit.

He was coming in home once tired and worn. There were not many in the coach, but some were playing cards and some were telling yarns. Ed lifted his eyes toward Heaven and thanked God for salvation and began singing a good camp meeting song. The big tears rushed down his shining face. The card players couldn't stand that, so they left the coach, and the devil said to Ed, "Now you have run those people out, and here comes the conductor to put you out," but he shouted some more and started another song. By this time the conductor had him by the hand, with tears in his eyes, and said, "Lord, bless you my brother, I've got that. I'm so glad you are in my train; go ahead and sing and shout as much as you please."

I wish I had time to tell about all of our meetings together. There were always results in his meetings. I remember being in Cincinnati at the camp meeting one night that was held in a big downtown theater. The large building was packed and jammed from the pulpit to the doors. He preached from the text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." Such crying and weeping and wailing, and not often heard. At the close of his message sixty-seven came to the place of prayer and the tide was high. The sightseers were there and one woman fell from the back of a chair upon which she was standing and dislocated her ankle, and was taken to the hospital. The morning paper said the big railroad evangelist should be properly punished for creating such excitement as that. Well, you know that was a nice way to advertise the meetings, but I see I am saying too much.

I will now speak of our meeting in Arlington, Texas, last May with Brothers J. T. Upchurch and T. B. Talbot. It was a convention. Brother Bud Robinson was there. You know what happened with the Cowboy Buddie and Railroad Ferguson at the helm. It was a most glorious revival. We left there Monday morning, took a through train at Dallas for St. Louis. Buddie came with us as far as Greenville. We had a great time together. After riding all day and all night, we reached St. Louis where we held a two weeks meeting in the Union Gospel Mission for Brother M. B. Gott. This was our last meeting together. It was in many respects a great meeting. Sister Ferguson and the children were with him the first week of the meeting. What a comfort and delight it was to him to have them with him. I do not think the man has lived or is living who loved his family more than he. With a glad sparkle in his eye he would tell me of their extra gifts and graces. After the wife and children went home we moved to the Marquette Hotel and roomed together. We read and studied the Bible as I had never done before, He was a hard student of the Word and all good literature. He was well posted along many lines and a more companionable brother never lived.

Little did I think that afternoon when we fell in each others arms and said good-bye, we were closing our last meeting together on earth. Our engagements together reached into the fall of 1914. Again, I left him standing at the gate at the Union Station where I met him and said good-bye twelve years ago. We each went our way, but never a week without a letter from him and he one from me. I came to his home town August 14, from Guthrie, Oklahoma, on my way to Bonnie Camp. I called at his home to see the family. I found them in distress. Sister Ferguson said, "Oh,

Brother Yates, Ed is sick, and I am looking for him home. Poor fellow, he is so sick." I spent the night with his father and mother. We had a good season of prayer. Each one calling Ed by name, and praying God to bless him and heal his body, if it be His will. But there was that uneasy, strange, restless feeling that cannot be described. I went back to Ed's home next day; they were looking for him more than ever. I went to the 11 o'clock train but he did not come. I went back up town, took dinner with my friend, John McPherson. After dinner we were singing when the telephone rang and I was called. I put the receiver to my ear and said, "Well, what is it?" And the excited voice of Sister Ferguson said, "Ed has come and is awfully sick." He had missed his train in St. Louis, purchased another ticket and came around the Southern road. I hurried down and found him more dead than alive.

He only spoke a few words to me. I knew he was a very sick man, yet I thought he would feel better when he rested from his long trip. He had come alone all the way from Waco, Texas. The doctor came and said he had typhoid fever. Oh, how that hurt me, -- that awful word, Typhoid. I was in its grip nine long weeks ten years ago, but still I felt Ed could pull through. I left the next morning and went to the Bonnie Camp. We heard from him every day, and we were not expecting the end. But Friday afternoon a man came with the message, "He is dead." My strength left with my hopes. Without a word we all went to prayer. The once strong giant was now helpless and cold in death. Brother A. G. Proctor and the writer were called upon to conduct the funeral.

After the two morning services at the camp we got in an automobile that had been provided, with Bro. and Sister Garrison, wife, Brother Proctor and myself. We reached Mt. Vernon in time. No tongue nor pen can tell the sadness of that hour. I had been in the house many times, but never before in the presence of cold death. After a short service in the home and the sermon at the First Methodist Church, we followed his body to the cemetery, where with songs and prayers, tears, sobs, and groans, we laid his remains in the grave and covered it with beautiful flowers, and turned away, realizing we had buried a good father, a loving, affectionate husband, a mighty man of God, a great preacher of the word, and a friend to all mankind.

We are lonely now, but with our heads above the waves and our hearts anchored in Jesus, we will press on till our day's work is done, and kind hands will minister the last sad rights here below. Then, ah, then, in that glad morning, when the dead in Christ shall come forth, amid the shouts and hallelujahs of the mighty host of all ages, we shall rise.

Sorrow and sickness, pain and cold death will be no more, thank God. That which I knew and loved in Brother Ferguson here in this world, I will recognize and love forever. Our parting here was sad indeed, but our meeting yonder will outweigh all our shadows and sorrows in this world.

I bless God for the privilege of living the life that has no death. I expect by the grace of God to join that company spoken of in Isaiah 35:10, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

"When the old ship of Zion shall make her last trip,
I want to be there, I do.

With head all uncovered to greet the old ship,
I want to be there, don't you?

"When all the ship's company meet on the strand,
I want to be there, I do.
With songs on their lips and harps in their hands,
I mean to be there, don't you?"

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20 -- DEAD IN BATTLE -- Seth C. Rees

My precious Brother Ed Ferguson, has fallen at the battle front, and died with the harness on. What an honorable discharge has he. No more noble record has been made in our day. He hugged both rails, flew across the plains, leaped the rivers, gracefully, made the curves, tunneled the mountains, made up time, and ran in ahead of the schedule.

What a clean record and what a warrior. What a stiff fight was on when Ed stood up with an open Bible in his hand and scalding tears on his cheek.

When fresh from two hours of closet prayer, Ed struck the platform, devils paled, and the foundations of hell were shaken. The devil hated him and all hell dreaded his colossal strength, and fearless Herculean blows. He was God's man, God's minister, a flame of fire.

In the great battles we fought together he never flinched, he never shirked, he was always just a little ahead.

It was just like him to go to Waco when he should have gone to bed. What a rare trait of character in these ease-loving times. When others were in slippers and evening gown, he was on the battle line with war paint all over his face.

While thousands sit in rocking chairs, or ride on rubber tires, Ed was enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

I loved him like a brother, and he was as true as steel when others were false. While I am heartbroken, and deeply deplore his untimely death, I want to die like that. How much better to die too soon, than to outlive ones usefulness. [The writer's next comment seems intended to be paradoxical. -- DVM] Scores of living preachers would have lived longer, if they had died years ago.

My twenty years' experience living in a trunk has prepared me to appreciate in a measure the sacrifices that Brother Ed has made during the past fifteen years.

The last time I met my Precious Brother, he was "in peril among robbers," and I was "in peril among false brethren. Bro. Ed had preached the closing sermon, one of the greatest I have

ever heard. The long altar was lined with seeking souls. Divine Power and great Glory were on the camp that last night.

The Camp Meeting Board had given Ed in cash what he was to have for his services and at midnight he stood on the [train] platform waiting for the train which was to bear him to his home where his wife and seven children were anxiously waiting his arrival. Suddenly a band of robbers surrounded him and relieved him of all his money which was to be the bread and butter for his dependent family. He was forced to return to the camp and borrow money for transportation home.

Having had a similar experience myself, I knew how to sympathize with him. He took joyfully the spoiling of his goods, and thanked God that he had something that thieves could not break through and steal.

He is now rewarded for his sacrifice and self-denial, for the long periods of absence from his home and family, for the long, wearisome, expensive journeys, for the hard and often unclean beds, for the poorly prepared, and often unclean food; for the unwelcome receptions, and often poor pay, for the inexpressible heart longing for the loved ones at home, for the awful agony of soul travail for the lost; -- all this and much more he nobly bore and went through like a conqueror.

My Brother was a Bible-preacher. He loved the Book. How many times when announcing some great, but unpalatable truth, he would say, "Brother that is Book," or "I am giving you Book." "Again this is more Book" and "the Book will stand when the world is on fire.

He was one of the most tearful and one of the most fearless preachers I ever knew. His preaching on holiness and hell was simply tremendous. His experience as a railroad man was most thrilling, his preaching on the soon coming of our Lord was indescribable. He was a strong scriptural, Pre-Millennial preacher. His preaching fed and "helped believers much." His precious wife and children have our deepest tearful sympathy. Oh that God might raise up many such, to publish full Salvation throughout the world.

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21 -- REV. E. A. FERGERSON -- By T. B. Talbot

My first meeting with Bro. Ferguson was at a revival in a little town in Southern Illinois, where he and Bro. Bud Robinson were laboring together. The services were held in an old warehouse. I had been in correspondence with him often before our meeting, and had learned to esteem him very highly. He impressed me as being a man of intense earnestness, fully given up to God. His heart beat with love for all humanity, and he preached a terrific gospel. God had saved him from a life of sin, and he yearned for the salvation of others.

As the years rolled on and Bro. Ferguson and I became better acquainted. I learned to love him very much. It was my delight to be in a meeting with him, and I had that privilege many times. God seemed to peculiarly bless his ministry. His sermons went straight to the heart, brought deep conviction to sinners; and doubtless many hundreds of souls found the Savior under his preaching. He was a Biblical preacher. He believed in God implicitly, and knew from experience that He

was able to save from sin. He preached with his whole soul, and would then sing, exhort, pray and shout as the people came into the kingdom.

I was with him at his last meeting before he went to heaven. It was at dear old Waco in August, 1912. He came one day late, and was not well when he arrived on the ground. Bro. J. B. Kendall and I urged him to go home, but he felt that he would be better in a few days and fight the disease off. He only preached five times, and while those who knew him best, saw that he was weak and worn, yet God greatly honored his messages. One of his last sermons was on "Breaking the Alabaster Box." As he drew from this subject lessons of love and tenderness, and told us how we should break Alabaster boxes, the Holy Ghost came upon the audience with wonderful power. It was a great message from a great heart.

We shall all miss him. Powerful in body and big in soul; tender as a child; filled with kindness and gentleness. The writer was with him in many battles. His memory to me shall always be sweet. I dearly loved him.

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Mrs. Thomas Talbot's Tribute

Having heard Brother Ferguson through three meetings that he held at the Pentecostal Tabernacle in Louisville, Ky., I learned to reverence and esteem him as a great and strong preacher of Bible Holiness. His tremendous earnestness, combined with a strong intellect and large physique, made him a very striking personality.

His sermons were so simple and interesting that the children delighted to hear him and the mature mind reveled in his fine illustrations and the remarkably forceful manner of presenting them. The sinner could not help wanting to hear him again. He was a wise winner of souls -- showing the heinousness of sin and the beauty of holiness. His preaching was in the demonstration of the Holy Ghost, and the large number converted and sanctified under his ministry will look forward to the meeting in the Heavenly Home where there will be no shadows.

It was a sweet privilege to have had him in our home. He won the children in his tactful way. And I longed to know his interesting family that he loved to talk about. This was granted me a year before his death. Seven lovely children and a gentle mother were the pride of Bro. Ed's heart. My prayer is that the Heavenly Father will answer his prayers for them "above what he was able to ask or think."

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22 -- THE PREACHER'S ONE BUSINESS -- By Beverly Carradine

Repeatedly as we go about we hear men ask one another, What is your business? In what line of work are you engaged?

It is the rarest occurrence for one of them to reply that they have several occupations, or that they are working for two firms, or that they handle two distinct lines of merchandise. Any such response affirming multiplicity of companies, or numerosity as well as a variety of goods handled, would announce a kind of Jack of all trades, and an occupation far beneath that which is recognized as the strict business life.

The variety store in the village exists as a necessity, and the vast combination emporium in the city, covering a block, is a wonderful convenience to the shopping public in some respects, and sometimes to everybody. But neither of these is referred to in the attention called to business representatives of a real solid commercial world. When all men are questioned as to the character of their employment, the immediate and short response is "Shoes," "Dry Goods," "Groceries," "Hardware," etc., etc.

The unbroken rule in the genuine twenty-four carat business world is that the agent represents only one line of goods or commodity, and works for one Firm.

We have asked traveling agents why they did not sell groceries when they were getting orders for shoes; and why a man who was standing for "Hardware" would not find it profitable to solicit orders for "Candies." They always smiled at this query, and one of them, knowing my calling, said, "No man can serve two master;" while others took the pains to show how it was far more profitable to the firm, the agent, and better for the public that one pursuit should be followed, and not the jumbling-up arrangement we had suggested.

Such a question, What is your business? put to all of us in a spiritual sense, and with a life meaning, would bring forth some very remarkable replies.

We would discover that few were devoting themselves to their Maker and Redeemer in the strict business sense of the moral realm; that numbers were trying to represent two Firms, Heaven and the World. Others were peddling all kinds of merchandise. And still others had become a kind of Jack of all trades in the character life, and could and would do any kind of thing that might be demanded of them by almost anybody.

It is certainly well, like the palm tree, to be good for many different excellent things; but it would be a strange tree indeed that would bear at the same time good, indifferent, bad and poisonous fruit.

Our one business as God's servants is to present the Gospel as He gave it to us, and to push salvation, and only salvation, all the time and everywhere.

And yet we have only to look around to behold, in what is called God's service, the mixing of business, the half-heartedness and the unfaithfulness of a perfect multitude of His servants.

Verily, we cannot help believing it would pay for us to stick to the one business for which the Savior founded the Church, and to go at it in the way He has indicated, and take commands and directions entirely from the Heavenly Firm, rather than try to serve two masters, compromise the

truth, adulterate the goods God gave us, and put on the market things he not only never required, but forbade us to have aught to do with.

Truly the pure Gospel will have greater weight with men's consciences, character and lives than the various man-made topics and earth-born subjects which we hear on many platforms and in numerous pulpits today.

Paul the Scholar could have brought to his audiences a vast amount of human knowledge and genuine wisdom, but would not, as he plainly declares to the Corinthians. As for something unspeakably inferior to that, lectures on the earthquake destruction of a city, quartette hymns sung to love-song melodies and interspersed with secular pieces, pulpit advice how to dance, court and marry; such unutterably contemptible stuff, never entered his single devoted mind. "One thing I do," he said once; and to the Corinthians he declared that he came not with wisdom of words and excellency of speech, but with the Cross; "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

This cross, or crucified Christ, meant all that is in the word, salvation. He amplified the meaning and scope of the term with four others in the same message, saying that Christ was made to us "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption."

This was Paul's business, his one line of goods, so to speak; and the record is that he kept at it, never changed his stock, never lowered the price by granting shallow repentance and imperfect consecration, and never did business for any other firm than the one which engaged him one day as he was on the road to Damascus.

His first question after accepting employment was, "What wilt thou have me to do?" And many years after, as he was about to die and was handing in his last account, he said, "He had fought a good fight, finished his course and had kept the faith." He was never sidetracked in all his long service. He did not get switched off from the salvation of the souls of the people by any kind of water application to their bodies. He vowed and declared that he had only baptized two or three persons, and no one could prove any more cases on him.

His idea was to get people saved and sanctified; rather than to obtain accessions to the cause, as desirable as they were; for it is noticeable that on his second missionary tour, the Scripture distinctly states that his object was to confirm and establish the churches already formed.

He had no lust for numbers, but prayed to the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ that those whom he had already led into the light might be filled with all the fullness of God.

He never trimmed to suit the ignorance, prejudice and authority of the Jews. Peter trimmed in this way because of his fear, and then Paul trimmed Peter for having trimmed to the ceremonial and unspiritual side of the church. Oh, how he got after him. How this noble, true representative of Christ glowed with a righteous indignation over a man who had been baptized with the Holy Ghost, and had been the leader in that wonderful day at Pentecost, and yet now allowed himself to be led captive by a set of ceremonialists in the church! An apostle going back to first principles, returning to the rite of circumcision that had been fulfilled completely and gloriously in spiritual

lines on the Day of Pentecost! Oh, how heaven must have thrilled repeatedly at the sight of the incorruptible integrity, the loyalty to truth and to fulfilled truth, and the magnificent fearlessness of the man, whether he stood before a prominent individual who needed rebuke, a gathering of the Sanhedrin who were trying him for his life, or a multitude crying out for his immediate death.

The question then to us of the Christian church ministry is, Are we really in the King's business, and are we making it our one work; or are we serving two masters, and peddling goods God never asked us to handle?

To the question; Whom do you serve? some in truth would have to say, "I serve the Board of Stewards, the Ladies' Aid Society, the leading members of the church and the Masonic fraternity. I dare not go against their words and wishes. I must please them, or I will be cast out of my stewardship, and then who will receive me?"

Let the reader carefully re-read the above paragraph, for it is as true of a large body of preachers as that the Gospel is true and the Day of Judgment coming.

To a second question, What do you present to the people as God's agent and servant, the salvation that Paul spoke of holding up alone; that the disciples said they would declare, no matter what men did, for they must obey God? And lo, the reply from thousands of pulpits and Sunday schools and camp meetings would be, "Anything but salvation."

One would say that he was discussing political and sociological subjects.

A second confessed to eloquent skyscraping harangues, that he might get in the papers and be called famous.

A third that he was not trying to get people saved by convicting preaching and persistent altar work, but was doing his best to be popular with his congregation and Conference and be elected bishop, which the Bible says plainly as an office, "is a good thing."

A fourth admitted that he was mainly after accessions.

Being warned that the way it was done was simply adding other corpses to a church which was already a morgue, the reply was that it was the rule now by which a pastor's or evangelist's success was gauged, measured, and declared, and he had to do it.

A fifth said he dealt in and dwelt mainly in his work on Mother, Home and Heaven.

Told that none of these constituted the salvation which Christ brought to earth as laid down in the Gospel; that we had to possess salvation before we could get into heaven, and that the love for a mother and home was not a spiritual but a natural affection which even the unconverted possessed, and which lost men and women doubtless took to hell with them; the reply was that the people liked that style of goods, in preference to full salvation, and his endeavor was to suit and please his patrons and money payers.

A sixth admitted that his principal merchandise consisted of ambiguities, and his main effort in his two sermons on Sunday was to miss everybody in the audience. "This," he continues, "requires much dexterity and entails harder work than you would imagine, but I manage it by avoiding offensive Scriptural terms, skipping the doctrines that seem to trouble the people, and dealing with characters and personages who lived hundreds of years ago, and about whom there is no division of opinion; for instance as to Henry VIII. and Cleopatra."

A seventh confesses that he is not presenting salvation to his people, but rather a series of addresses and lectures aimed to change the laws of the land.

"But this is not the Bible way to reach the trouble," is the rejoinder to Bro. Seven. "You are working at the branches, while the hope of humanity is not in an external lopping off and righting, but an internal transformation, 'The axe is to be laid at the root of the tree.' The tree itself must be changed. Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good. Salvation alters the character of the plant. Wrong branches will speedily disappear, with all that they stand for in evil legislation, wrong business and ungodly amusement as soon as the life is yielded to God and His spirit fills and controls completely the regenerated and sanctified heart. God does not work from without, in; but from within, out. You have reversed the Divine order, Bro. Seven, and you are not handling the goods which the Almighty entrusted to you."

And Bro. Seven gets very angry and cries out, "Must we let the country go to the dogs by reason of wrong laws in the city, State and National government?"

And the reply is, "If you and your church will get your Pentecost (the genuine article), and handle and push the one line of goods which God has entrusted to his people, i. e., salvation -- if you show the same zeal in getting men saved as is exhibited now in Chautauquas, popular union Gospel services, and other movements, we will soon have saved people in every walk and department of life, while converted and sanctified men in every law-making body in the land will speedily alter wrong codes and enactments, and the land be treated to a sight of salvation -- God's work -- instead of reformation, the skin-deep manipulation of men."

Verily if the Church, with its splendid manhood and womanhood, talent, treasure and labor, would have pressed real Holy Ghost salvation on the people, and made that their business, instead of lecturing, lobbying, speechifying, conventionizing and reforming, we would be hundreds of years nearer the millennium than we are, and they would see themselves, that the plan of God in redeeming the world is not by reformation, but by salvation; not by legislation, but through the Blood of Christ and the power of the Holy Ghost in the regeneration and entire sanctification of mankind.

Among the faithful ones of the ministry in the land who saw, felt, and urged these things upon the people was E. A. Ferguson. He stood for salvation, and for an uttermost salvation at that. Nothing less he knew would do for men, and nothing less he would preach.

He lived the life, presented the doctrine, urged the experience, saw victory on a thousand battlefields, and finally died in the harness a true and faithful soldier to the last of the Son of God. Truly one of the stanzas of that wonderful old Methodist hymn was fulfilled in his case:

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all and cry in death,
Behold! Behold the Lamb!"

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23 -- A REMARKABLE PREACHER -- By H. C. Morrison

My acquaintance with Rev. E. A. Fergerson was limited. He had preached for a number of years and had a reputation far and near as a powerful camp meeting preacher, and great revivalist, before it was my privilege to sit under his ministry.

The first time I remember to have met with him was at our Southern Holiness Convention some five years ago at Louisville, Ky. At that convention he preached for us at 9 o'clock one morning, in the Pentecostal Tabernacle. The place was packed with people and the spirit of devotion and holy love rested in a remarkable manner upon the congregation. I think no one person there will ever forget the sermon.

Brother Fergerson preached a sermon remarkable for scriptural insight, tenderness and power. His own soul was all aglow with the holy truth he preached. The audience was melted into tears. Wave after wave of devotion and joy swept over the place. He was unusually quiet in the pulpit but full of joy, while a torrent of well chosen and impressive words flowed from his lips with ease, accuracy and unction that was quite remarkable. It seemed almost impossible that a man who had enjoyed such small educational advantages, and only a few years ago was a wicked sinner in command of a crew of rough men on a freight train, could stand up there in the pulpit and pour forth so beautiful and gracious a flow of gospel truth.

Ed Fergerson was powerfully converted and gloriously sanctified. His call to preach was from God and he was a miracle of transforming and illuminating grace. I can scarcely remember when my own soul has been more refreshed and blest under the preaching of any brother than at the time referred to.

Two years ago this summer Brother Fergerson and myself were the selected preachers to administer the gospel at the State Holiness camp meeting at Wichita, Kansas. I shall never forget his preaching there. He preached with great power, human and divine. He threw his big body, his shining face, his glad soul, his powerful intellect, his wonderful voice, his earnest, warm heart, all into the work. He preached with hands and feet and lips and eyes, with laughter and tears. He held the vast crowds of people that gathered to wait upon his ministry, from text to Amen, with a strong, easy grip.

He had great natural gifts as a public speaker. His heart overflowed with genuine love for the lost. His soul knew no fear of man. He did not hesitate to denounce sin, though I never heard him abuse the sinner. He was an earnest and fruitful preacher of full salvation. He could move an audience to tears and laughter, relating his own remarkable experience, and make truly converted

people hunger and thirst after righteousness and long for the Caanan into which he had entered. Great companies of people flocked to the altar under his earnest calls, with tears trickling down his face and mighty pleadings for them to come to repentance, or come over into full salvation.

His illustrations were gathered largely from his own life experience. They were full of wrecked trains, shrieking whistles, clanging bells, breaking trestles, crashing railroad accidents, roaring furnaces of fire and cries of people for help and mercy, crushed limbs, mangled bodies, and rough men standing about a crippled or killed comrade, or bearing such a one away on a door torn from the side of a box car. And they all had point to them. They aroused the audience, held the attention, touched the heart and carried powerful conviction, and were forceful reminders of the importance of being always ready for the call that might come at the most unexpected moment.

Brother Ferguson was a hard student. When he was converted he was a married man with a family and it was too late for him to go to school. He was almost constantly in the evangelistic field, but carried with him a selection of good books and devoted himself to study. He had a tenacious memory and held in his mind what he read. He devoted himself to the study of the Greek language and was soon able to read New Testament Greek, which he used to advantage in the interpretation of his texts and enforcing the truth of holy writ. For a man of so little experience and advantages in literature, he was a remarkable, aggressive and convincing writer, and had one not known they would have read his contributions, believing that they had come from the pen of a man with large school advantages and considerable literary polish.

In preaching and testifying he never lowered the standard of a full salvation, but everywhere was faithful and true to the great doctrine of a full deliverance from all the guilt of sin committed and all the stain of sin inherited.

It is hard to realize that he has gone from us. It would be exceedingly sad if we did not foster the sweet hope that we will meet him again on the other side where sickness never comes and separations are ended. Let us who knew and loved him, be so faithful to his devoted wife weeping in her widowhood, and to the precious children who looked to him for support and guidance, that when we meet him, it will be without shame.

Brother Ferguson's sudden death powerfully impressed the mind of this writer. I too, have a wife and children, and since he, a man so strong and vigorous, passed away so suddenly and so unexpectedly, I have searched my heart and thought with much prayerful longing of those who depend upon me for food and clothing.

I trust that the death of our beloved brother will draw those of us who are on the firing line in the great holiness movement, into closer devotion to Jesus, into sweeter and more blessed sympathy and communion with each other, and that when the battle is fought out to the finish, we all may gather with glad shouts of praise at the feet of the Christ we have tried to proclaim, a gracious Saviour, able to deliver all men from all sin.

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"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." (Matt. 5:8)

"Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. 12:14)

The reader will note that the thought brought out in these two passages of Scripture is that of seeing God.

"They shall see God." Here is blessedness above all other bliss. This is the earnest, consuming desire of every heart. When Philip said to the Master, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," he gave utterance to the prayer which has burned in the hearts of patriarchs and prophets, saints and apostles, in all ages of the world.

This is the irrepressible demand of our intellectual and moral nature; we cannot come to anchor in this universe without him. We drift on the tide of our restless yearnings and painful experiences, until there comes the vision of that presence whom the eye never saw, the ear never heard, the hand never felt; that invisible presence named "God." It was the passionate longing of Moses in the Mount: "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory!" It was the breathing of the Psalmist's life: "My soul thirsteth for God, yea, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before him?" It was the second vision of Isaiah, when he "saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple." It was the glory of Ezekiel's rapture; it was the promised bliss of Simeon, that he should see God's Anointed. It was the peculiar favor bestowed upon the apostles -- "They beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." It is our blessedness, if we are pure in heart. Purity of heart gives the vision of God.

* * *

How Can We See Him?

I would say first, not by the senses. Sight cannot take in the essence of things. The eye takes note of form and color, but not of the inward and spiritual. One cannot see gravitation, as it holds the mountains and seas in the grasp and as it swings the planets and spheres through space. You cannot see life. You may behold its manifestations throbbing in the insect, beating in the pulses of the sparrow, and in the flushed cheek and beaming eye and bounding step of one you love; but the mystic principle itself you cannot see. You cannot see your friend; you may discern his visible form and features, but his inner character, the qualities of mind and heart which make him your friend, you cannot see. So you cannot see God by the senses, for the Infinite One does not appear in finite form. He has not shape and color, and can be seen only by the spirit. Just as the blind in the physical realm cannot behold objects that may surround them, so impurity shuts out the vision of God from the soul. Notice, the pure in heart see God.

The deaf hear not the strains of music or the loud chorus of the sea. The selfish see not the beauty of benevolence or the unchaste the beauty of purity; so the heart that is unholy sees not the Divine. The eternal purity fades from the view of him whose soul loves only the carnal. But to the

pure the vision is given, and the poorest, the humblest may come to this sublimest knowledge in the universe -- the knowledge of God.

This is a present inheritance: "Shall see God." When the divine Man of Nazareth says, "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled," he does not mean in the next life merely, but in this; so the pure in heart, by virtue of their purity, come at once to the vision of God.

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God Seen In His Works

The pure in heart can see God in his works. The whole visible creation around us embodies the thought of God, and his autograph is written on the stars and emblazoned in the sun, painted in the blue dome of heaven and seen where diamonds pour from the granite lips of some beautiful waterfall.

Like the old dervish in the Eastern tale, who, after he had rubbed his eyes with a fine ointment given him, saw flashing diamonds, brilliant rubies and emeralds, where before he had seen nothing but bare rocks and dull earth, so the pure in heart see what other eyes cannot see, and walk through the world as a home where the Father's portrait hangs even upon the walls, and where upon every stairway and every corridor are the memorials of his tender care.

* * *

God Seen In His Son

We see God in the person of his dear Son. How he has loved us and washed us in his own precious blood! We see his face everywhere we turn; we hear his tender voice and he never leaves us nor forsakes us. "Behold, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

But there is not only a present but a future realization. There are yet the goal and crown. There is yet an open vision, the immediate presence of the King in his beauty. The present disclosures are but the pledge and earnest of a bliss to come. We have often longed for the return of some dear one from the spirit-land, and have sighed, "Oh, for a glimpse of that loved face! Oh, for one word from that sweet, hushed voice! Oh, for that dear one to come back and tell us there is a heaven; that there is the throne of God, the songs of the angels, the tree of life, the redeemed who walk in white amid the radiance of the Father's glory! But what is that yearning compared with the longing of every believing heart to behold the blessed Savior?"

"And every man that hath this hope in him (that is, of seeing Jesus as he is) purifies himself even as he is pure." Not only the present seeing him, but the future beholding him. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty," and what unmingled glory shall be revealed in his person.

But, there is yet, besides the personal manifestation of the glorified Christ, a revelation of the divine essence of pure, essential Deity. (When the heavens were opened to Stephen, he saw Jesus "standing on the right hand of God;" and Saint John, describing the beautiful city, said, "I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." "The throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it." And the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there." It is distinctly promised that his servants shall see his face. There shall be such an unveiling of the uncreated God as no man in his unchanged flesh and blood could see and live. The vision is not of bodily sight, yet it does not fall short of God in his pure essence. The pure in heart shall see him, not by outward gaze, for angels and seraphs behold the uncreated One; they shall see him less by a gazing at, than by living in him. The vision is by union with his nature.

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The Brightness Of His Glory

To the eyes of his saints, the presence of the Infinite may be exhibited by heavenly tokens and by a manifested glory, but it is the brightness that is dark from excess of light. No eye of sense may ever penetrate it; it is some power of vision higher than sight. The heart shall see him, and this is the most true and perfect light. For, manifold as are the objects and modes of perception, the power of vision is one and indivisible. It does not originate in the body but in the living spirit; it does not terminate in the bodily organization, but in that spiritual perception. It is hardly more an act than a consciousness, so that the beholding of created and visible things is but a mediate and outward consciousness, while the contemplation of the image of the uncreated God in purity of heart, is an immediate inward sight; a sight more perfect and distinct and true than any outward vision by bodily organs; we can see purity, knowledge, love but by participation. The sight which the perfect shall enjoy will all be one perception. The heavenly court, the celestial hierarchy, the holiness of saints, the glorified manhood of Christ, the vision of God, will be seen with the eye-sight of the Spirit.

Then our whole nature shall see God, not in succession, but in one everlasting act of the pure in heart. Oh, what rapture is this! Deeper and more intense than any visible manifestation to the outward sense; the full, deep overflowing bliss of a soul into which the divine nature is pouring itself in a mighty tide of everlasting blessedness!

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25 -- BRO. FERGERSON'S PREACHING -- By L. L. Pickett

As an evangelist our brother was very effective. He dug up his hearers and stirred their hearts mightily. Few men could move a congregation more really or stir them more deeply.

One of his leading themes was that of the future punishment of the wicked. This is a subject on which many ministers are dumb. Not so with Evangelist Ferguson. He believed that God holds the reins of government in his own hands, and that he will surely execute judgment on those who trample on His righteous laws.

The doctrine of hell and terrors of a judgment to come are fearfully real in the Scriptures. If we cannot accept the teachings of the Bible concerning hell why need we believe them concerning heaven. If the Bible is an authority in the one case it surely must be in the other. No hell, no heaven.

There is a God, just, holy, good, wise, almighty. Heaven and earth are full of His glory. His footprints may be seen on land and sea. His fingermarks in earth and sky. The good are like Him. They draw their goodness from Him. Heaven is His throne, His home, and will be theirs when they leave this world. This is perfectly natural. "Where I am, there shall my servants be." As there is a God who is good, so there must be a place where He dwells -- His home. Then as there are good people, those who love, honor and live for Him, it is evident that when they depart this life, when they leave this world, His city, His dwelling-place, will be their eternal home.

But just as there is a good and merciful Creator, who upholds all things by the word of His power; so there must be a Devil, an evil power. We know there is by his footprints in the earth. His evil influence can be felt, his hateful, hurtful, hellish deeds are clearly seen. Satan's handiwork is as manifest in the earth as God's. If there be no Devil, whence wars, murders, thefts, forgeries, rapes? Whence pain, suffering, death, anarchy, bribery? If there be no devil, whence the wickedness, the devilishness of the world? Supposing there be no devil, who is it that carries on his work? Whence the vast fortunes and their selfish, corrupt use; whence the gambling hell, the house of shame, the divorce evil, the saloon and its destructive and damnable evils?

Of course there is a devil. His power is felt, his influence pervades the earth, the very atmosphere is tainted with his polluting, miasmatic exudations. But if there be a devil there must be a hell -- for hell is simply his home. Where he stays is hell. Let him gather about him all the thieves, harlots, murderers, gamblers, train-wreckers, slanderers, seducers, villains; all the drunkards, liquor-makers, [liquor]-venders and [liquor]-voters; all the haters of God and holiness, all the enemies of virtue and righteousness and let him herd them together, to hate and curse and fight and devour each other forever and there is hell. Whether it be a lake of fire literally I know not, but there is a devil and this necessitates a hell.

Now my friend and brother, Ed Ferguson, was a mighty preacher on the fact of and need for a hell. With this message he could stir men to the depth of their being. I often heard him on this terrible theme. He felt that it was a doctrine of revelation and a reality, and being true he felt that men should be warned. And his warnings were delivered with tears. He felt the force of his own message. I have seen him preach on this subject for an hour and a half. Much of the time tears were running down his own cheeks and a multitude were weeping and wailing before him. Under a sermon by him in Chicago I saw strong men stretched out upon the floor for twenty or perhaps thirty minutes before the close of his message.

But Ed's labors are ended. His toiling days are over. He rests from his labors and his works do follow him. Let us who are left preach in the fear of God and the love of men the same gospel under the awakening power of which a multitude was led to God through his ministry. As his sheaves were many, let us not go empty-handed to meet his Judge and ours.

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THE END