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THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE
By C. B. Fugett

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INTRODUCTION TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Several years ago, we digitized "My Life Story" by C. B. Fugett, a very touching and inspiring little booklet which left one wishing there was more. Since that time I have hoped to find more written about or by C. B. Fugett. I was happy to learn that this book has more by him. With minor exceptions, the first two chapters of this book are virtually identical with "My Life Story." The next 7 chapters are messages by C. B. Fugett, and the last chapter is a poem by Isabell Maxey entitled "The Poem of My Life."

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FOREWORD

For years I have known Rev. C. B. Fugett, the author of this book, The Sunny Side of Life; in fact I have known him from the very beginning of his new life in Christ Jesus. Being closely associated with him, I have always believed in him. No one who knows him can question his sincerity and his zeal for the Kingdom of God.

Rev. C. B. Fugett lived on the Dark Side of Life before he met the Christ of God. I don't know of anyone whose life story is more effective, and shows forth the marvelous grace and power of God more definitely. Not only is his Life Story fascinating and telling for the Master, but the Messages printed in this book have been preached throughout the Country, and God has blessed them to tens of thousands!

You cannot help being impressed in reading his Life Story and the Messages, which are full of light and truth, and which were delivered in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, for this same power and appeal permeate the printed word. We trust that thousands, yea, tens of thousands, who may not be privileged to hear this man of God in person may find great joy and a deepening of their spiritual life through this one who has proved the grace of the all-wise Christ of God who walked the shores of Galilee and gathered His disciples from among the lowly! He is still demonstrating His power and His wisdom in His choices! The same wisdom and power is used by the Holy Ghost today that made Paul exclaim: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

The author has never professed to, or even made a pretense to, deliver his Messages in man's wisdom, but "in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost!"

We pray that this beautiful spirit which has always dominated and been manifest in the life of Rev. C. B. Fugett shall ever be felt, seen, heard, in this book!

Meredith G. Standley

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INTRODUCTION

As the pastor of Rev. C. B. Fugett I have been asked to write an introduction to this book.

The first time I ever met C. B. Fugett was when I was pastor of a church in Texas. On the first night of the meeting he gave his life's story and 40 people sought and found God. In that meeting I learned to respect Rev. Fugett as one of the leading evangelists of the nation.

Since being his pastor I have learned to appreciate him more than ever. He is a unique personality, Godly in character, optimistic in nature, dynamic in preaching, humble in spirit, individualistic in style, gifted in prayer, and fearless in dealing with sin. His messages are saturated with prayer and tears, and empowered with the Holy Spirit.

For more than 25 years he has lived in Ashland and been a loyal member of the local church. He is respected by the church and community. During the last two years he has conducted two revivals in the church. The last one being among the best revivals in the church's history. His local church has faith in him and large crowds are in attendance when it is announced that he is to preach.

Though redeemed from a life of sin; he is cultured and refined. In reality he is a miracle of grace. To hear him preach is to respect him; to know him intimately is to love him. C. B. Fugett is one of the greatest souls I have ever met.

Galal A. Gough, Pastor
First Church of the Nazarene
Ashland, Kentucky

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Chapter 1
THE MARVELOUS CONVERSION OF C. B. FUGETT

Born in a log cabin in the hills of Kentucky, where some die getting religion and some die wearing boots.

Oh, how well do I remember that old cabin, the old fireplace, the back logs, the dog irons; those cold winter nights when we children would pop corn, roast potatoes and play blindfolded and chicka-me-craine-crow. That's a great game! There was a little cherry tree near the back door, and a little old log barn not very far from the house, and up on the hillside there was a little black haw tree. But now the old cabin has been torn down. The little cherry tree stands there no more and, sadder still, some that formed the circle around the old fireplace -- they are gone, too.

I am sorry to say that I began to smoke cigarettes when I was a lad of only eight years of age, and was drunk at the age of ten. From ten until I was twenty-one, I was known as the boy gambler, from Cincinnati to Owenton, Kentucky. Night after night in Cincinnati, the bartender got my last dollar, and I was kicked outside or pulled into the back room to spend the night -- sleeping in the rear ends of old saloons, lumber roads, straw stacks, and along the roadside until my health broke at the age of twenty-one.

Whiskey ate the lining out of my stomach, and I didn't think then that I had long for this world. Only God knows how I suffered! Now, friends, you know when you are feeling good you don't think much of God or Eternity, but when the color leaves your cheeks and your health is gone it certainly changes the color of some things.

I had never read a chapter in the Bible nor heard one read before I was twenty-one, but God put something in my conscience and something in your conscience to teach us that the righteous have a different reward from the wicked. I was sick, sad and despondent.

One dark, rainy night I was staggering the streets of a little town -- cold, hungry and penniless. As I was passing a little Methodist Church, I heard them singing:

"They told of salvation so free,
And of Savior that died on the tree!"

I staggered into that little church that night and threw an old torn overcoat and a flopped-down hat on the floor, and sat down on the back seat.

There were a few young people singing from the "Amen Corner," and they had a shine on their faces that I had never seen on a face before. With their hands lifted toward Heaven, tears rolling down their cheeks, they sang that old hymn: "It Is Joy Unspeakable and Full of Glory!"

My friends, it was the freedom and the glory on those singers that attracted my attention. And the same thing that attracted my attention still attracts the attention of a lost world today. The Holiness people sing different and testify different; they pray different and preach different, and they are different from any people in the world, and there is no substitute for the glory of God.

Oh, there is no way to tell the impression that service made upon me! The preacher preached, and I never heard a word he said. He dismissed without an altar call. I left the church and got drunk. The next morning when I woke up, the little singers came up before me again. I could see the shine on their faces and hands lifted toward Heaven. I am so glad God called after me!

On January 21, at 10:30 in the morning, God spoke to me and said, "Will you go back to that little church tonight?" And I said, "I will if I am not dead!" From the way I was feeling, I thought I would be dead before night. When I made God that promise I got weak in the knees. I left an old tobacco barn, with men I had been in deep sin with, went down on the hillside, fell on my knees, and began to pray! The rain was coming down from heaven, but there is nothing that can stop any man from seeking God if he really wants God. I didn't know how to get saved. I had never seen a soul converted in my life!

I returned to that little Methodist Church the next night. Herbert Boulder came in and sat by my side. Brother E. J. Arthur preached. By the way, he was a Holiness preacher. At the close of his service he said, "I am now going to open the altar!" I will confess I didn't know what he was going to "open."

At the close of the sermon, this young man looked at me. He had the kindest look upon his face that I had ever seen, and in a sweet, tender tone, he said to me, "Jesus loves you!" That was the sweetest message I ever heard! He was the first man that ever told me that Jesus loved me! I have often wished that I could reproduce the kind look on his face and the tender tone in his voice. He said to me, "Don't you want to give your heart to Jesus tonight?" and we both started for the altar.

I cried and prayed for nearly two hours. The Lord said to me, "Will you give up your cigarettes?" I said, "I will!" From that night to this minute I have never touched another. He said, "Will you give up your liquor?" I said, "If You will lift this burden from my heart that is crushing me to death, I will never drink any more!" I said, "I am through with my cards and my drink." There on my knees, apparently all the sins of my past came before me like a mountain turned black. I quit, got up and sat down on the altar. The preacher said, "What is wrong?" I said to him, "I can't make it!" He said, "You almost got saved a few minutes ago. Get down here and try it again."

How I thank God for that last little boost that dear preacher gave me. Through that little boost I have led nearly 197,000 souls to Jesus Christ, of whom there are over one hundred out preaching the Gospel today.

I dropped back on my knees. Sister Edith Printer began to sing:

"The cleansing stream I see! I see!
I plunge, and lo, it cleanseth me!"

And about that time I "plunged!" I was on my feet praising God! I looked at the preacher; I thought he was the prettiest man I had ever seen! I looked at the little choir of singers; they looked

like angels! I looked at my old shoes; they looked better! I looked at my hands; I thought they had changed!

Now, my friend, the preacher hadn't changed, neither had the singers, neither had my shoes or hands, but that moment I was born into the Kingdom of God, and:

"I remember when my burdens rolled away,
I have carried them for years night and day;
When I sought the blessed Lord,
And I took Him at His word,
Then at once all my burdens rolled away!"

I can say with the poet:

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!"

The most beautiful picture that hangs on the walls of my memory is that little Methodist altar where I first met Jesus.

That night at midnight I stood on the street corner and conducted my first street-meeting. Remember, the night before I was drunk, the following night I was on the street corner, testifying. I hadn't yet joined the church nor been baptized but, thank God, I had been born again! My brothers thought I was drunk, put me in the old buggy, and we started home. They would curse a while and then I would shout a while. I said, "Boys, I have got it!" They said, "You got it in the neck!" I said, "No, I have got it in my heart!" I almost rubbed a hole in my shirt over my heart. I would just yell, "Hurrah for Jesus!" just as loud as I could.

When we reached home, I went to the bedside of my father and mother, woke them up and told them that I had found Jesus. I bowed by the bedside and opened a family-altar in that home, that is still going yet today. Since that time I have seen a number of my sisters, brothers-in-law and loved ones accept my Christ under my ministry.

This all took place over twenty-seven years ago, but I am glad to say that He is more real to me today than He has ever been in my life, and I would close by saying, "Praise God from whom all blessing flow!"

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Chapter 2 ONE HOUR ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Dr. T. M. Anderson asked my permission to name the second chapter of my life story. After listening to the story, he gave it the title, "One Hour on the Sunny Side of Life."

After reading the story of my conversion and the awful life of sin that I was saved from, you can understand that naturally I was grabbing for every straw to keep from backsliding. I had never heard of that doctrine, Once in grace, always in grace! There is only one thing wrong with that doctrine. There is not a word of truth in it! God has put something in my conscience and something in your conscience that teaches us that the righteous have a different reward from the wicked.

I shall never forget the first prayer meeting, after the revival closed, in the little Methodist Church where I was converted. One-half hour before the janitor unlocked the door, I was sitting on the steps waiting to get in. They had a testimony meeting that night. I had never seen anything like it, and I noticed the young people were testifying. I figured that they would expect me to give a testimony, so I fixed me up a good one. I got on my feet to deliver it and forgot every word of it. I am going to give you now my first testimony. I said, "Thank God He has saved me from tobacco!" That was the big thing in my life, because I had been a cigarette fiend from a little boy. A good sister in the church yelled out, "That's good, stick to it!" It was like giving me a hypodermic. I thought I really had said something.

In this little Methodist Church there was a certain young lady who, every time she testified, got blessed. I thought I would like to have her for my wife. Maybe I should not have had thoughts like these in prayer meeting, but I am sure that all of you that are married got your wife some way. Probably after all there is no better place to pick one than from the prayer meeting crowd! The devil told me I couldn't get her. She was a teacher in that little Methodist Church. But the devil lied to me, for in nine months I had her. The first night I asked to take her home, I just didn't know how to go about it. I asked her if she was going home. There was nowhere else to go around that joint at that time of the night. She said, "I am," and then said I, "So am I." Nine months from that time we stood at the little Methodist altar and were united in marriage.

Right after we were married, we received light on raising tobacco. I told the Lord I wasn't going to raise it any more. My father said, "You will starve to death." I told him if I did I would be in Heaven before my heels got cold. Friends, I would rather starve to death and go to Heaven, than have all the world and be lost, for "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" From that day to this, I have never raised another stalk of tobacco. I have not starved to death either, for God has supplied my every need.

In the little village where I was converted, we conducted street meetings twice a week. One night I related to my congregation on the street corner that I had quit raising tobacco. A merchant came to me at the close of the service and said, "I understand that you are going to quit raising tobacco." I said, "I have already quit." Then he said, "Can you barber?" I said, "I can." However, I had never cut a man's hair or shaved a man in my life. He said, "I have decided to rent you a room up over the store to live in and a place in my store for your shop." Naturally, I inquired how much he was going to charge for my living headquarters and also my barber shop. He said, "\$1.50 for both." I said to him, "That is cheap enough, but I haven't got the \$1.50." He said he would take it out in trade. I knew I could stand it if he could, and there closed one of the biggest deals that were ever pulled off in that little town.

We went to housekeeping in one room. We had our kitchen, dining room, bedroom, and sitting room all in one. We had a goods box for a kitchen cabinet, and we erected a table from a goods box, too. We had to burn a kerosene lamp in daytime in order to see, for there was just one window pane in that room. We had three straight-back chairs and a wooden bed with slats. You say, "Mr. Fugett, were you happy in a home like that?" I was never happier in my life! We loved God and each other! Remember, friends, it takes more than wood and nails and bricks and mortar, fine Russian or Persian rugs and overstuffed furniture, and silverware, and special china to make a home. If you have the Lord and love for each other, let it be ever so humble, it is home, sweet home.

In Kentucky where I was born, I never heard of a toothbrush nor a safety razor nor toilet soap. We made our soap out of cracklings, and lye that we derived from ashes run through an ash-hopper. I always made mother's soap for her. All this brushing your teeth, shaving every morning, polishing your shoes, was never heard of where I was born; and then again, we never heard of that pajama business. All I had to do was pull off one old galluses and jump in. We sure did save a lot of time. We had time to pray and time to read the Bible, and really time to live; but now we are living in a streamlined age. We have streamlined furniture, streamlined radios, streamlined trains, streamlined airplanes, streamlined automobiles. We even have a streamlined ministry and streamlined pulpits, and there is a streamlined religion. It has no Cross in it, no death in it, and no Blood in it! But the religion of Jesus Christ has a Cross in it, and death in it, and Blood in it; but, thank God, The Way of the Cross Leads Home. That is the way we must go. Many of us have many plans. God has just one. Let's not miss it!

I bought me a barber chair from a shop. I shall never forget the rainy day Nellie and I upholstered that chair and varnished it. I had me a little barber sign painted red, white and blue. I wish I had taken a patent on it. (I might have some money today.) I got the little sign up on the side of the store Saturday morning. It would run only when the wind blew, but the wind was in my favor and the little sign was a-spinning, and I was standing like a big green country boy watching it, and here came a man down the street toward my shop. I looked him over. He looked like he needed his face mowed instead of shaved, and I said, "O Lord, don't let him go in!" But that is one prayer God didn't answer. Then I was in hopes that he wanted to purchase something out of the store. The merchant said, "What will you have?" He said, "A shave." The merchant pointed to me and said, "There is the barber." The big fellow started to get in the chair. It looked like my old chair would flatten out, but it didn't! My father had said, "Son, before you shave them, soap them good in hot water." I will never forget it in this world, and I know he won't.

That was great experience. I had purchased me a new razor. It had never been on a man's face. I paid twenty-five cents for it. I went to work on him. I got him about one-half way down one cheek, turned him over and went to work on the other side. I got him about one-half way down the other side and my old twenty-five-cent razor quit, and the more I sharpened, the duller it got. My hand slipped and I sliced him one. I used every barber's towel Nellie had made me, mopping blood. Blood ran down into his Vandyke I had left. Then I filled it with powder. He looked different! I imagine he felt different! I said to him, "You are finished." He said, "What do I owe you?" I said, "A nickel." He paid the nickel, walked to the door, pulled his old red bandanna out, and began to mop the blood from his face. I stood there and watched my first customer go away

sorrowful. Oh, that is so funny now, but it sure wasn't funny then. It seemed to me like drops of perspiration the size of your thumb were running down my back.

I didn't know that Nellie had been peeping. She called to me and said, "Let us go up to the room!" Very meekly I followed her up the steps, and she said, "We will pray!" Now, my friends, in the twenty-five years of my ministry I have sat under men like Billy Sunday, Will Huff, E. Stanley Jones, Dr. H. C. Morrison, Gypsy Smith. I have had the privilege of sitting under some of the greatest preachers that ever crossed this continent. But the greatest prayer I ever heard prayed in my life was in that little dark room that Saturday afternoon. Nellie told God how He saved me from liquor and gambling and tobacco, and how I was trying to make an honest living without working in the tobacco patch. She prayed until she got the party on the other end of the line. She said to me, Got will not let you down! Take courage! She reached me a handful of pocket handkerchiefs, and said, "Use these for barber's towels if anyone else comes in." Three months from that day, I was making \$5.00 a day in the barber shop. That was good twenty-five years ago. As much as I believe that God sits on the Throne, I believe He heard that little woman's prayer.

While I was in the store with the merchant, he was gloriously converted and called to preach the Gospel. When he received his call to preach he said he wanted to sell the store to me, but I told him I couldn't buy an old hen and chickens. I was taking every dollar I made to make my restitutions. He said he would sell it to me on time. If I paid for it, it was O. K.; if I never did, still O. K. I said, "Man, that sounds good!" I went up to talk it over with Nellie. I thought she would be proud to have a merchant for a husband. Instead she began to cry. She said, "You and that man ran all the trade away." I said, "He got religion." I mean it. We laid it on so hard that people quit coming in. I told her, "We can't lose anything." She asked, "Why?" I informed her that we didn't have anything to lose. She said, "Say, I had never thought of that." I told her that we would have to do some thinking to go through this life, so we bought the store. In twelve months, we paid every dollar for the store. We had a prayer room in the back room and one upstairs. I never sold a dime's worth of tobacco while I was in the grocery business, and I had the largest grocery trade in town. Part of the time we ran five clerks a day.

But while I was so busy, one day I discovered the heavenly dove had ceased to sing in my soul. I said to Nellie, "I will never go in that store again until I hear from Heaven!" The next morning about four o'clock I struck the glory world, and I sold the store before breakfast.

I went on the road as a traveling salesman. I preached at every street corner, train, and courthouse yard they would allow me to. I was preaching good while before God called me to preach. He saw I was going to preach anyway, so He just called me. When I received my first call to the pastorate, there were six women and one man there in a little mission home. This little home sat over creek called Kezer Creek, up in Kentucky. The devil told me that if I gave up my job to preach Holiness I would starve to death; and I told the devil that if I preached anything it would be sky-blue Holiness.

We began our work in this little mission home and one day a revival broke out and a fine bunch of people prayed through. In the number was a bartender's wife by the name of Williams. He tended bar on Front Street at Catlettsburg. When his wife got converted, she cleaned house and broke up his card table and beer bottles. The bartender sent me word that if I ever put my foot in

his house, it would be pitiful for me. But you know, my friends, God allows every preacher to have some severe trial in his life; and I believe if he makes it through over that test, he will make good. One day everything we had to eat all ran out at once. We didn't have anything for breakfast, and had nothing for lunch. This was the darkest day that I had ever lived since I had been converted! Along in the afternoon, I prayed that we starve to death and never tell it and keep the reproach off the Lord. They tell me before you die of starvation, you feel like you are full of good things. However, I hadn't gotten that far along and my stomach was growling like a dog.

I said, "Nellie, we are going up to see Mrs. Williams, the bartender's wife." You remember he had sent word never to put my foot in his house. We didn't any more than enter his home until the telephone rang, and I could tell from their conversation that he was coming home. My heart, that is supposed to be under my fifth rib, got to beating up in my neck. I prayed a little prayer about an inch long. I said, "O God. if he kicks me out of the house, help me to demonstrate the Spirit of Jesus!" About that time, he hit the door. His wife said, "This is Rev. Fugett and his wife." At once he began to curse me and bemean me, calling me vile names; but thank God, I was sanctified. There wasn't a ripple in my soul, and when he was through with his abuse, I said, "God bless you, Mr. Williams. Jesus loves you!" He went into the kitchen, sat down, and began to cry. His wife came in and said, "Brother Fugett, he is weeping -- the first tears I have seen him shed in twenty years." She went back to the kitchen and he said, "Wife, I have to tell those good people good-bye!" He came in and asked my forgiveness, told me he was ashamed of himself, and that he believed in my kind of religion. As he shook my hand, he left \$5.00 in it, and also \$5.00 in my wife's hand. Friends, you can never know just how I felt! We hadn't had a bite to eat all day, and here God was using an old saloon keeper and had him a-bawling and giving us money! It seemed to me, when I saw that \$5.00 bill, someone pushed a button in my back. An electric current went from head to heel! I knew I was going to have a spell and I thought the best place to have it would be at home. I don't know how we got out of there.

We got down home, we sat down on the floor and I told Nellie how I had suffered during the day. I pulled out my \$5.00 bill and, sure enough, she had \$5.00, too. We sat there and shouted, whooped and bawled, and told God we would never let Him down. While we were shouting, there was a rap on the door. I went to the door! A big tall man was standing there. He said, "Mr. Fugett, I am a railroad man. I live in Ashland. I am a sinner man, but I have felt all day like you might be in need!" He took out of his truck a big ham of meat, a sack of sugar, a bucket of lard, a sack of flour, a sack of meal, a big beef roast, three big steaks, and a whole side of breakfast bacon. By that time I was sure enough having spells. But let me say, my friends, if we live a holy life, shun the wrong and do the right, I know the Lord will make a way for us, for He has said, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus!"

Remember the devil had been riding me, but now it was my time to ride. I got on, and said, "Old devil, look at that big ham of meat, look at that big beefsteak! You said if I preached Holiness, I would starve to death!" I said, "Old devil, I want to serve notice on you that I have been pouring it on hot, and your children are paying the bills," for both of them were sinner men.

The first four months in Normal, Kentucky, we built a new church seating a good four hundred people. We had five hundred to pray through and find Jesus. Most of them have gone on to their reward.

Then the Lord called me to the evangelistic field! My companion always stood with me. I was ordained one year, and she was ordained the next. We began our evangelistic work in the mountains of Kentucky. There were nights that we sat up in the little mountain stations, because we didn't have a quarter to get a room. I never heard her complain once about the way being so hard. I have never met a person on this earth who carried so much a burden for the lost, as she carried.

One day she took sick. From that she was operated on. Apparently she recovered and had a relapse. They put her in a room three months by herself, without company. She said to me, "These have been the sweetest three months I have lived. Jesus Christ has been so real!" One day she took a turn for the better. The doctor said, "Reverend, your wife is much better. You can go back to the evangelistic field."

I was in Inez, Kentucky, on my knees at seven o'clock, in Mr. J. E. Maynard's home, praying, for the meeting that I was conducting in the courthouse, when a rap came at the door. A man had ridden horseback from Paintsville. He said, "Rev. Fugett, I have a message from Rev. John Fleming. Your wife is at the point of death. Come at once." I rushed to her bedside. I called God's Bible School to pray for her, and many other of her friends, and the best doctors in the State of Kentucky were at her bedside.

On the 29th day of November, at 11:30 P. M., Dr. Stimson, chairman of the staff of doctors that had so loyally stood with us, said, "Rev. Fugett, your wife is in a coma and will never know you again." I thought I was ready for the shock, for I knew she couldn't live; but you know, friends, we are never ready. I slipped out into a little adjoining room and had prayer. I asked God to allow her to talk with me one more time. When I returned, I picked up her hand, and she opened her eyes. I said, "Nellie, did you know that you came almost going to Heaven a few moments ago?" She said, "I know it." I said, "How close to Heaven did you get?" She said, "I saw Jesus. He is the most beautiful being my eyes have ever looked upon. There is a little river out in front of me, and while He was here with me, He built a bridge across that river for me to cross on!" Then she folded her hands and began to sing,

"The toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I've gone the last mile of the way."

I kissed her good-bye, and said, "Nellie,

If you hasten off to Glory,
Tarry just inside the Eastern gate.
For I'm coming in the morning, And
you won't have long to wait!"

These memories linger with me. Nellie was a close friend of my present wife, Elizabeth. I pray God this message will encourage some discouraged heart.

ARISE! ARISE!

Come, labor on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work today!"

Come, labor on!
Claim the high calling angels cannot share,
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time: its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

Come, labor on!
The enemy is watching night and day
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away:
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumber'd not.

Come, labor on!
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fears!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfill
His righteous will.

Come, labor on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
Till the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labor on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

By Jane Borthwick

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Chapter 3 THE EFFECTS OF BAPTISM WITH THE HOLY GHOST AND FIRE

There is a Scripture found in Acts, first chapter, and verses four through eight: "And, being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized

with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

He is saying to His disciples, "Before you are able to be an effective minister, you must have heart Holiness or the Baptism of the Holy Ghost." And if the disciples needed this Baptism of the Holy Ghost, or Heart Cleansing, or Sanctification, or whatever you desire to call this experience, so that they might be effective in their ministry, our ministers certainly must have it today, that we might be effective in soul winning.

Now let us study together the results or the effects of a Holiness Ministry.

One result of Heart Holiness is that one will be a praying minister. Show me a preacher that fails to wait on God in prayer, and I will show you a preacher who is powerless in his ministry. He may put on a few stirs and appear for a while like he is having great results; but if he fails to pray over his messages and for his work, whether an evangelist or pastor, it will soon be revealed that he is failing in his task.

It was when they had prayed that the great moral revolutions were wrought in the life of individuals and of the world. That is the very hour when new revolutions are born. That is the hour when great revivals start. That is when our great missionary movement will look toward the ultimate conquest of the world. That is when great deliverances will be wrought and God will show Himself mighty to overthrow His enemies. Brethren, if we will see to it that we really pray, something will happen. We will become so filled with this blessed experience of Heart Holiness, and will grow in Grace until we will not be concerned so much as to how we act, or the exact methods that we will use, but we will find that His personal presence will be with us and will enable us to meet the stern demands that are upon us. Shall I say that this is not just one need that we as ministers have, but it is our supreme need. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord. Our need is not communion with some special friend, but our special need is more communion with God.

Second, a Holy heart is saved from carnal fear, and I mean by this legal fear. It brings courage, we are not afraid to preach the truth. The reason that the church has so many cowards and dwarfs in her pulpits today is that ministers do not have this blessed experience of Heart Holiness. After Peter received this experience, the little maid did not affect him, but he had courage to stand up before that crowd, and said, "Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words: for these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: (and that includes the minister) and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy."

With this experience, we are saved from a man-fearing and a man-pleasing spirit. A shrinking from reproach, reasoning around the Cross. A studied effort to be nice, and avoid those terms and expressions which are likely to produce scorn and opposition. A readiness to excuse oneself from doing his whole duty to those of wealth or position.

Another result in the heart of a Holiness preacher is that he is saved from the love of human praise. A secret fondness to be noticed and a hurt feeling if unnoticed. Love of supremacy. Love of many friends and much conversation. Brethren, if we are not careful, we will become so taken up with the presence of a few certain special friends, until in our conversations the name of an absent one will be mentioned, and then his faults will be aired, and criticisms will be given, and we will become lean in our soul and will be powerless because of this very thing. And that leads me to another thought. If we have the Holy Ghost, we will not be envious against our brother. God says, "Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous, but who can stand before envy?"

Envy is that cruel something that secretly feels unpleasant in view of the success or promotion of another. That thing that is willing others should succeed in a measure, but not to such an extent as to surpass and eclipse yourself. A disposition to speak of the faults and failings rather than the gifts and graces of those more talented and appreciated than yourself. If we are not careful along this line, we will find, in our church, that we as ministers will become members of a kind of whispering campaign, talking about the faults and failings of our brethren. If we are going to get together and whisper, let us whisper about the fine graces and accomplishments of our brethren. If we broadcast anything, let us broadcast the fine things about them.

Sanctifying grace will preserve not only the spirit but also the soul and body as well. One has said that such a one will not cease to have human affections, but the carnal leanings and longings will be gone. No more undue drawings and familiarity with the opposite sex; no more indulging of the imaginations upon unholy things; no more allowing the thoughts to dwell and revel upon things that you would be ashamed to publish to the world; no more wandering eyes full of adultery. We must have an experience of this kind to keep us in this day, when nearly everything around us is suggestive and calculated to appeal to the sensual. For we must have a clean ministry.

Another result of a Holiness ministry is that our hearts will be kept clean and pure. It will affect us so that we will avoid the very appearance of evil. I believe that we can so live that our lives will be above suspicion. The devil may stir up someone to throw mud at us, but if our heart and life is pure it will not stick, it will fall off harmlessly. Someone may even lie about you but it will not stick, it will fall to the ground, not one will believe it, not even the liar himself. As ministers we must be careful what we do. Our work has been hindered because some of our ministers were not careful regarding questionable things and places. The reason I have never been accused of playing cards is that I refuse to have anything to do with any kind of games that have the appearance of a card game. If you don't want to be accused of loving the dance and night life, don't go to look on. It is sad that some of our preachers have lost their influence with some young people that I know because they have been seen in questionable places, oh, not participating, but looking on, and when approached about it made the excuse that they wanted to know how things were carried on so they could warn the young people. No one will believe that. "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Just a suggestion that will not hurt any of us; we should be careful where we

go to get our lemonade, for someone will accuse us of drinking something else. We are to be living examples of what we preach.

An old naturalist tells us that a dove is so afraid of a hawk that it will be frightened at one of its feathers. So the minister, knowing that sin separates the soul from God, ought to be frightened at the very appearance of sin.

William Stockton was so opposed to the theater that when he was going up the street and was coming to the place where the theater was located, he would cross the street before he would walk in the shadow of the building. Yes, some might say that this is too far and to the extreme; but if we go to the extreme in any direction, let it be the right direction.

Then again, may I say that Holiness will unite us. Brethren cannot kneel together before God without coming closer to each other. This experience makes jealousies and bickerings and strife and hatred impossibilities. If we remember the saying of our founder, Dr. Bresee, when he said, "We must keep the glory down," we will be a united ministry.

Then again, the Baptism with the Spirit gives an enduring fullness of spiritual life that is characterized by a great passion for souls. Pastors and evangelists will have a passion for the lost. This is not demonstrated by the interest manifested at the public service only, we will manifest this interest at other places. There is a kind of fate among some of our preachers today, which makes quite a psychological appeal to the crowds during the service, but after the service and until the next one, not much time is spent praying and working. After the service a crowd will get together, and too many times it is the very ones that we are trying to reach and if we are not careful things will be done and statements be made in their presence that will break all confidence that they have in our sincerity. I might as well tell you that I am against such meetings after the services. I do not mean that I think it is a sin for preachers to have a short visit after the services, and go by some place, not a questionable place, and get a soft drink or some refreshments; but for evangelists and pastors to stay out until twelve and one o'clock just having a big time and running around and gadding about to see what they can see -- this does not prove to me that they carry much burden for the lost, but does prove that they love self and pleasure more than souls for whom Christ died.

Dr. Peck says: "Since the Baptism of the Spirit came upon my soul, I have had a greater love for my work. I always loved it intensely but it has seemed to possess me. The salvation of dying men has been a passion. I love the work with glowing affection." David Brainerd said of himself: "I cared not how or where I lived or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls for Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; and when I waked, the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was for the conversion of the heathen and all my hope was in God."

John Smith, the mighty Wesleyan preacher of England, used to say, "I am a broken-hearted man; not for myself but on account of others. God has given me such a sight of the value of precious souls that I cannot live if souls are not saved. Oh! give me souls," said he, "or else I die

Doddridge wrote to a friend: "I long for the conversion of souls more intensely than for anything besides; methinks I could not only labor for it but die for it with pleasure."

God has set His heart on the conversion of sinners. It was Jesus' passion for souls that brought Him to Calvary that He might "Seek and Save the Lost."

Whoever is baptized with the Holy Ghost will have a kindred passion for souls. For this is the mind of Christ. Paul admonishes us, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

I would not feel that this sermon was complete if I did add that there is an endowment of power that comes with the filling of the Spirit which Jesus wishes us to have, and which we all ought to covet for Jesus' sake and for the sake of the progress of the Kingdom.

Power for service is the need of the hour. A lamentable weakness is the one painful, universal characteristic of the church of God in our day. There is but one remedy, it is not education, and I am a believer in education; but the Baptism of the Holy Spirit will do for us what education cannot do. It is not psychological appeals that we need, though I believe we can use psychology to a great advantage; but the Baptism of the Holy Spirit will do for the heart what psychology cannot do. The remedy is, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." This Spirit-Baptism would not make all believers evangelists, but it would make "all" influential witnesses for Christ in the field where God has called them to work and live. It would anoint the mother with power to train her family for the service of God. It would anoint the Sabbath School teacher with power to teach her class to love Jesus. It would enable the Sabbath School superintendent to be a mighty man of God in the Sabbath School. It would make the church board an avenue of great blessing to the church in solving her problems and in the salvation of souls. It would make the Young People's president and the president of the W.F.M.S. wonders of efficiency in service. The pastor and the evangelist baptized with this Spirit would preach with a new and unknown power. The church universal, baptized with this Spirit, would be resistless in its influence, and terrible in the march of its conquest, "as an army with banners." Oh, the mighty power of the Holy Spirit when He comes in and fully possesses a human body, mind and spirit!

In closing I relate a wonderful story about "Kaboo," an African boy who was taken captive and whipped and beaten on his body by a merciless savage. He had wandered for days and days, he knew not where, until he reached the coast, guided by an unseen hand.

There in Liberia he worked on a coffee plantation and met a lady missionary, who gave him some instruction in reading and writing and taught him the simplicity of the Gospel. Then he went to a small coast town and there he met a newly arrived missionary, one of Bishop Taylor's helpers, who went out baptized with the Holy Ghost. Samuel Morris, for that was the new name that the first missionary gave him, heard of this new missionary's arrival and walked miles to see her and talk to her about Jesus. She, filled with the precious theme, began to tell him about the Holy Spirit. He came to her so often to talk to her about the darling theme that she finally told him, "If you want to know any more, you must go to Steven Merritt of New York. He told me all I know about the Holy Spirit." "I am going," Samuel said, and she missed him after he had started.

Samuel asked the captain of a little sailing vessel to take him to New York. He was refused with curses and a kick, but he answered, "Oh, yes you will." He slept on the sand that night, and the next morning repeated his request. Two men had deserted, and the captain took him on as a helper.

His ignorance of the duties of a sailor brought curses, kicks and cuffs, but his peace was like a river and his Christian resignation unbounded. Soon the captain was convicted and converted, and half the crew. Reaching New York, he found Steven Merritt and said, "I am Samuel Morris, I have just come from Africa to talk with you about the Holy Ghost."

"Well, all right, I am going to Jane Street prayer meeting. Will you go into the Mission next door? On my return I will see you about your entertainment." "I went to the prayer meeting," says Mr. Merritt, "and he to the Mission. I forgot him until just as I had put my key in my door about 10:30 P.M., when Samuel Morris flashed upon my remembrance. I hastened over, found him on the platform with seventeen men bowed around him. He had just pointed them to Jesus and they were rejoicing in His pardoning favor. The Holy Ghost in this figure of ebony, with all its surrounding was indeed a picture. Think of an uncultured, uncouth, but endowed, imbued, infilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the first night in America winning souls for Immanuel. The Baptism with the Spirit will always result in soul winning.

It is this Baptism with the Spirit that makes God's love a blessed reality to the soul, out of which come hope and peace and joy and all other foretastes of Heaven.

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Chapter 4 WHO IS A CHRISTIAN?

You will find the Scripture lesson this morning in the seventh chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, beginning with the twelfth verse. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."

My friends, my subject for a few minutes this morning will be, "Who Is a Christian?" That is a very profound question, and many outsiders say to one another, "Who is a Christian?" This class will say, "This is the way." Another creed will say, "This is the way." Another will say, "This is the way," and it leaves the poor outsider confused. So he says, "Who is a Christian?" My friends, Paul explains this to us. He said, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." Then he said, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

Who is a Christian? That question is in the minds of many. And why not? With all the creeds, they cannot understand; but, my friends, Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." If we want truth, we will find it in Jesus. If we want life, we will find it in Jesus, and if we want to walk the strait and narrow way that I have just read to you about, we will find that way in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Outsiders throughout the nation say to me, "Rev. Fugett, who is a Christian? How can we know who is a Christian? The men that I work beside in the factory smoke out of the same package of cigarettes that I smoke from, they play with the same deck of cards that I play, drink from the same bottle I drink from, dance on the same floor that I dance on. How much better are they than I am? Aren't we all on the same level? Who is a Christian?" My friends listening to me this morning throughout radio land, we will never save the world by doing the things that they do. One thing sure, we'll never lift a man out of the well by jumping in the well with him. If we want to lift him out of the well, we must stay out ourselves. Who is a Christian?

Some time ago at a football game, there was a dog out on the field. During the recess period, a number of folk took a notion to have some fun with that little dog. I got a good lesson from it -- a good illustration. As they whistled to that little dog around the stadium, they had that dog turning his head in every direction. One would whistle, and he would turn his head this way. That's the condition of a poor, lost world this morning. Many are saying, "This is the way, and the others are all wrong." "This is the way." But Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." But after so long a time, they would whistle to the dog, and he wouldn't move. He just stood there and turned his head. That's the condition of the world this morning. In a few minutes, a little kid, with one little old gallus up over his shoulder, crawled through the paling of the fence, and he said, "Skippy!" and the dog took after him.

The dog knew his master. My friend, when you have been born of the Spirit, and when Jesus Christ comes into your heart, then Christ in you is the hope of glory. Who is a Christian?

I stood one time at the gates of heaven. I'm not a dreamer. I'm far from a dreamer, but I had this vision. As I stood there, a man came to the angel and asked to come in. The angel said, "You can't come in." Then the man told of his good works, his works in the church and his works in his ministry and community. But the angel said, "You can't get in on your works." My friends; we know that when we get good religion we will work. We will work in the church. We will work for Jesus. If we love Jesus and have a romance with Him, we will work for Jesus. But working in a church will not any more make you a Christian than working in a barn will make you a horse. Brother, you have to do more than that. The apostle said it is "not of works, lest any man should boast." See! If we got through on our works, we would be boasting around about what we had done. It is "not of works, lest any man should boast," "but according to his mercy He saved us." He said our self-righteousness is as old filthy rags. There are a lot of good people. They are nice people. They pay their store accounts, and they are good to their wives. They are good fathers and husbands and all that, but, my friends, Jesus said, "Ye must be born again." The angel said to that man, "You can't get through. You can't get in on your works." And he was turned away.

The second man came and he told of his name -- his wonderful name that he had won in this world. He told of his blue-blood, his ancestors, his family, and the many doctors and lawyers that were back in his family. Of course, he didn't say anything about the horse thieves. We generally

leave that out, you know. But he told them all about his blueblood, and he told about the good name that he had wrought in this world. But the angel said, "There is none other name given under heaven whereby man can be saved. You can't get in." The only way we can get an abundant entrance there is through the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Who is a Christian? "He that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

The third man came and told of his gold and his ability to make money. But the angel said, "Man, you haven't enough gold and silver to buy even a glimpse into the celestial city. You can't get in." And he was turned away.

The fourth man came. He didn't have his head up, and in the dream it looked as though he was just a little bent over and stoop-shouldered. He said as he lifted up his eyes, "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling." God bless you, friends, this morning, just cling to that old rugged cross, and not to creeds and denominations. I'm a member of a church, and believe in all the churches, and pray God that they will all do good. But, my friends, it'll take more than creeds and a church to save your soul. It will take Jesus Christ. "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling. The gates rolled back on the jeweled hinges, and in that dream I saw acres -- whole acres of redeemed men and women. They had been redeemed from the vilest of sin. They had been drunkards and gamblers. They had crowns on their heads. I saw one face that outshone them all. It was the face of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The multiplied millions of the redeemed placed their crowns at Jesus' feet, and then they sang:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all!"

He received an abundant entrance. Who is a Christian?

Some few years ago I was in the beautiful State of Pennsylvania, in a revival, and a little lady came to me. She said, "Rev. Fugett, I'm in trouble." She related the saddest story I have ever heard in my ministry. While relating that story, I noticed that she tried to hide her shoes and the slits in her old black skirt. She said, "I have five children. Over here, we live in a house made out of pasteboard boxes and old pieces of tin. We have no floor in the house." I said to her, "I'm going home with you." I went to that place. There was no fire in the hearth, no food on the table. They had a goods box for a table. It was a pitiful sight. Her husband was an habitual drunkard. Her son was in jail, and there were five little starving children. Do you know what I did? I gave her every dollar I had. My friends, I saw that man led to Jesus Christ. She brought him to my meeting. I prayed with him two nights. When he came, muttering and stuttering, with a red, bloated face, it was a pitiful sight. The poor little woman didn't seem to have any hope for him. She was suing him for a divorce. Night after night we worked with him. I saw that man pray through and find Jesus, and then the little wife prayed through.

One year from that time I was back in Norristown, Pennsylvania, in a revival. One night I was speaking, and the father and that little mother and six little children all came down the aisle and took the front seat. I thought they were very prominent members there, or they wouldn't have

done that while I was preaching. They didn't seem to think much about the sermon. They just looked at one another and smiled and looked at the preacher. You know, friends, they felt good. They were looking at the man that had led them to Christ. After I got through speaking that night, I dismissed without an altar service. I started across the platform. I turned around and that man and his wife and six children had me by the coat tail. They said, "Rev. Fugett, do you know us?" "No," I said, "I don't know you." The lady had color in her cheeks. She had on a nice dress. The children were dressed nicely. They had on new shoes and they were all shined up. They also had on little white shirts. The young man that had been in jail, whom I had never met, was a handsome young man. The man who had had the red face, foul breath, and was muttering and stuttering, was just standing there rolling his eyes, grinning. He wasn't saying a word. He was grinning from ear to ear. Let me say to you, my friends, we have a Christ, not a creed. We have a Christ that is alive this morning, and that Christ can deliver you and save you and be all you need.

Who is a Christian? A Christian is a man that walks in the light, a man that does the will of God, that loves God, and has a romance with the Lord. He loves poor, lost, and dying humanity. I said to that little woman, "What brought the great change in your life?" She said, "The Lord Jesus Christ." She said, "Rev. Fugett, I want you to go home with us." I said, "I'm going." I went home with them. My friends, they didn't live in that little shack. They lived in a beautiful white bungalow. They had food on the table and fire on the hearth and carpets on the floor and color in their cheeks. What had brought the great change? The Lord Jesus Christ had come to that home and saved them from sin. He had come in. I said, "Little lady, the last time I saw you, you were going to sue this man for divorce. What about it now?" She said, "Rev. Fugett, he's the best man in the State of Pennsylvania. He knows God. We have a happy home. We have a family altar. We love God. I believe I'm the happiest woman in this city." My friends, who is a Christian? "He that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

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Chapter 5 "I HAVE PLAYED THE FOOL"

Scripture -- I Samuel 26:21; 28:15: "I have played the fool." "God is departed from me, and answereth me no more."

Now you just read your Bible from lid to lid and you will find no sadder story in the Bible. "I have played the fool," "And God is departed from me, and answereth me no more."

The words of my text are the words of a poor backslider, and every backslider from Adam's day to the present hour can truthfully say, "I have played the fool." Also the words of my text were the words of Israel's first king. He could have said, and truthfully said, "I have played fast and loose with the Lord." He could have truthfully said, "I have intruded on the good grace of God," and that is what he did. He could have truthfully said, "I have made vows and broken vows with God, and now He is departed from me and answereth me no more."

In studying the character of the text, if you begin with the ninth chapter and read to the twenty-eighth chapter of First Samuel, you will get the message. It seems to me that King Saul had

everything to his advantage. He was a handsome man standing head and shoulders above every other man in the kingdom. He had a striking personality. As Dr. Carradine used to say, "It is a crime to be handsome or pretty, but I don't think any of you need to worry about committing a crime if you feel like you look."

Then also, in the ninth chapter we read he was a good man. Now there is a vast difference between being good and being godly. A good man will pay his debts if he can, a good man will keep his marriage vows. Then we read he was a choice young man. He was of the type that you would delight to entertain in your home. A choice young man -- in other words, he was not an old grouch. He didn't sour on the world, the church and everybody. There is a bunch you run into, people who are soured on everything and themselves, too. He was a choice young man. He wasn't critical. He wasn't a fault finder. It doesn't take any grace to criticize and find fault with others. Any fool can do that. That is right. But, Lord Jesus, save us from that. That beautiful Scripture lesson we listened to this morning, "Love suffereth long and is kind." We are not looking for the faults in others. We are looking for the good. And I am telling you, you can about find some good in just about everyone if you look far enough.

Then read on in the ninth and tenth chapters of First Samuel, you will find, while he was associated with Samuel, the Bible says that God gave Saul another heart. When you get converted to God, you will get a new heart, and when God gives you a new heart, it is a good one. You can't serve God without it. The natural man can't understand the spiritual things of God. Someone said to me some time ago, "Why, that man knows the Bible by memory and he doesn't believe in Holiness," and I said, "Well, no one ever accused him of it." Another said, "So and so is a good Christian and doesn't believe in it." "Well, that is not doing any harm. We believe in it and we like it."

You remember the day, Palm Sunday, when Jesus was marching into Jerusalem they were shouting, the good people were praising God, some of them slipped around and whispered to Jesus and said, "Have them hold their peace." In other words, "Get on our cultured air," and Jesus Christ said, "If they hold their peace, the mountains and the rocks will cry out." Brother, I don't want any mountains or rocks to do my shouting, I will do it myself. So many people are not in favor of it. They say it will drive people away. That is what gets them.

I was over in Richmond, Indiana, some time ago in a meeting. The pastor came and said, "Brother Fugett, I want you to come with me and see a doctor." "What for?" "I want you to talk to him about Holiness." I said to our dear brother, "Now that man wants to argue, and I have been caught in so many traps I am afraid to get in one." I have had women come over during camp meeting and ask me to go talk with unsaved husband, and say, "Pour it on." I would go there and talk to the young man and not mention religion one time. I got him out to hear me preach a few times. He said, "I figured the doctor wanted to argue. The pastor said, "This man has a hungry heart," and before I had been in that office one minute I discovered the doctor was a sincere man. He said, "Brother Fugett, I just prayed through and have been out making restitutions." And before I knew what I was doing, I was giving my experience, how I got sanctified. "I would give a million dollars for that." I said, "I imagine it would cost you more than that," and his eyes kind a bulged. "What do you mean, cost me more than that?" "You are a prominent surgeon in this city. You have lived in the best house, you go to the biggest church of this city, and you have gone out with the

same crowd. Why, they might drop you like a hot potato if you got sanctified, if you come around the Holiness crowd."

That night he was on the third seat from the front, and that night he hit the mourners' bench and got sanctified. Already the good people were shouting. I said, "Doctor, how do you like it?" "The best hour I have ever lived." That good man is now supporting missionaries in the foreign fields.

So, my friends, it is the glory of God, and there is no substitute for it. Many are the times I have come into the service when it was quiet, but you could feel the glory of God there. Something about it you can't explain, and if all services were just alike, you would know what to expect; but thank God, He has a variety for us. I was turned into another man. When we get converted we are a new creature. We ought to think this over. Yes, we are a new creature. Hold it. He will even change the color of your spit -- that is, if you have been spitting brown gravy. A new creature. It is wonderful, isn't it?

A new man, a new heart, and the Spirit of the Lord came upon Saul. Did you ever have Him on you? The Spirit of the Lord came upon him; and we are all just as ugly until the Spirit of the Lord comes upon us.

I was preaching in California some time ago, and there was a little sawed-off woman walking around. She looked like an Indian squaw with squinty eyes. But I felt one thing -- she had hold of God and she was a power in prayer. "Where are you from?" "Charleston, West Virginia." "Why, you are my neighbor." "Where is your husband?" "In jail." "What did they put him in jail for?" "He stole a man's furniture and got caught with it." We went down and went his bond. We got him out of jail and he got converted. A couple more converted. A new man, a new creature. And the Spirit of the Lord came upon him.

Today that little sawed-off woman, that little squinty-eyed woman, who part of the time can't see to read her Bible, has the largest rural country church in the world. She is eight miles out of the city, in the country, and they have had as many as seventeen hundred in Sunday School.

The last time I preached there I turned to an elderly man, "How far did you come?" "I walked twelve miles. My wife and I left home at 4:30." And they were both past seventy. One time her husband was a bootlegger and she stood guarding stills with shotguns, but one day they walked into a prayer meeting, and there they found God. I doubt if that little woman would know a noun from a pronoun, but she knows God. I said to her, "How do you deal with these big mountaineers?" "I don't deal with them." "How do you deal with the problems of a church eight miles out in the country?" Have mercy on us, here we sit around on the seat of do-nothing and twiddle our thumbs. God have mercy on us. Why, that little woman has gone through wire fences. She has a passion for lost souls. I have never been in a church that spent as much time in prayer and as much time in personal evangelism. It can be done out in the country. You can get the glory down. Prayed everything out of the church. Every stick it had in -- and anything that grows in, go to prayer and pray it out. And the Spirit of the Lord came upon her.

Our dear brother, John Fleming, who has preached from behind this pulpit, preached his last sermon there. At that time it seated around three hundred, and at the present time it seats over thirteen hundred. That little squinty-eyed woman believed God and went to work out in the country, and all are having a big time. Brother, sister, there is something to religion. If your religion doesn't go beyond a little imagination, you had better get some more. If your religion doesn't reach out to a lost and dying world, you had better get some more.

And the Spirit of the Lord came upon him. "His fame spread abroad, but his popularity went to his head. One day God said, "Go down." If Holiness will do anything for us, it will make us all one in Jesus. They tell me there is a bell in Moscow, Russia, that weighs ninety-three tons. It is so large that you cannot ring it. I would rather be a Kentucky dinner bell that you could ring, that had a ring to it, had the glory and the fire, than a Moscow bell you can't ring at all. Hold it. A new man, a new heart, and the Spirit of the Lord came upon him. He preached, he prophesied, but he did not lose out.

Would you allow me to give you a few steps? First, he feared the people. He got eyes on the people. Let me tell you, you get your eyes off God and on people, and you will soon be afraid. He feared the people. I am about to have a spell. I will never forget the time that God delivered me from the people. They used to look like trees -- the preachers, right here in this School. My, he sure is a big tree! But right over there, by a footlog, I got sanctified. The next day Brother Standley called up and wanted to know if I would speak before the teachers, all these preachers, and before Dr. M. G. Standley and Sister Standley. I said, "Sure, I will be glad to." Brother, I had touched a live wire the night before, and I didn't care any more. That great big colored lady, that used to cook down here, helped me out. She had a time and came out roaring like a lion. And so, first, he feared the people.

Second, he obeyed the voice. You can't obey carnality and sin, and praise God. So let us make up our minds we are going to get the mind of God. We are going to have good horse sense. It is wonderful to have religion and good common sense. It is a great combination. I don't say you don't have it, I was just saying how good it is. I tell you what we can do. We can get to the place where we can drive people away; we should win them. You should know how to contact them and then win them.

First, he feared the people. Second, obeyed his voice, and third, the jealous spirit crept into his heart. He got jealous of another man, and his name was David. David had ten thousand, but Saul said, "Going to get my job." Whenever a man gets saved and sanctified, he is through seeking office. He is not an office seeker, and any man seeking one shouldn't have it. Got it in for God's man? You can't have it in for anyone and keep saved. You can't walk down one aisle to keep from meeting another person and keep your religion. You say, "You don't know how he mistreated me. Brother Fugett, he just jumped up and down on me." That is good for you. That is what is going to make you spiritual. I believe there is such a thing. The devil would turn his steam roller on you; but let me tell you this one thing, if we walk in the light and keep the glory, we can say, "Let him back up and come out." Say, "He is done this time. He will never be out to prayer meeting. He is out." And while he has the steam roller on, yet "tribulation worketh patience." Growing in grace. He got it in for God's man, and one day he thought he had his opportunity and reached in and pulled out a javelin and threw it. That man at one time had a good experience. Throwing a big knife. Did you

ever read it? We are all God's people. We don't lose God all at once. You hold on to some sin you are now committing.

Away back down at the altar some little thing crept in -- jealousy, envy. Away back down the road somewhere it started. Pretty good -- want it nor not. The Lord loves you too much to leave you suddenly. He leaves you reluctantly. If there is some indecision, that is the way we gradually bring ourselves away from God. Now, we have the same man throwing a javelin at God's man. You don't do that. Not a soul here did anything like that, but here the javelin has so many uses. That is the sharpest knife you can use. The Bible says, "Speak evil of no man." Let me quote a saying I quoted the other night. "It is better to say a good word about a bad man than a bad word about a good man."

I was over at the Rhode Island Fortieth Anniversary Camp. We were having a gracious camp meeting. People were seeking God. One woman was down praying, wringing her hands. I said, "Dear woman, what is wrong?" "I am trying to get my tongue on the altar." "Well," I said, "it is thirty-six feet long -- the altar." But wait a minute, my friends. You talk about some other girl and some other boy, and someone will slip around and talk about you. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Remember, God's mill grinds slow, but grinds exceedingly fine; and because God doesn't have a settling time every Saturday night, that is no sign He doesn't have a settling time.

Help thine enemies. The Philistines came upon him. You generally call when you get in serious trouble. I was in the earthquake out west when thirty-six million dollars' worth of copper was destroyed in one minute. A doctor was killed, and many others. I was having a big time that night. I am a kind of freak. I enjoyed it. I didn't know what was going on at first. The piano rocking, the table jumping up and down. I was looking around. All happened so quick. "It was an earthquake." "Oh, God, thank You for the earthquake. Send another one." I said, "Send a big one." He sent thirty-two more that night. He said he would do exceeding abundantly more than we could ask or think. That night there were fifty thousand people on the streets of Long Beach, on their knees, with their hands up, calling on God. Anything that will send fifty thousand people to their knees must be of the Lord. Now I will tell you what was the matter.

It was reported that Long Beach would be out in the ocean before morning. Just around the corner, we don't know what we're going to face. Here is a man that has played fast and loose with God. He is in need. Can't we hear him praying? But the Bible said that God didn't answer, and Saul said, "God is departed from me, and answereth me no more." Then he said, "Take me to a medium, a spiritualist. Seek me a woman who has a divining spirit." They said, "There is one at Endor." You say, "I would never do that." You don't know what you would do if you lose God. No, my friends, you don't know what you would do. Just watch others. You don't know what you're going to do if you lose God. Here is an old man on the crutches of decrepitude. Listen to his testimony. "I have played the fool. God is departed from me, and answereth me no more." He committed suicide.

My friend, should I get a letter from my old mother tonight, or one from my father, and it said, "Son, I hope you go West and we never see you again," do you think it would hurt me? And then if my wife and all my sweet children would say, "Father and husband, we are through with

you forever," do you think that would hurt me? I doubt if there is a preacher that stands behind the sacred desk in America who has gone through what I have -- sickness, sorrow, death -- not only of the saved but unsaved in my home. And I don't know, I doubt that I could take it, but I tell you what I would do, should I receive those letters. I would leave the city and go to some place of solitude and I would get alone with God. I would read the letters from my wife and children, from my father and the one from my mother. "Your mother may forsake you, your children may forsake you, but I will never forsake thee." "Go ye into all the world." "Go, and I will be with you." I don't know how I could do it, but I tell you what I believe with all my heart. I believe God could give me victory over my mother and father, over my wife and children. I believe I could discover a reservoir of grace, and I could come back and say, "Let me preach, Brother Standley, I have discovered a reservoir of God's grace." I believe He has a grace just like that. I believe He has a grace sufficient for every need, don't you?

But friends, tonight my old father nearly eighty, and my little mother, will get down by an old split bottom chair and pray for their boy today; and every day we have family prayer in my home, and wife and children pray for me. But, O my friends, what if God should leave me? What if I should play fast and loose and intrude on God's good grace? After I have preached His words, I become a castaway? I would say to my wife, "Honey, I am coming home." "You are sick." "I wish it were something like that. The Lord has left me." My wife who sits in this congregation, who was saved under my ministry, and sanctified, would say, "Surely God hasn't left you," and I could hear my children say, "God gone. Oh, God is gone." We would go to my home and my little mother, with a hump on her back, would meet the car, and I would say, "Mother, I have sad news for you. God has left me." "You led your little mother and old father to God. He hasn't left you. God hasn't left you, my boy." Let me tell you God is gone! Let me say, my friends, some of the saddest testimonies I have heard are from some of the young people here. They are in this service. Don't ask me who, for I will never tell you, and they said, "We heard you preach on the unpardonable sin, without one bit of feeling." If it would be someone fifty or seventy years old and their hearts would be hardened, it would be alarming -- but young people. The saddest thing in this world that could happen to me or you is to bring ourselves away from God. "Seek Him while He may be found." While He is knocking at your heart, open the door. Should I leave, and lose both arms, both limbs and both eyes, and come back here to preach again, they would meet me at the train, and put me in a wheelbarrow, bring me here and place me in front of the altar. I believe you people love me, I know you do. I believe you would look around and cry. You would say, "I remember Brother Fugett -- now both arms gone, both limbs gone, and eyes out." But you know on that resurrection morning, I shall walk the streets of the New Jerusalem. But, O my friends, what if I should little by little grieve God until I would say, as the words of my text, "I have played the fool, and God has departed from me. and answereth me no more."

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Chapter 6 HELL

We will turn to the sixteenth chapter of Luke, beginning with the nineteenth verse. "There was a certain man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and

desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house; for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment."

Friends, we have here one man in hell and five brothers on their way. It certainly is a sad picture of the condition of the world today. I desire to lift my text from the twenty-third verse, "And in hell, he lift up his eyes, being in torments."

We have in this lesson the picture of two men. One was poor and the other was a rich man. The poor man was not saved because he was poor; neither was the rich man lost because he was rich. The poor man was saved because he accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour. The rich man was lost because he rejected all the claims of the Gospel. We also have in this passage a picture of heaven and of hell. The majority of the people in the world believe in heaven. We believe there is a place where we never grow old; where there is no sorrow and there is no pain; where we never grow weary or tired, and where saints never die. If there were such a city in this nation, you and I would not be able to purchase standing room. The millionaires would have every available space purchased; but thank God, we are going to a place where we never more die, and He has said, "They that die in the Lord shall rest from their labors and their works do follow them." I have preached hard for twenty-five years, but some day I will enter the long day of rest. I am interested in that city above, for I have hundreds and hundreds of friends who have gone before. "I will meet them in the morning." The same Bible that tells us of heaven and of all its beauty also tells us that there is another place, called hell.

The first reason why I believe there is a hell is that the Word of God says so. Second, my conscience tells me that the righteous have a different reward from the wicked. And third, my better self, my judgment would teach me there is a hell. Fifty years ago Bob Ingersoll made the statement that one hundred years from now the Bibles in this country will be so scarce we will have to go to an art museum to find one; but today in the very building where they published his literature, they are publishing Bibles. The Bible has the greatest circulation of any book in the world. There were seventeen million copies sold in England last year. There is such a demand for God's Word today that the greatest publishers cannot supply it.

We have 266 chapters in the New Testament. Eternal punishment is spoken of 234 times. If life's road is 25 miles long and there are 234 signs and arrows that point one direction and upon that arrow we would read, "This is the road to hell," it looks like any sensible man, if he had a chance, would get off that road. Jeremiah says: "Wherefore their way shall be unto them as slippery ways in the darkness." Moses said, "Their foot shall slide in due time." We have many

preachers out arguing today against the doctrine of hell. I have read books against the doctrine and in favor of it. I have heard them argue by the hours trying to convince the public there is no hell, but in so many of these arguments and books, we only have the opinion of man; and men's opinions are as numerous as the sands of the sea and almost as worthless. But we will now turn to the old Book that has stood the storms. I know many of the modernists and infidels have preached its funeral many a time, but before they got it buried the old book was up and carrying its mission on. It is the Book of books. Read it. It will keep you from sin, or sin will keep you from the Bible.

What does the Bible say about the doctrine of Hell? In Deuteronomy 32:22, "For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundations of the mountains." In the twenty-ninth verse of the same chapter, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" Romans 13:11, "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep." In Ephesians 5:14, "Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Psalm 119:89, "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven." And what does the Bible say about hell? Isaiah 5:14, "Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure." The great scientists tell us how far it is around the world and through the earth and to different planets, but there is no scientist living who can tell us the size of the place the Bible calls hell, which God has said "openeth its mouth without measure." Reading on in the same verse, "And their glory" (which means their pride). "and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, (which refers to the man that is drawn to the things of the world) shall descend into it." Isaiah 14:9, "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming." The ninth chapter of the Psalms and the seventeenth verse: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." You note, my friends, it said "the wicked." Those wicked church members and all the nations that forget God shall be turned into hell. Psalms 139:7-8, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there." We hear them say that God is too good to send a man to hell, and we all agree, but here the Psalmist says, "We make our own bed in hell." Jesus, in the fifth chapter of Matthew, in the Sermon on the Mount, said, "And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." Now, my friends, He has been speaking a parable. We don't hear of anyone plucking their eye out and cutting their hand off, but Jesus Christ is only using here the two most essential members of the body -- the eye and the hand -- to say to us that if there is anything in this life that is hindering us from serving God, we had better destroy it at once or we will allow it to send us to hell! In Luke the twelfth chapter and fourth verse Jesus said, "And I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him." In 2nd Peter 2:4, "If God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment" -- my friends, if God spared not the angels who sinned, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

I quote my text, "And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." First, there is a torment of thirst. He prayed for Abraham to send Lazarus that Lazarus may dip the tip of his finger in water

and cool his tongue. There is no water in hell. On one occasion I went through a ten-day revival without eating a bite, but felt free to drink all the water I desired. The torment of thirst. I bowed by the bedside of a dying young man in Ashland, Kentucky. He asked his old Christian mother for a cup of water and the seconds seemed almost like hours to me. I listened for the footsteps of that mother on the floor, but apparently she was stunned. I looked up into her face. The tears were rolling down her cheeks. She said, "My boy, I will get you a cup of water, but you will have no mother in hell to carry you water." I put my arm under his shoulder and said, "Young man, did you ever hear a sermon?" He said, "Many a time." He continued, "I have rejected God and light and now I am dying without hope." Then he said, "Another cup of water, mother, please." But, friends, there will be no water in hell. "In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments."

Second, there will be the torment of fire. He said, "I am tormented in this flame." There is nothing that brings so much pain to the body as fire. Jesus said, "There will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in hell." Some time ago my sister-in-law left her little daughter in bed; crossed the street to the neighbors' house, and while she was out, the little girl got up. She got close to the gas stove and her little gown caught on fire, and she began to wail. A neighbor ran in, grabbed the little girl, and wrapped her in the bed clothes, putting the fire out in her clothes. When the mother came all excited, almost hysterical, she said to the neighbor, "How did you know that was my child afire?" And she said, "Mrs. Fugett, I heard the wails." Then she said, "When anyone is afire, they don't holler, they wail." Think of the wailing of the dying souls in hell that have rejected Jesus, for He said there would be wailing and gnashing of teeth, "for I am tormented in this flame."

The third torment in hell will be the torment of memory. Jesus speaks of the worm that dieth not. I think He is referring to our memory. Dr. Baron says there is no such thing as forgetting. Many of us complain of short memories, but when Jesus Christ says, "Son remember," we will remember the times that we have rejected the blood of Jesus and all the claims of the Gospel. The blessed Holy Spirit, the pleading voice of a praying mother and the tender words of a kind preacher are memories that will live on. Should you go to the state penitentiary today and have an interview with the inmates, they will not talk to you about the clothes nor their food nor their beds. I know this is true because I had an interview with a number of the prisoners in the State of Oregon some time ago, and they wanted to talk about their past opportunities -- what they could have done or could have been. Some said they were born in a Christian home, and, my friends, if God should permit you to cross the line of worlds in the regions of the damned, many would tell you that they had heard C. B. Fugett preaching and many another preacher and how they had warned them. They would tell you how the Holy Spirit pleaded with them and how Jesus talked to them. Past opportunities! Oh, my friends, if we could leave memories out of hell it would not be so bad, but memory is the worm that dieth not. Hell was not prepared for man but for the devil and his angels; but men have rejected the blood of Jesus Christ and they make their own bed in hell; and, knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.

I warn you, the Book is true. Prepare to meet God. This meeting is inevitable. We have to meet Him prepared or unprepared. I pray that this little Bible message will change the course of some lives and cause them to get on the right road and live for God.

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Chapter 7

JOSEPH'S LITTLE COAT OF MANY COLORS

Sermon preached by Rev. C. B. Fugett
At Alabama District Camp Meeting

I am using Genesis 39:2 for my text this afternoon. "And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man." I can think of nothing in this world that is greater, or more beautiful, than for a man to live so that he will command the respect of the people and the favor of God. It is wonderful to have God with you. We read in the Bible, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" We also read the scripture, "And God was against him." My friends, if God is against you, you are defeated; but if God be for you, you will succeed.

I have studied the life and character of Joseph more than any other in the Bible, outside of Jesus Christ. Joseph is a beautiful type of our Lord. In studying this character, I have yet to find where he committed sin. When a lad, he was obedient to his parents. He was thoughtful of his father's need. Before his brothers dreamed their father had a need, Joseph had already supplied it. Due to Joseph's thoughtfulness, the father's love was naturally drawn toward Joseph. One day, while meditating and thinking of this wonderful boy, the father felt as though he would like to manifest his love to Joseph, and he gave him a little coat of many colors.

In many ways, the little coat represents second blessing holiness. First, it was a beautiful little coat of many colors. The experience of entire sanctification is a beautiful experience, and it beautifies everyone who receives it. God's people are the prettiest people in the world. There are some great beauty parlors in America, but the greatest beauty parlor in all the world is the mourner's bench. My friends, you can get your face lifted at an old-fashioned altar, and from the looks of some of you sitting here, you need it.

Secondly, the little coat was a comforter, and a protection against the storms and the cold. The experience of entire sanctification is a sure cure for all kinds of fanaticism and formalism. However, we very seldom see fanaticism any more. There is only one "Ism" that I fear in our churches, and that is formalism. Where one person shouts out of the Spirit, there are two hundred seats out of order. I would rather have some wildfire than no fire at all.

Remember, every time he put the little coat on, he stirred carnality. You will recall from the time the father gave his son this little coat his brothers became envious. The old jealous spirit rose up in their hearts, and they could not speak to him peaceably. Of what does this make us think? But, thank God, Joseph wore the little coat every day. He loved his father, who gave him the little coat, so much that he would not grieve him by laying it aside. He much preferred to take the reproach, the cold shoulders, the disgusted looks, and the unkind words rather than grieve his father. It is equally true of the man who is sanctified, for we love the One so much who gave us the blessing that we are not ashamed wherever we go to let the people know we run with the sanctified people.

You will remember that one day Joseph had a dream. His sheaf stood up, and eleven other sheaves bowed to his sheaf. He put on that little sanctified coat, called that carnal bunch together, and delivered his message. He informed them that they were making it hard for him now, but the day would come when they would bow down to his God. Then, after being faithful with the first message, God gave him the second one. Now you talk about the star dust preachers. In this last sermon Joseph must have walked the Milky Way, shaved the man in the moon, and turned a somersault in the Big Dipper. He preached about the sun, the moon, and the stars. Oh, he was up there! He had kept true, walked in the light, and now God was honoring him with a great revelation of what was to come to pass. Now, it was getting quite hot among the crowd that could not speak to him peaceably. They said, "Let's leave home." They left home and went down to Dothan.

One day Joseph was burdened for his brothers, and he started out to seek them. To my surprise he wore that little coat that brought him so much persecution. The brothers saw him coming afar off. My friends, when you get the blessing of holiness, you will be a speckled bird. One of the brothers said to another, "Let's kill him." Why did they want to kill him? What had he done to them? It was all because the father had favored him with a little coat of many colors.

This teaches us the lesson that we can not trust carnality. The carnal nature has backslidden every soul that has lost God, wrecked every home that has been wrecked, filled our courts with divorce cases, and our homes full of broken hearts. Inbred sin is the cause of every split in the church, but, thank God, we can have a sanctified experience.

One of the brothers prevailed with the others not to kill Joseph, but all agreed that the best thing to do would be to strip him of that little coat. There we have a record of the first secret society. They said, "We will take that coat off this boy; we will kill a kid, dip the coat in the blood, and father will think that some wild beast has destroyed his son." They stripped him of his little coat but, my friends, you remember I said in many ways this little coat represents second blessing holiness. There is no man or devil that can cause you to backslide from the experience of holiness. Who shall separate us from the love of God? Neither life nor death, principalities nor powers can separate us from the love of Jesus Christ. The only man who can bring you away from God is the one who walks in your shoes. when you blame other people for your backsliding, you only expose your ignorance.

The brothers threw Joseph in a pit, and some Ishmaelites came along. The brothers then sold Joseph for the price of a boy slave, twenty pieces of silver. Little Joseph was led away into Egypt without the coat, but remember my text, "And God was with him." He was betrayed by his own brothers, and he was also sold by them. We expect the outside world to persecute us, but oh, my friend, when it comes from someone who goes to the same church we go to, who bows at the same altar where we bow, and worships at the same church that we worship, it stings hard. But God was with Joseph, and he received another coat. He obtained a job with one of the officers in Egypt. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" You can't keep a sanctified man down! When you think he is down and out, he is up and about. Every field of corn and every potato patch that Joseph worked, the Bible says. "God blessed the field for Joseph's sake."

One day while Joseph was about his own business, he lost his second coat. He also lost his good name and reputation, but thank God he did not lose his character. News went out over Egypt

that the young Hebrew had tried to break up the officer's home. The next door that opened to Joseph was the prison door. Now he has lost two coats, been sold by his brothers, and the wife of the officer has started a scandal on him. Thank God, nowhere has he broken with God. If we walk with God with unbroken grace, we will be able to withstand the fiery darts and lies of the devil.

He hadn't been in the prison long until the jailer and the prisoners saw that God was with Joseph. They made him jailer. Brother, you can not keep a sanctified man down! If you have the Holy Ghost, it will get out on you regardless if you are in jail or out of jail. One morning, while visiting the prisoners, Joseph found two who had long faces and sad countenances. We have so many professed Christians with long faces. We hear them say, "This is a cold old world." To hear them say it would make the cold chills run down your back. You know, my friends, it all depends upon what kind of heating plant you have. If you have a red-hot, second blessing holiness heating plant, this is the best world you have ever lived in. These two prisoners told Joseph that they had dreamed dreams and there was no one living who could interpret them. They were sad about it. Today many will tell you that the days of revivals are over, but the days of revivals are not over. The days of the revivers are nearly a thing of the past. Thank God, there are still a few preachers who can stir the devil.

Joseph told the two prisoners to tell him their dreams and he would interpret them. You will remember the little story: He has been betrayed by his own brothers, sold by his brothers, lost two coats, and a scandal has been started on him. But, thank God, he can still get his prayers through and give the interpretation to these men. He informed one of the men that he would be destroyed, and the other that he would be restored to his office. Joseph said to the chief butler, "When it is well with thee, remember me." So often in life someone that we have favored seems to forget us so quickly. The butler was restored to his office, but poor little old Joseph remained in the prison, forgotten by man. But, thank God, the Lord still remembered him.

One day the king dreamed of seven big fat cattle and seven lean ones, and seven big ears of corn and seven little ears. This dream troubled the old king. He called for the highest men of the kingdom to interpret it, but they could not. They were not acquainted with the Author of the dream. The king called for the soothsayers and the astrologers, but they all miserably failed, leaving the king in great distress. Then the butler said, "Oh, king, this day I remember my faults. There is a man in your kingdom in whom is the Spirit of the Holy God. He can interpret your dream." The king sent for Joseph. Joseph changed his clothes, shaved, and came before the king in a decent manner. The king related the dream to him, and Joseph informed the king that they were going to have seven years when the ground would bring forth plentifully, after which they were to have seven years of famine. The king called his counselors together and said to them, "Who are we going to put over this great affair?" One of them said, "I would like to nominate that holiness preacher, Joseph. He seems to know more about it than anyone else in the kingdom." Here I would have you to know that Joseph has kept true to God; he leaps from shame to fame, and from the prison to the throne.

The Egyptians prepared for the long drought of seven years. They stored up enough corn and food to feed all the kingdoms of the world. The famine came on. One year comes and goes, and the second year, but they have plenty of corn in Egypt. However, out in the land of Canaan where Joseph's father, Jacob, and Joseph's brothers lived, the drought is also on. They didn't know the

famine was coming. They had not heard from God in years, and those wicked boys had sold little Joseph. Now the time has come for them to reap. Their sin is about to find them out.

One day while father Jacob was walking down the road near his home, he leans upon his staff and looks down the road. Here he sees a man coming with a big load of corn. He has sideboards on his wagon, and there is a bunch of pigs following the wagon. Every so often an ear of corn rolls off the load. I wonder, my friends, if anyone ever gets blessed from the overflow of your life? Father Jacob inquires of this man, "Where did you get that corn?" I can hear the man say that he has been down to the holiness meeting. "Come and dine, the Master calleth, come and dine, you can feast at Jesus' table any time, Down in Egypt the table is spread where the saints are fed." But there is a new version to that song today. They sing it this way: "Come and "jine" the preacher calleth, come and "jine". You can have an ice cream supper any time. You don't have to quit your sins, come along, we'll take you in, come and "jine" the preacher calleth, come and "jine". You can chew and snuff and dip, and still have our fellowship, come and "jine," the preacher calleth, come and "jine". This little portion of the sermon won't cost you anything.

Father Jacob said, "Man, where did you get that corn?" The man replied, "I have been down in Egypt to a big meeting and I've never seen the like of corn in all my life. Old empty wagons were coming from every direction." We have a lot of old empty wagons today. They make a lot of noise and that is about all. Jacob goes to the house and says to the boys, "Get your sacks and go to meeting." Have you ever seen a bunch of old empty sacks come to meeting? Do you want to know what an empty sack is? It is an empty Christian. I'll tell you the way they testify. One stands up and says, "Jesus wept" -- just an empty sack. Another, "The Lord is my Shepherd" -- empty sack. Another, "Jordan is a hard road to travel" -- empty sack.

The brothers went to Egypt, and Joseph inquires of them how many there are in their family. They said unto him, "There are ten of us, and there is one this day with his father, and one that is not." After they made their confession, their sacks were filled with good old yellow corn, which is a beautiful type of the first work of grace. When we make our confession, God will forgive our sins. The brothers received more than they expected. Their same money was put back in the mouths of their sacks. As they left, Joseph told them they would not get any more corn unless they brought their little brother, Benjamin, back with them. The brothers informed him that could not be, for it would bring their father down to the grave. In other words, it would kill him to give up Benjamin. In order to impress upon their minds that they must bring Benjamin, Joseph told them he was going to keep Simeon with him, and if they failed to bring Benjamin, they would lose Simeon. It amounts to this, we will go on and be sanctified or lose our experience of justification.

Nine of the boys go home with nine sacks of corn. The father inquires about Simeon and is informed that he remained in Egypt. The old father said, "Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and now they are going to take Benjamin. All these things are against me." Jacob wanted to know why the sons had told this strange man in Egypt that he had another boy. They said, "He dealt strangely with us." Joseph must have been a holiness preacher.

One day their corn was about to run out, and the father pleads for the boys to return for more. They told Jacob they would not go without Benjamin. This is the father's consecration. He

said, "If I am bereaved, take Benjamin." In other words, it is life or death, Survive or perish, come loss, come gain, come health, come pain. That is the consecration all of us have to make.

The brothers started off to the big meeting with little Benjamin. When they arrive, Joseph counts eleven men, walks to the head of the row, and says, "I'm old number twelve. I'm your brother, Joseph." He wept on their shoulders and said, "Now we are going to eat together today." What a great reunion they must have had. My friends, after they had been separated seventeen and one-half years, God brings them together again. Some day, if we all keep true there will be a great reunion in the sky.

After the brothers had eaten, Joseph says, "Take wagons and go after father and mother and everything that is alive." They proceeded with their wagons. Someone goes ahead and informs Jacob that Joseph is alive, Simeon is alive, Benjamin is alive, and that Joseph is general superintendent of the biggest holiness meeting in the world. They have enough corn to feed the world. My friends, God has grace and power to save every man if they will only come to Him by faith.

The father, mother, children, and wives start to Egypt. Joseph calls for the choicest chariot. He has waited just as long as he can wait, and now he is on his way to meet them. There must have been a great meeting when he and his old father came together. Remember, Jacob said, "Now let me die." But Joseph said, "No, I want to introduce you to the king."

My friends, while I give this message this afternoon, I believe that Jesus Christ is getting ready to come back to earth again, for we read in His Word where He said, "If I go away, I will come again, that where I am there ye may be also." He also said, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

This is a little message on typology. I hope it proves a blessing to some heart. May God bless you. Let us pray.

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Chapter 8

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

Sermon preached by Rev. C. B. Fugett
At Alabama District Camp Meeting

You will find the scripture lesson in the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel of Matthew beginning with the thirty-third verse: "And when the multitude heard this, they were astonished at his doctrine. But when the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, they were gathered together. Then one of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, and saying, Master, which is the greatest commandment in the Law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." Friends no living creature can do that without holiness. "This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now, you know just about how

much you think of yourself. God informs us that we are to love our neighbors just that much. "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." By this we can readily see that it is very important to keep these two commandments. "While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ?"

For my text, I would like to lift from this brief scripture lesson one of the greatest questions in the Bible. It is a portion of the forty-second verse. "What think ye of Christ?"

This is one of the greatest questions in all the realm of the universe. First, it is great because these words fell from the lips of the Son of God. In the second place, it is the greatest question of the universe because your eternal welfare and the destiny of others hinge upon it

"What think ye of Christ?"

If you are acquainted with your Bible, you will agree with me that God calls our attention to several great questions contained therein. For example: "What is man?" Many of the great teachers of today trace man back to the tadpole, the frog, and the monkey, and when they are through with their arguments, they are at sea to tell from whence man came. I am not a theologian, but I can tell you of the origin of man, for we read in the book of Genesis that God created him out of the dust of the earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. When God created your soul and mine, He put enough of Himself into our souls so that the devil could never satisfy its longing. The reason there are so many well-beaten paths to the things of this world like the show house, the dance hall, and the club house is that poor mortal man is seeking something to satisfy the soul that God has created. However, my friend, I can tell you from experience where you may find this satisfaction. Just crawl down the aisle on your knees and bow at an old-fashioned mourners' bench, there confess your sins to God, and you will find satisfaction for your soul.

Another great question that God calls to our attention is, "What is life?" God also answers that question for us, saying, "It is but a vapor." We are here today, and tomorrow we are gone.

Again our attention is called to another great question, "Is thy heart right with God?" Mind you, He doesn't say "your head". Many times our heads get in the way. The poor heart is hungry for salvation, but the old proud head says, "You can't have it." The first thing God has to do with some of us is to get our heads knocked out of the way in order to get to our hearts.

"What think ye of Christ?" My friends, should I omit my sermon tonight, I could take all the time that I would spend preaching just to tell you what I think of this Man, Christ Jesus.

First, I love to think of Him as a poor man. We read in the Bible where Jesus was rich, but for our sake He became poor that we through His poverty might become rich. Now, we don't know what it means to be rich in Heaven. I have visited some few millionaires' homes -- I mean just peeped over the fence. That is about all we Holiness people know about wealth -- looking on someone else who has it -- but the Bible says Jesus was rich in Heaven. After God created the worlds, one of them went astray and became the prodigal world. God called for a Volunteer to come to this lost world to die and redeem it back to Himself. His only begotten Son was that

Volunteer. He laid aside His royal robe, left His throne with the Father in Heaven, and came to this old sin-cursed world to live among the people for thirty-three years. He was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief. After creating this world, there was no room in it for Him. He was born in a barn and cradled in a manger. There was no room for Him in that little inn. Oh, how famous that hotel would have been if they had allowed the Lord Jesus to be born there; but, no, the mother was turned away. I am glad that He was born in a barn and cradled in a manger. Should He have been born in some great majestic palace, the poor people would have had no claim on Him. Thank God, He was born among the poor. The Scriptures bear record of only one time in His life where He placed His head upon a pillow, and that was aboard a ship on the Sea of Galilee. He said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He rode upon a borrowed ass, slept in a borrowed tomb, bore the shame of the cross, and died that horrible death that you and I might live. He was rich, and for our sakes He became poor that we through His poverty might be rich. He suffered the lonely hours that we sinners should have suffered; He suffered the pain that we should have suffered; He died the death that we should have died.

To illustrate this fact: In the mountains of West Virginia there was a community where they were not able to have school because of the mean, unruly young men who attended. They whipped every teacher that was placed in that little mountain schoolhouse. The trustees of the little school decided to close the doors, and allow the young men and women who were so unruly to grow up in their ignorance.

One day an old school teacher came through the community, and seeing the windows boxed up and the doors closed at the little schoolhouse, he inquired the reason they were not having school. He was informed that there were a bunch of unruly young men who whipped and ran off every teacher they hired. The old teacher, past seventy, said, "I would like to have this school." The trustees laughed and said, "You are bidding for the worst licking a man ever got." The old teacher said, "I am willing to take the chance." He was hired. Going from house to house throughout the mountains, he spread the news that on Monday the doors of the little schoolhouse would be opened for classes. The boys and the girls came, and when the teacher arrived the schoolroom was filled. As he walked down the aisle, the "bully" among the boys said to his friend, "I'll take him on myself. I won't need any help to whip that old man."

The old teacher, walking slowly and sturdily, greeted the students from behind a little table and informed them that he was not compelled to teach the school, and that he had sufficient means whereby to live the few remaining days of his life. He said, "It is such a shame for intelligent looking men and women like you to grow up in ignorance," and he made this proposition: "All who would like to have school continue, lift your hand." Every hand went up. Then he said, "I will teach your school on one condition, and that is that you students make the laws and abide by them." One boy stood to his feet and said, "Thou shalt not lie." This was written down. Another stood and said, "Thou shalt not steal." Still another large young man stood to his feet and said, "Thou shalt not fight." For a few seconds it was as still as death in that schoolroom. The old teacher informed them that no law was any good without a penalty. One student suggested, "The penalty will be twenty licks with a hickory stick for anyone who breaks these laws." They all agreed to it. Everything ran smoothly for the first few days until it was discovered that someone had stolen Big Tom's lunch. Immediately there began a search for the thief, and on Friday evening the teacher

announced to the students that the thief had been located and would be punished on Monday morning.

There was a peculiar feeling among the students in that little mountain schoolhouse on that Monday morning. Apparently everyone was wondering who the thief could be. The old teacher called for Jim, a lad of about fourteen years of age. He was very thin and undernourished. Little Jimmy came forward. The teacher asked him to pull off his coat. Jim said, "Please whip me with my coat on," but the teacher informed him that according to their rules he was to be whipped with his coat off, so he reached down and unbuttoned the long coat that belonged to the little boy's brother. When the coat was unbuttoned, the teacher discovered that little Jimmy had no shirt on, and he said, "Jimmy, where is your shirt?" Jimmy said, "Mr. Teacher, I have only one, and Mother is washing it today." He said, "Jimmy, what made you steal Big Tom's dinner?" Little Jimmy said, "You know my father is dead, and we are poor, and that morning I didn't have any breakfast. I smelled the food, and it was more than I could stand. I did steal Big Tom's dinner, and I am sorry." As the teacher slipped the coat from little Jimmy's body and looked at his little sharp shoulder blades, he said to himself, "How can I whip this poor little boy?" Then the teacher was conscious of the fact that, unless he did whip him, he would be breaking the law to which the students had agreed. He knew that he would then be compelled to leave the school. Just as he was ready to whip the little boy, Big Tom, the "bully", stood to his feet and said, "Mr. Teacher, could I take little Jimmy's whipping for him?" The old teacher said, "There is a law to that effect." They all agreed that Big Tom was to take little Jimmy's whipping. Big Tom came to the front, removed his own coat, and the teacher proceeded to whip him. The stick broke as he reached it around his back, and when he stooped down to pick up the pieces he heard sobbing throughout the schoolroom. When he lifted his head, little Jimmy had his arms wrapped around Big Tom's neck and he was weeping aloud. He said, "Tom, I'm sorry I stole your dinner. You are taking my whipping. I'll love you forever! I'll never forget you, Tom!"

My friends, Jesus Christ took our licking. He died the death we should have died when He went to the cross for you and for me. The least we can do is to love Him, serve Him, and give Him our all. For He that knew no sin was made sin for us. Through His death many were made rich. We were bought with a price, not with silver or gold, but with the blood of Jesus Christ. He has a large family. They are poor, rich people. I am acquainted with some who live in mud houses and get by on meager fare, but they can sing, "My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands." I know some who make their living over a washboard. I have seen them wringing the suds from their hands, and in the midst of steam and smoke I have heard them sing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee; be of sin the double cure, save from wrath and make me pure." What will make an old wash woman sing and shout? I can tell you. She has been made rich through the death of Jesus Christ.

Secondly, I love to think of Him as the Mighty God. He was both human and divine. With the human hand He reached a lost world; with the divine hand He connected us with God. They tell us He was just a man, only a man, but that will never do. That would rob Him of His Saviourhood and His power to save me from my sins. Thank God, He is more than a mere man. He is both human and divine. He was so human that He wept with Martha and Mary over the death of Lazarus, and then He was so divine that He stood at the grave and called Lazarus from the dead. He was so human that He got tired and weary, and then He was so divine that He could say, "Come unto me,

all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He was so human that He grew hungry, and so divine that He could take five little loaves and two fish and feed the thousands. He was the God-man.

We see Him as He sleeps in the midst of the storm on the Sea of Galilee. The little ship was about to break into pieces in the fury of the storm. His disciples slept in the hull of the ship. There they found the Saviour asleep. They said, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Our Saviour stepped on deck of the sinking ship in the turbulence of the storm and spoke to the wind. There was a hush. He spoke to the waves, and they folded their arms and lay down. Then in amazement, the captain said to the crew, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the waves obey his voice?" He was my God and your God. Friends, I can just imagine that He asked His disciples, "What are you scared about?" And I can hear them saying, "Master, the little boat was about to sink." Then, I can hear Jesus say, "It can't sink if I am on board." My dear friends, if you have Jesus on board your little boat, there is no storm that can send it to the bottom. He is the Mighty God.

"What think ye of Christ, the Mighty God?" He came down that we might go up. He walked the shores of Galilee that we might walk the streets of the New Jerusalem. He bore the cross that we might wear a crown. Will you make Him your God tonight?

Thirdly, "What think ye of Christ, the Saviour?" "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Oh, that wonderful name! They speak of Napoleon Bonaparte the Great, Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar the Great, but we never address Jesus that way. It is only Jesus, blessed Jesus, the most beautiful name in Heaven, and the sweetest name spoken by mortal tongue. God hung out the brightest star to mark His birthplace and sent a heavenly choir to sing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." He came to seek and to save that which was lost, and He is calling today, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The man who lived in the tomb and caves came to Jesus. He saved him, gave him back his right mind, and sent him home to tell the story to others. He cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene. Thank God, He can save to the uttermost all them that will come unto Him by faith. "What think ye of Christ, the Saviour?"

There is a man in the city where I live, and I think at one time he was one of the most wicked men in our city. He had broken his old mother's heart. On one occasion they had seven indictments against him for breaking the law. At times he tended bar, and one night he came home drunk and was going to whip his wife. He struck at her as she held the little baby, Charles, in her arms. The lick fell upon the little baby's face, leaving a bleeding wound. But one night he staggered into a little church on Keyser Creek, and there at the mourners' bench confessed his sins and found the Lord. He went back to his little home and knocked at the door. Before opening the door, the wife asked him if he was trying to get in to hurt her and the children. He said, "Honey, I have found Jesus." She came to the door, holding her kerosene lamp in one hand and found her husband with a smile from ear to ear. She said, "Earl, what has happened?" He said, "I have found Jesus." He got the little baby in his arms and said, "You have a new daddy. He'll never slap you with his fist again."

Early in the morning before daybreak they made their way to his old mother's home, and when he stepped up on the porch the mother said, "Who is it?" He said, "It's Earl." She said, "What are you doing here at this time of the morning?" He said, "Mother, I've come to tell you I've found your Christ."

I'm glad to tell you my friends this man -- one time a jailbird, a wife-beater, a bartender -- is today a mighty preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

"What think ye of Christ, the Saviour?" My friends, I don't remember the day I united with the church, neither do I remember the day when I was baptized, but I remember that night in January when I staggered down the aisle in a little Methodist church -- a poor drunkard and gambler -- confessed my sins to Jesus, and He saved me.

"What think ye of Christ, the Saviour?" "On Christ the solid Rock I stand, all other ground is sinking sand." God grant that someone will make Him their Saviour tonight. Let us pray.

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Chapter 9 REDEEMING THE TIME

You will find my text this evening in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, the first clause of the sixteenth verse, "Redeeming the time."

In reading the Bible through, I have found no scripture that gets as close to where I live as my text. On one occasion, John Wesley stood upon a curb stone ten minutes, with his watch in one hand and his Bible in the other, waiting for his driver. When the driver arrived, John Wesley said to him, "You have caused me to lose ten minutes I will never be able to regain in this world or the world to come." On another occasion, Wesley, with a company of preachers, was viewing a beautiful landscape. They were all wrapped up in the grandeur and splendor of the scenery. All at once John Wesley broke the silence by saying, "Men, let us arise and be going. I believe out ahead of us there is a long eternity. We must redeem the time."

Who should redeem the time? First, every minister of the Gospel. We have the highest calling that was ever bestowed upon man. We have been called by the most high God to labor for Jesus and Heaven and save the lost. When William McKinley was President of our United States, one morning he was introduced to a couple of preachers. He lifted his hat from his head and said, "Preachers, you have a higher calling than the President of the United States. You have been called by the Lord to save the lost." I do not want anyone to feel sorry for me because I am a minister. I had rather be a second-blessing holiness preacher than the President of the United States. I have a higher calling than he possesses today. He could not do my work, and I doubt that I could do his.

The first reason why we should redeem our time is that it passes so swiftly. We are living in a streamlined age, it seems like we have to do everything in a hurry. We hardly have time to

read our Bibles and pray. Man has streamlined our trains; we have streamlined airplanes, streamlined buildings, streamlined furniture, also a streamlined ministry and streamlined pulpits; but the religion of Jesus Christ is not streamlined, it has a Cross in it; it has blood in it, and it has death in it, but thank God the way of the Cross leads home.

Time passes swiftly. David said, "I have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay tree, but he was soon cut down." My brother, my sister, let your mind run back to your childhood days; although it has been forty years, it is as but yesterday. Oh, how well do I remember when I was a little tot; the old log cabin at the foot of a steep hill; the little log barn, the little cherry tree upon the hillside. I can see the old-fashioned open fireplace where we children would parch corn and roast potatoes in the ashes; play blindfold on those cold winter nights. It seems like a dream, but it has been over forty years ago. Some time ago I returned to the spot, the old cabin was gone, the little barn had been torn down, the little cherry tree was not. Some that surrounded the fireplace are scattered here and there, and some are gone.

Balaam said, "Let me die the death of the righteous." Just about everyone that we meet wants to die the death of the righteous, but so few are willing to pay the price and live the life of the righteous. If we are to die the death of the righteous, we will have to live the life of the righteous man.

Time passes swiftly. The great scientists tell us that light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Now, my friends, if you could get a vision of your soul on the wings of time traveling to the great Judgment Bar of God, at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, I would not have to stand here and plead with you to give your hearts to God. While we are traveling so swiftly, let me ask you a question. What are you doing about your soul's salvation and your eternal welfare? The reply comes, "Don't take it so seriously, Reverend Fugett. I have plenty of time." Others will say, "I am just killing time."

Only this morning I invited a business man to church. He said, "I haven't time to come." Then he proceeded to say that he had opened and closed this store for twenty-nine years. I told him that it wouldn't be long until someone else would open the store, and someone else would close it. I invited another man out to hear the Gospel. He was a druggist. He said, "Reverend, I would love to come and hear you preach, but haven't time." I told him that he should get himself a soap box and go to the cemetery and sit down on it and think there a while. The next morning I met this druggist again, and he said, "You know what you said to me about the cemetery and about thinking kept me awake all night." Let us redeem the time because it passes so swiftly.

Some time ago in a revival in a church where I served as pastor, a Christian brother stepped down the aisle and invited a close friend of mine to seek the Lord. This Mr. J. said, "Bernard, I have plenty of time yet. I believe in the religion of Reverend Fugett, and I love him as a man, but I am not ready to give up my crowd to go with his crowd." That was on Sunday night. On the following Thursday, the sister of Brother J. called me to the hospital to pray with this man that felt he had plenty of time. When I entered the hospital room, I found my friend unconscious. His face was pale, his lips were purple, and his finger nails were turning blue. The little wife was bowing by his bedside weeping. She said, "Brother Fugett, pray one more time for my dying husband." I bowed my knees to pray for this lost man. Only God knows just how I felt. This man

had slept in my bed, ate at my table, supported my ministry, and now he is dying, slipping through my fingers without hope and without God. I prayed, "Oh, God, let this man's reasoning return to him one more time that he may be spoken to about his soul." Then I lifted my face from my hands, and he motioned for me with his finger. Through dying struggles he cried out, "Pray, pray." Those were the last words I heard him say. Remember, friends, on Sunday night he laughed and said he had plenty of time, and on Thursday he was dying. I was called on to conduct his funeral. Oh, it was hard. Time passes swiftly.

Why should we redeem the time? Why should the man that has been born again, justified freely, redeem the time? He should never rest until he obtains the blessing of entire sanctification. Some will ask you the question, "Why place so much stress on the believer being sanctified?" The first reason why: 1 Peter 1:16, "Be ye holy for I am holy." So you see that is a command of the Lord. The second reason why: 1 Thessalonians 4:7, "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." The third reason that every consecrated man should be sanctified: 1 Thessalonians 4:3, "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." The fourth reason why the believer should be sanctified: Hebrews 13:12, "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." So you can see that is God's command, God's call, God's will, without holiness we can not see the Lord, and that He suffered without the gate that He might sanctify us with His own blood. Every time the believer rejects holiness he rejects the blood of Jesus Christ. My brother, you can not be a Blood rejecter and keep saved very long.

The second reason why we should redeem the time is because of the value of time. The most valuable articles this side of eternity are time and our soul. Men and women are so captivated by the splendor and grandeur of the white lights of the show house, the lusts of the flesh, the world, and the pride of life that they have forgotten the most valuable article this side of eternity -- Time. In order to place the right value on time, God would have to permit you, sinner friend, to cross the line of worlds in the regions of the damned and allow you to listen in on the groans and the moans and the wails of dying souls that never die. I believe that if God should permit you to spend fifteen minutes in the regions of the damned, you would come back and place the right value upon time and redeem it.

Ordinarily, you can determine the quality of anything by the price that you pay for it. You can determine the value of the soul by the price that was paid for it. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." To purchase your salvation cost God His Son. It cost the Son of God the last drop of blood in His veins. In the dying hours of Queen Elizabeth, she said to her doctor, "All my diamonds and rubies and wealth for one hour of time." The reply was, "Time doesn't belong to me. It belongs to God." Friends, you can go to your home and sing that little song, "Turn back, turn back, Oh, Time in your flight, and make me a child again, just for tonight", but we are twenty-four hours nearer Heaven or Hell than we were this time last night.

The third reason why we should redeem the time is because of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. To prove this statement, all you will have to do is to read your newspaper. There are 21,024,600 who die annually without a war. In the next twelve months it will take someone that I am speaking to tonight to make up that great number. Life is uncertain. Some time

ago I closed a camp meeting near Montreal, Canada. My next camp meeting was in Pasadena, California. I stopped in my home city on my way to Pasadena. I met a friend of mine who was a business man, and he said to me, "Reverend Fugett, I was examined yesterday for \$10,000.00 worth of life insurance, and three doctors told me that I should live to be one hundred years old." This man was a specimen of manhood. He made the statement on Tuesday. On Saturday night, when removing his coat to retire, he dropped dead on the floor. Friends, what I am trying to get at is that life is uncertain and death is certain.

At one time I visited the Coconut Grove Night Club in Boston. Of course, it was closed, for I do not go to such places, but you will remember that terrible tragedy. A young lad played a prank with one electric bulb, and the place caught fire, and 496 were burned to death. There in the midst of drunkenness, gambling, and all kinds of licentious living, death came unexpectedly, but suddenly, to nearly 500 souls. Just outside of this night club, stood an old mother the next morning, waiting for them to bring the charred body of her only son that was burned to death in this devil's dive. Life is uncertain. Death is certain.

I closed a meeting in Arkansas, and the next night I was to speak 646 miles from that little city in Houston, Texas. The folk had arranged for the Chief of Police in the city to carry me to my destination so that we would not have to be bothering with the law and could make all the time that we desired. We drove the balance of the night, and on into the day on Monday. Along in the afternoon, I felt a great heaviness settling down over me. I asked the Chief how he felt, and he said, "Reverend, I feel like weeping." I asked him to pull into the filling station, which he did. I got out and introduced myself to the proprietor as a minister from Kentucky, and Mr. Young as the Chief of Police from Arkansas. Then, I related our feelings and heaviness that recently had settled down over each of us. This big filling station man wrapped his arms around the gasoline tank and began to weep. He lifted his head from his chest and said, "Preacher, you are now entering the little village of New London, Texas, where that awful disaster took place in the school and where 268 children were blown to pieces, and 13 teachers were killed. Many of the children we could not identify, and Reverend, there are three little vacant chairs left in my home." My reason for giving you these personal experiences is to help you to realize that time is uncertain, and death is certain.

In the Methodist Church in Reading, Pennsylvania, some years ago, I had a peculiar experience -- one like I never had before or since. While speaking to a day congregation, I saw a large church filled to its capacity with people, and a beautiful casket. It almost floored me. I am not a visionary man. I am the extreme from that, but I have never had an experience like it. I related to my congregation what I saw, and dismissed the service without an altar call, for I was putting no pressure to bear on them. I never referred to it another time during the meeting. Three weeks from that day, my wife who was present in the meeting in which I related my experience, the mother of three of my children, was in that gray casket before that great congregation. There had been no woman in the congregation that had seemed more healthy or more cheerful, and thank God, more ready to go. She was a good wife, a sweet mother, but death has no respect of persons. Three weeks from the time that God showed me this condition, I held my little boy's hand who was eight years old, and my little girl's hand who was five years old, and we bid their sweet mother, "good-bye", and promised to meet her in Heaven.

Let me close this message by saying, "Today is the day of salvation." "Redeem the time because the days are evil." Let us pray.

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Chapter 10

THE POEM OF MY LIFE

If some saint of God had told me when a child, of Jesus' love,
And His power on earth to guide me to the Father's home above,
My whole life might have been different, wicked deeds I might not have done;
But nobody cared to tell me, so in sin I wandered on.

"Join the church, you'll be religious," was suggested from the stand,
Why sure I could get salvation by a slight shake of the hand.
So I did that and was baptized, but it did not work with me,
I was still a poor lost sinner, wicked as a boy could be.

Smoking, drinking, gambling, stealing, homeless, friendless, pauper, I,
Bound by sin and wrecked in body, chased by law and soon to die;
My young life was spent for Satan, and I served my master well,
Full time wages he would give me, all eternity in Hell.

But my Father up in Heaven had some plans I knew not of,
He'd protected me through dangers, He had never ceased to love;
He had raised me for a purpose, and had work for me to do,
My whole life He'd change completely, I should be a creature new.

In a little Methodist chapel were some folks who'd been twice born,
They were having a revival, so I slipped in to get warm.
When they told me how Jesus loved me, I could hardly believe 'twas true,
For I didn't even know Him, and I was so wicked too.

"Oh, it's joy unspeakable and full of glory" too,
The sweet song they sang with power that convinced me through and through
Of the joy of full salvation and my need to have it, too:
So I went down to the altar and I started praying through.

On my knees in prayer I wrestled just as Jacob did of old,
All my sins I viewed with horror, all the blackness of my soul;
I repented, I surrendered, all I was or hoped to be,
Praise the Lord, by faith I plunged in and salvation came to me.

When I left the church and started home, I met some of the gang, I tried to tell them I was saved, but they said, "He's drunk again.
The whiskey that he got this time must have been awful bad;

But we'll not leave him here to die, we'll take him to his dad."

They threw me in a buggy and held me down real tight,
So I just thanked the Lord some more for saving me that night.
I let them open all the gates, unhook the horse and shay,
And then I showed them how to walk the straight and narrow way.

I told my mother and my dad about my precious Saviour,
I went to bed but not to sleep, for fear that He would leave me.
His blood had washed away my sins, His love had won my heart,
I had never known such a Friend, from Him I would not part.

The critics watched me day and night, each move that I was making,
They said, "Within a week or two, those church vows he'll be breaking."
They did not know my Father's plan, His love, His grace, and power,
That He would keep this child of His through every trying hour.

"Your crooked paths must be made straight," I heard a preacher say;
I knew I had used a few things for which I did not pay,
There were striped watermelons, and chickens not a few,
And honey by the gallon, some dimes and dollars, too.

It was no easy task, you know, to straighten up my past,
It took seven years of toil and prayer before I paid the last.
Those old accounts are settled now, I'm happy, glad, and free,
To His sweet will we all must bow, if we keep victory.

From barber man, to merchant man, then traveling salesman was I,
Ever seeking occupation that would fully satisfy;
Then one day the Father whispered, "Leave it all and work for me,
Lay your treasures up in Heaven, keep them for eternity."

So I'm working now for Jesus, going up and down the land,
Happy in His love and service, winning every soul I can,
Soon I'm looking for His coming, and I want to prove my love,
Be a true and faithful servant, till He calls me home above.

I would love to meet the thousands that I've helped to find the way,
At the entrance of that city, on that grand home-coming day.
Should I go before the rapture, then for you I'll watch and wait,
Where Nellie said she'd meet me, just inside the Eastern Gate.

-- Isabell Maxey --

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THE PASSING OF REV. C.B. FUGETT

By Elbert Dodd

From the January, 1980 Missionary Revivalist

Rev. C.B. Fugett died recently at the age of eighty-five years. He retired from the field of evangelism in the Church of the Nazarene seven years ago. He had been in failing health for some years. He was one of the great soul winners of his day. He held revivals for me when I was pastor in the Church of the Nazarene.

The last time I saw Bro. Fugett was about four years ago. We had dinner together and had wonderful fellowship, then I went to his home and had prayer with him. I loved, appreciated and believed in Rev. C.B. Fugett. The last word that he spoke to his wife was "I am going home," and fell asleep in Jesus. No doubt he, with the saints that have gone, are shouting around the Great White Throne of God. I look forward to the day I will be in that great gathering.

He leaves at his homegoing his wife, Elizabeth, three sons, two daughters, two sisters, eight grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Brother Fugett, with the Vaughm Quartette, conducted one of the greatest revivals that has ever been in Nashville, Tenn. I believe he held to the old line of old-fashioned religion. May his influence and memory live on until Jesus comes.

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THE END