

well done, but, in addition to these, because he was a true friend. He showed himself friendly, and on this account he made friends. His friendship was of the best type and highly appreciated. He and his friends came close together and entered without reserve into some of the more sacred things of life. The close friends of Brother Vaden have sustained a great loss in his death. His life revealed itself nowhere to better advantage than in his home. I have seen much of his home life. It was simple and unpretentious. He loved home and his loved ones, and he gave expression to the same in the many little things of life that mean so much. He was patient, kind, and gentle. In it all he maintained a high standard of life. His home life was beautiful. His love for and appreciation of home and home life were revealed in homes other than his own. He loved life—loved it so much that its disappointments and sufferings did not make him love it less. He wanted to live, for he had much to live for. He made a faithful and brave effort to live. All of this was healthy and right. Why should he not want to live for wife, son, parents, and other loved ones, and to prosecute his work? He expressed regret that so little time had been given for all these things. I am persuaded that there are more loath to give up life than there are of the other kind; and this attitude reveals no lack of readiness to die or faith in the future, but is a proper appreciation of the meaning of life here. In the sense of being prepared, he was ready to go when the summons came, but he desired to continue here for a while longer. There was in him no fear for the future, but strong love for the present. Brother Vaden left as a legacy to his friends a noble life faithfully lived, a true wife, a bright little son, and other loved ones. These especially are bequeathed to the ministry. Let us give them a large place in our plans and sympathy. When the time came, he heard the voice of his Lord saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*T. A. Kerley.*

JOHN A. McFERRIN.—On March 2, 1912, Rev. John A. McFerrin left his home on Greenwood Avenue, East Nashville, for his home in heaven. He was the son of Rev. John B. and Myra P. McFerrin, and was

born in Nashville on March 26, 1848. When about seventeen years of age he was converted and united with the Methodist Church, in the communion of which for forty years he lived faithful, wrought well, died in triumph, and was buried from her altar. He was educated at Emory and Henry College. Just the time that he was licensed to preach I have no means of knowing, but in 1870 we find him as junior preacher on the Cainsville Circuit, with Rev. W. D. Cherry as preacher in charge. In October, 1871, he was admitted on trial in the Tennessee Conference. This year he was married to Miss Martha Abston. From this marriage there were six children, all of whom were with him at the last except Mrs. W. R. Pope, of Fort Riley, Kans., who arrived a few hours after her father had gone home, and Dr. James McFerrin, of Mount Pleasant, who was kept away by sickness in his own family. His first appointment after being received on trial was the Woodbury Circuit, where he worked hard and managed the difficult situation with much success. From this he was appointed to Mount Olivet Circuit. The writer, passing through that charge nearly thirty years afterwards, was frequently asked about him. Then he served in the following order: Red River Circuit, Gallatin Circuit, Foster Street (now McFerrin Memorial Station, Nashville), Prospect Circuit, Pisgah Circuit, Bethesda Circuit, Harpeth Station, Ashland City, Pleasant View, College Grove Circuit, Hermitage Circuit, Woodbine Circuit, Centerville District, Franklin District, Goodlettsville Station, Savannah District. His last charge was the Columbia District. While serving this district he was stricken with paralysis, and for a time it was thought he would not rally, but he did to some extent and was permitted to finish out his four years of service. At his request he was then granted the superannuate relation. Brother McFerrin belonged to and was a part of the Methodism of this country, and his work was so closely interwoven in its history that it would be a very imperfect history that did not have to do with the McFerrin family. From the "History of Methodism" we glean the following facts: The McFerrins emigrated from Ireland to America about 1750. The great-grandfather of Brother McFerrin at an early age entered the Army of the American Revolution. He was one of that noble band who interfered with the purpose of the British

to invade the Carolinas in the decisive battle of King's Mountain. This same McFerrin followed the lead of Washington and Greene against the British, and later had a taste of Indian warfare. After the war he married and settled in the Holston River country. It was here that the grandfather of J. A. McFerrin was born, reared, and married. About this time the tide of emigration was westward, and James McFerrin caught the prevailing impulse and prepared to go to Middle Tennessee, having heard of its rich lands and abundant forests abounding in game. So, crossing the Cumberland Mountains, he reached and settled in the Stone's River country. It was here, not far from Salem Church at a camp meeting, that he was converted and united with the Methodist Church, the family to this time having been Presbyterians; and here begins the connection of the McFerrins with the history of Methodism. It was here that Dr. John B. McFerrin was born. In 1825 he was admitted on trial in the Tennessee Conference at its session at Shelbyville, Tenn. That year the name McFerrin appeared on this Conference roll, and this year (1912) will be the first year since that the name will not appear. May God raise another like him! It was of such stock that our Brother McFerrin was born, and from such a home and under such influence was he reared as made it possible for God to use him for his glory. Some one has said that the finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a man. John A. McFerrin was a man. When a great crisis was on, you did not have to guess where he was; but look on the firing line, in the thickest of the fight, and you would find him standing for the right and doing his utmost to overcome the wrong. He loved the true and noble in man, but despised the little and untrue. His friends could always depend on him, but those who opposed him found a foeman worthy of their steel. He inherited the purpose to guard well the doctrines of his Church. He might seem to be oblivious of all about him, but attack his Church or its doctrines and you would at once arouse him to its defense. What he understood to be the doctrines of his Church were as dear to him as his own life. He had a religious experience that grew as the years passed by, and those who knew him best saw him ripening for the Master's use. The last years of his life were spent in Gallatin, during two years of which I

was his pastor. Here as elsewhere he was faithful to his Church. As difficult as it was for him to walk, he was always at Sunday school and the Sunday morning service. It was inspiration to preach to him. He was the most popular man in town. People of all classes, ages, and conditions loved him and, now that he has gone, will cherish his memory. A few weeks before his death he moved to Nashville, and there died almost in sight of the place of his birth.—*W. B. Lowry.*

ALBERT THEODORE GOODLOE was born near Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on Sunday, June 23, 1833. His parents were William Hill Goodloe and Emily Elizabeth Williams. These parents were noted for their solid piety and profound devotion to the Methodist Church. His father died on September 6, 1834; the mother passed away on January 4, 1837. The subject of this sketch was only three and one-half years old when left an orphan. He was taken to the home of his grandfather, David Short Goodloe, of Tusculum, Ala., where he remained until his uncle, Robert Atlas Goodloe, became his guardian and removed him to his own home in the country. As a boy Dr. Goodloe attended a good country school in Franklin County, Ala., known as Franklin Academy. In 1848, when just fifteen years old, he was placed in a preparatory school in Virginia, known as the Minor School. He remained there two and one-half years, and was placed in the University of Virginia, where he remained two years, devoting his last year to the study of medicine. The following year he took the medical course in the Richmond Medical College, graduating from there at the age of nineteen years and nine months. From Richmond he went to New York to attend clinic lectures at the City Hospital. After this he took a position in one of the hospitals as assistant physician. On January 1, 1854, he entered upon a business life by taking possession of a cotton farm for which he had previously contracted, and he became at once a practical farmer, and did very little with his profession, only as his services were needed among the servants on the farm. On November 29, 1855, Dr. Goodloe was married to Miss Sallie Louise Cockrill, of Franklin County, Ala. She was a splendid young woman of most excellent parentage. In 1862 Dr. Goodloe enlisted in the army as a Confederate soldier. He continued through