



"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16

The Sanctification of Mrs. W. B. Godbey

My Better Half

By William Baxter Godbey

God's Revivalist Press
Ringgold, Young and Channing Streets
Cincinnati, Ohio

[NO COPYRIGHT -- WRITTEN ABOUT 1918]

Emma Durham, born November 28, 1839, in Boyle County, Kentucky; a child of Anglican paternity and Scotch maternity: her aged grandfather, John Durham a comrade of Daniel Boone, from Virginia, the pioneer of Kentucky, the first Methodist class-leader in the State. Succeeded in his leadership by his son Benjamin, who had a Methodist Church and campground on his farm and was succeeded by his son James Wesley, who, in the distribution of his patrimony left this celebrated home of Methodism to my dear wife, as, I trow, because it was known throughout the State as the Methodist Tavern: because in the antecedency of all public conveyance it was to the Methodist preachers as a lodge in the wilderness. There all found rest and refreshments gratuitous and superabounding in their annual peregrinations to their appointments. As her husband was a Methodist preacher she inherited the homestead, a substantial brick building erected by her grandfather and pursuant to her wishes, augmented by a wooden story, in which the angels found her December 2, 1915, having lived on the earth seventy-six years and four days.

MY BETTER HALF

By W. B. Godbey

1. HER CONVERSION

At the age of eighteen she was happily and powerfully converted during a great revival in Perryville, Ky., which ran six weeks and was crowned with one hundred and seventy brilliant and powerful conversions ultimating in the launching of a Methodist Church in that town or rather the transference of Durham's Chapel two miles in the country at the homestead, where my wife's grandfather, Benjamin Durham had spent his life and erected a church and campground, the first in the State, as he had settled in the wild woods and always constrained the Methodist preachers to board with him, which was readily acquiesced in by a single man; whereas if he had a family, the shouting class-leader was just as importunate for them all to live with him in his house, as in case of celibacy.

The altar was piled with mourners as the Methodist Church was still orthodox and stalwart on regeneration, preaching it with uncompromising vehemence and holding the people at the mourner's bench, not only days and weeks, but months and years till God raised them up with sky-blue and sunburst experiences "born from above" (Jno. 3:7,) till they would shout all over the community.

Meanwhile though still orthodox on the doctrine of entire sanctification by a second work of grace and preaching it heroically they had inadvertently let the experience evanesce like an angel visitant, getting away, uncognizant by anyone; thus unfortunately losing the key that unlocks the mystery of the constant victory over the world, the flesh and the devil and the impregnable citadel against the otherwise incorrigible Satanic predilection to apostasy and

consequent damnation.

While I was leading in prayer amid tornadoes of “amens” and “hallelujahs,” transcended by my stentorian voice, so the mourners could all overhear the petition rising to Heaven, suddenly a beautiful rosy damsel, sprang to her feet shouting like an angel. I was not then personally acquainted with her. Her father rushed in and took her in his arms, when I heard some one say, “One of Jim Durham’s girls has got religion,” as they called conversions at that time, using the rustic phrase, “getting religion.” This was really the felicitous introduction to my future wife. The acquaintance thus inaugurated, soon developing into mutual agreement, culminating in a matrimonial engagement, appointed two years hence as I had one year in college and in my utter financial destitution teaching and attending alternately in order to defray the finances: meanwhile, the people, to my astonishment, taking so much interest in me as to spontaneously loan me money to prosecute my six years’ course of study thus superinducing a heavy indebtedness on my part, under which I was too proud to get married: the infantile conversion in my mother’s lap, before she had given me the masculine costume, so headed off Satan as to fortify me against the vulgar vices so fatal to boyhood and made my life irreproachable in the light of the moral law. Yet I had inbred sin, big as a rhinoceros, superinducing Napoleonic ambition to be a big preacher: as I had received the call in that infantile conversion which never left me, but ever afterward rang in my ears like heavenly bells; pursuant to which in my striplinghood I preached to the trees, and at the age of twenty, sixty-two years ago, took the colored people for my field of labor, giving the toiling slaves the first five years of my ministerial service, and witnessing the mighty works of God in condescending mercy gloriously saving the sable children of Ham, who crowded my altars; packed the houses and would pray all night until the Heavenly daybreak consoled their broken hearts, raising them up with shouts of victory ringing out from dewy morn to dusky eve, as they prosecuted their daily toils.

Among the benefactors of my indigent boyhood, a Presbyterian brother, Addison Parks, repeatedly loaned me money unsolicited. Finally during my senior year he handed me a fifty dollar bill, observing, “Brother Godbey, as you graduate this year you may need some extra money; take this to help you along.” I responded, “Brother Parks, I want to pay you what I owe you before I ever take any more.” Yet he constrained me to take it, “Though,” I observed, “If I should die you would never get it.” He responded, “I know if you live you will pay it all and if you die, just count it paid.” The day I graduated they offered me one hundred dollars a month for teaching, so I went along teaching and preaching the ensuing year, paid off all my debts and got a little money for the nuptial expenses and bridal tour to Cincinnati, which my dear wife had never seen; thus launching us out in our matrimonial unification in which we walked fifty-five years, five months and six days: when she outstripped me in the race for Glory and having finished her work exchanged the battlefield for the mount of victory, while I was preaching in Philadelphia without an intimation of her impending translation, as God in His condescending love, permitted her to go Home without sickness.

Though we postponed the solemnization of matrimony those two years, meanwhile I visited her about once a month, and as a rule found a platoon of beaux waiting on her, as she was celebrated for her beauty, pronounced the fairest belle in all the land, and really the magnetism of the young men; whereas, because of our engagement, I felt as if I were already wedded and consequently gave no attention to the girls, and thought she ought to discard all those suitors, yet I was afraid to suggest anything of the kind lest she might think I was too particular, and say, “You can trot out!” Consequently I was in hot water those two years, lest my hope would prove vain. During that memorable biennium in my biography, I, on arrival, when finding the beaux on hand, heroically played preacher, staying in the family room, reading the Bible and other good books and calling in the young people (as they had five daughters) to family prayer; simply opportunely meeting her in an aside, speaking a few words and telling her when I would come back.

Therefore while her beaux were sedulously rivaling one another, they did not recognize me as a competitor, as that was the most celebrated home of Methodist preachers in the State, the pastor generally boarding there and all others in their peregrinations, making it their home, ad libitum.

Thus the biennium passed away in profound solicitude on my part, asking the Lord to keep His hand on her and make her true to her engagement. Sure enough, when the time arrived, I found her perfectly true. A great crowd assembled by invitation to attend the wedding, as the consanguinity was multitudinous, and among them her beaux as she had courteously invited them all; but the bluest lot I ever saw. I never saw them any more, and I shouted for joy recognizing June 26, 1860 the happiest day of my life.

2. SANCTIFICATION

Eight years after we entered into wedlock the Lord gloriously baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire; burning up the Free Mason, the Odd Fellow, the College President, the Southern Methodist preacher, the candidate for the episcopacy, making me a cyclone of fire, so I had a sweeping, knockdown revival everywhere I went; thus giving me the experience fifteen years before the Holiness Movement reached Dixie Land, the people with remarkable unanimity pronouncing me crazy; so forty-four years ago they actually gave me a free ride from Florence to Covington, Ky., turning me over to the presiding elder as a crazy man, absolutely unmanageable and incorrigible.

Meanwhile the brethren of my Conference, with flowing tears were confessing my insanity, at the same time observing, "He is innocent as an angel and will not do you any harm; whereas if you want a glorious revival, here is your best chance." Consequently I had more calls than I knew what to do with and they have continued to the present day; so now at the age of eighty-two after preaching for sixty-two years I have calls enough for many men, God having laid all the Holiness people on my heart, and Bishop McTyeire, in 1884, while presiding over my Conference, having given me the entire Southern Methodist connection for my field of labor, and appointed me for life; giving me a letter of introduction to all the bishops and presiding elders recommending me to the evangelistic work as we at that time had no such an appointment in our curriculum, North, South, East, or West; thus, per se making me an evangelist for life and giving me the world for my field of labor.

When I received the experience I thought I could surely lead my dear wife out of the wilderness into Canaan, without hesitation. But I found her Anglican heredity, stirring up John Bull. Consequently I simply had to wait on the Lord till His good time would bring her over the swelling flood.

Even in her justified state, the Lord astonished us all by using her faith and instrumentality in my physical healing. On my own circuit, while pushing a revival in a bush-harbor, as they had not learned to use the canvas tents at the time, heavy rains falling, I contracted a cold and got sick so I actually fell while preaching and was carried away by the terrified people who thought I was dying; Then returning home ten miles on account of my illness, my wife, upon my arrival was so alarmed, she sent for her physician: who likewise became so alarmed on examining me that he sent for an older physician than himself, the two assisted by my members, all of whom, as fast as they heard it, poured in to see me. They all labored for six hours with all their might, in their efforts to break the congestion by internal stimulants and external frictions; when our family physician came to me and said, "I feel it my duty to tell you you are liable to die any moment and cannot live more than two hours. Your ailment is congestion of the lungs, all the blood in your system having flooded there so you are only breathing in your bronchial and larger air tubes, for your lungs are congested and collapsed, and as it has been on you six hours and medical history gives no account of a survival beyond the eighth hour; therefore while you are liable to go at any moment, you are certain to die in two hours."

Consequently they desisted from all treatment. And I trow would have gone away had it not been for the surprise run on them by my wife who at once succeeded them, taking command of the situation, observing, "Brothers and sisters, these doctors have given up my husband to die, but I am not ready for him to go as I need him and I do not believe the Lord is ready as I feel assured that He needs him and is abundantly able to heal him of this formidable congestion of the lungs which has proved incorrigible by the doctors. Therefore all gather around his bed and join in prayer with me to God that He may touch his body and raise him up to preach the Gospel as in bygone days." As there was no light on Divine healing at that time, I myself having received but a glimmer when the Lord sanctified me and I was alone in the experience. Such was the curiosity superinduced in the doctors by the unheard of procedure of my wife, that they both stayed to see the end, i.e., till the flight of the two hours, when they said, "There will be a corpse."

Meanwhile I was so happy, actually enjoying a vision of Heaven, shining in panorama before me; though still in the body to which I was attached by the thread of life which appeared to me like a string, holding me to the body while I was high up in the lofty firmament looking into Heaven and expecting every moment to sweep in.

The clock on the mantel tolled the two hours. They fled so quickly that it seemed to me no more than ten minutes when the healing came suddenly. The congestion breaking, my lungs were relieved, the circulation was restored, pulsation returned after an absence of eight hours; the blood flowing in through the arteries and back through my veins, as impressively as if water had been poured on the exterior of my body.

Then I said to our family physician, "Doctor, I am healed." All this time he had been standing looking on me intently, awaiting the fulfillment of his prediction that I would die in two hours if not sooner. He reached me in a single leap, apparently like a squirrel: snatching up my body, examining my pulse and responding, "That is so, that is so, the congestion is broken, pulsation restored, regular and healthy, and you are a well man." He then fell prostrate on the floor and cried aloud, "Do not get off your knees, as you have prayed the Great Physician down from Heaven who has healed my patient after I gave him up to die! Therefore hold Him back till He saves my soul!" (He was a church member but if ever saved had let it slip.) Therefore the saints had as great a time praying the Doctor through as had already transpired in the miraculous healing of the preacher.

So I was utterly unable to lead my Better Half into Beulah Land antecedently to the ingress of the Holiness Movement; meanwhile she would constantly say to me, "Mr. Godbey, you are a preacher and I cannot be your equal in religious experiences," thinking that sanctification was only for a saint in an age, and consequently all efforts on her part to seek it proved futile.

Having stood alone in Dixie Land, fifteen years, preaching entire sanctification, currently cognomened, "Crazy Godbey," thirty-two years ago I heard that there were some sanctified people in Cincinnati. Crossing the Ohio River, I hunted them up, taking them by the collar and constraining them to come over into Macedonia and help us. Thus we started the work in Kentucky; I, myself, preaching two months constantly in the Methodist churches of Cincinnati, south of the river, witnessing four hundred conversions and sanctifications. The movement having thus crossed over into Dixie Land; our noble sanctified Bishop, McTyeire of South Carolina, at that time presiding over our Conference, bade it welcome all the way to the ocean, possessing all the land from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico.

Therefore we proceeded at once to hold the first holiness campmeeting in dear old Kentucky at Maple Grove under the shadow of Cincinnati. I prevailed on my dear wife to attend the meeting.

After the saints had prayed down from Heaven copious showers of celestial fire and the tide was running high, my Better Half arrived on the ground. When she saw the altar crowded with the old, young, great and small, heavenly inundations sweeping down in great landslides from the Glory World, meanwhile many were tiding over, she rushed to the altar, observing that she had been mistaken in her conclusion that it was only for preachers, as she saw the laity crowd the altars, pray through, rise with radiant faces and tell the thrilling story of full salvation.

We were all surprised with the expedition which crowned her humble efforts to get the Pearl of great Price; when to our astonishment she leaped to her feet with shouts of victory, adding her testimony to ours confirmatory to this great salvation.

I was much gratified during our long walk together, to see the victory ostensibly abide, without those fluctuations so incident to the rank and file cognomened "Holiness people." She never flickered in her testimony but was always ready to witness clearly to the experience.

When I asked for her, her father observed, "Brother Godbey you are the kind of man I want all my daughters to marry." While her mother widely differed from him, telling me that we were making a mistake in our projected marriage, as she was sickly and always had been and we had better reconsider the matter and cancel the engagement.

You know young lovers are blind to admonishings conflicting with their sanguine aspirations to enjoy the bliss anticipated by celibates. Therefore we heeded not the kind admonishings of a good mother who never did give her consent; but pursuant to that of her father we proceeded to verify our engagement. In our union of those fifty-five and a half years she had very little sickness, being always on foot and with indefatigable industry doing her domestic work. However her constitution proved utterly insufficient to travel with me which she attempted a number of times when she had to go home. Therefore long ago she gave up itinerancy altogether as her physical condition seemed unequal to it and actually demanded the environments of domestic life. If she had traveled with me she would have been dead long ago.

Antecedently to 1884 though constantly on the battlefield I was in a general sense at home; but when the Bishop put me in the evangelistic work and gave me the whole Methodist connection for my field of labor that meant good-bye to home folks. Consequently, thinking she would be happier among her old acquaintances, I went to her native land

and settled her for life, so we never moved any more. I am happy to say, that she never murmured a word but joyfully acquiesced in her lot to serve the Lord in the home while I peregrinated the world.

She often said to me that she would be so glad if she could do something decisive for the Lord like her husband and I comforted her with the law of Moses which we read in the Bible, giving those who “stayed with the stuff” as large a share of spoils taken in the war as those who went into the battlefield. She took great comfort from it.

3. HER DOMESTIC LIFE

When she entered into wedlock, recognizing the Scripture leadership of her husband, she made it a rule to consult me about everything she bought for her own use. I said to her, “Emma you are my Better Half and not my servant, having sense of your own for the discrimination of everything appertaining to domestic life. Therefore do not consult me any more but walk in your own light and be free as if you had no husband.” She took me at my word and went ahead saying nothing to me about the purchases she made; but writing down a list of everything and reading it to me. I said to her, “Dear wife that is a superfluity, so please eliminate it and exercise your own judgment which I honestly believe to be superior to mine in domestic affairs.” She acquiesced without a word.

Consequently I became a stranger to the furniture in my own home; having been purchased and brought in during my absence; as I afterwards told her that I wanted her to be as free as if she had no husband.

Her Father and mother were paragon financiers; abstaining rigidly from the contraction of debts under any circumstances; simply declining to make the purchase, when they did not have the money.

Therefore when I told her to feel free to purchase on credit in my absence as I would pay it, she notified me she would not do it; but would simply do without till the money came. I found it necessary when I did not have the money and I knew she needed the necessaries of life, to resort to a stratagem. The merchant where we lived soon found it impossible to prevail on her to purchase on credit. We lived in Carlisle, Kentucky, a long time. Finally migrating thence to her patrimony transmitted from her father, where she was born and reared, and whence she went to Heaven.

Brother Kennedy, a noble sanctified local preacher, kept a large “racket” store in which she made the most of her purchases. Arriving at home amid the howling November winds foreboding the speedy ingress of a dismal Kentucky winter, she said, “Mr. Godbey, I need some goods to make winter clothing for the children.” I respond, “All right, my dear,” and went ahead chopping wood as I was busily doing my work and getting ready to go to my meeting. Meanwhile, running over to Brother Kennedy’s store and observing to him that I did not have the money, he said, “Send her along to buy everything she wants,” I responded, “Brother Kennedy, you know you cannot make her go in debt.” Then laughing heartily, he turns to his drawer, pick’s up a twenty-dollar bill, hands it to me, to give her to purchase everything she wants. Meanwhile of course charging me with the money instead of the goods.

Returning to my wood-chopping, passing through the house I handed it to her, telling her nothing about how I got it as in that case she would not have received it. Therefore she went over and made all purchases, paying for them with his own money, and never did know the secret of the guile in that case, played off on her.

So often as I found it necessary I borrowed money to keep her from running out as she managed our domestic affairs with more wisdom and economy than I could, I made her the cashier of the home; rigidly adhering to this plan to never let her get out of money; sticking to it to the very last, as I sent her twenty-two dollars the very day she went to Heaven; observing this method, because I knew she would not go in debt, and consequently I was particular.

As her mother was Scotch and her father English, she had the brilliancy of the former and the firmness of the latter; often bringing me to remember that John Bull had his own way of doing things. While that was true, as years went by, I saw the more lucidly that while she was set in her ways, very largely, they were good, wise and confirmatory to domestic bliss and God’s glory; especially as they were all sweetened by the “wisdom that comes down from God out of Heaven and sanctified by His blessed grace; thus rendering our home the vestibule of Heaven.

Her uncompromising financial economy felicitously relieved me of all financial embarrassment arising from indebtedness in my ministerial life of fifty-five years, since we entered into matrimonial alliance.

I say this to her commendation as I have often known preachers somewhat handicapped in their ministerial

efficiency, by financial embarrassment. Though she had inherited a feeble physical frame, such was her intellectual sprightliness, domestic wisdom and indefatigable perseverance, that she always did her own work till her feeble constitution began to fail as she turned over life's meridian and descended the downward plane ultimating in the dissolution of her body. Late in life with difficulty I persuaded her to receive help in her domestic labor; procuring for her a godly young lady from the Bible School at Cincinnati, who stayed with her so long as to receive the cognomen of our adopted daughter, finally entering into wedlock with a noble holiness preacher, identified with the Salvation Army. Despite her rapid physical failure, droop and decrepitude, she still retained the preeminence of beauty in my humble judgment which she had enjoyed during her maidenhood; when she so preeminently had the beauty of nature, magnetizing the youth on all sides.

Though her once rosy bloom, had faded away and her raven locks changed to hoary gray; despite the droop, wrinkles, and decrepitude, she still in my eyes was more beautiful than ever, as then she had the beauty of holiness, which always eclipses that of nature.

4. HER GLORIFICATION

Uncle Ben Durham, my wife's grandfather, was a physical giant with the roar of the lion, in prayer a cyclone of fire, praying a whole campmeeting dumb before God, paralyzed with a nightmare of conviction, wallowing in the straw till the bending heavens in mercy descended pouring salvation down in torrents, the primeval forests, reverberating with the shouts of newly born souls, causing the angels to shout around the effulgent throne, "the dead is alive, and the lost is found and sinners are coming home to God."

Redford, in his History of Kentucky Methodism gives a statement of a sweeping revival in the Presbyterian Church in Danville, the county-seat, honored with Center College, at that time the pioneer of the great West when Uncle Ben magnetized all the college people by his wonderful fire-baptized prayers and songs, especially the "Old Ship of Zion:" roaring like Gabriel's trumpet, "She has landed many a thousand and can land as many more; then come along and let us go home;" meanwhile the Holy Spirit miraculously using the thrilling chorus and stentorian voice like the roar of the lion makes the greatest tremble, thus to give the multitude a brilliant panorama of a bottomless Hell, a topless Heaven and boundless eternity. So they poured in at the altar from all parts of the crowded house, prayed through, arose with radiant faces, and shouted the victory, till all eyes were focalized on the rural class leader, who with prayers and songs shook the multitude with the throes of an earthquake, bringing Heaven down their souls to greet, while glory crowned the mercy seat.

Such was the sensation produced by the rural giant, they appeal to him for the notes of his song, so they might all learn it, as the Holy Spirit so wonderfully used it. He was dumbfounded as he knew nothing about musical science. They might as well have asked the Numidian lion for the notes by which he roared. Uncle Ben was full of the Holy Ghost; fortunately blessed with the thunder as well as the lightning. He knew how to sing and pray a cyclone revival down from Heaven though he had never rubbed against a college.

That noted Methodist home with a church and a campground and a cozy brick mansion which uncle Ben built, transmitted to his son James Wesley, who turned it over to his daughter, my noble Better Half, who evacuated it December 2, 1914, for a mansion not made with hands eternal in the heavens; she willed to your humble servant, during his life, in case of his survival.

I prevailed on her to go with me to a lawyer's office and entail it to her family, so far as possible; the attorney certifying that she could only entail it till her youngest grandchild reaches twenty-five years, when it could be entailed again; thus obviating my own interest in it in order to get it in shape, so it could not be alienated, so as to perpetuate this celebrated home of the Lord's saints to the latest posterity; harmonically with our sanguine anticipation of our Lord's glorious and eternal reign on the earth..When the father of my dear wife went to Heaven in 1889, the home thus falling into her hands, I had managed for her for twenty years previous to that time, by my evangelistic work, to bring in all the temporal support we needed, so I simply turned over to her the entire financial income of the two hundred and fifty-seven acres of nice blue grass land, during the twenty years of my custodianship, which amounted to enough to purchase for our daughter as much land as the home farm, which she left to her daughter and two sons. When she went to her Heavenly home I was on the other side of the world preaching to the heathen during my tour in 1905, thus leaving the home farm for our son, a lay preacher, who would

have been a missionary if he had not inherited deafness, congenital from his mother's family, disqualifying him for the pastoral or missionary field.

The Lord has given them a son (Paul) and four daughters. Kindly remember them before the Lord asking Him to make the former the heroic successor of his great name sake; his grandfather's mantle falling on him, so he will go round in my succession, cheering the pilgrims on their Heavenly way, and that the latter may heroically blow the silver trumpet in the succession of the four daughters of Philip, the Evangelist who prophesied, i.e., preached the Gospel; at the same time remembering Emma Hill, and her brother John and Marian, the children of our glorified daughter, who are very bright and promising and of course I am anxious for these eight grandchildren all to preach the Gospel, heroically blowing the silver trumpet, while their grandmother and myself play on the golden harp; walking the golden streets, with the host gone on before.

The Lord gave eight beautiful children, of whom only one survives, the youngest of all, William H. The eldest, James Wesley, having gone to Heaven in his twentieth year in 1881, while a student in college, preparing for a mission in China whither he had been called. Arriving at home from an evangelistic tour, our family physician met me on the street and said "Brother Godbey, your Jimmie will not live two weeks as he has galloping consumption in its worst form."

One week from that day, he bade the world adieu for his Heavenly home, saying to us all he wanted China "but had so much rather have Heaven." I spent the week with him, our house like a campmeeting, the saints coming and going. I said to him, "My son, I wish I could die in your place as you are but a boy and could live so much longer than I can to preach the Gospel." He responded, while an unearthly radiance flashed from his face, "When a fellow is in sight of Heaven he does not want to change places with any one else; I would not 'swap' with you." "I have read through Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress three times since having become a pilgrim myself at only eleven years of age and I am now enjoying a Pisgah view of the Glory Land and will soon get there." He left the world in March, 1881, meanwhile I saw an unearthly radiance drop down from Heaven, flashing through the room and filling it with the glory settling down on his face and there abiding, radiant with unearthly glory till eclipsed by the interposition of the coffin's lid.

It was the splendor of the glorified soul reflected back on the vacated tenement as he bade the world adieu for his home in Heaven as the setting sun sinking behind the western horizon throws back his transcending glory, bespangling the Oriental firmament with ten thousand variegated tints and hues, exhibiting the seven colors of the rainbow; red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, thus the king of day simultaneously with his departure from the world, throwing back his farewell kiss in unutterably gorgeous glory, lingering in transcending beauty, filling the Oriental firmament with splendor, majesty and sublimity, begging all utterance.

I have frequently seen this radiance lingering on the faces of the departed saints while funeralizing them. This is the climactic work of the Holy Executive of the new creation begun in regeneration and consummated in glorification. If you seek glorification you are in danger of running into fanaticism as you can not get it till this mortal puts on immortality, when the Holy Ghost normally administers it without any effort on our part. Whereas regeneration delivers you from condemnatory sin and gives you a new heart, sanctification saves you from sin in your soul and glorification saves from all the infirmities superinduced by the fall.

The Lord let us keep one daughter to womanhood, Effie Orpha, who at the age of twenty entered into wedlock with Rev. M. Hill, of the Kentucky Conference and became the mother of a daughter, and four sons, two of the latter glorified at the age of one year and the other three still surviving her.

She was honored with an angel visit transporting her to the bright upper world while I was preaching to the Oriental heathen in 1905. Her noble husband enjoyed expeditious translation under the rolling billows of Salt River and joined her in the New Jerusalem two and one-half years subsequently.

John Milton went to Heaven at the age of sixteen, Mary Belle at thirteen months, Laura Jane and Walter Raleigh at six months and Joshua Bruce at four months. Thus out of the eight God gave us but one survives, with three grandsons and five granddaughters, constituting our family in whose behalf we earnestly importune your prayers.

Hence you see in the translation of my beloved and Better Half from labor to rest from the battlefield to the mount of victory, she met the triumphant seven in bright Glory, in felicity unchanged save for the one of the original eight

surviving alone on the earth. Besides she joined the mighty host of her paternal ancestry running back to the days of John Wesley, as well as maternal, back to heroic John Knox, the chivalrous leader of the Holiness People in the sixteenth Century.

The Holy Ghost is the Executive of the Trinity; the Convicter of the sinner, the Regenerator of the penitent, the Restorer of the backslider, the Sanctifier of the believer, and the Glorifier of the pilgrim when this mortal puts on immortality; for that reason, the blasphemous rejection of the Spirit is the unpardonable sin, Matt. 12:31-32. There are not three Gods as we may vainly conclude; but One and three persons: Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The Father sits upon the throne of the universe.

Meanwhile God the Son sits upon the mediatorial throne, beside His Father and intercedes for this lost world; Himself as you see, (Eph., 1 and Col. 1,) having created all these worlds, He, to our infinite consolation, is our Savior, so-called because His work is to save the people and as He is infinite He finds no hard jobs.

The Holy Ghost is the Spirit of the Father, as you see abundantly confirmed. (Acts 5:3.) “Why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? Thou hast not only lied unto men but unto God.” Verse nine hast not only lied unto me but unto God.” He is also the Spirit of the Son; thus confirming the great fact of the Divine unity and Trinity; establishing the conclusion that when God the Father saves the soul, He does it through His Omnipotent Agent, the Holy Ghost, and when the Son sanctifies the soul He does it through the same Omnipotent Agent, the Holy Ghost.

These three stupendous works of the Holy Ghost, in the execution of the new creation, destroy the works of the devil, 1 John 3:8; the supernatural birth of the sinner, triumphantly saving him from sin on him condemnatory while entire sanctification wrought by the baptism Jesus gives with the Holy Ghost, and fire, triumphantly saves him from sin in him contaminating thus giving the complete victory over the world, the flesh and Satan and the sure promise of the third great and stupendous work, i.e., glorification; eternally sweeping away all the scars left by the heavy tread of sin on the soul, and conferring on it angelic perfection.

This angelic perfection eliminates all debris accumulated on the soul during a life of sin, restoring the memory. So all we have ever known and forgotten comes back fresh and bright in the mind moving in beauty, grandeur and sublimity. Mental philosophy, after a thorough investigation has settled down in the conclusion that we do not forget anything, but it simply becomes latent in the mind, ready to come back responsively to the law of association.

My dear wife always had a feeble constitution, which evidently superinduced the mortality of our children, of whom seven out of eight preceded her to Heaven, having an only son, the youngest of the family.

She was a great reader, especially fond of my books [of which I have now written 207](#), many on Bible Holiness, as well as other good books, with which our home has always been superabundantly supplied, as I ransacked all the world for books, gathering them especially from Germany and England, but while blessed with eyes like an eagle’s which never failed, even with constant reading, her memory, perhaps owing to her physical disability, was very deficient.

Glorification, which is simultaneous with corporeal dissolution, restores the memory, bringing back in brilliant panorama all we have ever known, which becomes the grand substratum of the Heavenly curriculum which will run on with ever accumulating volume like the river broadening and deepening till it becomes a grand arm of the sea swelling out into an unfathomable ocean, without bank or bottom. Therefore, despite her deficient memory her glorified spirit now shouting among the angels amid the mighty host of her jubilant consanguinity, has command of the vast information accumulated during her pilgrimage with your humble servant, for fifty-five and one-half years.

As the very spot on which she bade the world adieu was dedicated to God by Uncle Ben, her grandfather, the gigantic, heroic old classleader, whose joyous shouts on his own campground held the pioneer squatters spellbound year after year during his long life till the angel came for him; the rude unhewn log cabin having retreated before the frame building, cut of the primeval forest by the whipsaw, eventually superseded by the substantial brick edifice, erected by Uncle Ben in life’s evening with thick walls, one story, irrefragable as a military fortress, augmented by a wooden story erected by your servant, when it fell into the hands of his Better Half, thirty years ago and standing this day with no marks of dilapidation, protected by metallic roofs, the sacred patrimony entailed to our family as the generations come and go, a souvenir of pioneer Methodism in dear old Kentucky.

When my eldest son left for bright glory, March 28, 1881, he testified to the presence of his sainted grandmother

who only preceded him four years in her translation to the glory land. The sainted sisters of my dear wife, Sallie and Mollie, honored with a triumphant exodus forty years ago on this hallowed spot, testified to angelic ministry simultaneous with their departure.

Let the sanguinity remember to wear no mourning for my Better Half and especially none for me, who will be shouting among the angels so happy that we want our children, grandchildren, kindred and friends to join us on earth in the hallelujahs roaring and reverberating through the Heavenly arches.

I wrote to our son to superscribe my own name also on my wife's tombstone, as I am doubtless looking on the last milestone, all electrified with the shouts of the angels beyond the last river; in constant anticipation of my speedy departure to join her in the bright upper world, never to say good-bye.

I will be apt to wind up in the midst of the fight; when the saints will send my remains to the County seat, Danville, Kentucky, for interment under the stone memorializing my Better Half; unless in His providence. I shall receive my discharge either on the ocean, thus furnishing me a watery sepulcher, or somewhere in the old world where I have made four great tours helping the missionaries, and am now booked for another sailing from New York, April 1, 1918, in which case they would simply give me a cheap interment in a missionary grave, where the resurrection angels will find my body when the trumpet blows as easily as if interred beside my noble Better Half in the soil of my native land. The reason I travel so much in the old world, is because the Lord's saints sigh and cry to walk in His footprints in the land of His nativity and ministry. With my escort-service they have been making a thousand dollar journey out of five hundred dollars. If the Lord keeps me peregrinating the earth, blowing the silver trumpet, meet me in Cook's Travel Office, 244 Broadway, New York City, N.Y., March 30, 1918, with five hundred dollars, a hand grip containing your Bible and a change of clothing and get ready to sail with us April 1, for Jerusalem and the Bible lands in Asia, Africa and Europe.

<http://www.EnterHisRest.org>