



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

# The Sanctification of M. W. Knapp

## ***A HERO OF FAITH AND PRAYER***

or Life of Rev. M. W. Knapp  
by Aaron Merritt (A. M.) Hills

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## CHAPTER 4

### EARLY PASTORAL EXPERIENCES -- SANCTIFIED

#### A SPARK FROM MY PASTORAL LIFE M. W. KNAPP

“My first charge was a country appointment, with a village as its center.

“At one of these outposts we had no building, worshipping in a church of another denomination.

Our people were in fair circumstances, but did not want to build. I was young and inexperienced, but got my message from God, and proclaimed His truth. Soon He showed me that it was His will that our people build a church, as neither society had enough religion, so but what there was constant friction between them. They were very reluctant to accept a proposition which touched their pocketbooks so strongly, and I felt it my duty to explain to them what the consequences would be, and advised them to obey God in this matter, or disband.

“This position, cumbered with my lack of gifts and experience, determined them to ask for a change at the close of the year.

“I had been preceded by a preacher of larger pulpit gifts, and they felt that the ‘good of the cause demanded a more experienced man.’ Feeling this way, they sent their request to the authorities. In the meantime myself and my wife felt that our work on the charge was not done, and received the assurance that we were to be returned. ‘We committed our way to the Lord, and waited patiently for Him.’

“The protest to our return failed to reach the presiding elder, and we were returned to the charge.

All this time we were in total ignorance of the opposition.

“As was my custom, I soon began calling on and praying with the people. It was not long until my labors found me among these dissatisfied members. I called upon the leader, not knowing there was a ripple on the storm-tossed sea. He was in the field working.

“He had been very cordial, and his house often our temporary home. He seemed so still and strange and cold! What could it all mean?

“Finally he broke the suspense:

“ ‘Did you not know that we requested a change of pastors?’

“ ‘I knew nothing of it.’

“ ‘Well, what are you going to do?’

“ ‘Do? Why, the Lord and the Conference sent me back, and I am going to stay.’

“ ‘But no one will hear or support you.’

“ ‘I can’t help that. I’ll be on hand at my next appointment.’

“I returned home with a sad, pained heart, and told my wife. We prayed over it, and God comforted us and assured us of His presence, companionship, and support, and, strong in His strength, we decided to patiently do His will, and trust Him with the consequences.

“At our first appointment to the seat of this secession a funeral interrupted, so we could not go.

At the next a quarterly-meeting kept us away, so it was six weeks before we were able to enter the pulpit where our absence was so much dearer than our company.

“When nearly there, we met the leader of the revolt going away to another meeting. His head hung low, his look was sad.

“He was in the main a good man, had a noble wife, and his better nature and loyalty to the Church were conquering, and ‘t was hard for him to thus run away.

“I never blamed any of them for the way they felt, as I was young and unskillful. The marvel was that any rallied around us, except that my wife was gifted and God was on our side.

“God, as usual, had given a text and message for the occasion. He gave me comfort and assurance that my text was of Him.

“It was, ‘None of these things move me.’ I did not once refer to the existing dissatisfaction, but tried to show that Bible religion, the kind Paul had, would put one where their souls would be so staid on God that they would be unmovable.

“I was not fully sanctified at that time, but my heart was tender and sensitive to Divine impressions, and God blessed the Word.

“While at first doubtless some thought I was going to preach on ‘None of these things MAKE ME MOVE,’ they were disappointed and they were tender. The outsiders said, ‘The little preacher has got more religion than the members.’ God knows about that; but the members came and shook hands with me, and from that hour all was changed. A revival soon broke out, and the church enterprise was taken up, and at the close of the year all were urgently in favor of our return.

“We were sent back, and remained as long as the law of the Church would allow. The church building was completed and dedicated. After entering the evangelistic field, we returned, and God gave a revival of wonderful power, over one hundred professing conversion.

“The memories of that place and people are among the sweetest of my life. May God bless them! The tears start as I write these lines. She who then, in the beauty and vigor of her young life, was by my side, and with her songs of joy and victory helped lead on the embattled hosts, is now ‘mid still more glorious scenes above. Others have followed her.

‘Most are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead.’  
Yet, thank God, of those who still are living,  
‘All may meet on that blest shore,  
And reign with Christ for evermore.’

“The above incident hints the following lesson:

“God changes forbidding circumstances into welcome victories, when His servants follow Him.” The following is a picture of the second pastorate by one of the members:

“Our pastor preceding Brother Knapp was Brother Charles Jacokes, a large man, in middle life, and one possessing considerable dignity. When word came from Conference – I think it was the fall of 1880 – that our new minister was M. W. Knapp, a very young man, every one was anxious to see him. At that time what is now Elsie Station was a large circuit of three appointments, called Duplain Circuit, with the parsonage at Duplain. I well remember the first time he came to Elsie. It was Sunday evening. The church was crowded. All were eager to see the new minister, and I think that, without an exception, all were more or less disappointed; for he looked like a small boy of eighteen years. I have heard him say that, as he looked over the large congregation, he was so embarrassed he expected he should break down. He came here from Potterville, which was his first appointment, where he had been three years. We soon found out, however, that we had no boy minister, but one fully equal to all the responsibilities contingent upon a large and important circuit. His gifted and devoted wife, Lucy Glenn Knapp, was his constant and efficient helper.

“There was no sacrifice of ease, comfort, or things temporal too great for them to make for the cause of Christ. It can be truly said that they two were possessed of a passion for souls; and during their stay of three years (when that was the full term) they conducted two fruitful revivals at Elsie, besides at other points. Not content with the work already in hand, they went out to three neighborhood schoolhouses, and held revivals and organized classes, so that part of the time he had six preaching-places. One of these, now grown to be the thriving village of Bannister, has a prosperous organization and a good church building. Immediately upon Brother Knapp’s coming among us he began to preach full salvation definitely, more so than we had ever heard before, although he himself had not entered into the experience as yet. It was here that he held the two days’ holiness-meeting, assisted by Brother and Sister Taylor, and where he entered into the blessing, with the manifestations as described in a recent Revivalist. I well remember his telling us all about it here in our home, and the impression it made upon me. While here he built two churches: one at Shepherdsville, one at Elsie. The year those churches were built was a peculiarly trying and

discouraging year for farmers, and they composed the larger part of the membership. It was known as the wet season. Wheat grew in shocks in the field, and even standing in the fields, where there had been so much rain as to be unable to cut it. The heads lapped together, and tiny shoots of green could be seen all over the fields. Naturally this looked discouraging for this enterprise, and you who have known Brother Knapp in later years can understand with what faith and contagious enthusiasm he pushed the matter to completion, giving largely of his own small means at both places. He was the means, under God, of leading very many in the Church into a richer experience, even into the way of holiness.

“I shall never forget how he would drop into our home, and, with the warm handclasp and genial smile, ask, ‘Well, Brother [or Sister], how is your soul today? Is it all right between you and God?’

Are you sure your feet are in the highway?’ O how glad we always were to see him come, although sometimes almost dreading those questions, yet never failing to experience help; and we would watch him drive away, knowing that God was a little nearer, His helpfulness a little more real and personal because of this visit from our well-loved pastor. What he has accomplished in the short forty-eight years of his life would be impossible to estimate. God only knows. But how many, many there are that can say, ‘He helped me!’ Truly he wore himself out, and doubtless accomplished more than many who live to a great age.

“Speaking of his extremely youthful appearance when he came here, a young couple, near neighbors of ours, accompanied by friends, drove over to the parsonage to be married. They had never seen the new minister, and when he met them at the door, they asked him if his father was at home. Seeing the situation, he said, ‘If it is the minister you want, I am he.’ Of course, this was a good joke, and no one enjoyed it more than the minister and his wife.

“There is so much more that I would like to say, so much that will ever be treasured among the precious memories, sacred and hallowed, that go to make our lives rich and sweet; and such things can not be put upon paper, can not be expressed with ink and pen. We are glad we were intimately acquainted with Brother Knapp; so glad our home has been hallowed by his presence; so glad that during those precious three years they called our house ‘home,’ and many nights occupied the prophet’s chamber; so glad that he baptized two of our dear children who in their youth were converted in one of his meetings; so glad that our sweet Nellie welcomed him to the heavenly home; so glad for the blessed certainty that, when our work is finished, we, too, shall once more clasp that hand and see that genial smile and enjoy such delightful company through all eternity in that Home not made with hands. We sometimes say that we have more friends there than here. O, how joyful will the meeting be! -- JULIA E. CANTIE.”

In these days of joking and feasting and lodge-joining preachers, how refreshing to read of this young old-fashioned gospel preacher, who loaded himself with extra work, and preached six times a week, and had revivals, and went about seeking the lost with a real passion for souls!

There are people who say that there is no such thing as a second blessing of sanctification subsequent to regeneration, and to be sought after by Christians. These critics of the holiness movement tell us that the people who seem to get this second blessing are only reclaimed from backsliding.

This beautiful life alone would refute such an utterly erroneous theory. This man was all on fire for God and the salvation of souls, and, so far from being backslidden, was preaching full salvation and “groaning after it,” and holding a Convention of two days to talk about it, even before he reached the experience. “Backslidden!” Indeed! The zeal of the Lord was even then consuming him. The truth is, that is the very kind of Christians who seek sanctification and get it.

Too many Christians have so low a state of justification that they have neither concern about nor any care for sanctification, and, of course, while in that state, never get it, nor even seek it. Praise the Lord, it is the spiritual souls, who, with a great heart-hunger, cry, “O to be like Him!” that God makes fat!

Brother Knapp, ever reaching out for a full salvation and for an “uttermost” Savior, at last had the longing of his heart satisfied. He gives the following account of it:

“Fourteen years have I passed since I crossed the Red Sea, and I have never for a moment felt like returning to Egyptian bondage. Glory to God in the highest for such wonderful deliverance!

“For nine years I tarried in the Sinai Wilderness experience. I was converted, and knew it, loved God and His people, worked for Him as well as I could, saw many souls converted, and grew in knowledge and experience; but my temper, which was quick, often made me conscious that I was not possessed with all the mind of Christ. I was hampered with selfish ambitions, joking and teasing tendencies, and other movements of the carnal mind. Inbred sin sought to expel the holy power that bound it, and there were frequent struggles within between the two contending principles. I needed the blessing mentioned in the following song-prayer of a well-known poet:

‘Savior of the sin-sick soul,  
Give me grace to make me whole;  
Finish Thy great work of grace,  
Cut it short in righteousness.

Speak the second time, “Be clean;”  
Take away my inbred sin;  
Every stumbling-block remove,  
Cast it out by perfect love.’

“I had read much on the subject of heart-purity, but never heard a sermon on it. I knew that the Bible clearly taught cleansing from inbred sin and the fullness of the Spirit as the privilege of every believer. I reasoned: ‘God does not do things by halves. I know that He converted me and that I am His child; therefore I must be saved from inbred sin.’ The fact, however, that it was in my heart, and that I often was painfully conscious of it, was stronger than my argument, and confused me. I said, ‘I’ll keep it down;’ but instead of that, it kept me down. Then I said, ‘It must be a growth; I’ll grow into it.’ I did grow into the knowledge of self and Christian privilege, but made little progress in the grace of perfect love. How it pains me that in my dullness I tarried so long in the shallow waters, but the great deep of God’s love was continually inviting!

“In November, 1882, I permitted the Lord to lead me to Kadesh-Barnea, on the borders of the promised land. By His grace I then and there entered the land, receiving the blessed baptism of the Spirit that cleanses from inbred sin and fills with perfect love. In June I had appointed a three days’ special service for myself and people to seek this longed-for experience. Rev. William Taylor and wife, two noble workers who had the fullness of the Spirit, were invited. It was a time of heart-searching. Their testimonies and teachings were clear and given in all humility, and convinced me all the deeper of my great need and privilege. I received great help at that time, but not the consciousness that the great work was wrought.

“In November the crisis came. I had been preaching full salvation, but could lead my people no further than I had gone myself. I set apart a time to settle the matter. God met me and gave me the promise: ‘If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.’ The blessed Holy Spirit explained it to my heart, and helped me to take hold of it right then and there. He suggested, ‘Why not believe on the authority of His Word that God is doing just what He agrees to do just now?’ I was conscious that the conditions upon which the promise was based were being met, and could see no reason why I should not, and replied, ‘Lord, I do.’ In an instant I was made conscious of my cleansing. The ‘giants’ fled, the ‘walled towns’ crumbled, and Canaan, through Christ, was possessed. To God be all the glory!

“The ‘fullness’ soon followed. I saw then where my trouble had been. I had not dared to venture on the promise and trust in the present tense. I thanked God for the victory given, and asked that, in order with greater confidence I might publicly proclaim and urge the experience, that He would give me still further unmistakable evidence of its reality. I retired looking for something more. I was not disappointed. Instead of some thing, some One came – the One altogether lovely, even Christ Himself. I had slept about an hour when I was suddenly awakened by what sounded like three distinct knocks on the front door. In an instant I was made just as conscious of the Divine presence as ever man was of the company of an earthly friend. I felt the presence of a gentle, unseen power upon my head. Then a wave of Divine power and love, causing a sensation something like an electric shock, only inexpressibly pleasurable, rolled over my entire being. Then three impressions were made just as vividly as if uttered

by an audible voice:

- “1. ‘This is the added evidence you prayed for.’
- “2. ‘You are healed of your disease.’
- “3. ‘A definite call to especial evangelistic work.’

“A few days after my wife received a call to the same work. Since then she has triumphantly passed to brighter realms above.

“For years I have been sufferings from the effects of a sunstroke. It had taken me from my studies, and threatened to prostrate me completely. Every year of my preaching, some had thought, would be my last. Physicians said my only hope was to stop and rest. The physical cure wrought was perfect. Both the spiritual and physical blessings stand the test of toil and time. Great and gratifying as the physical healing is, I count it a mere shadow compared with the spiritual uplift then received.

My wife says I have been a changed man. My members said there was a marked improvement in my preaching. Teasing, foolish jesting, and selfishness, by the *Divine Plowman* were rooted out, and the Spirit’s graces implanted in their stead. The second letter in redemption’s alphabet has been learned, and a holy ambition aspires to further progress, and then to teach those unlearned.

“Dear reader, may we each be so faithful in the early Canaan that we may greet each other in the heavenly!

“ ‘Unto Him that hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light be glory and dominion for ever and ever! Amen.’ “

Six years in the ministry; five churches built, eight or ten revivals, and himself sanctified! Well done, beloved brother! You are pushing along fast toward “glory, and honor, and immortality.”

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## CHAPTER 5

### THIRD AND FOURTH PASTORATES – REVIVAL EXPERIENCES

“It is the great lesson of biography to teach what man can be and can do at his best. It may thus give each man renewed strength and confidence. The humblest, in the sight of even the greatest, may admire and hope and take courage. These great brothers of ours in blood and lineage, who live a universal life, still speak to us from their graves, and beckon us on in the paths which they have trod.

Their example is still with us, to guide, to influence, and to direct us. For nobility of character is a perpetual bequest, living from age to age, and constantly tending to reproduce its like.” -- SAMUEL SMILES.

Work as if thou hadst to live for aye; Worship as if thou wert to die today.” -- TUSCAN PROVERB.

“Blest work! If ever thou wert curse of God, What must his blessings be!” -- J. B. SELKIRK.

“Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.” -- SYDNEY SMITH.

Brother Knapp was one of God’s faithful workers, blessed and happy in his work. If this precious biography achieves anything, it will teach “what man can be and can do at his best.”

I find that Brother Knapp’s third pastorate was at Lions, Michigan. The incidents are the very briefest. The mother writes that “he had a revival everywhere he went.” Mrs. Knapp’s diary has this passage:

“We were at Lions, Ionia County, one year, and the last three months of the year we both felt that the Conference year would finish our work there. The people and our presiding elder were very anxious for us to remain; but we had a growing and deepening conviction that our work there would close at Conference time. The last day of Annual Conference Martin came home, and we joined together in prayer concerning the matter. We were to remain

there or come to Montague. While praying there came to my mind the pleasant home we were so nicely situated in, our pleasant surroundings, and how my health would not admit of moving.

“Then I seemed to see this place pictured out; only it looked very horrid; but a finger pointed straight here, and a command came to go. I immediately arose from my knees, and as Martin did the same, he said, ‘Well, what are you going to do about it?’ And, without stopping to think that I could not well come alone, I replied, ‘I ‘m going; are you?’ He said, ‘Yes, and my promise, “I will go before you, and will be your reward.”’ ‘Anna prayed about it, too, and had a similar answer.’”

They went to Montague, where they remained three years. Then the little jottings of the wife in the diary show pastoral visitations, and Conventions, and revivals chasing each other in rapid succession. Their hearts and hands were ever full of work for Jesus.

The wife herself began to preach and hold revival services, even apart from her husband for a week at a time. They were getting such a reputation for success in revival work that they were called to assist other pastors in their Churches a hundred miles away. The Lord had a man and woman he could use in Christian work, and He let the Churches find it out.

## REVIVAL INCIDENTS BY THE FIRST MRS. KNAPP

“**Whisky Creek.** -- Began meetings November 1, 1885.

“Sunday evening: Good attendance, interest, and one young lady began publicly serving Christ.

“Monday evening: Two more started.

“Tuesday evening: Ten more started in the Master’s service, most of them coming forward with weeping, and seeming great earnestness. One lady was urging her weeping daughter to go forward.

I asked her if she was a Christian, and she said she wasn’t. I asked her to go with her daughter; she did, and also her son came and knelt with them. The lady said afterward she had been a Christian, but was backslidden, and had not trained her children right. She soon gave evidence of conversion.

“Wednesday evening: Martin preached from ‘Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.’ Three more began serving Christ, and some who have been seeking gave clear testimonies of conversion. One brother said he began to backslide by neglecting to ask a blessing when a stranger was at the dinner-table.

“Thursday evening: Martin preached from ‘Ye must be born again.’ Very deep conviction, and one new one started.

“Friday evening: Had an experience-meeting; good, too. Those who are coming out on the side of Christ are very humble in their confessions, and very happy in Christ. One brother said, ‘Why, there is no more danger of your backsliding than there is of your starving to death if you eat.’ One more chose Christ.

“Saturday evening: Good meeting. One brother said he had not been to meeting until last night, and then came late; but when he came into the house he felt the power of the Holy Spirit. ‘Why,’ he said, ‘he could see it in the room, and it went through him like a shock of electricity.’ More of the converts testified for Christ than before.

“Sunday, 8<sup>th</sup>: Grand morning meeting began by singing ‘Praise God’ twice to ‘Duane Street,’ for what He had done and was about to do. Subject, ‘Sanctification.’ A great many arose, consecrating themselves to Christ. Splendid testimony-meeting. A strong moral man arose, and stated that he had been a sinner, but by God’s grace he would live for Him. He praised the Lord for saving him. I have scarcely ever seen such a sensation among saints and sinners, old and young. Some wept, others laughed for joy, while others shouted. It seemed that all were deeply moved. For the first time I organized a Methodist Episcopal class. Some twenty-five joined. Closed with ‘Praise God.’

“Evening: God gave the victory. Blackboard sermon. Deep conviction. One or two started; some twenty-two have expressed a determination to serve Christ during these twelve services since last Sabbath. All glory to God! One brother said that, two years ago, a man induced his wife to leave him, and he backslid because of it. Last winter he thought he would come back to God, but he found he could not forgive that man; but last Sunday night, while I was

preaching from 'God so loved the world,' he thought the matter over, and made up his mind he could forgive that man; and so he came to Christ Monday evening. One sister had said several times during the week that she would rather die than stand in any one's way; then, on Sabbath evening, when a lady who had deeply wronged her joined the Church on trial, she felt so badly about it that she nearly fainted. She had no idea that she had hardness in her heart toward any one; but she said, by the grace of God, it must go; it was a severe test, but showed her her own heart as probably nothing else would have done.

**“Montague, Mich.** -- Friday evening, November 13<sup>th</sup>: Martin and I went to Reed City last Tuesday to attend the District Revival Conference. Sister Lucy Nethercott Daniels invited me to attend it, and I accepted the invitation because I was fully persuaded that God so ordered. Found, after my arrival, that she sent for me to hear my experience on Christian work, faith-healing, etc. I had not been in town four hours before I heard that a young lady dying with consumption was very anxious to see me. I was taken to her the next day; found she had heard of my faith cure, as announced in the Michigan Advocate a year ago, and hoped I might help her along that line. I saw she was not at all at rest regarding spiritual matters, and I talked to her along the full consecration, complete submission, perfect obedience line, and finally prayed for her. She said she could say Amen to all my prayers. I left her, and returned next day to find her rejoicing in a complete Savior. She had asked her lover, the evening before, whether it would be easier for him to become a Christian if God should spare her life, or take her to Himself. He told her in either case he was going to be a Christian. The evening following my second visit she talked with a number of unconverted friends, and after they had promised to serve God she prayed for them. Had a good talk with another afflicted lady, who is deeply convicted for heart-purity. I should have felt sure God sent me to Reed City, even though I had seen no good results from my going; but it was good of Him to show the why He sent me.

Brother Daniels has been strongly impressed, for months back, that Martin ought to help him in revival work; but he did not know, until a few weeks since, anything about our call to evangelistic work.

“Martin preached Thursday evening, and five started in Christ's service. He is going back up there next Tuesday to continue the work. Several of the ministers invited us to help them this winter. We have had eight calls to revival work, besides three other places where we feel God wants us to labor.

**“Reed City.** -- Friday, November 20<sup>th</sup>: Martin came Tuesday, and I came yesterday. We found willing workers to do our work on the charge in our absence, and the people bid us 'Godspeed.' The interest here is deep and constantly increasing inside and outside the Church. Numbers forward every night.

“Tuesday, December 1, 1885: Some thirty or forty have been forward for prayers during the meetings, many of whom give good evidence of conversion. Sunday evening the house was crowded, and extra seats were brought in. Nine new ones manifested a desire for salvation. God blessed us with His presence. The people were told that what they could freely and gladly give us, for our expenses, would be thankfully received. The first six dollars were all silver dollars. One brother handed me two dollars, saying, 'I would not take ten thousand times that much and be put back where I was two weeks ago.' One lady gave me 25 cents, and, weeping, said she wished she had more for me. And old lady gave 50 cents, and said she wished it was \$50,000. Another said I had done her \$100 worth of good, and she wished she could pay it.

“Tuesday, 8<sup>th</sup>: Martin came back yesterday. While here before, we went down and sang on the street, and he talked from a dry goods box three evenings. New work for him. We ladies used to go and sing on the street, and invite people to church, at Montague, last winter; but he never went down.

The work here seems to us to have been terribly hindered by cold Church, who will not make their wrongs right, nor work. We go to Ludington today to help Brother Stark in revival work.

**“Montague.** -- December 26<sup>th</sup>, Saturday: I was at Ludington almost two weeks, and Martin was there one. The minister was all taken up with 'marrying a wife,' the older members with a Church fair, and the younger ones with a Christmas concert; and the first week we had a terrible storm.

Nevertheless, the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the people. Some were sanctified, some fifty manifested a desire for salvation, and a good number gave evidence of clear conversion. Some were deeply convicted of sin, and called themselves the worst sinners in Ludington. We had very interesting meetings Sunday and Monday. Tuesday I came

home very tired.

**“Vermontville, Mich..** -- Saturday, January 2d: We held meetings at the Green Schoolhouse from Sabbath 27<sup>th</sup> until Thursday, closing with a watch-night service. It rained and rained all the week till Thursday, so that many could not attend the services; but God gave us a grand watch-night service, in which many were greatly blessed. I left home again today, where we are to help Brother Paddock in revival work. Martin came yesterday.

“Tuesday, 5<sup>th</sup>: The work is opening grandly. The members are doing well. Tonight eighteen persons arose, saying they were not satisfied that God saved them. Ten came promptly forward to the altar in the consecration service. The pastor has been doing good work.

“Tuesday, 12<sup>th</sup>: The work is going gloriously on. About forty have already taken a decided stand for Christ, many of whom gave clear evidence of conversion. Brother Lamnis said that he had been exercised about tobacco for several days, and Sunday night he knelt to pray, and he felt he must lay his tobacco one side while he prayed. He did so, and God blessed him, and when he arose he took his tobacco again; but he felt mean over it, and then told the Lord that if it was wrong for him to use the stuff to show him by withdrawing His Spirit from him for a season. Immediately all was darkness, and he suffered terribly, until he told the Lord that it was enough; the tobacco must go. He has won a great victory, and God blessed him greatly. He has used the filthy stuff for forty-four years. A few days ago he gave himself entirely to the Lord, but had no idea what God would require of him; but he says it is very little in comparison to what Jesus has done for him. One brother had been praying for heart purity, and last Sunday morning he was awakened by three knocks; and it seemed to him that the Savior stood by him, and blessed him, and told him to go to a sinner and invite him to become a Christian. I do not remember to have been in a place where the Christians work any better than here. One young man said he had given up all but one thing – a euchre-deck, which he kept in the bottom of his trunk for fear his mother would know it. He thought he must not waste it because of the money invested; but was enabled to consume it in the flames yesterday. He said he would not take twenty-dollars for the blessing he had already.

“Sunday, 19<sup>th</sup>: Good meeting all day. Afternoon, had an experience-meeting along the line of conversion. One was converted in an old sawmill, one out in the dark alone, one at the family altar, one all alone at home, one by an old hickory stump, two in schoolhouse and lost their strength; and many others at Church altars. Some could not tell where nor when, but know they are saved. One was converted forty years ago, and has been wandering in the wilderness all the time until last Sunday, when God saved him.

“Monday evening: Yesterday a large number of envelopes were given out to those who wished to help pay the expenses of the meeting. Tonight they were taken up. One old brother said he put \$1 into his envelope, and then he thought that was not enough, and added 50 cents more. Then he did not feel satisfied, and so put in enough to make it \$2; then it came to him that \$3 was just right, so he put in the other \$1, and sealed up the envelope. One envelope contained 30 cents, with a neatly-written note requesting us to pray for the writer, an unpardoned sinner.

“Friday, January 22d: Meetings closed yesterday with an ‘All-day Jubilee Service.’ There were sixteen forward in the evening, most of whom confessed conversion. Altogether some over one hundred have bowed at the altar, most of whom have come out clearly for Christ. Some forty or fifty professed sanctification. We never saw so much work done in so short a time. It seems like good foundation work, too! ‘Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.’ They paid us more than \$60, leaving us, after expenses are met, \$33, to be applied on our salary at Montague. Our stay at Brother Paddock’s has been very pleasant indeed, and altogether we have had the least hard pulling of any work we have ever been in. The people have been very profuse in their thanks and expressions of regard for us and our work, recognizing the hand of God in it from beginning to end. Yesterday morning a Congregational brother told how that a brother asked him to attend the meetings, and he said it was of no use; his heart was so hard. But the brother came again and again, and finally persuaded him to come; and now he praised God that he had come. Two or three evenings ago he and his wife arose, stating they were not satisfied that they were saved; but when pressed to go forward, they did not wish to, for fear of hurting the feelings of their pastor, who was present.

“A Congregational lady said, after she reached home the night before, her little daughter asked her why she did not go forward; and she told her she had been a Christian for years, and did not feel it her duty to go. ‘Then,’ said the child, ‘why didn’t you stand up and tell it?’ And she said after this she would stand up and tell of it.

**“Montague.** -- Young man said he had never enjoyed himself so much as during the past week.

He used to vow, to himself, to stop sinning, but had no strength to carry out his vows; but now he feels that God helps him. Today he was terribly tempted by his old companions; but God gave him strength to resist them.

“A lady said she thanked God for what He had done for her; it seemed like going from a dark room into a very light one. Sister Bush, converted at Montague, a year since, said that she owed a man \$5 for house-rent, and because he had not treated her just as she thought he should, she had determined to make him wait for his money, if, indeed, he ever got it at all. But as soon as converted she hurried to pay the debt, and, though it took their last \$5, she went home feeling wonderfully blessed of God.

“Monday, November 8, 1886: We have been laboring with Brother Odlum at Kalamo for the past two weeks. God has been precious near and blessed abundantly in the sanctification of believers and the conversion of sinners. Nine Church members came forward, one evening, and professed conversion. One old man came up the aisle saying, ‘I am coming, Lord, I am coming,’ and dropped upon his knees, and pleaded with God for mercy until he received it, and then arose and made his confession. Mr. K\_\_\_\_\_ preached a strong sermon on church singing being led by ungodly choirs and choristers; was terribly tempted at the close. Come to find out, the chorister, a good moral man, was not a Christian. He went home and said he could never lead the singing again, even in Sunday-school, without religion, and came forward a night or two after, and was clearly converted.

Sunday evening a young lady said she went to a show at the hall the night before, and felt she did wrong; God had forgiven her, and she would not do it again. It was nothing but tumbling through barrels, and such foolish things. She didn’t get the worth of her money.

**“Richland.** -- Brother French, pastor: He was converted through the influence of the Christian man he worked for, rather than any preaching. He came back to this charge because he believed God wanted him to build a church at Richland. He had a place offered him where they pay \$200 or \$300 more than they do here. Used our magic-lantern, for the first time here, to good advantage. One little girl told her neighbor that ‘Mamma was so much better ever since she went clear up in front at the concert.’ Her mother was happily converted at the altar. Some nice young men were converted, and began working immediately for others. Opposition was more marked than at any other place we have been. One young man left the house, cursing and swearing during the meeting, one evening. One influential man said a great deal against the work from the beginning; it made him mad every time he came, and that was nearly every night. He talked real mean to Martin, telling him he was doing more harm than good. The last night of our service there, his wife pleaded with and prayed for him until two in the morning, when he yielded, and God sweetly saved his soul. That morning, just after breakfast, he and his wife came to our boarding-place, and told us all about it, and O, how he wept; so much that it was with the greatest difficulty he could talk at all! There were some clear cases of sanctification at this place. All glory to God.”

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