



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

## EDWARD FRANKLIN WALKER

(Nazarene)

"And he could preach," testified Rev. E. A. Girvin, "for thirty days on 'But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you'."

"And he did," responded Esther Kirk Miller. "I was fourteen at the time and Dr. Walker was our pastor in Pasadena. He had recently united with the church. Sunday after Sunday, week on end, morning and night, he expounded that text in a series of messages which seemed never to end."

Dr. Walker was at home in the Bible wherever you put him, and as a Bible exegete he was peerless. There was no end to his biblical information, and with driving logic he forced the truth home. On the platform he was clear, and tremendously in earnest. None ever doubted what he meant. He buttressed his positions with scripture and logic.

"He takes his place in the front row," said Dr. Phineas Bresee, when he welcomed this gospel preacher into church fellowship, "and that is a very short front row."

By his excessive labors in life he left a great legacy to the church to enrich us.

Out of His Diary

"My full name is Edward Franklin Walker," begins his Diary, a massive, brown, sheepskin covered book, which lies open before me. Yes, there it is, written in his own hand, the story of his soul wanderings. Things of a worldly nature are passed over with slight mention, but his spiritual pilgrimage is detailed.

Yes, he was born (with bare mention of the fact) on January 20, 1852, in Steubenville, Ohio. "Came to this state (California) in 1856." "By trade a printer," he continues writing in 1871, shortly after he had ceased his soul wanderings and dropped anchor in the haven of rest.

"Education slight," which fact he lamented and labored to eclipse by constantly holding before him an open book. And when the money came in he entered the College of the Pacific, where he not only found books, but "attended a prayermeeting this morning." He wanted his soul to be touched as well as his mind taught.

Later he went to the Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh, where he proved himself an excellent student, and laid the foundation for the exegete that he was to become. To the end he remained a student, upturning the texts of the Bible for new gems of truth. He wandered through the Bible's broad fields, searching with a miner's pick the deep veins of truth, which to other souls remained unexplored.

"Religion is a thing," he entered in that Diary, "that I know but little of."

His parents were not professors, but in his very young days his mother sent him to Sunday school.

"On the third day of June, 1871, I gave my heart to Jesus Christ." Here begins the transforming fellowship which was to remake the life of young Edward. It happened on this wise.

He had been attending the theater in San Francisco, and one evening he saw a large show tent, as he

supposed, for the crowd was massive. So he joined the throng.

It was a show, for the great John Inskip arose and presented the claims of Jesus, and under the spell of his message Ed Walker, the printer, sat trembling, unable to shake off the chains which Christ threw upon his soul. A few days later he knelt in the straw and Jesus flooded his soul with spiritual harmonies.

Reborn in a revival, Edward Walker never got over the effects of it. He was destined to carry the flag of evangelism throughout the nation.

#### His First License

At once he stepped into the ranks of Christian workers, led a Methodist class meeting, taught a class, oversaw a Sunday school, and so proved himself that on December 4, 1873, the Methodist Church gave him a local preacher's license, which though faded and worn is still intact before me as I write.

Henceforth he was launched into the work of the ministry. Months earlier he entered in his Diary, "July 24, 7:30 p.m., I have within the last ten minutes rested in Jesus as my Sanctifier." The following day he wrote, "Entire sanctification, full salvation, holiness of heart, the higher life -- I am not particular what you call it, but I have it!"

Source: "Twelve Early Nazarene Leaders" by Basil Miller



## FLORENCE (CARNEY) WALLING

(Nazarene)

#### Her Childhood Experiences of Grace

[From humble and seemingly unlikely beginnings, Florence (Carney) Walling became a mighty powerhouse for God. With the blessings of the Holy Ghost resting upon them, she and her husband built the largest rural church in the world in the West Virginia Hills.]

#### Her Childhood Experiences of Grace

After her decision that Holiness was right, her young heart became hungry for the experience. On one week-end, she left her "job" at her grandmother's and went home to visit her parents. On Saturday night, she attended the little Holiness service with them, and was beautifully saved. On Sunday night, she visited the altar a second time, and received the same heart cleansing her parents had received. The fight had been taken out of her heart; and all her energies were poured out – even at eleven – in service for the Christ.

#### Her Reclamation and Sanctification In Adulthood

A revival meeting was announced in the Methodist church, the church of her family. The evangelist was a Holiness man, and the family was happy. The people of the church were divided about the doctrine. Some were enthusiastic in their acceptance of it; and others fought it.

Florence knew practically all the people; had known them for years. Just as she had in childhood – she sized them up. The ones who lived nearest to her idea of what a Christian ought to be, were those who professed sanctification, as a second, definite work of grace. Again, hard and far from God as she was, she found herself thinking on the side of the Holiness group.

For a night or two, she attended the revival only because it was some place to go – not with any intention whatsoever of getting back to God. All that was past for her. Her one consuming passion was

to get back to California and get even with Jess.

A certain couple that had run around with them had ended in tragedy. The fellow had killed his wife and then himself. It might end that way for them – what did it matter? Religion? No. There was no place in her life for religion.

Conviction seized her. She felt so terrible. She remembered the wonderful experience of Salvation she had known as a child. She remembered what it was like to have Jesus wash away her sins. She went to the altar. The group gathered about her to pray. Some of them she trusted. Others, she felt were just as much in need of prayer as she. Some she felt to be plain hypocrites; some she felt to be inconsistent in their lives, because they had failed to walk into Holiness. All at once the devil within her arose, and she felt her hands convulse and start shoving. She was possessed with a desire to give a sweeping shove to all these inconsistent people tell them they needed to pray for themselves and not for her. Then she remembered she was at church – not at some drunken party, so she relaxed her hands and remained quiet. But she didn't get saved. She was too angry.

The next night, however, she returned to the altar, and was so thoroughly sick of sin; so utterly exhausted from trying to fight her way through life; that she threw herself at the Master's feet and found forgiveness – as backsliders always find – when they come back by the bitter path of repentance. She shouted and shouted.

The next night found her at the altar again, this time seeking the purifying power of the Holy Ghost. When she had finished praying and testified to the victory, she did not shout. Instead she was weak and spent. The crucifixion of the old man; the dying out to self-will; the surrender of hate; the giving over of the get-even disposition; the yielding of resentment toward her husband's way of life; the full and complete submission of her all to God; the destruction of that terrible devil that would rise so suddenly and cause her to do such unpredictable things; all of that house-cleaning by the refining fires of the Holy Spirit, -- consumed the biggest portion of her spirit and she was weak indeed.

#### Her Victorious Battle To Keep Carnal Hatred From Repossessing Her Heart

She needed to work, so she took over a hotel to run. She did the cooking, and had a good business. It was nearing Christmas time, and oh, how she did wish for one Christmas for her children that was like other people's Christmas. Her heart ached for one real Christmas dinner; for a tree with lights; for lovely toys. How her heart bled for her children, who could never know anything but the smell of whiskey on Christmas day.

So to the end that she might earn some extra money, she baked forty pies in one day. At ten cents a cut, she would have enough for a nice Christmas for her children. She was so tired. Her kitchen was spotless, so she took a nap before the evening meal. She dropped off to sleep immediately. Just how long she lay there, she didn't know, but she was awakened by a great hubbub of noise and hilarity. Jumping quickly to her feet, she ran to the lobby of the hotel.

Jess was there, drunk, and in charge of the festivities. The lobby was full of people dancing. They were having a great whoopee, and liquor was flowing. As each couple finished their dance and left the hotel, Jess gave them a pie! There were only four or five left.

It seemed that all the imps in and out of hell were turned loose on her that time. She felt the old, old hate welling up within her. The ugly old demon frightened her, and she did not take time to go anywhere. The people had scattered, the minute she had entered. Only one or two couples remained.

Regardless of their presence, she fell on her knees right there in the lobby and prayed at the top of her voice. She thought it would kill her dead to give up her pies, but to give up her religion was worse than death. She had to have help. No human could stand such provocation alone. On and on she prayed.



divine music enraptured his soul, heavenly light broke upon his vision and his spirit was borne into the paradise of God.

Before his passing, he calmly made all arrangements for his funeral with his lifelong friend, the Rev. J. T. Logan, editor of the Free Methodist. It was fitting that the funeral should be held in the Free Methodist church at Spring Arbor, Michigan, where he had given so many years of service. According to his plan, the Rev. J. T. Logan preached the funeral sermon from the text: “And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”

Of him Bishop A. D. Zahniser said:

“The subject of this tribute was a Christian scholar. With fair foundation in early life and a student all of his days, an instructor in the field of Christian education for many years, and extensive travel in home and foreign lands, he had treasured up a wealth of worthwhile knowledge and was a wise and safe counselor.

“Professor Warner might be regarded as one of the pioneers in the cause of purely Christian education in the Free Methodist Church, having spent a goodly number of the most useful years of his career in the very prime of his life as instructor and president of our first institutions.

“I regarded Bishop Warner as a strong and able minister, a faithful and fearless defender of the truth, with a clear spiritual vision. He was a wise and well-informed executor; a dignified and deliberate presiding officer, always fair-minded, mild, kind, but ever firm and uncompromising.

“He was an author of superior ability in his field. His writings were smooth and clear; his English almost faultless; his matter interesting, instructive and inspirational.

“Brother Warner was the very personification of ‘true holiness.’ He was an able exponent of the doctrine of full salvation by precept, and exemplified it in his life. To know him intimately was to appreciate him, greatly love him, honor him and respect him. He was a man of a few and well chosen words and you knew just what he meant by what he said, a man in whose spirit there was no guile. Sincerity and honesty were spread all over his countenance. He was ever ready to hear with close attention the cause of the most humble and to give sympathetic counsel and aid. When it became necessary to administer reproof he could do so with such a kindly firmness as to produce the desired results and yet retain the confidence and respect of those he reproved. Loyalty in every relation was recognized as one of his outstanding characteristics.”

Source: “Master Workmen” by Richard R. Blews



## G. D. WATSON

(Methodist)

I was born in Accomac County, Virginia, March 26, 1845. My father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, were Methodists. I was raised up in family prayer, attended Sabbath-school and went through many revivals of religion. I suppose I was the black sheep of the flock; the worst boy of the whole six. I was exceedingly passionate, self-willed, imperious and contrary.

My earliest convictions were when I was five or six years old. One night Father and Mother went to church and left us children alone, the eldest being twelve or thirteen years of age. We sang “Rock of Ages,” and all got under conviction. I prayed and cried, but did not know what ailed me. At that early, age I was called to preach. When I was twelve or thirteen I sought religion, and after that was at the

altar at every revival; but my will was not thoroughly broken down.

I was converted in the Southern army, near Richmond, Virginia, August 12, 1863. When I was converted it was a new creation. I read the New Testament through twice that year. I began to hold prayer meetings among the young men. My old companions would meet me and knock my Bible out of my hand and call me names. I had not been saved a month until I found there was inbred sin in my heart. I had never heard of holiness. If some one had known how to lead me I think I would have obtained the blessing then.

I went to the Biblical Institute at Concord, New Hampshire, where I acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of Hebrew, Greek, and theology. I joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1868. I went to the National Campmeeting at Oakington in 1869, and there first heard a sermon on entire sanctification. I went to the altar seeking it, and there through the influence of Alfred Cookman, who was then a member of my conference. I received a great blessing, felt great tranquillity, and called it perfect love. I went back and testified to holiness.

My presiding elder opposed the doctrine and ridiculed me for preaching in advance of my elders, and so did others; and under the pressure I did not testify as often as I should. I did not preach against it; but I did not stand up for the doctrine, and soon got back into my old state. I then descended from a restful Christianity to a toilsome Christianity, and also began using tobacco again. I had hours of communion with God, but they were unsteady; and I had a great deal of soul twilight. I loved to preach; enjoyed a revival; felt much enthusiasm in all the interests of my church; felt at home in Christian society, and was often thrilled with the harmony and grandeur of Bible truth. I went into science and philosophy. For four or five years I ate the strongest intellectual food that the Church could furnish me. But I was starving my heart by trying to feed my brain. All this time I was trying to seek God. I would break down and cry over my condition. God blessed my labors, and souls were converted. But I was having a terrible struggle with myself. I felt my whole life to be one unending will struggle. I suffered more than tongue can tell from melancholy. An unkind or unfavorable criticism, or an apparent neglect, would often hurl my spirit into deepest gloom. I grew tired of living in the public eye: tired of routine work; but most tired of myself. My wife was sick, and I could not bear sickness. I had a great deal of trouble that others did not see was trouble, and yet sorely tried me.

In October, 1876, I began to seek holiness again. I was now filled with all sorts of notions. I said, I will grow into it. Then I took up the repression theory, then the Zinzendorf theory. I was like a sailor, first setting his sail one way, then another.

One cannot always tell by the way a man talks what he thinks. Three weeks before I was sanctified I said in a preachers' meeting, "When God converts a soul he makes it as pure as it ever will be," and at the same time I was seeking holiness. About this time a local preacher came and said to me: "Would you object to having a few holiness people from Cincinnati come up and hold a three-days' holiness meeting?" I told him I should be very glad to have them come.

On the 1<sup>st</sup> day of December, 1876, the holiness-meeting began. That night, after my wife had retired, I prayed for an hour, as was my custom. Sometimes the next day I would get mad, and my wife would say, "I am ashamed of you. I am afraid you have not a bit of religion, and you preaching as you do." I felt ashamed, and yet I would sometimes defend myself, and then go away and pray and cry over it. But that Friday night I was teachable as I lay on the edge of the bed, with my hand under my cheek and my face toward the door so as not to disturb any one.

Then the Lord began to talk to me. "Will you receive it?" "Yes, Lord." "Will you consent for me to make your family sick; your wife sick?" "Yes, Lord; give me the blessing." "Will you let me take your health in my – hand give you bronchitis or consumption?" "Yes, Lord. Any time you want me to die, I will consent to go." "Will you consent to leave those large appointments you have been having? Will

you consent to take a poor appointment for me?" "Yes, Lord, I will take the poorest appointment in Indiana if it is thy will." (And there were some poor ones.)

"Suppose I want you to go and preach among the Freedmen, will you go?" I said, "Yes, Lord, if it is thy will." "Will you give up your tobacco, that your body may be my temple?" I had tried several times to give it up, but would go back to it again. I said, "Yes, Lord, I will give it up. I will do any thing. Give me the blessing." When I got all through I dropped to sleep. I do not know how it was, but when I waked up next morning I found the appetite for tobacco was gone. I never have taken back the consecration.

The following Monday, December 4, at noon, I went into my study and began reading the Scriptures, with the first chapter of First Peter: "Peter, an Apostle of Jesus Christ ... Elect according to the pre-knowledge of God the Father through sanctification of the Spirit." I stopped. "There," said I, "that is sanctification." "Whom having not seen ye love." "I do love thee, and I know thou lovest me." "In whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." As I uttered these words God let loose a Niagara of salvation in my soul. I walked back and forth shouting, "Glory to God!" After a time that subsided into a calm.

My next appointment was where the church was very worldly. Still there were some lowly ones, as there are in all churches. The Lord saved some there; but I had a terrible time. I got rash and said harsh things. I would say things that took the skin off. Instead of encouraging and strengthening the weak I would strike hard blows. Several times I lost the witness of holiness and would have to fly back to the fountain. Sometimes I acted wrong with my wife. I tried to hurry her along and have her get the experience as I did. It was not her nature, and it could not be expected she would get it as I did. Sometimes, perhaps, I would say things to try to urge her along too fast; then I would see I had done wrong and ask her pardon. Then I would go to the Lord and say, "Put me in the fountain."

I went to another place, and began urging men too fast. An old man, the one who led Bishop Hamline into sanctification, came to me and put his arms around me and said, "You are preaching holiness in the wrong way." About that time I had a sort of vision. I thought I saw a large flock of sheep. Some were scratched with thorns, some with the wool off; others had horns; then there were lambs. I was walking around among the sheep with a club trying to keep them right. I saw I was wrong. This was three years after I had been cleansed.

Then I was in a hurry. I wanted to be as perfect as Paul in all things, right away. The Lord has since melted me down and softened my heart. I love all God's people. The devil has tried, on one side, to make me too tame. I had been too radical, and when I began to be too conservative the Lord brought me back. I was like a pendulum--first swinging too far this way, and then the Lord would bring me back.

And now, after suffering many defeats, learning many lessons in this Canaan of Perfect Love, I praise God for the trials of my faith and for His marvelous keeping power. I have learned that I must be an uncompromising, unwavering witness to the cleansing power of Christ; that I must not make an idol of holiness or holiness people; that I must not lean upon my emotions, but must walk by faith, and sometimes in seasons of darkness; that Satan tempts and tries me more directly and boldly than ever before, that I must often be dead to things and plans that are in themselves innocent, must sow and reap, or sow and let others reap. My heart breaks down under a delicious burden of humble and adoring praise to the wonderful Jesus. I have no will of my own. My will is the will of my Father. A sense of utter nothingness is growing upon me, together with an increasing sense of merit of Jesus.

G. D. WATSON

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



## O. DEAN WATSON

(Wesleyan)

[At the time this testimony was written, O. Dean Watson was superintendent of the Dakota District of The Wesleyan Church.]

What a thrill to be born again! My many sins at last forgiven and taken away! The sense of Jesus really being my Saviour filled me with delight. I was called to the ministry by the light of God in my basement room, with the words of Scripture “Feed my sheep, feed my lambs,” written everywhere on every wall. My submissive heart was rewarded with strength to follow that call.

The days of college and Bible school were days of struggle – personal struggle. I would consecrate myself to God, but pride and self and human goals seemed nearly always to win and my spirit was left torn and bleeding. On two occasions at least, I testified to being entirely sanctified; but alas, doubt ruled before the witness came. I knew without a doubt when I was born again and I thought surely I would also know when the work of entire sanctification was completed.

I graduated and took my first appointment – to pioneer a church. What a challenge! I worked night and day, supporting my family and building up the congregation of people. I wanted to make good, I wanted to succeed, I wanted to build a big congregation, I wanted to be widely known and travel.

My self-life was driving me on but my soul was crying out, thirsting for peace, relief, reality, to be cleansed, to be really sanctified. I searched the Scriptures with an aching heart and a baffled mind. I read every book I could get my hands on pertaining to sanctification, perfect love, being filled with the Spirit, holiness, etc.

We were in special meetings at the church. I stayed in my study late one night. I had to settle it one way or another. I couldn't go on as I was. I was alone with my God. I lay on the floor and wept. I told Him how proud I was, how selfish, how headstrong, that I was a poor father and husband, that I was a failure as a pastor, full of self-esteem. How I needed to have relief from my self-life.

This and much more I poured out to Him. As I concluded this time of exposing my innermost being, I felt an emptiness, a vacuum inside. It was as though I was completely empty. I said, “Lord, I have done all I know to do; I am completely Yours, I'm on Your hands--an empty vessel!”

I went home and went to bed and slept like a baby.

The next night at the special services at the church the evangelist spoke, gave an invitation, and several responded. I went up to pray with the seekers. I knelt on the platform in front of the seekers and had just begun to pray when all of a sudden, like a bolt of lightning, the glory and fire from heaven filled my soul. The empty vessel had been filled. I wept, I leaped, I shouted, I walked, I laughed, I praised God for two and one-half hours, with people all over the church being saved, sanctified, and blessed.

My wife said I was a new person to live with. She could hardly believe the change. There was power and unction to preach and testify. People began to seek God. Several were led into the experience of entire sanctification. The church began to grow spiritually and numerically.

Doors opened to hold services in other churches in the conference, with emphasis on youth since I was conference youth president. Many were saved and sanctified. My whole life was changed. I had a great appetite for the Word of God. I loved to get alone and pray and to pray with other people as well. There was a love for God's people and for the sinner that I had never known before. I could really see heaven and hell for the first time.

From that day to this I have never lost that “presence” (Holy Spirit) from my “emptied heart.” I have had many refreshings from the presence of the Lord in my soul. The problems and burdens of pastoral labors, evangelistic meetings with nights of prayer and the laying down of the life in soul travail, the work as district superintendent with the care of all the churches has not diminished the fire that came to burn away all of the dross. The face of Jesus is clearer, the assurance of victory to the end of life is brighter, heaven looms up as a shaft of gold, and the teeming throngs of people are seen as sheaves to gather and lay at the Master’s feet.

If this is entire sanctification, and I believe it is, then let it be heard. Let it walk the streets with the common man. Let it go into the shops and stores. Let it journey to houses of government. Let it walk behind doors of iron and brass. Let it leap into cathedrals and thatch-roofed, mud churches. Let it take the feet and lips of youth for swiftness. Let it take the scars and the wisdom of the snowy, white heads and blend into a voice united with youth and strong as a bugle. Let’s sound out the words that shall one day be upon the horses’ bridles, “Holiness unto the Lord; Holiness in our hearts now and forever.” Let it be so, O Lord!

Source: “And They Shall Prophesy”

Compiled by George E. Failing



## WILLIAM WATTERS

1751 – 1833

The First American-Born Methodist Circuit Rider

William Watters was the first American to join the ranks of Methodist itinerant preachers. After his conversion, one of Wesley’s sermons, published by Robert Williams, led him into a still deeper spiritual experience, and he became a strong advocate, by his life as

### HIS BIRTH IN 1751 AND EARLY LIFE

He was born in Baltimore county, Maryland on the 10<sup>th</sup> of October, 1751. His parents were strict members of the English Church, and from his infancy he was addicted to religious reflections. “At a very early period,” he writes, “I well remember to have been under serious impressions at various times, but when about twelve or fourteen years old he took, he says, “great delight in dancing, card-playing, horse-racing, and such pernicious practices, though often terrified with thoughts of eternity in the midst of them. Thus did my precious time roll away while I was held in the chains of my sins, too often a willing captive of the devil. I had no one to tell me the evil of sin, or to teach me the way of life and salvation. The two ministers in the two parishes, with whom I was acquainted, were both immoral men, and had no gifts for the ministry; if they received their salary they appeared to think but little about the souls of the people. The blind were evidently leading the blind, and it was by the mere mercy of God that we did not all fall into hell altogether.”

When sixteen or seventeen years of age he was considered by his associates “a very good Christian,” but he thought of himself quite otherwise. “It was,” he says, “my constant practice to attend the church with my prayer book, and to often read my Bible and other good books, and sometimes I attempted to say my prayers in private. Many times, when I have been sinning against God, I have felt much inward uneasiness, and often, on reflection, a hell within, till I could invent something to divert my mind from such reflections. Hence, strange as it may appear, I have left the dancing-room to pray to God that he might not be offended with me, and have then returned to it again with as much delight as ever.”

## FIRST CONTACT WITH THE METHODISTS

Strawbridge, King, and Williams were abroad around him, preaching in private houses, and in 1770 he had frequent opportunities of hearing them. "I could not conceive," he writes, "what they meant by saying we must be born again, and, though I thought but little of all I heard, for some time, yet I dared not despise and revile them, as many then did. By frequently being in company with several of my old acquaintances, who had professed Methodism, among whom was my oldest brother and his wife, (who I thought equal to any religious people in the world,) and hearing them all declare, as with one voice, that they knew nothing of heart-religion, the religion of the Bible, till since they had heard the Methodists preach, I was utterly confounded; and I could not but say with Nicodemus, 'How can these things be?' While I was marveling at the unheard-of things that these strange people were spreading wherever they came, and before I was aware, I found my heart inclined to forsake many of my vain practices, and at the last place of merriment I ever attended, I remember well I was hardly even a looker-on. So vain did all their mirth appear to me, as did also their dancing, which I was formerly so fond of, that now no arguments could prevail on me to be seen on the floor. I had my reflections, though I was on the devil's ground; and, among others, while I was looking at a young man of property, who was beastly drunk and scarcely able to sit in his chair, a dog passed by, and I deliberately thought I would rather be that dog than a drunkard. Some, even of my friends, began to fear that I should become a Methodist; but I had no such thought, and yet I often found my poor heart drawn to them, as a people that lived in a manner I never had known any to live before."

## HIS CONVERSION

By the religious care of his early education and the natural tenderness of his conscience, it was impossible that he could long resist the Methodist influences which now met him on every side. "I seldom, if ever," he adds, "omitted bowing my sinful knees before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, four or five times a day. It was daily my prayer that God would teach the way of life and salvation, and not suffer me to be deceived. After being uncommonly uneasy for several days concerning the state of my soul, I went with my eldest brother and family to a prayer-meeting in his neighborhood on a Sabbath day; and while one was at prayer I saw a man near me, whom I knew to be a poor sinner, trembling, weeping, and praying, as though His all depended on the present moment; his soul and body were in an agony. The gracious Lord, who works by what means he pleases, blessed this circumstance greatly to my conviction; so that I felt, in a manner which I have not words fully to express, that I must be internally changed, that I must be born of the Spirit, or never see the face of God. Without this, I was deeply sensible that all I had done or could do was vain. I went home much distressed, and fully determined, by the grace of God, to seek the salvation of my soul with my whole heart. In this frame of mind, I soon got by myself and full upon my knees. But, alas! My sinful heart felt as a rock, and though I believed myself in the 'gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity,' and, of course, that if I died in that state I must die eternally, yet I could not shed one tear, neither could I find words to express my wretchedness before my merciful high Priest; I could only bemoan my forlorn state, and I wandered about through the afternoon in solitary places, seeking rest but finding none."

That night, however, in another prayer-meeting, both his heart and eyes melted. "I was so melted down and blessed with such a praying heart, that I should have been glad if they would have continued on their knees all night in prayer for me, a poor, helpless wretch."

The next day he was unfit for any business: he spent it in retirement. "I refused to be comforted but by the Friend of sinners. My cry was, day and night, Save, Lord, or I perish; give me Christ, or else I die. In this state I loved nothing better than weeping, mourning, and prayer, humbly hoping, waiting, and longing for the coming of the Lord. For three days and nights eating, drinking, and sleeping in a measure fled from me while my flesh wasted away and my strength failed in such a manner that I

found it was not without cause that it is asked, 'A wounded spirit who can heal?' Having returned in the afternoon from the woods to my chamber, my eldest brother (at whose house I was) knowing my distress, entered my room with all the sympathy of a brother and a Christian. To my great astonishment he informed me that God had that day blessed him with his pardoning love. After giving me all the advice in his power, he kneeled down with me, and with a low, soft voice (which was frequently interrupted by tears) he offered up a fervent prayer to God for my present salvation." He received "a gleam of hope," but was not content with it. The next day several "praying persons," who knew his distress, visited him. He requested them to pray with him, and the family was called in, though it was about the middle of the day. "While they all joined in singing, my face," he says, "was turned to the wall, with my eyes lifted upward in a flood of tears and I felt a lively hope that the Lord whom I sought would suddenly come to his temple. My good friends sung with the spirit and in faith. The Lord heard and appeared spiritually in the midst of us A divine light beamed through my inmost soul and in few minutes encircled me around, surpassing the brightness of the noonday sun. Of this divine glory, with the holy glow that I felt within my soul, I have still as distinct an idea as that I ever saw the light of the natural sun, but know not how fully to express myself so as to be understood by those who are in a state of nature, inexperienced in the things of God; for 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned.' My burden was gone, my sorrow fled, all that was within me rejoiced in hope of the glory God; while I beheld such fullness and willingness in the Lord Jesus to save lost sinners, and my soul so rested in him, that I could now, for the first time, call Jesus Christ 'Lord, by the Holy Ghost given unto me.' The hymn being concluded, we all fell upon our knees, but my prayers were all turned into praises."

Such was the spiritual birth of the first regular Methodist preacher of the new world. This "memorable change," he says, took place in May, 1771, in the twentieth year of his age. In the same house where he was born "a child of wrath," he was also "born a child of grace."

#### HIS ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

He spent some time on the Pittsylvania Circuit, and the next year [1778] traveled with remarkable success that of Sussex. While passing the second time around this circuit his word had unusual power -- "the windows of heaven were opened, and the Lord poured out such a blessing as our hearts were not able to contain." Some of the rustic assemblies were overwhelmed with the truth. "We were so filled," he says on one occasion, "with the love of God, and overawed with his divine majesty, that we lay prostrate at his footstool, scarcely able to rise from our knees for a considerable time, while there were strong cries and tears from every part of the house for that perfect love which casteth out fear." Jarratt and the devoted Methodist itinerants had preached faithfully, in these parts of Virginia, Paul's doctrine of "perfection," John's doctrine of "perfect love;" and Watters records that he had never met before with so many living examples of it as in the societies of this circuit. He caught from them the same spirit. "O my God! When shall I awake with thy likeness, and be filled with thy fullness!" was his constant prayer.

A new epoch here occurred in his personal history. He had been remarkable for his devotion, the transparent purity and simplicity of his religious life, and the benignity of his temper; but he had seen, especially by the aid of Wesley's Writings, that there were "deep things of God" which he had not fathomed, and he consecrated himself to an absolute devotion. In a little circle of praying friends, "I was," he says, "in an agony of prayer, and my heart was ready to burst with longing after the blessing, expecting every moment to hear the kind release, 'go in peace, sin no more.' My cry was incessant. 'Father, glorify thy name, pour out thy Spirit.' " Then "followed a deep and awful sense of the divine presence, an inward calm, which words cannot express. I was in my own eyes less than the least of God's people, and knew that all was of grace." But he dare not yet "confidently conclude" that his "soul was renewed in love."

Subsequently he “found that it is by faith we stand in every state of grace,” that sanctification, like justification, is by faith. Walking with a friend, they retired into a solitary place, and on their knees most “earnestly desired not to rise till every doubt were removed.” There, in the calm solitude, he was “most graciously and powerfully blessed and filled with confidence and peace.” Powerful as his earnest ministry had hitherto been, it now took a new tone; its energy, if more calm, was more effective. The “most glorious work” that ever he “had seen was on this circuit among believers. Scores professed to be sanctified to the Lord;” he “could not be satisfied without pressing upon Christians their privilege “in this respect, and he records that wherever “they were exhorted to go on to perfection the Word was blessed.”

Source: “William Watters, First American Circuit Rider” compiled by Duane V. Maxey from the writings of Nathan Bangs, Abel Stevens, and Matthew Simpson



## FRED M. WEATHERFORD

I was converted, marvelously born again, in a little Methodist community, country church, during a revival conducted by a Methodist evangelist, when I was 17 years old (now 66 years ago). During that campaign I heard nothing from the pulpit respecting a second work of grace...

As a sequence to the foregoing, I submit my testimonial experience when sanctified.

I was converted a Methodist and baptized by a Methodist minister, electing the process of immersion. I was later received into membership by the Baptist church, though not without some protesting controversy, from the fact I had not been baptized by a Baptist minister; leading to the inquiry if I would submit to a second water coverage, to which I demurred. Some 11 years later I heard my first sermon on sanctification by Rev. Frank Blackman, a Nazarene evangelist, later missionary to India. Though as much convicted of my need to be sanctified as I was convicted as a guilty sinner prior to my public confession and prayer for forgiveness, I did not respond to the evangelist’s altar call, as a seeker. The next morning, however, the Lord Jesus became my Altar Bearer to a place out behind the old grain barn, where in great humiliation and desperation and in tears of full submissive consecration, I yielded my all to Christ as my Lord and Master. I was overwhelmed with the drenching, gushing joy with which God answered my sobbed-out supplication – this is sanctification arrayed in glory. Needless to say at this juncture, I was sanctified a Nazarene and all out for Jesus. This threesome church affiliation made me something of an ecclesiastical cosmopolitan.

In my experience of the new birth there was delivered a profuse, effulgent, transformed, new life -- I was so enraptured with this new experience, engendered by the love of God, in forgiving mercy, that I felt an immediate and prolonged urge to tell others. This relentless upsurge eventuated in a call to preach.

My mother related to me afterward that she had urgently prayed that one of her sons would become a minister. Her father, Rev. William Sperry, was a Baptist minister, who built the first Baptist church in Eugene, Ore., of log construction, where he pastored. I am told that my Grandmother Weatherford was a shouting Methodist.

Having settled God’s call for me to preach, there came a desire to qualify myself for the ministry. While my father never openly opposed me in my calling to preach, he notwithstanding arranged for me to matriculate in a normal school and from there to what is now Oregon State University, where I became president of the YMCA. After three years there, my father persuaded me to rent and take over the operation of his rather extensive wheat farming and stock ranch. This I did, and prospered in the

adventure. At the end of seven years I had purchased and paid for another 1,100-acre wheat farm, while at the same time maintaining a substantial bank account. Now after 11 years since my conversion, and past 29 years of age, with a wife and two children, Frank Blackman's sermon and my sanctification brought with them a boldness and a divine authorization that spelled out a must for me to preach. Accordingly and forthwith I freed myself from farming obligations to make an imperishable investment in souls for the kingdom of God. Then after two and a half years of specialized training for the ministry, I launched a career of gospel ministry, from which came a host of redeemed souls, including six missionaries, four pastors, five pastors wives, three college professors, two physicians, four nurses, two public school principals, and a number of teachers. Over one 11-year pastorate, 315 members were received into the church.

Source: "Sanctification, The Price of Heaven,"

by Fred M. Weatherford



## OTTO WENDEL

(O Peiro, Iowa)

What impressed me most at the Assembly was,

First: Meeting so many old co-workers and so many of whom I had read but had not seen, -- a type of the grand reunion in heaven.

Second: The progress in the holiness work. In July, 1878, I went 180 miles to Clear Lake, Iowa, to hear my first sermon on holiness at a camp held by Inskip, Wood and McDonald. Here I received the experience definitely. Later I traveled with the first tabernacle campaign in Iowa to spread Scriptural holiness.

The unity spirit, wide representation of the Assembly, and above all, the outpouring and manifestations of the Spirit in blessing to soul and body, will go with me through eternity.

Source: "Echoes of the General Holiness Assembly, Held in Chicago, May 3-13, 1901" Edited by Solomon Benjamin Shaw



## RICHARD WHATCOAT

\*2 Items

1736 – 1806

(A Methodist Bishop in America)

\*Item 1

I was born in the year 1736, in the parish of Quinton, in the county of Gloucester. My father dying while I was young left a widow and five children. At thirteen years old I was bound apprentice and served for eight years. I was never heard, during this time, to swear a vain oath, nor was ever given to lying, gaming, drunkenness, or any other presumptuous sin, but was commended for my honesty and sobriety. And from my childhood I had, at times, serious thoughts on death and eternity.

I served the greatest part of my apprenticeship at Darlaston, in Staffordshire; but at the age of twenty-

one I removed from thence to Wednesbury. Here I found myself in continual danger of losing the little religion I had, as the family in which I lived had no religion at all. Therefore I took the first opportunity that offered of removing to another place, and a kind Providence directed me to a family that feared God and wrought righteousness.

I soon went with them to hear the Methodists, which I did with deep attention; and when the preacher was describing the fall of man I thought he spoke to me in particular, and spoke as if he had known everything that ever was in my heart. When he described the nature and fruit of faith I was conscious I had it not; and though I believed all the Scripture to be of God, yet I had not the marks of a Christian believer. And I was convinced that if I died in the state wherein I was I should be miserable for ever. Yet I could not conceive how I that had lived so sober a life could be the chief of sinners. But this was not long; for I no sooner discovered the spirituality of the law, and the enmity that was in my heart against God, than I could heartily agree to it.

The thoughts of death and judgment now struck me with terrible fear. I had a keen apprehension of the wrath of God, and of the fiery indignation due to sinners; so that I could have wished myself to be annihilated, or to be the vilest creature, if I could but escape judgment. In this state I was when one told me, 'I know God for Christ's sake has forgiven all my sins, and His Spirit witnesseth with my spirit that I am a child of God.' This gave me a good deal of encouragement. And I determined never to rest until I had a testimony in myself, that my sins also were forgiven. But in the meantime, such was the darkness I was in, such my consciousness of guilt, and the just displeasure of Almighty God, that I could find no rest day or night, either for soul or body. So that life was a burden, and I became regardless of all things under the sun. Now all my virtues, which I had some reliance on once, appeared as filthy rags, and many discouraging thoughts were put into my mind; as, 'Many are called, but few chosen'; 'Hath not the potter power over his own clay, to make one vessel to honour, and another to dishonour?' From which it was suggested to me that I was made to dishonour, and so must inevitably perish.

On September 3, 1758, being overwhelmed with guilt and fear, as I was reading it was as if one whispered to me, "Thou hadst better read no more; for the more thou readest, the more thou wilt know. "And he that knoweth his Lord's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." I paused a little, and then resolved, "Let the consequence be what it may, I will proceed." When I came to those words, 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God,' as I fixed my eyes upon them, in a moment my darkness was removed, and the Spirit did bear witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. In the same instant I was filled with unspeakable peace and joy in believing, and all fear of death, judgment, and hell suddenly vanished away. Before this, I was kept awake by anguish and fear, so that I could not get an hour's sound sleep in a night. Now I wanted not sleep, being abundantly refreshed by contemplating the rich display of God's mercy in adopting so unworthy a creature as I was to be an heir of the kingdom of heaven.

This joy and peace continued about three weeks; after which it was suggested to me, "Hast not thou deceived thyself? Is it not presumption to think thou art a child of God? But if thou art, thou wilt soon fall away; thou wilt not endure to the end." This threw me into great heaviness, but it did not continue long. For as I gave myself unto prayer, and to reading and hearing the Word of God at all opportunities, my evidence became clearer and clearer, my faith and love stronger and stronger. And I found the accomplishment of that promise, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.'

Yet I soon found that though I was justified freely, yet I was not wholly sanctified. This brought me into a deep concern, and confirmed my resolution to admit of no peace, no, nor truce, with the evil which I still found in my heart. I was sensible both that they hindered me at present in all my holy exercises, and that I could not enter into the joy of my Lord unless they were all rooted out. These considerations led me to consider more attentively the exceeding great and precious promises whereby

we may escape all the corruption that is in the world, and be made partakers of the divine nature. I was much confirmed in my hope of their accomplishment by frequently hearing Mr. Mather speak upon the subject. I saw it was the mere gift of God, and, consequently, to be received by faith. And after many sharp and painful conflicts and many gracious visitations, on March 28, 1761, my spirit was drawn out and engaged in wrestling with God for about two hours in a manner I never did before. Suddenly I was stripped of all but love. I was all love, and prayer, and praise...

[Farther account of Mr. Whatcoat, taken from the minutes of the Methodist Conference, held in the United States of America, in the year 1807.]

In the year 1784, Mr. Whatcoat came to the United States of America, and served the Methodist connection in various important stations, in cities, towns, circuits, and districts, with the pious fidelity of an apostolic man of God. Upward of Six years in the latter part of his life he served in the superintendency [as Bishop] of the Church, till past the 70<sup>th</sup> year of his age. We will not use many words to describe this almost inimitable man; so deeply serious: who ever saw him trifling or light? Who ever heard him speak evil of any person? Nay, who ever heard him speak an idle word? Dead to envy, pride, and praise.

Sober without sadness; cheerful without levity; careful without covetousness, and decent without pride. He died not possessed of property sufficient to have paid the expenses of his sickness and funeral, if a charge had been made: so dead was he to the world! Although he was not a man of deep erudition, yet probably he had as much learning as some of the apostles and primitive bishops, and doubtless sufficient for the word of the ministry. He was deeply read in the work of God: his knowledge in the Scriptures was so great, that one of his friends used to call him his concordance. He gave himself greatly to reading. Notwithstanding he was called to the office of an overseer at an advanced period of life, he magnified his office by travelling annually three or four thousand miles through all the United States.

A complication of painful and irresistible diseases, produced and aggravated by excessive travelling, closed the scene. He was a prodigy of pain and patience for thirteen weeks. He departed this life in the full assurance of faith, July 5, 1806, in the house of Richard Bassett, Esq., in Dover, Delaware...

He professed the justifying and sanctifying grace of God, and all that knew him well might say, if a man upon earth possessed these blessings, surely it was Richard Whatcoat.

March 30, 1807, at the place of his tomb, (Wesley chapel, in Dover,) Bishop Asbury made some funeral observations upon the death of Richard Whatcoat, his faithful colleague, from 2 Tim. Iii, 10: "But thou has fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long suffering, charity, patience." "That he had known Richard Whatcoat from his own age of fourteen to sixty two years, most intimately, and had tried him most accurately, in the soundness of his faith, in the doctrine of universal depravity, and the complete and general atonement. The insufficiency of either moral or ceremonial righteousness for justification, in opposition to faith alone in the merit and righteousness of Christ. The doctrine of regeneration and sanctification; his holy manner of life, in duty, at all times, in all places, and before all people, as a Christian and as a minister; his long suffering,--a man of great affliction of body and mind; having been exercised with severe diseases and great labours. But this did not abate his charity, his love of God and man in all its effects, tempers, words, and actions; bearing with resignation and patience great temptations, bodily labour and inexpressible pain. In life and death, placid and calm. As he lived so he died."

Source: "The EXPERIENCE of several eminent Methodist Preachers with an account of their Call to and Success in the Ministry in a series of letters written by themselves to the Rev. John Wesley" J. Collard, Printer, New York 1837

\*Item 2

Bishop Whatcoat, in describing his experience long after his regeneration, says:-- “My soul was drawn out and engaged in a manner it never was before. Suddenly I was stripped of all but love.” What is this but a profession of perfect love?

Source: Maturity and Purity by J. A. Wood



## ELIZABETH R. WHEATON

At the age of eighteen I was married to Mr. J. A. Wheaton. We lived happily together, but in two years I was called to give up not only my dear husband, but also our little baby boy. They were buried in one grave, and I was again left alone in the world. O my breaking heart! I was in despair! I did not know then God’s wonderful comforting power as I now do. I was scarcely more than a nominal Christian, a fashionable proud woman, moving in high society, left to face the battle of life alone. To try to drown my sorrow I rushed deeper into society and fashion – only to be plunged into deeper despair. What I suffered during those years is beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. My anguish of heart and mind were so great that at times reason almost tottered on its throne. And had it not been for the goodness and mercy of God in sending me timely aid through true Christian friends, I should never have been able to have triumphed over it all.

Soon after I was converted, I felt the call of God to His service. I longed to be a missionary ... Several years after my conversion I heard of holiness or entire consecration to God, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit for service. After this, for about ten years, I was under conviction for a clean heart, seeking for a while and then growing careless, receiving little help from the formal professors around me. As I counted the cost, at times it seemed too great. I knew it meant to give up fashionable society, home, friends, reputation and all: and to take the way of the lowly Nazarene.

I heard at this time of a holiness meeting about forty miles from home, which I attended. Here I heard the pure gospel preached, and light shone upon my soul. I saw that none but the pure in heart could see God in peace. After wrestling in prayer until about three o’clock in the morning, I seemed held by an invisible power, pure and holy, and was so filled with awe that I feared to speak or move.

Soon I heard a wonderful sound, soft, sweet and soothing, like the rustle of angels’ wings. Its holy influence pervaded my whole being; a sound not of earth, but distinctly audible to both myself and the sister who was in the same room! I listened enraptured. I feared it was death, and my breath grew shorter and shorter. I did not move nor open my eyes.

Presently Jesus stood before me, and O the wonderful look of love – so far above the love of mortals, so humble, meek and pleading! In the tender voice of the Holy Spirit came these words: “Can you give up all and follow me? Lay your weary, aching head upon my breast. I will never leave you nor forsake you. Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.”

I was enabled by the Holy Spirit to say, “Yes, Lord Jesus.” I knew it was Jesus. When I said “Yes. Lord,” the power of God fell upon me, soul and body, and I was bathed in a sea of glory. When I had recovered from my rapture, Jesus had vanished as silently as He came; but the blessing and power remained. The sister whispered and asked, “Did you hear that sound?” And then she told me that this was for my benefit. This occurred November 11, 1883.

That day the people looked at me and wondered, seeing the great change God had wrought in me by His power. The night following we had an all-night meeting. Again God spoke to me by His Holy Spirit, saying, “Go and honor my Son’s name, and I will go with you.” I prayed, “O Lord, if this is Thy

voice, speak once more.” The same words came again. I obeyed and God did most wonderfully reveal Himself to me. I knew I was called to His service and to work for lost souls.

Source: “Prisons and Prayer or Labor of Love”

by Elizabeth R. Wheaton



## MOLLIE ALMA WHITE

On a Sunday evening the church organist was absent and I was called upon to take her place. The pastor did not have his usual liberty, and the Spirit moved me to give an exhortation. There was an intense burning in my breast, and a pressure upon me greater than I had ever felt before. I thought of past failures and the suffering that they had brought, and believed that the Holy Spirit for the last time was trying to press me out, and felt that I must seize the opportunity or lose my salvation.

Thoughts of Naaman the Syrian, and the awful leprosy of sin of which this disease is a type, were going through my mind. There was a book lying near me with a song entitled “Naaman the Leper,” and the enemy suggested that I sing this song instead of trying to speak. I knew I could readily find it, for it was the last one in the book. I had sung only part of the first verse when my eyes and voice failed me, and the result was a complete breakdown. There were two persons in the congregation who contributed largely to our support, who did not believe in women preaching. Satan reminded me of this and suggested that if I were to displease them it would probably cut off our support, and help fulfill the predictions of those who had opposed using the stand we took against church suppers and entertainments. For a moment the conflict was fearful.

Throwing the song book aside I stood trembling before the congregation; instantly my lips were touched with a live coal and a fiery stream of words went forth. All fear had entirely left me. For the first time in my life I had discovered the secret of preaching – it is not in carefully prepared sermons, but by His Spirit. The message came straight from heaven and struck the audience with such power that they sat spellbound. A young man said afterward that he felt the bottomless pit was opening to receive him. I had a premonition that this anointing would not abide with me, and after leaving the church, my soul apparently was plunged into greater darkness than ever. Like Job, the thing that I feared came upon me. The Holy Spirit taught me one of the greatest lessons of my life by momentarily resting upon me in the enduement of power. Conditions had not been met by which the temple could be made clean, hence He could not abide. In anguish I cried:

“Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sin that made Thee mourn  
And drove Thee from my breast.

In this dreadful darkness I was left without human help or sympathy, to weep over my desolation. I asked my husband to pray with me, and after offering a few words he expressed himself as not being able to understand me, and retired, leaving me alone.

Jeremiah says, “The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately sick” (17:9 R. V. ). There was no help for me, except through the blood of Christ, which could be made effectual only through consecration and faith. Had there been some one to instruct me, I would no doubt have been saved from the two week’s struggle which followed; however, the Holy Spirit enabled me to take the definite steps of consecration and all was laid upon the altar for time and eternity.

I had a great desire to have my voice cultivated, and had spent much time and money on it, but now I

turned it over to the Lord, willing to have it a success or a failure as He saw best...Feeling that all was on the altar, I wondered that the fire did not fall. My husband noticed the change that had come over me and saw that I needed help in both soul and body, and immediately made preparations to take me to see a physician living in Denver who claimed to be sanctified.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> of March, nine days after I had made my consecration, he took me to see the physician. He received us very cordially, and after asking a few questions about our work, he said, "I understand you have been preaching." He saw this somewhat embarrassed me, and changed the subject, avoiding questions concerning my health. He no doubt knew that I needed help for my soul more than for the body.

He told how he fasted for many hours and waited before God for heart cleansing, and how wonderfully God came and sanctified him. The number of hours that he fasted was a longer period than I had ever abstained from food, and I wondered if I could hold out until "the blessing" came, as he had done. He said he believed that I was consecrated and asked me to take "the blessing" by faith.

While waiting on our knees in prayer I agreed to do so on the authority of God's word. Patients were waiting, and feeling it would not be right to take any more of his time, we left his office and started for home. We had not gone more than a block when the enemy accused me of being a hypocrite for claiming something I did not have. Frightened at the thought, I let go my hold on the promises, and my soul was soon in greater distress than before. After reaching home I fasted, prayed and searched the Bible more diligently than ever before.

At almost every place that I opened it my eyes rested on some passage relating to holiness or the endowment of power. The following scriptures were read and re-read in my search for the pearl of great price: "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14); "Be ye holy, for I am holy" (Lev. 19:2; 1 Peter 1:16); "Put on the new man created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. 4:24); "That we should be holy before him" (Eph. 1:4); "This is the will of God, even your sanctification" (1 Thess. 4:3). There was no going back; I must go forward at any cost, for it was now holiness or hell.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> I went to my husband's study and asked him if he had any books on the subject of holiness. He pointed to a book-shelf where there were a number of books by different authors, among them, Steele's "Love Enthroned," Bishop Foster's "Christian Purity," J. A. Wood's "Perfect Love," Wesley's "Christian Perfection," and M. W. Knapp's "Out of Egypt into Canaan."

I was impressed to take the latter on account of its title. I knew what the bondage of sin was before I crossed the Red Sea of conversion, and that I had been a number of years in the wilderness experience. I read about the Canaan of rest, but to this I was a stranger, although my feet were at the Jordan's edge, where I had been waiting many days for the waters to part. For years I had eaten of the manna that had fallen from heaven, and the waters that flowed from the smitten rock often quenched my burning thirst, and now the promised land, with its luscious fruits was lying out before me. There was milk and honey, old corn and new wine, but between me and this wonderful land rolled a river overflowing its banks. God gave me a glimpse of something better than the manna of a justified experience which had sustained me through the years.

All fear of the giants of the land had left me, and the only question was how to enter in. Almost prostrated physically, I cried, "Lord, I must have help, and it must come quickly!" I knew that another moment of vital importance was at hand, and that the matter must be settled at once. I dared not sleep, and spent the night in prayer. The morning dawned and apparently no progress had been made, unless it was in an increased desire to possess the land.

In the after part of the second night I dropped off to sleep, hoping that I might wake up in Canaan. I

opened my eyes just as the clock was striking seven, disappointed to find the Jordan was still between me and the promised land.

It was not God's plan to take me over in my sleep; the event was of too much importance. It was now the 18<sup>th</sup> of March (1893), fifteen years after my conversion. Two sleepless nights had been spent during this time of fasting and prayer; I had been searching books and the Scriptures on the subject of holiness, but no relief was obtained. The darkness was growing more and more intense and I seemed to be on the verge of despair.

My husband had a slight attack of asthma and had been sleeping a few nights in an adjoining room, where he could have the benefit of better ventilation, and knew nothing of the ordeal through which I was passing, until I went to his room a few minutes after seven o'clock and told him all about it. On hearing my story he was greatly surprised. I told him I could never help him again in his church work, for I had utterly failed to receive the blessing which I so much desired and for which I had been seeking for many days. I felt if deliverance did not come soon there was nothing awaiting me but death. With the help of the Spirit, he said all he could to encourage me; when at a loss for something more to say, he waited, then added, "Jesus loves you more than I do, more than any earthly friend." I felt myself sinking, when he said, "The everlasting arms are beneath you."

This seemed almost too wonderful to be true. At that moment I saw Jesus on the cross looking at me with great pity and compassion. His head was crowned with thorns and the blood was dripping from His brow. Never had I seen such a picture. Only a moment were my eyes fixed upon Him when I was enabled to say, "His blood cleanses me from all sin, and underneath are the everlasting arms." In the twinkling of an eye my feet were placed on holy ground. There was no particular manifestation of God's power, but great soul rest. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The enemy suggested that the blessing was not great enough and that I must have something more before I could claim sanctification.

I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan; my heart is cleansed and is henceforth to be the abiding place of the Holy Spirit." There was a deep realization of purity in the depths of my soul such as I had never known before. My heart, which had been like a whitened sepulcher, was now transparent, the temple of God, and I would have been willing for the whole world to have looked through it. There were no fears of the Comforter leaving the house of which He had taken possession. I knew that He would stay in such a heart. Years have passed and there has never been a time that I have not been conscious of His abiding presence. When severely tested, I have stood by faith alone and claimed the victory through the atoning blood. I have said, "The blood cleanseth, the blood cleanseth just now." In the trying hour I have held fast the profession of my faith without wavering, and God has given me the reward of faith.

Having been robed in the garments of purity, my soul had at last awakened as if in obedience to the command of the prophet, who said, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments – shake thyself from the dust – loose the bands from off thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion" (Isa. 52:1-2).

My bands were broken, I had arisen from the dust and was robed in white. "Therefore my people shall know my name; therefore they shall know that I am he that doth speak; behold it is I" (Isa. 52:6). He had spoken to my soul, I had proved the truth of His word: "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins" (Matt. 1:21). "Therefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate" (Heb. 13:12). Years before, He had saved me from my actual transgressions, now He had cleansed me from inbred defilement. The Lord Jehovah made bare His holy arm and I knew His great salvation. For me the wilderness and the solitary place were made glad, and the desert (my soul) blossomed as the rose. The problem of years was solved; I had found the great salvation that is destined to fill the whole earth.

The joys of salvation are flowing

I'm living in Canaan's fair land;  
I came to the great swelling Jordan,  
And crossed o'er with Joshua's band;  
My heart is now filled with His rapture,  
My days are so happy and blest,  
I'm singing and shouting His praises,  
Oh, how could there be sweeter rest!

Chorus

In Canaan there's fruit in abundance,  
In gardens where olive trees grow;  
I drink the new wine of the kingdom,  
Where rivers of life ever flow.

The shadows that once gathered round me,  
No longer my pathway pursue,  
I'm walking through vales of His promise,  
Near hills that are sparkling with dew.  
Oh, how can I tell of such rapture!  
Oh, who can the myst'ry unfold!  
The mountains are dripping with honey, –  
The glory of God I behold.

The days of my mourning are over,  
And heaven is coming in sight,  
The glory of God is appearing,  
O'er hills that are glowing with light;  
The angelic chorus is swelling,  
The saved of all age are there,  
For all who have suffered with Jesus,  
His riches in glory will share...

I had been a member of the Methodist church for many years and had heard pastors, presiding elders and bishops preach, but did not remember of ever having heard a definite sermon preached on the second work of grace, notwithstanding the fact that the doctrine of holiness has been called “the brightest star in the constellation of Methodism.” Unsanctified preachers will not have it preached in their churches for fear of losing their carnal members. They cannot stand Bible truth. We once heard a faithful minister say, “If one wants to get along easily in the popular churches of today, he must not tinker with religion.”

The cry everywhere is that holiness splits the churches, and this is true. If it were not so there would be no one who would escape the judgments of God...

A popular evangelist related an incident of a revival meeting in the South where a holiness preacher was in charge. There was a cry from some of the people that the church was in danger of being split. The preacher told them that if this were true that there was hope, for in that case a part of it would be saved, but, that he very much feared that the church was like an old gum log and could not be split...

Source: “Looking Back from Beulah” by Mollie Alma White



## MRS. KENT WHITE

“My well of living water is still flowing. (“Amen!”) The Lord sanctified my soul after three days of fasting and prayer. The Lord didn’t let me rest until I got it. (“Amen!”) The Rocky Mountain preachers are all on fire since they got the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I want to preach it out. I realize that holiness is power. Some folks get down and cry for power. After they get purity, they get power. (“Amen!”) When I got a clean heart, it came in streams. It was a deluge. I am free in any place. Glory to God! I don’t know why I am here. I got my ticket, and my folks sent me. I have sanctification and the Holy Ghost in my heart. Bless God!” (“Amen!”)

Source: “Echoes of the General Holiness Assembly, Held in Chicago, May 3-13, 1901” Edited by Solomon Benjamin Shaw



## MRS. WHITE

(The Mother of Stephen S. White, Nazarene Editor of the Herald of Holiness when this account was written)

Many of the entirely sanctified have spontaneously identified this experience and the baptism with the Holy Spirit. My mother’s testimony is typical of this group. I give it to you as I have heard her relate it. She was reared in North Georgia. Her father-in-law (my grandfather White) was one of the first laymen in that section of Georgia to receive the baptism with the Holy Spirit. He was an active evangelist in the propagation of this truth, both by testimony and by the distribution of literature on the subject. He contacted my mother by both of these methods and she received the baptism with the Holy Spirit. Some time after that, Miller Willis, a Methodist evangelist, came through those parts preaching entire sanctification as a second work of grace. My mother attended his meetings, and after preaching one night Willis asked all who wanted this blessing of entire sanctification to kneel just where they were. My mother immediately knelt indicating that she was a candidate for the blessing. This meeting was the first time that she had heard this experience preached as entire sanctification. According to her further testimony, she had no more than knelt when the Holy Spirit revealed to her that she had received this blessing of entire sanctification when she had, some months before, been baptized with the Holy Spirit. This revelation was so clear and definite that she immediately arose from her knees. There was no need for her to continue to seek that which she had already received. She also told that when she reached home that night she found my father and a neighbor discussing entire sanctification and wondering what it was that this man Willis was preaching. Immediately she informed them that she knew because it had been her happy privilege to obtain that blessing some months before. This has often been the experience of those who have obtained this blessing as preached under one of these names and then later have heard it proclaimed under the other title. This, of course, does not happen in many instances today because those who preach the second blessing now use both of the above phrases in describing it. They also point out the relationship which exists between these two aspects of this experience.

Source: “Five Cardinal Elements in the Doctrine of Entire Sanctification” by Stephen Solomon White



## STEPHEN S. WHITE

(Editor of the Herald of Holiness)

\*Three Accounts

### Account #1

We have heard many witness to the fact that they had received this blessing as a second work of grace. This becomes authority for me when I accept their testimony. However, their word in this case is based upon experience rather than reason. Primarily, then, it is an argument from experience for them, while for me it is secondarily, an argument from experience. This means that the main argument from experience is always personal.

The real question is, what is the writer's testimony on this debated matter? Do I have this blessing, and if I do, how did I come into possession of it? The answer to this question is, that I have the blessing of entire sanctification, and that I received it after I had been saved. This testimony I give humbly, realizing that what I am, I am by the grace of God. He alone is to be praised. Further, I can keep and live this blessing only as God continues to help me moment by moment.

The above argument from experience is so important that I must give a description of what happened in more detail. I was first saved when I was in my middle teens. After a time I backslid. It was in this backslidden state that I entered Peniel College at Peniel, Texas. There I was soon blessedly reclaimed. And then near the close of this same school year I was wonderfully sanctified wholly. This came only after quite a period of struggle as to a full and complete consecration. It was not difficult for me to believe after I had placed everything on the altar for time and eternity.

When I was reclaimed, as well as when I was saved the first time, the great issue was not consecration, it was repentance for sins which had been committed. My guilt and the consequent penalty of death were in the limelight of my consciousness. When I faced entire sanctification, it was very different. There was no feeling of guilt as to actual sins committed. The great problem, then, was in consecrating wholly to God this self which had before been freed from the guilt and burden of committed sins. This absolute surrender was necessary in order for God to fully and freely cleanse me from the sinful nature with which I was born. This cleansing was wrought by the baptism with the Holy Spirit and was entire sanctification. Altogether, it was a glorious experience, going beyond anything that had ever happened to me before. How well do I remember that night! The most noticeable effect was a peace that I had never known before. It was not peace with God, I had already experienced that when I was saved; it was the peace of God, a peace that passeth all understanding. It seemed that God had turned a veritable Amazon River of peace into my soul.

### Account #2

The writer received this blessing instantaneously. This is an excellent place for him to testify to the grace and glory of God. It was in the first year of my sojourn in Peniel College, Peniel, Texas (now Bethany-Peniel College, Bethany, Oklahoma). I was reclaimed during the first part of the school year. Then I went along until near the close of that school year before I was entirely sanctified. Soon after I was reclaimed I got the light on holiness but I struggled over making a complete consecration. I believed in it and I knew numbers of people who had the blessing. More than that, I was desperately hungry for this experience. Finally, after much prayer, I made a full consecration, trusted God completely, and He did the work at once. It took me quite some time to meet the conditions, but there was no delay in the reception of the blessing after I had done my part. How well do I remember the satisfaction and the wonderful peace, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, which filled my poor heart that memorable night. God did the work and to Him be all of the praise.

Source for first two accounts: "Five Cardinal Elements in the Doctrine of Entire Sanctification" by Stephen Solomon White

### Account #3

Dr. Stephen S. White served as a preacher, teacher, and writer. When the Nazarene Theological Seminary was started he was called upon to head the Department of Theology. In June of 1948 he was elected to the editorship of the Herald of Holiness.

My grandfather White was an active Christian layman in north Georgia. Having been brought into the light of the baptism with the Holy Spirit, he sought and obtained it. Then, largely through his influence, my mother received this experience. Soon after this, Miller Willis came through that part of the country preaching entire sanctification. My parents attended this meeting and for the first time heard the doctrine of entire sanctification preached as a second, definite work of grace. One night Miller Willis called on all Christians who wanted to be sanctified wholly to kneel where they were. My mother obeyed his request at once. However, she was not on her knees long until the Holy Spirit informed her that she received this blessing when she was baptized with the Holy Spirit. At once she arose. She did not need to seek that which she already had. Later, my parents moved to Walnut Springs, Texas.

At the beginning of the present century, Texas was a great center for interdenominational camp meetings. Thousands of people would meet in these annual gatherings for ten days or two weeks, and hundreds would be saved or sanctified. As a result of these camp meetings, groups of holiness people sprang up all over Texas. These groups sponsored many brush arbor, tent, or tabernacle meetings. During the winter, the spirit of this work was kept alive largely through cottage prayer meetings. Here the holiness people could meet and sing, pray, testify, and shout without any interference.

My mother attended the annual Waco Camp Meeting at least once, and perhaps one or two of the other camp meetings in Texas. These gatherings were always a means of grace to her. The same was true as to the few holiness meetings which were held in our home town. She supported them wholeheartedly with her presence, prayers, and money. She also faithfully attended the cottage prayer meetings. As just a boy, I often went with my mother to these Friday night gatherings. It was there that I received my first introduction to the holiness movement. I was much impressed by the spirit of those who attended them; they were so joyous and happy, in spite of the fact that they were meeting opposition on every hand. Some of the greatest preachers that the holiness movement has ever produced were turned out of the churches to which they belonged, not many miles from my home town. I wondered how any group of people could be so victorious in the midst of such persecution.

Another contact which I had with the early holiness movement was my acquaintance with the preachers whom we had in our home. It was always open to ministers. They were not only welcome to visit us but also to come and stay for days. This was as true of the holiness preachers as of the others.

With this background of Christian parents, a mother who was actively a part of the holiness movement, and a father who was friendly to it, it is easy to understand how I began to feel my need of entire sanctification soon after I was saved. But I was not at all sure that I wanted to take on the reproach which went along with being a part of the holiness movement.

In the meantime, interdenominational holiness colleges were started in several sections of the United States. As I advanced in my high school work, I became interested in going to college. My mother was also eager for me to go on with my education. She was ready to give me financial assistance with some money which she had received from her father's estate, provided I would go to a holiness college. I did not like this idea too well at first, but I finally yielded and entered Texas Holiness University at Peniel (near Greenville), Texas. This school later became Peniel College, and is operated today as Bethany-Peniel College at Bethany, Oklahoma.

During my four years at Peniel College, I roomed in a private home, since there was no dormitory for young men. The mother in the home had family prayer every evening and insisted that all of her roomers attend. She also believed that all who were there should pray each time. I refused to pray when my turn came. Sometimes we had had family prayers at home, but my father or mother did the praying. Besides, I had not been encouraged to pray in public or testify in the church services which I attended in my home town. The result of this refusal to pray at Peniel was that I backslid. Nevertheless, I was soon reclaimed in the services of the college and began to pray in public and to testify. From then on, I felt in a special way my need of being sanctified. There was hardly a day during that first year that I was not under conviction for this experience. Finally, near the close of that school session, I became so hungry for the blessing of entire sanctification that I died out completely to loved ones, friends, self, and selfish ambitions. I made a complete consecration, trusted God, and the work was done. I well remember that wonderful night. A peace which passeth all understanding came into my soul. It was as if God had turned a veritable Amazon River of divine peace into my soul.

The two outstanding characteristics of my sanctification were the complete consecration which I had to make, and the heavenly peace which came when the experience finally became my possession.

After finishing my course at Peniel College, I entered Drew Theological Seminary. There I met John Alfred Faulkner, Henry Anson Buttz, and Olin Alfred Curtis, as well as other great men of God. Dr. Curtis especially confirmed my belief in entire sanctification as a second, definite work of grace. He substantiated in a remarkable way the truth which such men as E. P. Ellyson, E. C. DeJernett, C. A. McConnell, R. T. Williams, and others had taught me, both by precept and example, at Peniel College. This great experience is real today, and I am happy in the work of the Lord.

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



## JUDGE AND MRS. THOMAS WHITE

(Early Methodist Friends of Asbury)

The Whites Before Meeting The Methodists

Mr. Thomas White, who was afterwards known as Judge White, was born about 1730. Dr. Coke tells us he was Chief Judge of the Common Pleas. He married Miss Mary Nutter, daughter of David Nutter, of Northwest Fork, Sussex county, Delaware. The early settlers of this region were most likely the outward circle of the Jamestown Colony that spread first into Northampton and Accomac counties, afterwards into Worcester and Somerset counties, Maryland; and then into Sussex county, Delaware.

The White's had been raised in what was then called the Church of England, and attended a chapel at Chapel Branch, between where they lived and the present town of Denton. Judge White and his wife were innocent, pious people, according to the light they had, before they united with the Methodists. Mrs. White was in the habit of imparting religious instruction to her family, not neglecting the servants.

How They Joined The Methodists – 1777

It was in the year 1777, that Dr. Edward White, [Judge Thomas White's brother] who lived in Kent county, Del., near Whiteleysburg, began to follow the Methodists, and invited the preachers to his house to preach. After this, Judge Thomas White's wife, Mary expressed a wish to hear the Methodists also. The Judge objected to her going, and taking the children with her, and especially to their night meetings, and intimated that he did not wish to furnish the means of conveyance; to which she replied, she could walk to the place. However, the next Sabbath he furnished her with a horse to go, and he went to his church.

This being the first time she had heard them, she was convinced, notwithstanding all that had been said against them, that they were God's people; and felt a desire to be in union with them. Both having returned home, while dining they inquired of each other what text had been expounded, and found that both ministers had used the same text, whatever difference there might have been in the discourses.

Soon Judge White became a hearer also; and the preachers, who had now begun to visit Dr. White, his near neighbor, were invited to his house, which became a place of comfortable sojourn for them. There was preaching, and other religious meetings, held at both Dr. White's and Judge White's, until they erected their chapel. Martin Rodda was the first preacher that came to Mr. White's.

#### Fervent Devotions At The White Home

The following statements will further illustrate the spirit of the Methodists of that time. As there were but few families that had consecrated themselves to the service of the Lord, the few that had were in close communion. The two families of Judge White and Dr. White frequently united in family prayer, one family walking over to the other the distance of a mile; and this, not only of an evening, but sometimes in the morning before day, male and female would quit their beds, and in inclement weather thus unite in family devotion. These family meetings were often attended with great power; and when the sacrificing itinerant was present, who had to take an early breakfast, often before day, to meet his distant appointment, they were meetings of great interest and profit to the newly made Methodists, warm in their first love, and glowing with their pristine zeal. Where there was such diligence in serving the Lord, the Methodists must needs grow in grace, and many of them continued thus faithful unto death.

#### The Whites Became Witnesses Of Perfect Love

After stating that Thomas White was "one of the judges of the court in Kent County," one writer went on to say: "He was a pious man, and his wife one of the holiest of women. They were great friends to the cause of religion, and to the preachers generally.

As to moral worth, Judge White had no superior in his day – his house and hands were always open to relieve the needy – he was the friend of the poor and oppressed; and left no one in bondage whom he could make free. For many years he lived in the enjoyment of perfect love.

Mrs. Mary White, the wife of Judge Thomas White, was also one of the excellent of the earth. She, like her husband, professed and exemplified perfect love.

During the Revolutionary War, on one sorrowful occasion, when a drafted company of American soldiers came by her house, and halted, while the men were weeping, on account of leaving their parents, wives, and sisters; and while wives and sisters were clinging to their husbands and brothers, telling by their gushing tears how deeply they felt as they were parting with them, fearing they should see them no more; Mrs. White kneeled down on the ground before them, and offered up fervent prayers, mingling her tears with theirs, for their temporal and eternal salvation.

When the Methodists were met for worship, if there were none present more suitable, she took up the cross, led the religious exercises, and met the class – and she would have gone further and preached, if Mr. Asbury had encouraged her.

Once when Benjamin Abbott was about to start for quarterly meeting, after Mary White had exhorted him for some time, he said: "Sister White came to me as I sat on my horse ... I felt very happy under her wholesome admonitions." Thomas Ware said: "She was a mother in Israel in very deed."

Source: "Judge & Mrs. Thomas White" Compiled by Duane V. Maxey



## HANNAH J. WHITMER

(Methodist)

Hannah J. Whitmer was born in Preble County, Ohio, October 18, 1827. In early life she was the subject of deep, religion's impressions, and at the age of nine years she had read the Bible entirely through. March, 9, 1840, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In November of the same year she was received into full connection, and shortly after was made the happy subject of justifying grace. March 6, 1848, she commenced keeping a diary, from which we learn that she was constantly exercised upon the subject of entire sanctification. On the 18<sup>th</sup> day of June, 1847, her experience is expressed in the following language, recorded by herself:

“This is a happy day. I have received the evidence that I am wholly clean – the witness of the Spirit, whereby I cry, Abba, Father. Henceforth the life I live I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.”

Some months afterward her evidence of perfect love became partially obscure, yet her life evinced a mature state of Christian experience. On the 15<sup>th</sup> day of May, 1849, she was united in marriage with Rev. David Whitmer, then of the Ohio but now of the Cincinnati Conference.

Though blessed above many in her domestic relation, yet she cheerfully resigned the society of her husband, and encouraged his heart in the great work of preaching Christ and laboring for the salvation of souls. Her two little boys were also made special subjects of consecration to God. Her own language was, “Most cheerfully would I give them up to go to distant lands to preach Christ to the perishing heathen.” On the 24<sup>th</sup> day of December, while consecrating all to God, she again received a clear evidence of perfect love, in the enjoyment of which she lived, suffered, triumphed, and finally passed to the rest of heaven.

About five weeks before her death she was summoned to her father's house to witness the sickness and death of a beloved mother, who passed before her to her heavenly home. This bereavement she bore with Christian fortitude. Domestic duties called her home, and she left her father's family in deep affliction, most of the members suffering with typhoid fever, several of whom have since passed to the spirit-world. Two days after her return to her home, in Rainsborough, Highland Co., Ohio, she also was prostrated with the same disease. Although violently attacked, yet hopes were entertained of her recovery, till two or three days previous to her death. Her sufferings were intense, yet all were borne not only with resignation, but with triumphant joy.

The triumphs of grace have seldom appeared so glorious as in the experience of our dear Sister Whitmer. Death was robbed of its sting, the grave of its gloom, and the judgment of its terrors. On the Saturday previous to her death she bid her friends farewell. Her children were again consecrated to God, and received a mother's blessing. With touching tenderness she referred to her husband's kindness and her happy home. “I little thought,” she remarked, “we should part so soon; but we will not be parted long, you will soon follow.” With her remaining strength she exhorted those present to meet her in heaven.

Source: “Saintly Women And Death-Bed Triumphs” by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis



## ROBERT WILKINSON

1??? -- 1780

(Methodist)

Sunday, the 12<sup>th</sup> of July [1767] ... all within me cried out

The sinner am I,  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon  
God cannot deny.

I then believed that God, for Christ's sake had forgiven all my sins, and found that peace which arises from a sense of reconciliation. The people of God who knew my distress, perceived by my countenance that the Lord was gracious to me, before I had opportunity to tell them. I then went rejoicing home, and could not help telling what God had done for my soul...the Lord gave me grace to wrestle with Him in prayer; and every day I found more or less the witness of my sonship...

[Several months later] On Friday night we had preaching...Afterward the bands met, and the preacher earnestly exhorted all present to look for the second blessing, and insisted that it might be received. Now, thought I, if there is such a thing, none can stand more in need of it than I do. But the enemy suggested, "There are those that have known God several years, and have not attained; and shalt thou be delivered who hast been justified only a few months? -- Immediately I found power to resist the temptation, and said within myself, God is not tied to time.

No sooner did that thought pass through my heart than the power of God seized me. I found I could not resist, and therefore turned myself over upon the seat: I cannot express how I was. I found such travail in my soul as if it would burst from the body. I continued so till I was motionless and insensible for a season. But as I was coming to myself I found such an emptying, and then such a heaven of love springing up in my soul, as I had never felt before: with an application of these blessed words, "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water...

In the year 1768 I was sent to call sinners to repentance, in the city of Carlisle. Here I was much persecuted; but blessed be God, he delivered me out of the hands of my enemies, and gave me several seals of my ministry.

[Robert Wilkinson had a blessed and triumphant passing, Friday, December 8, 1780. The record seems to indicate that he was still quite young when he died, perhaps in his thirties. The following is taken from an account written by one of his fellow-laborers.]

He suddenly waked his wife (who was in the room) and said, "Thou has been sleeping, but I have been in heaven. -- O the glory of God! The glory of God in heaven! The celestial city! The New Jerusalem! O the lovely beauty! The happiness of paradise! God is all love; he is nothing but love! O help me to praise him! O help me to praise him! I shall praise him for ever! I shall praise him for ever!" So Robert Wilkinson departed this life in peace...

[The following comments were also written by his fellow-laborer.]

The Divine presence was with us all the way through; and in such a manner as I never knew before at any funeral. When the minister read these words, "Not to be sorry as men without hope," Mrs. Wilkinson (who hung upon my arm with her two little babies) was so overwhelmed with the presence of God, that she could not refrain from crying out, "Sorry! No! Glory be to God! Glory be to God! Glory, and praise, and blessing, be ascribed unto God, for ever and ever!" Her spirit seemed as if it was ready to launch into the eternal world, to be with Jesus and her happy husband. A remarkable power fell on all that could hear her; so that the people were melted into tears; some of sorrow, others of joy.

From this time the work of God began to revive at Grimsby, and the country people caught the fire, and carried it along with them into their little societies.

Robert Wilkinson was ... “an Israelite indeed; a man of faith and prayer: who, having been a pattern of all good works, died in the full triumph of faith.” O what a blessing to live and die a Christian! May I also be a follower of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises! In my life, and at my death, may I be like him!

Source: “The EXPERIENCE of several eminent Methodist Preachers with an account of their Call to and Success in the Ministry in a series of letters written by themselves to the Rev. John Wesley” J. Collard, Printer, New York 1837



## FRANCES E. WILLARD

(Methodist)

### Two Accounts

#### FIRST ACCOUNT

I was lying on my bed in my home at Evanston, Illinois, in the crisis of typhoid fever. It was one night in July, 1859. The doctor had said that the crisis would soon arrive, and I had overheard his words. Mother was watching in the next room. My whole soul was intent, as two voices seemed to speak within me, one of them saying, “My child, give me thy heart. I called thee long by Joy, I call thee always and only because I love thee with an everlasting love.”

The other said, “Surely you who are so resolute and strong will not breakdown now because of physical feebleness. You are a reasoner, and never yet were you convinced of the reasonableness of Christianity. Hold out now and you will feel when you get well just as you used to feel.”

One presence was to me warm, sunny, safe, with an impression as of snowy wings; the other cold, dismal, dark, with the flutter of a bat. The controversy did not seem brief; in my weakness; such a strain would doubtless appear longer than it really was. Solemnly, definitely, and with my whole heart I said, not in spoken words, but in the deeper language of consciousness. “If God lets me get well I’ll try to be a Christian girl.” I was then nineteen years old. But this resolve did not bring peace.

“You must at once declare this resolution,” said the inward voice. Strange as it seems, and complete as had always been my frankness toward my dear mother, far beyond what is usual even between mother and child, it cost me a greater humbling of my pride to tell her than the resolution had cost of self-surrender, or than any other utterance of my whole life has involved. After a hard battle, in which I lifted up my soul to God for strength, I faintly called her from the next room, and said,

“Mother, I wish to tell you that if God lets me get well I’ll try to be a Christian girl.” She took my hand, knelt beside my bed, and wept and prayed. I then turned my face to the wall and sweetly slept ... That winter we had revival services in the old Methodist church at Evanston. Dr. (now Bishop) Foster was president of the university, and his sermons, with those of Drs. Dempster, Bannister, and others, deeply stirred my heart. I had convalesced slowly and been out of town, so these meetings seemed my first public opportunity of declaring my new allegiance. The very first invitation to go forward, kneel at the altar and be prayed for, was heeded.

Waiting for no one, counseling with no one I went alone along the aisle with my heart beating so loudly I thought that I could see as well as hear it beat as I moved forward. One of the most timid, shrinking, sensitive natures, what it meant to me to go forward thus, with my student friends gazing upon me, can never be told. I had been known as “skeptical,” and prayers (of which I then spoke lightly) had been asked for me in the church the year before. For fourteen nights in succession I thus knelt at the altar,

expecting some utter transformation, some slice of heaven to be placed in my inmost heart, as I have seen the box of valuables placed in the cornerstone of a building and firmly set, plastered over and fixed in its place forever. This was what I had determined must be done, and was loath to give it up. I prayed and agonized, but this did not occur.

One night when I returned to my room baffled, weary and discouraged, and knelt beside my bed, it came to me quietly that this was not the way; that my "conversion," my "turning about," my religious experience (re-li-gio, to bind again), had reached its crisis on that surrender night when I said "yes" to God. A quiet certitude of this pervaded my consciousness, and the next night I told the public congregation so, gave my name to the church as a probationer, and after holding this relation for a year – waiting for my sister Mary, who joined the church "in full connection." Meanwhile I had regularly led since that memorable June, a prayerful life which had not done for some months previous to that time; studied my Bible, and, as I believe, evinced by my daily life that I was taking counsel of the heavenly powers.

Prayer meeting, class meeting (in which Dr. Hemenway was my beloved leader), and church services were most pleasant to me, and I became an active Christian worker, seeking to lead others to Christ. For I had learned to think of and to believe in God in terms of Jesus Christ. It had always been my difficulty, as I believe it is that of so many. By nature all spiritually-disposed people (and with the exception of about six months of my life I was always strongly that) are Unitarians, and my chief mental difficulty has always been, and is today, after all these years, to adjust myself to the idea of three in one and one in three. But, while I will not judge others, there is for me no final rest, except as I translate the concept of God into the nomenclature and personality of the New Testament. What Paul says of Christ is what I say; the love John felt it is my dearest wish to cherish.

Six years passed by, during which I grew to love more and more the house of God and the fellowship of the blessed Christian people who were my brothers and sisters in the church. The first bereavement of my life came to me three years after I became a Christian, in the loss of my only sister, Mary, whose lifelong companionship had been a living epistle to me, of conscientiousness and spirituality. In her death she talked of Christ as "one who held her by the hand," and she left us with a smile fresh from the upper glory. A great spiritual uplift came to me then, and her last message, "Sister, I want you to tell everybody to be good," was like a perfume and a prophecy within my soul. This was in 1862. In 1866 Mrs. Bishop Hamline came to our village and we were closely associated in the work of the "American Methodist Ladies' Centennial Association" that built Heck Hall. This saintly woman placed in my hands the Life of Hester Ann Rogers; life of Carvosso; Life of Mrs. Fletcher; Wesley's Sermons on Christian Perfection, and Mrs. Palmer's Guide to Holiness.

I had never seen any of these books before, but had read Peck's Central Idea of Christianity, and been greatly interested in it. I had also heard saintly testimonies in prayer meeting, and, in a general way, believed in the doctrine of holiness. But my reading of these books, my talks and prayers with Mrs. Hamline, that modern Mrs. Fletcher, deeply impressed me. I began to desire and pray for holiness of heart.

Soon after this, Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer came to Evanston as guests of Mrs. Hamline, and for weeks they held meetings in our church. This was in the winter 1866; the precise date I cannot give. One evening, early in their meetings when Mrs. Palmer had spoken with marvelous clearness and power, and at the close those desirous of entering into the higher Christian life had been asked to kneel at the altar, another crisis came to me. It was not tremendous as the first, but it was one that deeply left its impress on my spirit.

My dear father and a friend, whom we all loved and honored, sat between me and the aisle – both Christian men and greatly revered by me. My mother sat beyond me. None of them moved. At last I

turned to my mother (who was converted and joined the church when she was only twelve years old) and whispered "Will you go with me to the altar?" She did not hesitate a minute, and the two gentlemen moved out of the pew to let us pass, but did not go themselves. Kneeling in utter self-abandonment I consecrated myself anew to God.

My chief besetments were, as I thought, a speculative mind, a hasty temper, a too ready tongue, and a purpose to be a celebrated person. But in that hour of sincere self-examination I felt humiliated to find that the simple bits of jewelry I wore, gold buttons, rings and pin, all of them plain and "quiet" in their style, came up to me as the separating causes between my spirit and my Saviour. All this seemed so unworthy of that sacred hour that I thought at first it was a mere temptation. But the sense of it remained so strong that I unconditionally yielded my pretty little jewels, and great peace came to my soul. I cannot describe the deep welling up of joy that gradually possessed me. I was utterly free from care. I was blithe as a bird that is good for nothing except to sing. I did not ask myself "Is this my duty?" but just intuitively knew what I was called upon to do. The conscious, emotional presence of Christ through the Holy Spirit held me. I ran about upon His errands "just for love." Life was a halcyon day. All my friends knew and noticed the change, and I would not like to write down the lovely things some of them said to me; but they did me no harm, for I was shut in with the Lord.

And yet, just then, there came, all unintended and unlooked for, an experience of what I did not then call sin, which I now believe to have been wrong. My own realization of it was, however, so imperfect that it did not mar my loyalty to Christ. In this holy, happy state, I engaged to go to Lima, New York, and become preceptress of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. Just before leaving, my honored friend Dr. \_\_\_\_\_, who was visiting Governor Evans, said to me one evening, "Sister Frank, there is a strange state of things at Lima. The Free Methodists have done great harm in Western New York by their excesses in the doctrine and experience of holiness. You know I believe thoroughly in and profess it, but just now our church has suffered so much from the 'Nazarites,' as they are called, that I fear if you speak and act as zealously at Lima in this cause as you do here it may make trouble. Hold to the experience, but be very careful in statement."

So I went to Lima with these thoughts, and there quite soon, in a prayer meeting in the old seminary chapel my good friend, Prof. \_\_\_\_\_, whose subsequent experience has been such a blessed heritage to Christians, replied to a student who rose to inquire about holiness, that it "was a subject we did not mention here."

Young and docile-minded as I was, and revering those two great and true men, I "kept still" until I soon found I had nothing in particular to keep still about! The experience left me. But I think my pupils of that year will bear me witness that for their conversion and spiritual upbuilding, I was constantly at work.

Since then I have sat at the feet of every teacher of holiness whom I could reach; have read their books and compared their views. I love and reverence and am greatly drawn toward all, and never feel out of harmony with their spirit. Wonderful uplifts come to me as I pass on clearer views of the life of God in the soul of man. Indeed, it is the only life, and all my being sets toward it as the rivers toward the sea. Celestial things grow dearer to me; the love of Christ is steadfast in my soul; the habitudes of a disciple sit more easily upon me; tenderness toward humanity and the lower orders of being increase with the years. In the temperance, labor and women questions I see the stirring of Christ's heart; in the comradeship of Christian work my spirit takes delight, and prayer has become my atmosphere. But that sweet pervasiveness, that heaven in the soul, of which I came to know in Mrs. Palmer's meeting, I do not feel.

I am afraid I love too well the good words of the good concerning what I do; that I have not the control of tongue and temper that I ought to have, and that I do not answer to a good conscience in the matter

of taking sufficient physical exercise. But God knows that I constantly lift up my heart for conquest over them all, and my life is calm and peaceful.

Just as frankly as I “think them over” have I here written down the outline phenomena of my spiritual life, hoping that it may do good and not evil to those who read.

I am a strictly loyal and orthodox Methodist, but I find great good in all religions and in the writings of those lofty and beautiful moralists who are building better than they know, and all of whose precepts blossom from the rich soil of the New Testament. No word of faith in God or love toward man is alien to my sympathy. The classic ethics of Marcus Aurelius are dear to me, and I have carried in my traveling outfit not only a Kempis, but Epictetus and Plato. The mysticism of Fenelon and Guyon, the sermons of Henry Drummond and Beecher, the lofty precepts of Ralph Waldo Emerson, all help me up and onward. I am an eclectic in religious reading, friendship, and inspiration. My wide relationships and constant journeying would have made me so had I not the natural hospitality of mind that leads to this estate.

But, like the bee that gathers from many fragrant gardens but flies home with his varied gains to the same friendly and familiar hive, so I fly home to the sweetness and sanctity of the old faith that has been my shelter and solace so long.

“Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,” is the deepest voice out of my soul. Receive it every instant, voluntarily given back to Thyself, and receive it in the hour when I drop this earthly mantle, that I wear today, and pass onward to the world invisible but doubtless not far off.

FRANCES E. WILLARD, EVANSTON, ILL., May 20, 1887.

Source: “Forty Witnesses” by S. Olin Garrison

## SECOND ACCOUNT

Probably next to Queen Victoria of England, Miss Frances F. Willard is the most widely known and best beloved woman of the English-speaking world. She has well been called the “uncrowned queen of America.” And her dominion was not limited to this country, for wherever Christianity has gone her name and fame and good works are known. She has probably done more for the cause of temperance and social purity than any other woman, living or dead. And at her death, Christians of all faiths, Romish and Protestant, were loud in her praises. This remarkable woman, with almost world-wide fame for her ability and good works, not only believed in this doctrine, but also professed to have tested its truth in her experience. The following extracts are from what she wrote in 1887. After giving an account of her conversion and growth in grace, she says:

“In 1866 Mrs. Bishop Hamline came to our village, and we were closely associated in the work of the American Ladies’ Centennial Association that built Heck Hall. This saintly woman placed in my hands the Life of Hester Ann Rogers, Life of Carvosso, Life of Mrs. Fletcher, Wesley’s Sermons on Christian Perfection, and Mrs. Palmer’s Guide to Holiness. I had never seen any of these books before, but had read Peck’s Central Idea of Christianity, and had been greatly interested in it. I had also heard saintly testimonies in prayer meeting, and, in a general way, believed in the doctrine of holiness. But my reading of these books, my talks and prayers with Mrs. Hamline that modern Mrs. Fletcher, deeply impressed me. I began to desire and pray for holiness of heart. Soon after this, Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer came to Evanston as guests of Mrs. Hamline, and for weeks they held meetings in our church. This was in the winter of 1866; the precise date I cannot give. One evening, early in their meetings, when Mrs. Palmer had spoken with marvelous clearness and power, and at the close those desirous of entering into the higher Christian life had been asked to kneel at the altar, another crisis came to me. [The first was at the time of her conversion, previously noted.] It was not so tremendous as the first, but it was one that deeply left its impress on my spirit kneeling in utter self-abandonment, I consecrated

myself anew to God.

“I cannot describe the deep welling up of joy that gradually possessed me. I was utterly free from care. I was blithe as a bird that is good for nothing except to sing ... The conscious, emotional presence of Christ through the Holy Spirit held me. I ran about upon his errands ‘just for love.’ Life was a halcyon day. All my friends knew and noticed the change, and I would not like to write down the lovely things some of them said to me; but they did me no harm, for I was shut in with the Lord ...

“Since then I have sat at the feet of every teacher of holiness whom I could reach; have read their books and compared their views. I love and reverence and am greatly drawn toward all, and never feel out of harmony with their spirit. Wonderful uplifts come to me as I pass on – clearer views of the life of God in the soul of man. Indeed, it is the ONLY LIFE, and all my being sets toward it as the rivers toward the sea. Celestial things grow dearer to me; the love of Christ is steadfast in my soul; the habitudes of a disciple sit more easily upon me; tenderness toward humanity and the lower orders of being increases with the years. In the temperance, labor, and woman questions I see the stirring of Christ’s heart; in the comradeship of Christian work my spirit takes delight, and prayer has become my atmosphere.”

Nor did this creed and experience make her narrow or bigoted, but rather tended to broaden her views and enlarge her sympathies and charity. She says:

“I am a strictly loyal and orthodox Methodist, but I find great good in all religions and in the writings of those lofty and beautiful moralists who are building better than they know, and all of whose precepts blossom from the rich soil of the New Testament. No word of faith in God or love to man is alien to my sympathy. The classic ethics of Marcus Aurelius are dear to me, and I have carried in my traveling outfit not only a Kempis, but Epictetus and Plato. The mysticism of Fenelon and Guyon, the sermons of Henry Drummond and Beecher, the lofty precepts of Ralph Waldo Emerson, all help me up and onward. I am an eclectic in religious reading, friendship, and inspiration. My wide relationships and constant journeyings would have made me so had I not the natural hospitality of mind that leads to this estate. But, like the bee that gathers from many fragrant gardens but flies home with his varied gains to the same friendly and familiar hive, so I fly home to the sweetness and sanctity of the old faith that has been my shelter and solace so long.”

Miss Willard closes her testimony with the following words:

“‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,’ is the deepest voice out of my soul. Receive it every instant, voluntarily given back to thyself, and receive it in the hour when I drop this earthly mantle, that I wear today, and pass onward to the world invisible but doubtless not far off.”

And, no doubt, he did receive it at the last, for among her last words were: “How beautiful to be with God!” This experience has the characteristics of others given in this volume. It came after conversion, was instantaneous, was certified to consciousness, was abiding, and was followed by growth -- “wonderful uplifts” and “clearer views of the life of God in the soul of man.” It will be noted, too, that Miss Willard seems to trace her “tenderness toward humanity,” and her great zeal in the “temperance” and other causes, to the inspiration and strength given and continued to her through this wonderful baptism and induement. This experience was given some twenty-one years after she received this blessing, and ten years later she died in the same faith and experience. And may we not be permitted to add that if this superb specimen of Christian womanhood could come down from her high place in the world’s admiration and esteem, and “sit at the feet of every teacher of holiness and “love and reverence” them, and could humbly kneel at the altar of prayer and seek this blessing, and then meekly profess the enjoyment of it, certainly her humbler sisters can well afford to do so?

Source: “Scriptural Sanctification” by John R. Brooks



## HENRY M. WILLIS

(Evangelist and Missionary)

While prospering in a financial and business way, he never forgot to send largely of his earnings to his parents at home, whose main support he had now become. He was ever a dutiful son and labored without a murmur or complaint; not alone for selfcare, but gave most of his earnings for the care of others.

While thus demonstrating his aptitude for worldly success and endeavor, earning good wages as a commercial traveler and doing in the meantime as much work for Christ as it was possible for one to do situated in like circumstances, he was beginning to feel, more and more, the claims of God upon him, as a chosen worker, and that these claims could not be set aside by anything less than to give himself and his whole time to the service of the Lord. The call sounded louder and it became evident that God had marked out for him, a different line of operation from that which he had chosen for himself and upon which he was now entering so successfully and for which he seemed, in every way, so well adapted.

It was about this time that he received a call from a firm in Pittsburg, Pa., with an offer of \$500 per year more than he was now receiving. He went to that city to negotiate with the parties, and to engage in answer to the calls of business. But the impression of a call in another direction was growing deeper, and the fact that God had set him apart for himself was becoming more evident to his own mind. He could not rest and went to his hotel, but he became so worried that he was sick and prostrated.

At this hotel, in his room, for three days the struggle went on. He was fighting the battle with God's special claim, and it was soon to be decided who should win in the strife. The call of a business career was before him with its offer. His father was an invalid and moneyless, and he was now largely responsible for the care of the family at home. To give up business and engage for Christ was the impulse of conscience and the voice of God. It might bring with it its poverty and weight of persecution and great things to be suffered for the name of Christ.

But in this three days of awful struggle and self examination, which he afterwards characterized as his "three days in the tomb," the Lord triumphed gloriously. Young Willis surrendered to do the whole will of his heavenly Father, even to giving himself and his time entirely to his divine service; to go anywhere, to be anything or to do anything at the command of the Savior. No sooner was the decision made than the Holy Spirit came upon him in Pentecostal power and he received the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. He was filled with the Spirit – every chamber and court of his being.

Source: "Soul-Saving or Life and Labors of Henry M. Willis"

by Joseph D. Simms



## JENNIE F. WILLING

(Methodist)

In a prayerless home, my first remembered religious impressions were received when my sister, fourteen years older than I, came home from a revival meeting and told me that she had given her heart to the Saviour. She prayed with me, and I now think I was converted then, though only five years old.

She lived till I was eight, a beautiful, consistent, Christian life. When she died my grief was as deep as a child may know. But the saddest thought of all was that now I would have no one to help me be good.

I kept up my praying secretly, and I was often greatly moved when I went to church, though the influences about me were far from helpful to Christian living. When I was eleven I joined the church.

To all others it could have been of small consequence that a little child should publicly profess faith in Christ; but to me the step was of the utmost importance, for I gave up my dancing, card-playing, and, four years later, my novel-reading, because I believed they would hinder my efforts to serve the Lord.

When I was nineteen all my family were brought to Christ during a revival in the Congregational Church of which I was a member. During the meetings I worked incessantly, and with great joy in the Saviour. Yet all the time I was certain there were tendencies within that would draw me back to my worldliness when the revival pressure was removed.

As soon as my brothers were converted I began to feel an intense desire for strength that I might take care of them when their times of temptation should come. I fasted and prayed, asking in all agony of earnestness, "Is there no way to be established so that one will be as religious all the year round as she is during the revival?" I talked with my pastor and the best of the church members, but they said, in substance, "Don't worry; you're doing very well. Be sure and read your Bible and pray a good deal, and you'll get on as well as the rest." "But will we all grow cold when the meetings are over?" "Why, yes, of course. That's about the way it has to go." "Then my brothers will backslide," I said, almost in despair. "They've been very wicked, and, unless I keep near the Saviour I know I can't help them as they need, and they'll not live through the summer."

Here was a paradox. Never happier in Christ, and yet never in greater unrest of soul. The nearer Jesus, the keener the heart-hunger. At last, worn out with strugglings, after having tried every other aid, I got down as a little helpless, tired child, and said, "Dear Saviour, if thou ever didst such a thing as to establish one in thy grace, so that she could be as religious in summer as in winter, I beg of thee to so establish me!" And He did the next moment.

Though I was surely His child before, a change passed upon me as decided as going at once from densest midnight to broadest noon. When I rose from my knees I said to a friend, "I sha'n't backslide this summer."

"Why not? How do you know?"

"Because Christ has established me. I haven't the shadow of a fear now." "I wish He would establish me." "He will if you'll give Him all your heart and trust Him fully. His perfect love casts out all fear."

Though quite horrified when a friend, to whom I related this experience a few months later, suggested the possibility of its being sanctification, used in my public and private testimonies the same language that those do who profess that grace.

After becoming the wife of a Methodist minister I learned to use the Wesleyan phraseology. Within a year after my marriage, however, I was thrown in contact with a set of people who professed perfection in the strongest terms, and yet who were chiefly characterized by their censoriousness. Resenting their strictures, I grieved the Holy Spirit and lost the grace that had given me profound rest under most trying circumstances.

The next ten years were spent in an almost incessant struggle to regain the forfeited treasure. A Christian, zealous and constant, yet never fully at rest. Again, the nearer Jesus, the more heavily the burden of innate sinfulness pressed my heart. Days were spent in fasting, nights in prayer, and tears were shed till my physical strength seemed quite exhausted – all to no purpose. The main trouble was, as I came afterward to see, I was determined to have the same set of emotions that I had in my early

experience before I would believe my prayer answered and the grace restored. The divine rule, “By grace ye are saved through faith,” could not be abrogated for me, and so my cries and prayers were of little use.

At last I began to use common sense with my earnestness. I went through the problem of my experience as slowly, difficultly and coolly as though it were a mathematical or logical question.

The first point settled, never to be reconsidered, was the relation of the emotions to the actual religious state. Usually unreliable, they must be ruled out of the court as unfit to testify. The next step was to find the limits of the consecration required. God has no right to hinge our salvation upon our doing what we do not know how to do; it is impossible for us to give Him what we do not know about. He loves us too well to require the impossible; so the limit of our knowledge must be the limit of responsibility in consecration. “O Lord, I give thee all I know to give, just as well as I know how. When I come to know and have more I will give more. There, that consecration must be as complete as I can now make it.”

Satan had driven me so many times from that point in the ten, long, wilderness years, he did his best to drive me now from this position. I held my position. “I am honest. I purpose to be wholly the Lord’s at any cost. If I do not give all it is because I do not know how; and Christ cannot hold me responsible for what I do not know.” I settled it that only two points were to be made: complete consecration and complete trust. “I have been all these years trying to believe; now I will give up trying. I will simply say, I do give all to Jesus as well as I can. He asked for me, so, of course, He takes me. If He really wants to save me – and it is wicked to think any thing else – He has the chance, for I have given myself wholly Him. Does He now save me? I don’t feel it. Feeling is not to be considered. It is the fact I want. Am I now cleansed from sin by the blood of Christ? He has me in His hands, and He so hates sin He will not let me stay unclean when He has the chance to cleanse me. Yes, I believe He now saves me fully, and I am willing to risk the assertion to my husband, to the Church, and to the world.”

It took nearly two weeks of slow, close thinking and prayer, for me to crowd myself, inch by inch, through this process. The promise used of the Holy Spirit to strengthen my almost paralyzed believing power was that word in John, “And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will he heareth us, and if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.”

Only two conditions are given here – that what we ask is “according to his will,” and that “he heareth us.” “It is according to His will that I be cleansed. The opposite of this proposition is not thinkable. He heareth me. If He is with me always, as He promised, He cannot help hearing me. Then I know that I have the petition, even the cleansing of my heart.”

Since then, though often stumbling and always full of infirmities, I have been enabled by divine grace to walk in the light. Whenever a doubt has risen, or I have fallen into sin, I have gone at once through the “process” of consecration and trust, believing that, as certainly as two and two make four, this, honestly done, results in the cleansing from all sin.

JENNIE F. WILLING, LAKE BLUFF, ILL., July 2, 1887.

Source: “Forty Witnesses” by S. Olin Garrison



## JOHN WILLIAMS

Rev. John A. Williams, son of James and Susanna Williams, was born March 21, 1870, at Abington, Wayne County, Indiana, and his home going was on October 14, 1981, age 61 years 6 months and 23 days. He spent his childhood in and around Abington until he was sixteen years of age, after which he

spent five years in the state of Kansas, five years in Cincinnati, Ohio, and two years in New York City. He was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Cline of Brownsville, Ind., on July 4, 1897, who walked by his side through the struggles and sorrows as well as the joys and pleasures of life for more than thirty-four years. For one year after their marriage they resided in Anderson, Indiana, and in 1898 they came to Connersville to dwell until the time of his home going.

Brother Johnnie (as he was known to many) was converted January 28, 1897, under the ministry of Rev. J. B. Shannon in the United Brethren church at Abington. He was the only convert in a four weeks' revival and was sanctified wholly in a sunrise prayermeeting under a beech tree on the farm where he resided east of Connersville in the year 1903. He received his call to the ministry at the time of his conversion and with the exception of three one-year pastorates at Ogden, Fithian, Ill., and Anderson, Ind., he spent his life in the evangelistic work. He served in the Apostolic Holiness church from 1904 until February, 1910, when he united with the Church of the Nazarene. He was recognized as an ordained elder by the District Assembly held in Chicago in the same year, General Superintendent Bresee presiding and Rev. E. J. Fleming, District Secretary.

Through the labors of Brother Williams Churches of the Nazarene have been organized in Fithian, Ogden, Sidell, Sidney, Oakwood, Ill., Fortville, Warrington and Anderson, Ind., eight in all. He was a charter member of the Connersville Church of the Nazarene and when at home and able he was always in attendance in the services. He held some fine revivals in the surrounding country and three splendid revival meetings for the local church. Some of his converts are with us today, others are on the foreign fields, while others have welcomed him to the city above, among whom is Rev. John C. Stevens once pastor of this church. I suppose no one person has meant more for the salvation of souls in the past quarter of a century in Fayette County than Brother Williams.

He showed signs of failing health back in 1914 and 1915 but the real break came in 1925. Prayers of the saints and medical skill were unable to stop the advance of man's last enemy. His companion stood nobly by him with undaunted courage and strength In his battles on the evangelistic field and spared not herself as he fought his last great battle. While for her it was a losing fight it was a triumphant victory for him. His constant desire was to be able to hold a few more meetings and he made an effort within the past year, but it drained heavily on his failing strength.

He leaves to mourn their loss beside the wife, a sister, Maria Bell Williams, and a brother, Francis M. Williams, of Abington, three sisters-in-law, Mrs. Eugene Melvin who has resided In their home since the death of her husband nearly two years ago, Mrs. Francis Williams and Mrs. Jasper Williams also two brothers-in-law, James L. Cline of Eugene, Oregon, Oliver M. Cline of Indianapolis, Ind., along with his brethren in the ministry and a host of friends across the country, but a genuine faith lifts us above the bitterness of grief, a sense of Christ's living presence takes away all unbearable loneliness even when we are most alone.

Funeral services were conducted from the Church of the Nazarene Monday, October 19, 1931. He was laid to rest in beautiful Dale Cemetery beside his brother-in-law, Rev. Eugene Melvin, to await the resurrection. Sermon was preached by Rev. C. J. Quinn, District Superintendent, from Matt. 1:21, using the word "Jesus," and reading the third chapter of Ephesians for scripture lesson. -- Stephen C. Johnson, Pastor

Source: "Herald Of Holiness, December 1931"



## ROY TILMAN (R. T.) WILLIAMS

1883 – 1946

(A Nazarene General Superintendent, 1916-1946)

It was providential that Roy Williams attended the Methodist revival in company with a neighbor girl who was a Christian. And it was providential that a man of the type of Josh Sanders was doing the preaching. But after hearing the preacher's stirring call to seek God and after giving courteous attention to the voice of the girl who stood beside him asking him if he did not want to be a Christian, it was his own solemn responsibility to answer "yes" or "no."... Roy Williams made the most momentous decision of his life. His answer was a ready and a final "yes." With long measured strides he made his way to the simple altar in that old-fashioned Methodist church standing by a country road which wound its way into the Louisiana forest. To him the choice was made forever. It was irrevocable. He never turned back. For forty-eight years he followed in the footsteps of the Man of Calvary without a thought of turning from the way...

Roy attended the revival meeting each night. Soon Josh Sanders began to preach on entire sanctification. Roy listened with interest to that doctrine of which he was later to be such an able exponent. On a certain evening when the invitation was given to seek the experience, Henry Mitchell, the Sunday-school superintendent, went to the altar as a seeker for the blessing of entire sanctification. Roy said to himself, "Henry Mitchell is the best man I know. If he needs this experience I certainly do." He, too, went to the altar, for the second time. Light had shone upon him and his hungry heart responded obediently. The girl of his boyish fancy had again spoken the kindly word that encouraged him to make his way to the altar and consecrate his life to God for time and for eternity. He reached out his hand of faith and again God came to him in a never-to-be-forgotten experience, cleansing his nature from all sin and filling him with the Holy Spirit. From that time forward the strength and beauty of his life and the contagion of his Christ-like spirit began to be felt by his family and friends in that community.

Source: "Roy T. Williams – Servant of God" by Gideon Brooks Williamson



## W. H. WILLIAMS

(Presbyterian)

I am constrained by the love of Christ and for the commendation of his rich grace, to give my humble testimony to the wondrous power and fullness of his free salvation.

Baptized and educated in the Associate Reformed Church, I was early and diligently instructed not only in the words, but also in the great truths of the Shorter Catechism. By my faithful pastor, and especially by my most affectionate godly mother, and a Christian father, I was often led in private, as well as in the family, to the throne of grace, and as most earnestly and tenderly reminded that the vows of God were upon me – that I could not, must not cast them off.

When about thirteen years of age I accepted with awe and trembling the sacred TOKEN which was to admit me to a seat at the table of the Lord. Since that solemn, never-to-be-forgotten hour amid multiplied and grievous backslidings and repentings, I have been seeing and often struggling, honestly, I trust, but most unsuccessfully, after a higher, better life. The record of these experience, though sometimes joyful, I have occasionally reviewed with such pungent grief and shame, that I have been tempted to destroy at once a history of my inward life, so full of misery and guilt, of recollection the

most strong and earnest, made only to be violated or forgotten. While I cannot forget these painful wanderings and inconsistencies, I delight rather to make mention of the loving-kindness of a covenant God, which has followed me during all the vicissitudes of the past, and brought me into my present blessed experience of liberty and peace.

When a youth of but fifteen, I was providentially led, and generously received into the family of that godly man, the late Divie Bethune. By his heavenly conversation and fervent prayers, and the judicious counsels of his excellent wife, my languid soul was often quickened, and by the blessing of God upon these and other pious influence, my feet effectually preserved from falling into the follies and vices so prevalent around me. In that truly Christian family as not unfrequently favored with the society of eminent, intelligent Christians, invited to share its hospitalities. Among these I shall never forget the Rev. Dr. Ward, that devoted missionary to India, whose earnest prayers and spiritual converse greatly aroused and profited me; nor the resistless power of a timely and gentle rebuke from the lips of that faithful man, afterward the Rev. Dr. Cutler, of Brooklyn, who, on one occasion, solemnly and tenderly addressed me in these words: "William! I fear your heart has become TOO COLD." I went to my room in anguish of mind, entreating pardon and grace from God, and forgiveness from my friend and roommate, because in the too eager pursuit of mere human learning, and of college honors, I had so failed to commend to his heart and conscience the power and truth of the precious Gospel.

While a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, I often urged and attracted by the thrilling appeal of that earnest and Holy man, Dr. Archibald Alexander, and by the conversation and prayers of James Brainerd Taylor, whose every countenance seemed to shine by reason of the joy and fervor of his soul. Since then, I have been privileged to mingle in precious converse and sympathy with many whom I have loved and honored, and almost envied, as consistent witnesses of the doctrine of a full, and present salvation. My heart has often been greatly rejoiced and strengthened by the perusal of various admirable books and publications on the same subject, and by labors in revivals of religion, with which God has occasion-all blessed the churches under my care.

Last spring, my attention was directed to a most convincing article in the April number of your magazine the reply of a minister to his Presbytery--urging so powerfully, and with so much of Scriptural argument, the present privilege and duty of entire sanctification, that I was left utterly without excuse. In accordance with an earnest and long-cherished desire, I was permitted in May last to attend, with a beloved son, who was in a similar state of mind, one of your blessed Tuesday afternoon meetings. Of the fervent prayers, the experience and exhortations to which I there listened, and of the earnest spiritual suggestions and counsels afterward received from Mrs. Lanford, I shall ever cherish a most lively and grateful remembrance. I seemed to be brought to the very gate of the heavenly kingdom. But, alas! Perhaps from fear of reproach, or from want of entire consecration to my blessed Master, I did not enter.

On my return to my Western home, I enjoyed the privilege of spending a Sabbath at Oberlin, and of listening to the preaching of one who accomplished and endured so much as a witness and expounder of the precious Scripture doctrine of entire sanctification. Unexpectedly invited and urged to be a guest in the happy family of President Finney, I was blessed even beyond my largest expectations, in the very free spiritual intercourse enjoyed with himself and his gifted and godly wife, now rejoicing in the presence of that Redeemer whom she so eminently led and served. When I left that mansion of peace and love, I thought my mind and my heart were fixed on God wholly and forever; but I did not trust fully and solely in the promised present power and grace of Jesus Christ. I dared not profess that the full salvation which I had so long believed and so earnestly desired was truly mine.

Early in September last, I went with my wife, who had fully sympathized with me in aspirations and efforts for entire sanctification, to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, to avail ourselves of the counsel and aid of brethren, who both enjoyed and professed this great blessing. Spending a Sabbath there, I heard a

precious discourse in the morning from a Baptist Brother, on the words, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light;" clearly illustrating and strongly urging, the unreserved abandonment of self, the world and sin, and entire consecration and obedience to God. The afternoon we spent most delightfully and profitably in conference and prayer with Bishop Hamline and lady, and other Christian friends, and enjoyed the blessedness of commemorating with them the dying love of our common Lord. My desires and purposes in reference to the experience of entire holiness were greatly strengthened. But I seemed still to hear and to utter the cry, "Lo! Here is Christ or lo! There," or to say anxiously, yet excusingly, who shall ascend up to heaven? That is, to bring Christ down from above, or who shall descend into the deep?" etc. I did not attend to that blessed Voice which saith: "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart." If thou shalt CONFESS WITH THY MOUTH the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." I was doubtless still inclined to go "about to establish my own righteousness," and therefore did "not submit myself to the righteousness of God" -- to God's simple and effectual method of sanctification, as truly as of justification, only by faith in Jesus.

Two weeks since, I was suddenly assaulted by the temptations of Satan in a very unusual manner. For days I was fearfully tormented with evil thought and imagination, which seemed to be cast like fiery darts into the very depths of my soul. I read the blessed Book of God, I prayed and agonized; but to little purpose. Early one morning, in my daily reading of the New Testament, my eye and my heart were happily fastened upon the simple story of the leper, vile and unclean, who came and worshipped Christ, saying: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Matt viii.: 2, 3. These words seemed to be at once revealed and applied by the blessed Spirit as the full and fervent utterance of my whole soul. Then I read the wondrous manifestation of the grace and power of Christ, "And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, 'I will; be thou clean,'" my heart was touched as by that hand of power and love. Filled with gushing, overwhelming tenderness and gratitude, I rejoiced in the blessed assurance that the experience of the poor polluted leper was mine: "And IMMEDIATELY his leprosy was cleansed."

On the last Sabbath -- our day of communion -- I was constrained, in an exhortation to my people at the close of the services, to refer, though with some, I fear, too much hesitation, to my own experience of the rich grace and power of Jesus. I could not refuse to testify to them that I beheld and recognized the mighty arm of my Redeemer extended to me from heaven; I heard His voice of love saying "I will help thee, yea, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will uphold thee, by the right hand of my righteousness." I have, since then, joyfully embraced proper occasions to confess to my brethren in the ministry, and other, the full power and grace of Jesus Christ to redeem from all iniquity -- to deliver and keep me from this present evil world. With a humble thankful heart, I acknowledge that Christ is made of God unto me, in my own daily cheerful experience, "sanctification and redemption," truly as he is my wisdom and righteousness." I well know that, like Peter, I may often, and, perhaps suddenly, be surrounded with boisterous winds and dark waters; but, I believe, that He who so kindly and so promptly stretched forth His hand, and caught His fearful disciple, is ever able and willing to hold me up, to keep me from falling, and to present me, weak and guilty as I am, faultless before His throne.

In my boyhood I took the Lord Jesus Christ to be my Prophet to instruct me, and my Priest to make atonement for my sins; but in the blessed hour of my late deliverance, I joyfully accepted Him as my King, to execute in me this blessed voice, "in subduing me to Himself, in ruling and defending me, and in restraining, and conquering all His and my enemies."

Many years since I prepared a sermon on those precious, yet solemn words, Gal. ii. 20, "I'm crucified with Christ, nevertheless, I live," etc. But the discourse so utterly rebuked and condemned me, presenting, an experience so far in advance of my own, that I laid it aside. I dared not preach it. With a humble, watchful, thankful heart, I propose, by the grace of God, to preach this as my next discourse to

my people, and to strive by the aid of the blessed Spirit to quicken and elevate them to the attainment of this, the appropriate experience of all who are fully Christ's.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



## HENRY WILSON

(Episcopal)

[The following thrilling testimony of our dear brother, Henry Wilson, an Episcopalian minister, of New York, was written at our request, for publication in ZION'S OUTLOOK. -- Ed.]

To help some other life, and to show what God can do for a soul and in a soul willing to be made willing and obedient to His highest will, is the purpose of this brief testimony of spiritual experience:

In my case God's order was – First, the soul. I was saved in a very unexpected but most real way through the Salvation Army, after seventeen years of a ministry called by some successful, and certainly in some degree blessed. I found myself one night kneeling at the penitent form of the army, pleading for pardon and peace, and needing both as much as the drunkard on one side of me and the lost woman on the other. I saw myself as never before, a poor, lost soul, just as much as they, so far as the need of a new heart and a right spirit was concerned. Then and there I found what I was seeking. Shortly afterwards in a night of prayer, never to be forgotten, in the army barracks, I saw the vision of God, and heard the voice of my Savior as clearly and surely as Paul did on the Damascus road.

In a new and real way beyond any telling in words, I entered into the kingdom of God – old things passed away and all things became new.

Long-cherished theological views, vanished in the light of His face who is the Truth itself, Moses and Elias, and all they had meant to me, were swallowed up in the effulgence of Jesus, with whom they had been talking, and to whom they had all their lives witnessed. Hosea's suggestive words became my personal experience. "Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? [and I surely had some, theological, and other.] I have heard and observed Him [Jesus]. I am like a green fir tree. From me is thy fruit found." Hosea 14:8 .

The sweet old chorus became the Song of my heart and lips:

“He's the Lily of the Valley,  
The Bright and Morning Star.  
He's fairest of ten thousand to my soul.”

This the Holy Spirit, through the blessed Salvation Army, did for me in the year 1883, and made Jesus to me

A living, bright reality,  
More present to faith's vision keen  
Than any outward object seen;  
More dear, more intimately nigh  
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.

Second, the Spirit. Then in due time and in God's own way came the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the realizing not only of Jesus as my present and personal Savior, but of the filling of my spirit with the very Spirit of God, and the fulness of Jesus, not for salvation merely, but for all that follows and flows from it in Himself.

The name matters so little, when the reality is there – whether it was the “second blessing,” or “the experience of sanctification,” or whether it was an act done by the Holy Ghost upon my saved and cleansed heart, or a state produced by that act, I have never cared much to enquire. I know that Jesus gave me the Holy Spirit to be my present, and eternal Sanctifier, and the Holy Ghost made Jesus my sanctification, and made His name and nature so rich and full in its meaning and power, that from that hour to this the “fulness of Jesus” and “filled with the Holy Ghost” have meant to me what the filling and overflowing of pure water does to the empty vessel, or a river of wholesome water does to a dry and barren land.

What these two tremendous facts, the salvation of my soul and the sanctification of my spirit, did for me in the way of service, I can only hint at here.

Soul and spirit on fire with love to God and a lost world, the Word of God illumined by His Holy Spirit, became a new and living Book to me; believing now that “it means just what it says, and says just what it means,” and that it is the Word of God from cover to cover, I have had no time for higher or lower criticism of it, but have more than I can do to make it “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.”

New power, new pleasure, in simply preaching the Word – 1. Himself, who is the Divine Incarnate Word; 2. His words, which He Himself says (John 6) “are spirit and life.”

Souls saved through and through, fed, and sanctified after salvation, and then set and sent forth to win and bless other souls. These are some of the “exceeding great and precious” fruits that have come to and through my redeemed and Spirit-filled lips. To God be the glory for all.

Third, the body. Last in order, and as the climax of all, came the healing and quickening of my mortal body (Rom. 8:11), by the same Spirit.

After seventeen years of severe invalidism--a victim of chronic dyspepsia, catarrhal and throat troubles, nervous depression, resulting partly from severe physical injuries and partly from great sorrows and trials early in life and long continued -- I found, under the teaching of my beloved brother, Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, that Jesus is indeed “the Savior of the body” (Eph. 5:23) in a way I had never dreamed of. By the Holy Spirit, through his teaching and life, I learned the blessed secret of the resurrection life of the Lord Jesus for my body here and now, and not merely when I should rise from the dead and meet him in the air.

I found that Ephesians 5:30 could be true of a man in this mortal life, here in the body, surrounded by the ordinary temptations and pressed by the ordinary burdens of life; that I could be in very truth a member of His body, risen and ascended and seated at the right hand of God, and of His flesh and of His bones; that I in Him and He in me meant this, and nothing less; and that in the power of this indwelling, vivifying Jesus Christ in my body, my flesh and my bones, I could be rid of all my chronic troubles and go and have continual victory over pain and every power of the enemy.

No words can ever express the joy that filled my being when this precious truth dawned upon me, and better still when it became a present and permanent reality to me.

For nearly seventeen years it has been not only a living reality to me, but a reality growing deeper and richer, until now at the age of nearly seventy years, I am in every sense a younger, fresher man than I was at thirty.

At this present time I am, in the strength of God, doing full twice as much work, mental and physical, as I have ever done in the best days of the past, and this observe with less than half the effort then necessary. It is a joy to work now. My life, physical, mental and spiritual, is like an artesian well – always full and overflowing. To speak, teach, travel by night and by day, in all weather, and through all

the sudden and violent changes of our variable climate, is no more effort for me than it is for the mill wheel to turn when the stream is full, or for the pipe to let the water run through it.

My body, soul and spirit, thus redeemed, sanctified and healed, I give, O Lord, to thee; a consecrated offering, thine evermore to be. That all my powers with all their might, In thy sole glory May dwell. Hallelujah! Amen.

He that hath spoken to thy soul  
Hath many things to say;  
He that hath made thee whole  
Will keep thee day by day.

Source: "Chosen Vessels" by J. O. McClurkan (July, 1901)



## WILLIAM COLUMBUS WILSON

(Gen. Supt. Church of the Nazarene)

William Columbus Wilson was born in Hopkins County, Kentucky, December 22, 1866. His father, J. C. Wilson, was a captain in the Union army during the Civil War. After its close he settled on a farm in Hopkins County, but one year after his son, Columbus, was born he sold and moved ten miles north to an unimproved farm. Here the young boy, Lummie, or "Lum," as his associates called him, was reared to manhood. This community had poor school advantages, one term not lasting more than five months, so "Lum" attended school very little; in fact, his father needed him most of the time on the farm, as it had to be improved and paid for; thus most of his boyhood days were spent in the woods, clearing, chasing rabbits and getting acquainted with nature. He liked this quiet country life, and spent a great deal of his time alone. Although very contemplative, at school he was a leader among his associates, and was often called to settle disputes or to act as a judge in the trouble.

In some notes he had written on his young manhood he says: "From my early childhood I was very much impressed religiously, and was often under conviction. If anyone spoke about the judgment, or if there was a death in the community, or even public worship and religious songs, I was much affected." He further states: "I attended the summer meetings and wished to be saved, but as no one would speak to me about my soul I was not converted. I wanted to be good, I prayed a great deal, and tried to be good, but came short of doing so." At the age of sixteen he attended a meeting at the Providence Church, near Hanson, Kentucky. The pastor, John King, spoke with him personally and said he was praying for him. This seemed to be the necessary encouragement, for soon the boy was at the altar, and after two days of earnest seeking he was converted. He says in his notes: "I received such peace into my heart, I thought I never would have any more trouble." He started out well by taking an active part in public services, but soon became discouraged on finding that there was still carnality in his heart, and before long he backslid; but at the end of the first year he was reclaimed and remained a true Christian the remainder of his life.

On October 30, 1886, he was married to Eliza Jones, a very devoted Christian and loyal companion. As she was a Baptist, he joined the same church to be with her. Around their family altar were reared four children, three girls and one boy, who by their beautiful Christian experiences showed and are showing the effects of their parents' careful and prayerful home training. Their father was not satisfied that his children should have mental culture alone, but wished also that they should have the best of spiritual training. Before his death Brother Wilson saw the desire of his heart fulfilled in his children. The two eldest, Guy and Bertha, are now engaged in evangelistic work, and one, Hallie, was waiting in Heaven to welcome her father home.

Early in his married life he was led to have public worship in his home on Sunday morning. From this he received an impression that some day he might have to preach. In the spring of 1888 a Holiness evangelist came to his community to hold a meeting. He was opposed by Brother Wilson's pastor, but kept sweet, shouted the victory, and continued to preach sanctification as a second definite work of grace, in spite of all opposition. This brought the people under conviction. One night Mrs. Wilson came home in trouble and asked her husband to pray for her. He says, "I wanted to pray more for myself." That night his wife was sanctified. This brought such conviction on him that in a few days he was seeking the blessing. On May 14, 1888, he was sanctified, and from this time his impression to preach was greater. It seemed to be the only way to tell the people about this wonderful blessing, but his opposition was great. He was not educated, so the devil told him that he could not preach, and it looked that way; yet he could get no relief from this impression. Accordingly, one day he announced to the people of the Methodist Church that he would preach there the next Sunday. So, in the Methodist Church in his home vicinity he preached his first sermon, from I Thess. 5:23. The Lord wonderfully helped him and blessed his soul to overflowing, and from that Sunday he never doubted his call to the ministry.

At the age of twenty-four the way opened for him to attend school. He spent part of a year at Bremen, Kentucky, when some trouble in the school broke it up, and he entered the pastoral work in the Methodist Church. His first charge was the Greenville circuit. He had three churches and organized the fourth. The first year he received \$180, had many souls converted, and added to the church; two boys of this number were called to preach. The next year he took the Vinegrove circuit, with eight churches, which were scattered over a large territory. Here he had to walk a great deal; this, with other exposures, greatly impaired his health, yet he had great success and the churches prospered under his ministry; for Brother Wilson was a minister of full salvation and never compromised, although he had much opposition. His preaching was not confined to churches, but he preached in homes, courthouses, tents, and wherever he had an opportunity. He was a man of sincere trustfulness, open-hearted and candid, with convictions and courage to stand by them. He was a holy man, a man of prayer, and a successful fisher of men. He preached with plainness and unction. He was a fearless presenter of the truth, and did not shun to declare both regeneration and entire sanctification.

On September 11, 1893, his wife died, and at the end of the conference year he entered the evangelistic work, preaching mostly in cities and small towns. Sometimes a church would oppose him; if so he would secure a tent or engage the courthouse, for the people were anxious to hear this gospel wherever he went, and many souls were led to Jesus as he continued to present this full salvation. This traveling and change of conditions kept him in very poor health, consequently after about three years of evangelistic work he again entered the pastoral work.

On June 17, 1896, he was married to Miss Sarah Ragsdale, of Paducah, Kentucky. To this union five children were born, four of whom are still living. One little girl has gone to be with Jesus. In 1903 Brother Wilson joined the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, where he labored until his death. In April, 1905, he came to California. He had no place to preach when he arrived, but as he was a man who did things, he went to Long Beach, held a six weeks' revival, organized a church there and became the pastor. After the assembly he took the church in Upland, California, where he spent three very successful years as pastor. In 1911 he resigned his church at Pasadena, California, to enter the evangelistic work, when he was elected to the superintendency of the Southern California District, where he served with great efficiency for four years. In the meantime Brother Wilson was connected with our University as a member of the Board of Trustees, and showed much interest in the upbuilding of the institution. He seemed to have an insight into the need of education, and we often heard him encouraging the preacher boys to make a thorough preparation and then stand true to their calling, whatever it cost. In the last General Assembly, which met in Kansas City, September, 1915, he was

elected one of the four General Superintendents. In this capacity he was serving when he died at his home in Pasadena, December 19, 1915.

Source: A Sketch entitled: "Life of Rev. W. C. Wilson" by M. O. Childress found in "Life Sketches of Two Great Religious Leaders Who Were Rich in Good Deeds" published in 1916 by the Associated Student Body of Nazarene University, Pasadena, California (The two leaders were: P. F. Bresee and W. C. Wilson.)



## WILLIAM HENRY WINANS

(Methodist)

In the latter part of the summer of 1868, he manifested symptoms of a slight indisposition in body, but was able to continue his business, as an apothecary, until in September, when he commenced bleeding at the lungs, by which he was brought very low. After a few days he appeared to revive a little, but still to linger and grow feeble; in the midst of his illness he continued to look for brighter manifestations of God's favor and higher attainments in religion. On the 14<sup>th</sup> day of the following January, when a few friends were present enjoying a season of prayer, he was wonderfully blessed, the fear of death was taken from him and all his doubts removed; pure light from heaven shone upon him; he received a bright evidence that his heart was cleansed from all sin, for several weeks he could say, –

“Not a cloud doth arise  
To darken my skies,  
Or hide for a moment  
My Lord from my eyes.”

but he had another battle to encounter with the grand adversary who came in like a flood, and though he never lost his confidence and trust in the Lord yet, he complained of the coldness of his heart; and a gloom that seemed to come over his mind; but his parents prayed with him, and encouraged him to cleave to his Saviour, and expect fresh tokens of his love; they pointed him to Calvary, and reminded him of the love of God, which is as vast as eternity and reaches to every condition of man; soon a flood of joy and comfort enraptured his soul, and again his peace flowed like a river. When his window curtain was raised the next morning, he turned his languishing head to see the rain that was falling, acknowledged the goodness of God and showers of grace descended upon him, and was happy in the Lord; he said he had given himself entirely unto the Lord, and exclaimed, “I am now happy, happy in His love,” and then added, “The Lord is so good to me, He has given me all I desire in this world, pious and tender parents, and many kind friends, every blessing is bestowed upon me except health; But I am in the hands of the Lord and He will do right.” In this happy state of mind he ever after continued; it appears to have been the last conflict with the adversary; his mind was left in constant peace, the path of immortality continued to brighten before him. About this time he was much cheered and comforted by an encouraging letter he received from his friend, the Rev. J. Holmes, whom he had previously requested to preach his funeral sermon.

During the two months before he died, though unable to speak above a whisper, he was so anxious for the salvation of others, that he still continued to invite and urge, in whispers of love, his young friends who visited him to give their hearts to God, and seek and serve the Lord without delay; some of these were influenced by him and at once set about the work – sought the Lord, and are now happy in His love.

In the later part of March, on Friday morning, it was thought he was entering the cold stream of death, and appeared to think so himself; and asked to see his only sister Mrs. Freeman, on her approaching his

bed side, his first whispers were, Glory, glory, glory to God;” and then after a little pause, he added, “O how happy I am – the Lord is so good;” and then he added, “With me, all is peace.”

Source: “William Henry Winans” by Conrad Van Dusen



## CATHERINE WINDSOR

(Methodist)

The subject of this memoir closed the great issues of her probationary life (her life on earth) February 29, 1880, at the advanced age of eighty-four. A volume could scarcely recite all the living and precious memories of her unpretentious and saintly life; but the legacy of her familiar name is an oracle both to the good and to the froward. Especially in our feasts of charity and holy work it is that this cherished name is a very synonym of all goodness.

Sister Windsor was brought to Christ and his church in the early days of Methodism. Her father’s house, in Fairfax County, Virginia, was a munificent, welcoming home and rest for the noble men who had consecrated their lives to the one work of “spreading scriptural holiness over these lands,” and that, too, while the “sum of villainy” (the despised British sovereign) was dictating terms of citizenship both to church and state; so that to assume all the franchises of the gospel and “put on Christ” in that day was simply to don the “crown of thorns.” And despite the allure of human prudence and worldly policy, this was the deliberate choosing of our elect lady Windsor, whose subsequent life of divine charity and holy fruitage was only the sequence of the high birth and superhuman endowments of character which marked and blessed her life with the honor of “walking with God” and receiving the benedictions of the poor for over half a century.

For many years the earnest life of this servant of Christ was passed in the feebler light of justifying grace, with its fluctuations of “mountain and valley” experience, until, weary with failures and “being overcome with evil,” her oscillating faith cried out in an agony of deep-felt need, “Is this all the assurance he can give? This all the strength our almighty Jesus can put into the human weakness of his best friends as he sees them grappling with numberless diabolical forces arrayed and pitted against them?”

This resume, this extremity of need, and this “save or perish” cry of agonizing faith, pierced the very heavens, poisoning only for a moment, when divinely-imparted strength was given her to receive Christ as her full sanctification as well as her redemption and justification; and this “all hail” of the Master in the moment of her extremity was to her subsequent life the “pillar by day” and the “fire by night,” bringing that abounding grace which enabled her to be equal to the convictions her new-found treasure had inspired. Hence her testimony was always full, clear, and definite, denominating her present grace the “second blessing.”

But this unsinching child of God soon found that a large majority of church-members were even more offended with her witnessing to the advanced experience of “perfect love” -- although strictly Wesleyan – than common sinners were to her becoming a Christian at first; and as the animus of church-skepticism on the question of entire sanctification became more pronounced and intolerant, she determined to open her own house for meetings expressly for the “promotion of holiness.”

Such a meeting soon became attractive, far beyond the expectation of its originators. They were always led by some clergyman of their own choosing, and strictly under Methodist teachings and formula. Nevertheless the meeting was non-sectarian, as it was composed of orthodox Christians, “having the form and seeking the power of godliness,” willing to be counted singular for Christ’s sake. One cogent

reason for the marvelous power and effectiveness of this meeting was that for some ten years it was *kept free from the bane of parochial dictation*, during which “Passover” the meeting at the house of “Mary and Martha” (or Windsor palace) became widely known as a grand rallying-center for “the elect of grace” from all sections of the country, and among the British Methodists, from whom letters respecting its success are still being received.

For years this weekly gathering in her own parlors of genial-sainted spirits was not only a fair exponent of Sister Windsor’s true religious status and Ruth-like devotion, but equally convincing that these companionships had become almost a necessity to her growing spiritual life, to which she would frequently allude in terms of tender and touching strains, as occasions so free and trustful, and as the sunshine and dew of heaven, upon the closing hours of her earth-life.

It was only a few days prior to her demise that this beloved servant of Christ experienced a baptism of divine power which exceeded by far all previous revealments of similar grace to her. I saw her in that ecstatic joy, and heard her say, “Oh, what a delight I experienced today in forgiving (unsolicited) one who had despitely used me.” In this Christlike spirit she seemed talking to me from the beyond – quite in the vestibule of heaven; and while her whole being was still wrapped with this holy effulgence, as if by a divine order, she was smitten with paralysis, and thus, unconscious of a single pang, fell asleep in Jesus, while the watchers could almost hear the glad acclaim echoed from the glory-land, “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” –

William M. Ferguson, Washington, D. C.

What has the recoiling, the shuddering, bewildered, horror stricken atheist, to offer as a substitute for a religion so holy, which affords happiness so sublime? Infidel,

“Come to the bed of death!  
Step lightly, -- check that rising sigh;  
Behold the parting of the breath,  
Without an agony.

Behold how softly fades  
The light and glory of that eye,  
As gently as the twilight shades  
The azure of the sky.”

Source: “Saintly Women And Death-Bed Triumphs” by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis



## PETER WISEMAN

Peter Wiseman has taught in various holiness colleges, and was also a camp-meeting preacher. He was for a time pastor of the Detroit Holiness Tabernacle, and later served as an instructor in the Department of Theology at the Missionary Training Institute, Nyack, New York.

Though a church boy, having received the ordinances of the church in Christian baptism as a baby and having been confirmed at about the age of twelve, I did not know Christ as my personal Saviour. At the age of eighteen, I was brought under deep conviction for sin in a little holiness movement church in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, where two of my sisters had found Christ. I sought the Lord for some months but did not find Him, being ignorant of the way to Christ. The climax came, however, one evening at a camp meeting in Killarney, Manitoba, Canada. I went to this camp to find Christ. On a Saturday evening, the first Saturday of the ten-day camp, I sought earnestly again but failed. At the close of the service, I went outside the tabernacle and sat alone in the darkness. My struggle was

desperate. The darkness in my soul became dense darkness. The great question in my mind was, “Is there any hope for me?” My heart felt as if it were in outer darkness. I felt the pain of a lost soul. In that moment, a precious man of God appeared and encouraged me, urging me to return to the altar of the tabernacle. With his help and God’s help, I did.

Walking up toward the altar, I thought, “If there is mercy for me, surely I shall find it now.” Falling at the altar, I let go my voice and cried out to God. Suddenly, within a minute, the heavens opened and salvation flowed into my poor, distressed soul like a mighty river. Then I took over and had my first Methodist class meeting. What a time I had, shouting and praising God! A little after midnight, I quieted down and retired for the night, wondering if I would still be saved in the morning. I did not know at that time that people did not backslide in their sleep.

That week of camp meeting was wonderful to me. I believed in every person and, best of all, I believed in God. What a time of feasting! I grew by leaps and bounds. *On the last Saturday of this camp, in the afternoon, two young men came to talk to me about sanctification. The young men were two brothers and preachers. They asked me to go with them outside the campus to a quiet spot for prayer, which I did. We knelt together. Wesley prayed. His brother, Andrew, prayed. It was my turn, and I prayed. Wesley prayed again. Andrew prayed again. Instead of praying again, I looked into Wesley’s face and said, “I gave myself and my all to Christ last week, and I believe He will give me everything.” Before I finished the sentence, a voice within my soul said, “Be thou clean.” I was clean. Having finished the sentence, “I believe He will give me everything,” I said, “It is done.” I continued to look at Wesley and he at me. We just looked at each other for a minute or two, when he said, “If you have it, why stay here?” His look told me that he did not believe I had received the work of sanctification, but I knew within my soul. I did not know the voice within was that of the Holy Spirit, nor did I know the words, “Be thou clean,” were scriptural; but I knew I was clean.*

I look back today over more than forty years in the Christian ministry and thank God with all my heart that He led me into this glorious work in the soul by His blessed Holy Spirit through the atonement made by His Son on Calvary, appropriated by faith, “Christ in you, the hope of glory.” This experience of sanctification did not deliver me from the weakness and infirmities peculiar to all human beings, but it did deliver me from inward sin...

Source: “Flames of Living Fire” by Bernie Smith



LUKE WOODARD

(Society of Friends)

I was born at New Garden, Wayne County, Indiana, on March 12, 1832. My parents were members of the Society of Orthodox Friends; were exemplary, godly people; and hence I enjoyed the advantages of careful training. While I was, during my youth and early manhood, preserved from immorality and kept a tender conscience, I was not converted till my twenty-fifth year.

My awakening was sudden and very powerful. Independent of any immediate instrumentality, “an horror of great darkness fell upon” me at midnight. I trembled violently at the sight of my guilty and undone condition. I cried to the Lord, but, for want of a clear understanding of the blessed doctrine of justification by faith, I did not for some weeks get the assurance that my sins were forgiven, and find peace with God. But suddenly Christ revealed Himself to me, and I was overcome with the joyous sense that I was accepted in Him.

I soon began to tell others what the Lord had done for me, and He opened the precious truths of His



and began to jump and shout Glory to God, Hallelujah . He ran all over the house shouting and waving his handkerchief. By this time there were some others shouting. This was my next to youngest brother, Andy. He was very quiet and backward and didn't have much to say usually. After order was restored the devil jumped on to me and said "see there you didn't feel and act like that, maybe you didn't get saved. I tried to argue with the Devil but I was no match for him. A terrible blackness came over me that night and the next day. I prayed and prayed but had to get help before I could defeat him and get confidence and peace and joy restored. Father said "you ought to go on and get sanctified." I said "I believe I got it all at once." The wonderful joy and peace was bubbling up in my soul. I don't feel like I could hold any more. I believed I got it all that night. I had such an awful temper. When things went wrong it seemed something like fire would begin to boil up inside of me and run all over my body even out to my finger tips. I was dangerous. I guess I had what they call mad fits. I would be over it in a few minutes. I had a big old bronco the year before, that was as crazy as I was. If anything went wrong he was ready to fight and so was I. We went in for blood. I would grab a club, neck yoke, single tree or any thing and try to kill him and he tried to kill me. I always came out conqueror though. It didn't take much to set me going. After I was saved I didn't have any trouble that way, but it was only sleeping. Father said "If you don't go on and get sanctified you will be right back where you were before." I said I never got before what I have now. We had several horses and quite a large pasture. Some of them were broncos, almost like coyotes to catch. They had run wild through the winter. Now in the spring we began to want them to work. We kept up two or three to ride or drive. We would try to get the others in the corral so we could get them in the barn and catch them. *They would make a break and away they would go. It would take some times two hours to get them in, and us in a hurry, and run a horse or two down. I began to get so when they would make a break something would stir up and boil in me. I held it down but it kept getting worse. I realized now that I had to have something more or I would lose what I had. The very thought scared me. I began seeking. I went to the altar and God delivered me from that old thing that had boiled up. I made a full consecration and God gave me the victory.*

Source: "Things I Remember" by Charles Luther Wood



## JOHN ALLEN WOOD

(Methodist)

Mr. Fletcher says, "When you are solemnly called upon to bear testimony to the truth, and to say what great things God has done for you, it would be cowardice or false prudence not to do it, with humility."

It pleased the Lord to call me in early life to seek pardon and converting grace. I believe at ten years of age I first tasted the joys of redeeming grace and a Saviour's love. I remember as early as then to have realized a sweet satisfaction and delight in prayer and effort to obey God.

At the age of thirteen I joined the church. Through the blessing and grace of God, I have found a home ever since in the church of my early choice.

During the first five or six years of my experience I was often perplexed and distressed with doubts in regard to the reality of my conversion; arising from the fact that I could not fix upon the precise time when the change was wrought. I would often see people powerfully converted, and hear them tell of the place and the moment when their chains fell off, and their souls went free. The tempter would then whisper in my ear, and say, "You cannot tell when you were converted, and you never had those deep convictions or those striking exercises in religious experience of which many speak."

From this source I had no little trouble, and at times, for several years, I found it exceedingly difficult

to hold fast my confidence. After many and severe trials on this point, the Lord enabled me to settle the matter; and a thousand thanks to his blessed name that many years have passed since I have doubted for a moment the verity of my early conversion.

The Lord removed my doubts by showing me that to know the precise time of my conversion was of but little importance; while the great question for me to settle was, Have I the evidence that I am now converted?

After I was led to see that to be able to know the precise time of my conversion concerned me but little, and to know that I am now in a converted state was my great concern, the question was soon settled by apprehending the abundant evidence which God always give of a state of salvation. I found it was one thing to have evidence of a justified, converted state, and quite another to apprehend and understand that evidence.

From this time to September 7, 1858, I maintained a general purpose to obey God, and received many spiritual refreshings from the presence of the Lord, suffering but few doubts in regard to my justification and membership in the family of God.

During this period I was often convicted of remaining corruption in my heart, and of my need of purity. I desired to be a decided Christian and a useful member of the church; but I was often conscious of deep-rooted inward evils and tendencies in my heart that were unfriendly to godliness. I found my inner foes troubled me more than all my foes from without. They struggled for the ascendancy They marred my peace. They obscured my spiritual vision. They were the instruments of sore temptation. They interrupted my communion with God. They crippled my efforts to do good. They invariably sided with Satan. They occupied a place in my heart which I knew should be possessed by the Holy Spirit. They were the greatest obstacles to my growth in grace, and rendered my service to God but partial.

I was often more strongly convicted of my need of inward purity than I ever had been of my need of pardon. God often showed me the importance and necessity of holiness as clear as a sunbeam. I seldom studied the Bible without conviction of my fault in not coming up to the Scriptural standard of salvation.

I often commenced seeking holiness, but at no time made any great progress; for as I read and prayed, some duty was seen to present itself which I was unwilling to perform, and so I relapsed into indifference.

I never read Mr. Wesley's " Plain Account," nor any of the standards of Methodism on the subject of holiness, nor the memoirs of Fletcher, Bramwell, Carvosso, Stoner, nor Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers or Lady Maxwell, without deep conviction on the subject, and more or less effort for its attainment.

I now see I was often on the very point of grasping the prize, and then would sink back, suffer defeat, and go through another season of comparative indifference upon the subject. I was often led to see my need of purity while studying for the ministry with Rev. William Hill, of Cambridgeport, Vt.

Brother Hill was an able Presbyterian minister, and for a number of years was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Newburg, N. Y. He became convicted of his need of entire sanctification, and obtained the blessing at a meeting for the promotion of holiness at Dr. Palmer's in New York city. He lived it, professed it, and preached it, and for so doing was expelled from the Hudson River Presbytery, in April, 1844. Rev. Henry Belden was expelled at the same time for the same cause. They both united with the Congregational church. Brother Belden became pastor of a church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Brother Hill died in holy triumph at Bristol, Conn., July 31, 1851, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

The society and influence of that holy man were a great blessing to me. I think more than one hundred times I have bowed with him in prayer in his study, and held sweet communion with God. Those

season of devotion still linger in my memory as among the most precious hours of my early ministry.

By being convicted so often of my need of perfect love, and failing to obtain it, I, after a while, (like many others, I fear) became a little skeptical in regard to the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification, as a distinct blessing, subsequent to regeneration. I had no clear or definite ideas in regard to the blessing of perfect love, but came to think of it and teach it as only a deeper work of grace, or a little more religion. I taught, as many do, a gradual growth into holiness, or modern gradualism. I threw the whole matter into the world of indefiniteness and of vague generalities. I expected to grow into holiness somehow, somewhere, and at some time, but knew not how, nor where, nor when. I urged believers to seek a deeper work of grace, and to get more religion, but seldom said to them, "Be ye holy," "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," or, seek "perfect love."

I became somewhat prejudiced against even the Bible terms "sanctification," "holiness," "perfection," and disliked very much to hear persons use them in speaking of their experience. I was opposed to the profession of holiness as a distinct blessing from regeneration.

I became prejudiced against the special advocates of holiness; and at camp meetings and in other places I felt disposed to discourage and oppose direct efforts for the promotion of holiness. If a pious brother exhorted the preachers to seek sanctification, or the member to put away worldliness, tobacco, and gaudy attire, and seek holiness, I was distressed in spirit, and disposed to find fault.

During a number of years, this was about my state of mind upon this subject. And let me here record, that while hundreds of sinners were converted to God, in connection with my feeble ministry, I do not recollect a single case of a believer being entirely sanctified under my labors during the first nine years of my ministry, up to September 7, 1858. Let me further add that during this time I was grieved, from year to year, by seeing what might astonish hell, and fill heaven with lamentation – company after company of young converts walking into backslidden, unsanctified churches, first to wonder, then for a while to be grieved, but finally to add another layer to the geologic strata of the backslidden.

In May, 1858, I was appointed to the Court Street Church Binghamton. I went there much prejudiced against the professors of holiness in that church, and they were, doubtless, somewhat prejudiced against me, as they had cause to believe that I would oppose them on the subject of holiness. I soon found, in my pastoral visitations, that where those persons lived who professed the blessing of holiness, there I felt the most of divine influence and power. I realized a liberty in prayer, and an access to God in those families, which I did not elsewhere.

And let me remark, while I was prejudiced against holiness as a distinct blessing, and against its special advocates, I did desire and believe in a deep, thorough, vital piety, and was ready to sympathize with it wherever I found it. I had attended prayer and class meetings but a few times before I saw clearly that there were those in that congregation whose experience and piety possessed a richness, power and depth which I had not.

The more I became acquainted with them, the more I was convinced of that fact, and the more deeply I became convicted of my remaining depravity and need of being cleansed in the blood of Christ. I also became convinced that those professors of holiness were Wesleyan in their faith, experience, and practice, while I had drifted away somewhat from the Bible and Wesleyan theory of Christian perfection.

Through the entire summer of 1858 I was seeking holiness, but kept the whole matter to myself. During this time none of the professors of holiness said anything to me on the subject, but, as I have learned since, *were praying for me night and day*. God only knew the severe struggles I had that long summer, during many hours of which I lay on my face in my study, begging for Jesus to cleanse my poor, unsanctified heart; and yet I felt unwilling to make a public avowal of my feelings, or to ask the prayers

of God's people for my sanctification.

The Binghamton district camp-meeting commenced that year the first day of September. About eighty of the members of my charge went with me to that meeting. During six days of the meeting, the sanctification of my soul was before my mind constantly, and yet I neither urged others to seek it, nor intimated to any one my convictions and struggles on the subject. The result was, six days of such deep humiliation, severe distress, and hard struggles as I never had endured before.

A number of the members present from my charge had once enjoyed the blessing, and had lost it. Some who professed to enjoy it were becoming silent upon the subject. With but very few exceptions, we, as a church were practically staving off and ignoring the doctrine and duty of entire sanctification. The Lord was evidently displeased with us, and so shut us up that our prayer meetings, in our large society tent, literally ran out of steam. The brethren and sisters became tired with themselves, and tired with each other. Some of them were even tempted to strike their tents and go home.

On the last evening of the meeting, a faithful member of the church came to me weeping, a few minutes before preaching, and said, "Brother Wood, there is no use in trying to dodge this question. You know your duty, and may as well commence seeking holiness first as last. If you will lead the way, and define your position as a seeker of entire sanctification, you will find that many of the members of your charge have a mind to do the same." The Lord had so humbled my heart that I was willing to do almost any thing to obtain relief. After a few moments' reflection I replied, "Immediately after preaching I will appoint a meeting in this tent on the subject of holiness, and will ask the prayers of the church for my own soul."

Glory be to God! The Rubicon was past. In an instant I felt a giving way in my heart, so sensible and powerful, that it appeared rather physical than spiritual. In a moment after I felt an indescribable sweetness permeating my entire being. It was a sweetness as real and as sensible to my soul as ever the sweetest honey was to my taste. I immediately walked up into the pulpit. The presiding elder requested me to exhort after his sermon. I replied, "I will, if the Lord will help." Just as he gave out his text, -- Eccl. 3, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter," &c., -- the baptism of fire and power came upon me.

For me to describe what I then realized is utterly impossible. It was such as I need not attempt to describe to those who have felt and tasted it, and such as I can not describe to the comprehension of those whose hearts have never realized it.

The most of which I was conscious was, that Jesus had me in his arms, and that the heaven of heavens was streaming through and through my soul in such beams of light, and overwhelming love and glory, as can never be uttered. The half can never be told!

It was like marching through the gates of the city to the bosom of Jesus, and taking a full draught from the river of life.

Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! I have cause to shout over the work of that precious hour.

It was a memorable era in the history of my earthly life, a glorious epoch in my religious experience -- never, NEVER to be forgotten. Jesus there and then -- all glory to his blessed name! Sweetly, completely and most powerfully sanctified my soul and body to himself. He melted it cleansed, filled and thrilled my feeble, unworthy soul with holy, sin-consuming power.

Glory be to God! Perfect love is the richest, the sweetest, and the purest love this side of Paradise. Angels have nothing better. Well may the poet sing,

"O for this love let rock and hill  
Their lasting silence break,

And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!"

Source: "Holiness Miscellany" Edited by John S. Inskip



## DUNCAN WRIGHT

1736 – 1791

(Methodist)

"While I felt the mighty operation of the Spirit my whole frame was agitated in a most wonderful manner; but I did not desire the Lord to stay His hand, for I knew He could support me under this mighty outpouring of His Spirit. I had many promises in my illness that He would sprinkle me with clean water, and now He give me a full manifestation of it. I am a witness that the blood of Christ does cleanse from all sin. I do not desire anything to be said about me; only you may tell the people for their encouragement that the Lord has finished His work, has cleansed, and filled me with all His fulness..."

Source: Originally from "The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers" by Thomas Jackson



## JOHN YANCY

One night we were singing that victorious hymn, I call it (for when it is sung properly, it generally carries blessing with it)

"Ah! Many years my longing heart  
Had sighed, had longed to know  
The virtue of the Savior's blood,  
That washes white as snow."

"There is power in Jesus' blood,  
There is power in Jesus' blood,  
There is power in Jesus' blood,  
To wash me white as snow."

I had sung this hymn in the meetings, and the people had learned it, and they could sing it as only colored people can sing. John Yancy had been seeking the blessing for several weeks. He was converted, and had been a consistent member of the church for two years or more. But, as he said, "He felt that God had something more for him;" and as he sat in the church that night, while we were singing, the Holy Fire fell on him. Oh! How he shouted.

"Oh! Yes, there is power in Jesus' blood to wash me white as snow. Yes, there is power in the blood. Yes, there is power in Jesus' blood."

Every time he said it it went like an electric shock through the house, and the people seemed to be swayed by the mighty power.

Everybody believed in John Yancy's sanctification. The people all had known him from a little boy. He was raised right up there among them. And I never heard a soul express a doubt about John Yancy's life and testimony. He was a rank, native, heathen boy, born in heathenism. He had been brought out of the country, and the most of his raising, and where he took his name, was from Mr. Alien Yancy, a good man, formerly of America. God wonderfully sanctified him, and his dear wife, also, shortly after John

got the blessing.

Source: “Mrs. Amanda Smith, An Autobiography”



## BROTHER YOUNG

(First name not given in the account)

(Methodist)

I am thinking of the man that was holding the meeting when I got sanctified. He was a farmer in southern Kansas making lots of money feeding hogs and cattle. And he was a big man in the Methodist Church. I guess he had about every office in the church. They wanted a meeting, and by mistake they got a holiness preacher – Brother Rollins, and he was preaching full salvation. And it made this young man mad. And he jumped up one night in a mad fit and said, “Mr. Rollins, we called you here to preach Methodist doctrine and not to preach holiness.”

Rollins replied: “Brother Young, holiness is the fundamental doctrine of the Methodist Church. John Wesley said the Methodist Church is a sect raised up of God to spread Scriptural Holiness.”

“I can’t help it, we are not going to have holiness preached here,” Young retorted. Then he called for a vote of the congregation and they all voted in his favor except his wife. She voted against him.

He said, “I went home and went to bed, but not to sleep. I rolled and tumbled and pulled quilts. I got up about 4 o’clock in the morning, and said: ‘Wife I am in an awful fix. What do you think I’d better do?’”

“ ‘Well,’ she said, ‘I don’t know what you ought to do, but I know one thing – you didn’t treat that preacher right.’”

So he went to the barn and saddled the pony, and climbed in the saddle, and started across the country, four miles, to where preacher Rollins was staying. He said, “I bawled like a calf all the way. The devil hopped up on the saddle behind me, and said, ‘Take a chew of tobacco. It will keep down the excitement.’ I said, ‘Good-bye Mr. Devil, I’m on the hunt for God this time.’”

He knocked at the door and the lady of the house came to the door. “Is Mr. Rollins here?”

“Yes.”

“Tell him I want to see him.”

Mr. Rollins came and Young said, “I fell full length on the floor, and said to Mr. Rollins, ‘I am a lost man, pray for me.’”

Bro. Rollins and the man and woman of the house prayed and God saved him. He said a peace came into his heart. The burden rolled away.

He said, “I got on my pony and went home. Got the milk buckets and started out to milk the cows,” and God witnessed to his conversion. He said he thought he would tramp all the grass out of the yard shouting the victory. Finally, he quieted down enough to get the chores finished. Then he got on the same pony and went through the country announcing the meeting was started again at the church that night

A big crowd was there, and Bro. Rollins preached. A number of people sought God for regeneration and some for sanctification. He said: “The meeting went on and my wife got sanctified, and my neighbors got sanctified, and some of the church officials got sanctified, but I couldn’t get the blessing.

The meeting closed and I still didn't have the blessing of full salvation."

He said, "I went to every revival meeting in the country seeking holiness." And he said, "I had been seeking holiness for five months." Brother, it pays to hold on if it takes five years. It hadn't ought to take that long. It doesn't take God that long to apply the blood. Doesn't take long for the Holy Ghost to come. Praise God He's waiting.

Young said, "I was riding on the mowing machine one day. It was a beautiful day and the sky was blue and the sun was shining. I just looked up and said, 'Lord, why can't I get sanctified? My neighbors got sanctified. My wife got sanctified.' I hardly got the words out of my mouth when the fire fell." He rolled off the seat onto the ground.

The hired man saw him fall and ran to the house and said, "Oh, Mrs. Young, come quick, your husband is having an epileptic fit of some kind!" She ran out of the house shouting. She said, "Glory to God! Husband got sanctified!"

... I will never forget the wonderful Sunday morning when I died out to self and the world, and the Holy Ghost Fire came. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Source: A Tape-Recorded Message by Rob French



## ARTHUR DEFRANCE ZAHNISER

1865 – 1935

(Free Methodist Bishop from 1927 to 1935)

Some few weeks after my conversion I was awakened by a strange circumstance to the fact that though my regeneration was so marvelous, the sin principle remained within my heart. For six months I sought publicly and privately for heart purity. I confessed the depravity of my nature to God, consecrated my redeemed powers anew to Him, pleading the merits of the blood of Christ, and reached the great and gracious day of Pentecost!

Enroute home from my daily duties, the Holy Spirit's baptism of Fire sealed the work to my happy soul ...

... Whatever of success I have attained in my unworthy efforts I attribute to the help of the Holy Spirit. I would not if I could now exchange my career as a humble minister in the Free Methodist Church for anything the world has had to offer in church or state. If I were privileged to start life over again, I would come over the same course. The highest honor God can confer upon any person is to call him into His service and work. The most exalted privilege a young person can have is to lay a well-prepared life at the feet of the Lord and Master, to spend and be spent in His service.

Source: "Master Workmen" by Richard R. Blews



## L. H. ZIEMER

Shortly after my coming to Mansfield, although I had had so wonderful an experience of salvation, I began to sense a deep spiritual need in the very center of my being, a crying out after God that I never dreamed was possible in this life. What it all meant, I did not fully understand. I had no Scriptural heart-knowledge of the sanctification taught in the Word of God. No one had ever spoken to me about

the sanctification, nor taught me the importance of it. Therefore again the faithful Holy Spirit Himself was leading me into all this truth.

I was already fully convinced of the fact, "that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." Also I was often very conscious of the lack of power in my preaching; so few people were convicted of sin. And then, too, there was a sad lack of courage to witness for my Lord, just at times when I should witness for Him. I knew and understood clearly that God was holy, but in myself I found the evidence that I was unholy; I knew that "God is love," but within myself I found stirrings of anger, of wrath, of bitterness, and of strife. Like the prophet. Of old, I too cried in my distress: "Woe is me, for" I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." What was I to do?

Prayerfully I turned to the Word of God. All my heart's desires were going out to God, and my very soul was panting after God "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks." Then all at once the same flood-tide of glorious Gospel light shone in upon my soul, as at the first, only that the radiance of it seemed even more glorious now than before.

I fell upon my face and wept before the Lord; how long I do not now remember. Time was altogether immaterial. But presently, through my tears, I beheld Calvary. And there upon the tree I saw the bleeding, dying form of Jesus my Savior, "The Lamb of God," crucified and slain for me. The contortions of His agony were excruciating. And I saw Him not so much as bearing my actual transgressions and sins, but rather as the Sin-Offering, God's Lamb "made sin for me, that I might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (II Cor. 5:21). I saw Him there suffering, bleeding and dying as the accursed one, under the awful curse of a just God, not only that I might be forgiven of my sins and justified through faith, but also that my heart might be cleansed from all sin and from every unrighteousness, and my body indeed prepared as an holy temple of the Lord (I Cor. 6:19-20).

And now a holy, heavenly voice spoke to me, saying: "Lo, this hath touched thy lips: and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." Thus, in a moment of time, it was revealed to me, that "Christ is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption" (I Cor. 1:30); and that by that "one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified" (Heb. 10:14).

Oh, glorious rapture of the soul! I arose, shouted, and sang, and laughed in the Spirit until I cried for very joy as the flood-tide of God's grace rolled in over my soul again and again with purifying and cleansing power. I felt the holy fire of God burning in my soul. The Holy Spirit had come to abide forever. The Lord Jesus Christ was baptizing me with the Fire according to his word and promise.

"Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" I had known already before this, but now "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" settled down upon me, henceforth to "keep my heart and mind through Christ" forever. In my spirit I worshipped the Lord. Instantly Romans 12:1 flashed into my mind, -- "I beseech you by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." To obey God meant His favor and blessing. So that very day and hour I made a complete surrender of myself to God, and in deepest, fullest consecration I not only spoke the words to Him, but also wrote them out before the Lord as follows:

"I call heaven and earth to witness this 17<sup>th</sup> day of June, 1915, that I now and forever give myself away, body, soul, and spirit, together with all I am or ever can hope to be, to God my Father, who has created me for His own glory, and to Jesus Christ my Lord, who saved me by His Blood, and to the everlasting control of the blessed Holy Spirit, my Sanctifier and Comforter, to love and to serve Him in sunshine or rain, in loss or in gain, in joy or in sorrow, in life or in death. Amen and Amen."

"Drops of grief can ne'er repay,  
The debt of love I owe:

Here Lord I give MYSELF away,  
‘Tis all that I can do.”

Experience has taught me that it is a good thing to do things definitely and thoroughly, when “driving stakes” for God. Then when the devil comes around afterward to vex and torment you, to lie about and accuse you, you can take him to the place where you have driven the stake for God, and resist him in the faith until he flees from you.

God asks no more of any of His children than a definite surrender of themselves to Himself. And He gives the Holy Spirit “to them that obey Him” (Acts 5-32). Immediately, therefore, upon this my consecration God witnessed again to my heart with a most gracious filling with the Holy Spirit.

And may I add this further word: This most gracious experience of the deeper life in Christ is no fanciful dream of emotionalism on my part. It is scriptural, actual, and true. I have continual evidence of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit abiding in me. Daily and hourly He gives me power to overcome; by reckoning myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto Christ, I find that sin cannot have dominion over me. By His grace and power I am enabled to “walk in the light, as He is in the light,” and so we have fellowship one with another, and His Blood cleanseth me from all sin. Day by day He cleanses me of all my faults, failures, shortcomings and sins, -- because, yielded to Him in spirit, soul, and body, these are errors of the head rather than of the heart. Before God’s throne He Himself is “the propitiation, for my sins,” keeping our fellowship unbroken and complete. Oh, praise His Name forever!

And what a difference this experience made in my life and ministry! I now had power to witness for my Lord that I never knew anything of before. Now, too, His Word was like a sharp, two-edged sword, and carried pungent conviction to the hearts of the hearers. Men began to cry out, -- “What must I do to be saved?” Whilst others hardened their hearts in sin, and gnashed their teeth at me in wrath and anger.

Source: “The Story Of My Conversion” by L. H. Ziemer

[from the Enter His Rest website](#)