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**LIFE SKETCH OF JOHN A. BUTLER**  
**Edited By H. K. Underwood**

From "God's Plowman,  
Life Sketch and Unique Messages  
Of John A. Butler"

Introduction  
By Ralph G. Finch

Published by  
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**CONTENTS**

Preface By H. K. Underwood  
Introduction By R. G. Finch

**PART I -- LIFE SKETCH**

- 01 -- Early Childhood
- 02 -- Conversion
- 03 -- Call to Preach
- 04 -- Experiences in Bible School
- 05 -- Early Meetings
- 06 -- Lives, Visions and Dreams

**PART II -- WRITINGS (Omitted)**

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## PREFACE

It has been a pleasant task to arrange the material for this book. The life of Brother John Butler will long remain precious in the memory of many hearts.

Each statement given in this book has been left in Brother Butler's quaint original expression with but few minor changes. Those acquainted with this Spiritual Plowman will at once recognize the familiar themes upon which he dwelt so often and enjoyed preaching about so much.

John Butler never got away from his Quaker heritage. His quiet spirit was often a rebuke to the light, giddy, and flashy manners of many, while his Sinai thunderings and original illustrations shook carnality and sin to its depths.

Read this book for purely spiritual profit, without prejudice of mind or heart, and its simple truths will prove a blessing to you in many ways.

[Please Note: Part II of this book, comprised of the writings of John Butler, has been omitted.]

We have appreciated the help of Mrs. John Butler in getting this book published. She still lives in Dublin, Indiana, where Brother Butler passed away. She is waiting the summons to join that innumerable host of Heaven and once more stand by the side of the one with whom she so faithfully and joyfully labored in life and so loved in death -- John Butler -- God's sainted Ploughman.

H. K. Underwood

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## INTRODUCTION

It is a pleasure indeed for me to introduce Brother John Butler and his messages herein given to those who never met him personally. Those who knew him and those who heard him preach need no introduction. Words fail to do justice to this saint of God. One must needs have seen and felt the unction of God upon him as he delivered his God-given and God-honored messages.

Brother John Butler was a frail boy but he outlived most of his relatives. We met him at God's Bible School over forty years ago. He was devout, sweet-spirited, and simple. He asked God to let him live forty years after he was sanctified wholly just to preach holiness. God did it. He told Sister Butler a few days before he died to send for Brother Finch to preach his funeral if he slipped away suddenly.

Brother Butler was called to Glory October 28, 1941. The old Quaker church which he attended as a boy was filled for his funeral.

Brother Butler found the straight and narrow way and never wavered from it. He was simple with the simplicity of Jesus. Perhaps none will miss Brother Butler more than I. We were bosom friends for more than forty years. Our understanding of divine things was the same. As he drew nearer and nearer the end, we were the more securely bound together in faith, hope, and love. Perhaps the secret of our unbroken fellowship and vision was our like vision with no familiarity.

He understood rural life from which he drew many illustrations, but his greatest asset was his Holy Ghost power of discernment. Like the Christ who was enthroned within his heart, "he knew what was in man." He would trail down carnality, tree crookedness, and instruct saints as naturally and effectually as spring sunshine locates and brings forth the buds. Like his matchless Master, he had faithful followers and persistent enemies; he was loved by the faithful and unappreciated by others. He did not sway the multitudes and then leave them to wither like mown grass. He planted acorns now and then and cultivated them into oaks. He was a builder of holy character.

Brother Butler was not caught by this modern age. He was not found among the advocates of painless education, painless operations, painless religious experiences, or getting through life on cushions. He never wavered from the old paths. When he stood up to preach it was truth; sorrow that worketh to repentance; death to carnality by crucifixion; trial of your faith; punishment for sin. He was of the old school type. He never compromised with the softpedal modern systems with their short cut and painless popular methods. Many times when the Holy Spirit, through another speaker, was giving sharp thrusts, with the two-edged Sword cutting to the quick, he would jump up and slap him on the back and say, "Sickum!" There was a time when a majority of the Holy Ghost ministers did so.

Brother Butler never wavered from his first convictions and standards and methods. Therefore, his funeral was a complete departure from modern burials. There was far more praising God and testifying and singing than crying. In fact, there was not a single sigh. Although Sister Butler had been off the operating table only three weeks, time and again she lifted her hand in sanction as old and young for one hour witnessed fearlessly and freely to their thankfulness to God for ever sending such a ministry as Brother Butler's across their pathway. One of the first witnesses said he was a few months older than Brother Butler (Brother Butler was past eighty) and had sawed wood with him many a time. All had seen and felt the Spirit's mighty power through him. My heart burned within me and I was overwhelmed with grace and glory as I preached God's standards as nearly as I believed Brother Butler would want me to do.

Brother Butler would write asking where we were going to live, as he said that he wanted to live near us from now on. Well, he has settled the living place. I shall now strive more than ever to have my cottage near his on the River of Life in the Holy City. Our earthly dwelling places are very uncertain in these perilous times, but we all have the privilege of making the eternal dwelling just as secure as is God's Word. I am so thankful I ever met Brother Butler. Our fellowship and confidence in each other was never even marred, let alone broken. This is just as it always is and always will be when Christians keep their relationship unbroken with Divinity.

[Please Note: The messages mentioned below do not appear in this digital version of "God's Plowman".]

I am sure that all who prayerfully read Brother Butler's Spirit-inspired messages given in this book will profit thereby. Those who have heard him preach will cherish this book because it refreshes their memory of a saint who walked with God triumphantly on earth. As with all who are truly overcomers, "He being dead yet speaketh."

R. G. Finch

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## PART I -- LIFE SKETCH

At different times and by different persons I have been told that I should write something of the Lord's leadings in my life among my fellow-men.

\* \* \*

### 01 -- EARLY CHILDHOOD

My parents were Friends by birth but that did not change my nature. I wanted my way and before I was three years old, determination and anger were so developed that I well remember one of the spells I had. It was north of the one story and a half log house, along the rail fence, when my brother crossed me and I thought how to spite him and, being taught the plain language, I vowed I would never say "Thee" to him if he did not let me have my way but would say "You" to spite him, and that spiteful vow was so burned by anger that, even though I did not stay angry, I kept that vow for over thirty years saying "You" to my brother and "Thee" to all others of the family. But when Grace came in it did abound more exceedingly and I asked my brother's forgiveness and broke the bad vow. Then Grace did so abound that, with the Joy of the Lord, I could use the plain language to my brother and preached his funeral sermon with the divinely ordained joy bells ringing in my unworthy soul. "Hallelujah to Jesus" sayeth my so ul forever and forever, and there is no respect of persons with God. Men can break every bad vow if they put their will on His side and live yoked up with Him right down here, where He provided Grace for every hour.

Back to childhood we go. Nearing the age of three, I remember we had moved into a part of Grandfather Gilbert's house and I saw the men folks setting a large post and when they let it go down in the hole with a chug, the muddy water came, with such force, right up into Uncle's face that it caused a time of great laughter, as might be expected, and I suppose I have been a bit inclined to see some of the funny side of life as I journeyed along. In a few months we moved to the house on the east half of grandfather's farm and here we lived when my sister Mary, at the age of three, was taken by death. Hearing people talk of death and Heaven made a very lasting impression on my young mind and I would fear death, for I seemed to know I was bad and not fit to go to Heaven, and I felt bad about the times I had been unkind to Sister Mary and now she was gone; so I could never play with her any more.

Then the years came on and school days were a hard task for me when it came to sitting in a school room to study for hours on a lesson that was hard for me to learn, and I would lose my appetite for food and in a short time be begging mother to let me stay at home. My schooling was very limited. I never got through the fifth reader or Rayse Arithmetic and never got very far in my spelling book, but I am truly thankful to the dear Lord that He let me learn enough so I could read His Blessed Word and learn some things that I need to know to be saved and filled with His Love Divine. Glory to Jesus!

While a boy on the farm, my occupation was oftentimes to ride around in the buggy with grandfather and open gates for him or help fill the water jugs when we hauled drinking water to the harvest hands, and we often took a two-horse wagon and started early in the morning to get wheat and corn ground at Wilson Jones's mill, east of Cambridge City. This was a great trip -- six miles from home. We often took wheat for others in the community and sometimes stayed all day to get it ground. Grandfather having heart trouble, it was not thought best for him to go alone. Well do I remember all four of my grandparents and one great grandfather.

When just a small boy, I very well remember whistling as I sat beside grandfather in the buggy on the way to midweek meeting on fourth-day morning and how he corrected me for doing so on the way to meeting. It seemed my heart came up in my throat and I could hardly speak for a while. The school house was almost one mile and a half from home and near the meeting house, so that on the fourth day, at ten-thirty, we all lined up and marched into the meeting house for the hour of worship. There we often saw three or four men in the front seats that, each of them, tipped the scales at three hundred or more, and grandfather was one of them; and uncles with neighbors that weighed two forty or more each; then a number of women that weighed two hundred or better each. Yes, Hopewell meeting of the Society of Friends was noted for large members.

My first school-teacher was Bill Hall and he had the name of keeping order in school. A half-dozen of us boys got to playing with some rubber[band]s during school hours and that gave the teacher something to look after, so he lined us up before the whole school. He placed me at one end of the row and then began at the other end. He would tell a boy to take off his coat, then take off his vest, then take him by the hand, step him out and use the whip across the boy's back. One after another he operated on them till he came to me, the last one, and said, "Take off thy coat, Johnny," then, "Take off thy vest." Then he took me by the hand and said, "Is this the first time thee has been in school?" and when I could speak I said, "Yes." I suppose I was about as near scared to death as a boy would need to be to remember anything about the narrow escape from the lash. One thing sure, we boys got along without playing snap with rubber[band]s in study hours after that day. Our time to go to school in those days was after the corn was gathered into the barn until we bored the maple trees in February to make syrup and maple sugar, just about two or three months, and I was pleased when it was over for it seemed impossible for me to have good health in the school room. On seventh day, we hauled wood and fodder and sometimes had time to go rabbit or squirrel hunting. The calves and the dog were our playmates, for brother and I would make wagons by sawing the wheels off the end of a round log, then we would hitch a pair of calves and haul up hickory nuts and walnuts from the woods.

When about half-way through my teens, I got some stronger and could work out on the farm, shocking wheat and drilling corn, with a one-horse drill, one row at a time. When I could drill ten acres per day, I thought I was turning out some corn planting with "Old Dol" and the little drill.

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## 02 -- CONVERSION

I remember being under conviction in the U. B. Church at the age of ten but I was so backward, timid and bashful that I put off my surrender to the Lord till I was about fourteen. In a meeting held in Friends Meeting House in Dublin, Indiana, by David Updegraff and John Henry Douglas, I went to the front seat with others as a seeker and Jesus proved Himself to be the Prince of Peace to me. For months I knew I was a child of God. Through my backwardness to move out in public, I grieved the Spirit and lost ground in Spiritual things till I became condemned and would often resolve and try to live right, doing better for a while, then sin would get me down. This up-and-down life continued till I was nearing my 36th birthday. On the night of December 7th, 1896, the Lord so led that I gave a glad surrender to Him for time and forever. That was indeed a memorable night, when I was so set free from Satan's bondage that I could go shouting down the aisle of the Church and down to my home with Peace and Joy in my un worthy soul. Hallelujah! Jesus Saves. Then prayer and testimony meetings were enjoyed, and to hear close, plain preaching was a delight to my soul.

Up to the time of my conversion, I had never had anything in my Christian experience like those days of being "yoked up with Him," and I must confess, the Justified Life, enjoying the First Rest, was a joyful experience to me. With Victory in my very soul, I made confessions and offered to make restitutions as the Lord led me.

On the 7th of December, 1895, I traveled 10 miles to my County Seat, Newcastle, Indiana, to be in session at the Prohibition Meeting, as a delegate from Dudley Township. I had promised the Lord, the night before, that the first opportunity I had I would go to an altar of prayer publicly and do the last one thing which was to make the full surrender of heart and life to Him. My righteousness had been very much like that of selfish, righteous Lot in Sodom. I was truly displeased with the unrighteous deeds of the liquor dealers but, oh, how I needed the exceeding righteousness that Jesus speaks of in Math. 5:20.

How zealous I was for reformation when really I was in great need of the New Creation. But the Lord of Life and Glory, who sent a servant from Heaven to lead Lot out of Sodom to keep him from being destroyed with the worldly multitudes, sent His Spirit on the 7th of December, 1896, to pull me into the exceeding righteousness of Grace Divine. Blessed be His Holy Name, for He is worthy of all Praise, Honor and Glory forever and ever.

When the sun arose on the morning of December 8, 1896, it shined in on one of the Lord's newborn babes in Dudley Township, Henry County, Indiana. I knew then that, by Grace Divine, He who said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out," had accepted me into His Kingdom of Love Divine. How little we know of the Great Heavenly Father's dear will when we first break with sin and quit Satan forever. But one thing we do know and that is that Jesus is the Prince of

Peace, for all that accept Him as their Savior find Joy in Him and the "Joy of the Lord is our Strength," so we have peace with God through Christ, the Prince of Peace.

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### 03 -- CALL TO PREACH

Farming had been my occupation all my life and fishing and hunting were my pastime sports. I was quite well acquainted with parts of Blue River, Flat Rock, Upper and Lower Simon's Creeks, the Conall, Big Pond, West River and Martindol's Creek. I knew where to find bass, suckers, catfish, sunfish, red horse and others too tedious to name, and knew where to find quail, rabbits, fox squirrels and gray squirrels in the day time and what way to go to look for coon and opossum at night. When long nights came in the Fall of the year, I could work all day and hunt for hours at night a few nights in the week. But a little later on, the Lord called me to hunt for souls and be a fisherman, for Him, who said, "I will make you fishers of men.

One evening as I went upstairs to dress to go to Prayer Meeting, kneeling to pray, the dear Lord definitely called me to preach the Gospel of His dear Son, my blessed Lord and Savior. I did not know how a thirty-six year old farmer boy, with but little schooling, (not even a common school education) could preach the Gospel but I knew that God had spoken and that He required of me faithful obedience. So saying "Yes" to His will, He opened doors and filled my soul with Glory and Delight in doing His will, as made known to me, seeing sinners truly repent with "Godly Sorrow unto Salvation, not to be repented of," and backsliders reclaimed, taking the Scriptural way of restitution and Living Faith in the All-Powerful Son of the True and Living God.

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### 04 -- EXPERIENCES IN BIBLE SCHOOL

The great mercy of God has been multiplied and manifested to me in many ways. Oh, the Love Divine that filled my unworthy soul! I was a new creature and knew Jesus to assuredly be my personal Savior from all my sins and to keep me, even though unworthy, from sinning day by day through His Grace and Power Divine. My soul delighted in the Lord and His way of Grace Divine when He had set me free from the mere form of "the legal religion," described in the seventh of Romans, by the Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus, making me a happy possessor of the delightful experience of Divine Grace set forth in the eighth chapter where Divinity had the supremacy. Yea, where Grace rules for the Glory of God.

In this way, I walked and grew, farming and preaching as the way opened for about four years, while many trials, tests and victories came my way. And Jesus was very precious to me in those days and years. He let me have many of the things of this life that I had planned in my mind and desired to have such as, horses, cows, chickens and a little home that was so appreciated by my companion and myself, but our Heavenly Father always knows what is best for every one of His children.

So He led us to leave the little farm home and go to Bible School in Cincinnati, where Bros. M. W. Knapp and Seth C. Rees often preached the blessed and glorious gospel of full salvation from all sin. This was one of the great favors that the Heavenly Father showed me in leading me into the close association with His devoted servant M. W. Knapp when he was walking so close in the Will of the Lord in those last years of his life on earth, in this holy warfare with Jesus, the Captain of our great salvation. And while dear Bro. M. W. Knapp suffered much false accusation, the Lord was using him to bring the True Light of the full Gospel to many souls. And my heavenly Father gave me the privilege of being one of the many that heard and heeded the call to "tarry until" the Holy Ghost came to abide in my heart on the seventh of December, 1900, just four years after the Lord had saved me from my sins and gave the experience of Justifying Grace before God, the Father. Then He, the blessed Lord of Life and Glory, baptized me with the Holy Ghost and Fire and I consider it a great mercy of God that He so led unworthy me.

The Bible School was a blazing fire of Divine Love, exhibiting the fulfillment of what Brother Knapp has recorded in the dedication of one of the books he has written (Revival Kindlings), where he speaks of God "whose Love is a Genial Fire; whose Glory is a Devouring Fire; who is to His people a Refining Fire; who is to the persistently impenitent, a Consuming Fire; and who is seeking to kindle on earth Revival Fire." And oh, how God's Holy Fire did burn and glow on that hilltop and in Cincinnati in those early days and months of the School and Camp Meetings, and how souls from various states and denominations found Jesus able to save from their sins and to baptize with the Holy Ghost and Fire from Heaven; and how Satan stirred up opposition and started false reports in various ways to, if possible, hinder and cripple the work of the Lord. It was my Blood-bought privilege, under the leadership of the Holy Ghost, to be associated with Brother Knapp and others when God led them to start the Apostolic Holiness Union when it was said that Brother Knapp wanted to be at the head of something and that he started it hoping to get financial gain for self, and that he had lost the Perfect Love and was bordering on fanaticism. Oh! how God did bless our souls in those days and give Light, Life and New Victories in the name of Jesus our Captain.

How thankful I am that the dear Lord not only saved and sanctified me but, in His great Wisdom and Love Divine, He led me to be associated with those characters who were divinely made bold in the Will of the Lord for His Glory. And it was in this Apostolic Union and Fellowship that they gave me my first credentials as a minister of the blessed Gospel of the Son of God who redeemed and cleansed my unworthy soul. Hallelujah to Jesus! In this Union, we still retained our membership in various denominations, with Brother Rees of the Friends Society as Chairman and Brother Knapp Secretary, as I remember it. Well do I remember when Brother Knapp informed me that there was a likelihood of me with others being called to answer, before two Bishops, some questions in regard to what was taught there in the school.

Fresh and clear in my mind are the battles and victories the Lord gave us in those days when I showed the policeman the way to the telephone when he came to arrest Brother Knapp. He called up police headquarters before performing his hard task of taking a Spirit-filled man. Brother Knapp had prayer before going with the policeman. It did not look like an officer taking a criminal but, to me, it looked more like two ministers going out to preach the great Love of God. Oh, how good the Lord was to let me see the overflowing grace and love of God by actually controlling the officer and making him gentle and kind in his conduct. He never took Brother Knapp; he just kindly



spoke to him about it and told Brother Knapp he hated to do it. And Brother Knapp just said, "I guess I am ready to go," and the police was so conquered and controlled by the Power of the Lord that he did not even sit in the same seat on the street car with Brother Knapp but trusted him to sit at the front of the car and he sat in the back end. How well I remember Brother Rees writing that he would like to lie in jail beside Brother Knapp if possible. A little of the same knitting had taken place with them that David and Jonathan had felt and enjoyed. And the same is spoken of in Col. 2:2.

Well, it is for us all today,  
When the price we truly pay  
And Divine Love has the full right of way  
And the Holy Ghost has truly come to stay.

And all carnality is purged away,  
And the Divine Fire of God has full right of way  
"Hallelujah," my unworthy soul doth say,  
"And keep me Lord in this my day."

This is not the cold, carnal history of a warfare with carnal weapons. NO! NO! NO! Not at all! But this is a bit of the Living History of warfare where the Captain of our Salvation has taken the Sword of the Spirit, cut away the shoreline of carnality, and equipped us with the whole armor with nothing to fight with but the Sword of the Spirit that hits all sin and nothing but sin, and puts the purity of our Captain within. So that with our Brother Paul, we fight the good fight because our fighting ability is purified. Hallelujah to the Captain of our Salvation, who is fully able to keep, equip, clothe and feed all His own till the Holy war is over and the Soldier's Home is ours, and our everlasting pension as large as Heaven and as long as Eternity is ours. "Hallelujah to Jesus, now and forever more," sayeth my soul. Glory! Glory!

Many times in those early years of the Bible School, a veritable Pentecostal occasion came down from on High giving Light, Life, Victory and Glory to scores of souls. And the Home-going of many of them has been precious in the sight of the Lord as they conquered the last enemy in the name of Jesus our Captain, and some are still here with Holy Fire and Glory in our souls, awaiting His trumpet call, enjoying His marvelous Grace while we fight on in His dear name.

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## 05 -- EARLY MEETINGS

It was simply blessed to take a ride on horseback 25 miles in the Cumberland Mountains for a meeting at Williamsburg, Ky., where the good Lord poured out His Spirit in convicting and saving power till people just filled the altar in the first song service; so there were two services without preaching; just spent the time praying seekers through to victory and the joy of the Lord and Power swept the place. I believe much of this is on the records in the name of Jesus, to the credit of Betty Teague who was promoted from Works to Rewards years ago. The Lord had made her bold for Truth and Righteousness and taught her to pray things down for His glory. My last long ride on horseback was from Williamsburg to Beulah Heights, Kentucky.

While making our home for a time at Beulah Heights, we were privileged to run down to Sunbright, Tenn., and enjoy a revival in an M. E. Church, seven miles back in the mountains from the railroad, where souls found Jesus able to save. Those mountain people were very kind to ministers of the Gospel in those days. It seemed they were perfectly willing to divide the last bite they had to eat with the preacher and, in some cases, they would all sleep in the same room with him at night.

In the first week of December, we had our first cold morning. It had snowed just a little that night and we went north that day for evangelistic work in Indiana. The winter soon passed with its busy revivals where souls found Jesus able to save from all sin.

Early Spring time found us going south again, stopping a short time in Kentucky, then on to Ashville, N. C., to engage in tent meetings, seeing scores of souls weeping their way to Calvary to find the Prince of Peace fully able to save and sanctify, and from Ashville across to Greensboro to the closing services of a school that had been started by some of the Brethren in the Lord and closed with great showers of blessings. The dear Lord so led that we visited various communities and found many precious friends in Divine Grace before our returning trip north to Cincinnati Camp. The scenes of Camp Meetings in those days have never been forgotten.

I well remember when a school-teacher from Indiana tarried till midnight and the dear Lord answered his heart cry for the purifying, filling power of Perfect Love Divine and, when he took up his school work the next Fall for the eighth year, the Spirit of the Lord in conviction, before many days, came so upon the School in connection with the Bible reading and prayer that it was turned into a Revival Altar service. Every scholar of that School, in that beautiful farming community, claimed to be saved as the result of the teacher being filled with the Spirit and letting the Spirit of the Lord have right-of-way in his heart and in the School. Grand and glorious would be the results in many communities if the Lord could only have His way in the hearts and lives of teachers, parents and other leading characters.

The Lord opened the way for me to be in a meeting in a northwestern state where the good sister had never had a Preacher in the home to eat a meal but had expressed a desire to do so, so the husband planned to go to visit his brother on the Sabbath and told his wife she could have the evangelist there for dinner. The plans all being completed with the lady, the pastor and her husband and presented to me, I, of course, just consented, as usual, not giving it any prayerful thought; but the eyes of Him that is able to show Himself strong, were running to and fro in the earth, and in my Sabbath morning private devotion He gently guided me to ask the sister to please excuse me from taking dinner with her as I feared I should displease the Lord if I went there for dinner that day. She, being a Christian, kindly excused me saying, "I would not want you to grieve the Lord." So the good sister went home without her coveted company that she had so kindly cooked for.

The hired man informed the good sister in a few days that her husband did not go to visit his brother but came back to the house after she was gone, loaded the shotgun and swore he would shoot the first preacher that came on the farm, and that he was lying hid out, waiting for the preacher that did not come but who was invited and who went to another home where the children

had all come home that day to eat turkey dinner with the parents. There he was, eating turkey, reading the Bible and praying with the people while the poor man, guilty of murder in his heart, was lying out watching for a chance to shoot a preacher. Surely "the way of the transgressor is hard." I was told that this poor man was so far gone in his sin that he took his beautiful little daughter on his knee and taught her to swear and how to curse her mamma when she told her to do something, and that he tied his wife with a rope to keep her from going to church.

But the Lord had some more plowing He wanted this farmer boy to do with the Gospel Plow so He fed me on turkey while the poor man, in his heart, was shooting me. Oh, what great Love, Wisdom and Care He has for His own.

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## 06 -- LIFE'S VISIONS AND DREAMS

Acts 2:17 -- More than forty years ago, God so loved that He gave me a vision of my sinful state and also a vision of something better in the state of Grace than I could have in my sinful state. Yes, I know He has a vision for the young and the vision that He has for us is a vision worth while indeed. And not one moment of sorrow has ever been mine because of following the vision He gave me. The vision led to Peace with God and purity of Heart by faith in the Precious Blood and away from plowing the farm land to using the Blessed Gospel Plow. It has power to plow every soul out of the miry clay that wants freedom from sin. What a golden opportunity is at hand when the young have a vision of the sweet Will of God the Father, and I believe that every follower of the vision will be led to happy dreams later in life.

It may be that I am now bordering on an old man's dream-land, as the Spirit that is poured out upon all flesh so sweetly leads me to meditate in night seasons and also in the day upon the past scenes, of the fulfillment of these prophecies, when such persons as John Henry Douglas, David Updegraff, Seth C. Rees, Amos Kenworthy, Esther Frame, Hulda Rees, Rebecca Tolbert, Martha Ann Gilbert, and others of the Society of Friends, were blowing the Gospel trumpet in Friends meetings. And among the U. B. Churches, I heard Amos Hanway, John Craner, Grandfather Butler, Felix Demundrum and John Seelig, along with many of their fellow laborers in that church, ringing out the Gospel Message by the Spirit's power in the vision of Grace Divine, given to them to use in their denomination; and I also beheld the mercy of God manifested to the M. E. people, when such persons as Brother Godbey, Brother Tabler, Brother Cornell, Sister Story and Bro. M. W. Knapp, along with many others of that body of people, walked in the light of the God-given vision and enjoyed the outpouring of the Spirit in the Pentecostal manner upon them.

My most intimate fellowship with these was with Brothers Godbey and Knapp as the Lord led me to be in the first Camp Meeting they, with others, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, and at the opening of the Bible School when Brother Seth Rees did the preaching and I had been enjoying the Justified Life for near four years. With the vision the Lord gave me of His will, I entered the School to be closely united with Brother Knapp in Spiritual Light, Life and fellowship for months. I had also been reading the warm messages from his pen for a few years and, at the School, I had the Blood-bought privilege of hearing the Gospel hot from the tongue of Brother Knapp.

Without apology or any place for sin of any kind in humanity, many were the special anointings of the Spirit and the glorious refreshings from the Lord. In that School is where I saw my need of the Second Work of Grace Divine, that is, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire as it is taught in the Bible and was so clearly set before us day after day by the teaching of Brother Knapp. He was a firm believer in the Fiery Baptism.

It was in the vision given to Brother Knapp by the Lord that he, with others, started the Apostolic Holiness Union in which I was first recorded as a minister of this Glorious Gospel, so far as earthly record books were seen. This was an interdenominational Union.

In those early years of the Bible School, a Pentecostal out-pouring of the Spirit was a common occurrence and flinging of false accusations at Brother Knapp was very common also in those days and years of glorious out-pourings of the Spirit. Oh! how young men got the vision of better things in store for them in Grace Divine and went forth with zeal and glorious Blood-bought victory to bless the world; and they have not all passed away. Many of us well remember, in our own wide-awake dreams, the line of preaching and teaching that was used back there to invite the Divine smiles so freely to fall upon the people.

The favor and smiles of the Lord were not invited by jazzy songs nor flattering speeches made by those bedecked with jewelry, ears with buttons on or bobbed haired persons with abbreviated clothing. Such offensive things as these were not on the platform. In my wide-awake dreams of those days, I do not find a single remembrance of a person in prominent position propping their heels up high from the floor and throwing the head back with an air of carnal importance. No, No, No. Carnal gusto was made to feel that this was not the place to show off before this God-fearing people.

Should I be blessed of the Lord to live to be old, I trust I will, by His grace, be a real, Pentecostal, wide-awake dreamer with delighted memories of the happy days of young men's vision in the out-poured Spirit that causes humanity to be single-hearted, single-minded and single-eyed for the Glory of the Lord while walking right in this world. Blessed be His Holy Name who called and said, "Come Unto Me," and also said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Oh! Glory! I feel like shouting when I think of what He has done for unworthy me. God, in ages past, has been able to find men who accept His will for them, and led them out by His Grace and Wisdom. They went with Him ahead of the common flock of lambs and so far away from the leadership of goats in sheep's clothing that they have been misrepresented, falsely accused and abused by those who had not gone far enough with the true light of the world to get the vision and joyfully take the way with Him to "tarry until" as the Disciples did, Luke 24:52; but God still proves Himself true to every soul that is true to the Heavenly Vision, even unto the death of the "Old Man" of sin.

A summary of the vision the Lord has enabled us to enjoy in the past is material for fine and helpful day-dreaming in the present, and we still enjoy something new and fresh from His hand, Blessed be His Holy Name forever and forever.

His ways are always best,  
And in Him my soul doth rest,  
His great love is sweet today  
And He fires my soul on the way.

Many of those young people who got the vision of their privilege of deliverance from the "Old Man" and had his funeral on the Bible School Hill, have gone to their future home and their funerals have been conducted in different states, while some of us are left to record history of what the visions were.

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THE END