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**NO SACRIFICE, NO LIFE**  
**By William Edward (W. E.) Carlton**

Compiled by Duane V. Maxey  
Containing An Article By W. E. Carlton,  
Material Concerning His Homegoing,  
The Homegoing of His Wife,  
And Tributes To Them

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**INTRODUCTION**

Had it not been for W. E. Carlton, it is possible that I would never have pastored in The Bible Missionary Church. In the Fall of 1959, I had felt led of the Lord to enroll in Bible Missionary Institute in Rock Island, Illinois. I worked my way through school, working night shifts that made it necessary for me to go to bed in the wee hours of the morning (anywhere from about 1:30 a.m. to 2:30 a.m.), only to be awakened at around 5:30 a.m. to 6:00 a. m. for morning devotions breakfast and then classes until about 11:00 a.m.

It meant routines that left me "sleep-deprived" for days and days, but God had sent me there, and during my first year at BMI the Lord made it clear to me that I was called to preach. Thus, as I worked my way through school, I also felt that I should enter into the ministry of the Bible Missionary Church -- Why else would he have had me attend BMI? if he did not want me to minister in the Bible Missionary Church. Still, at the Iowa-Illinois Conference in the Spring of 1962 following my graduation, I did not receive my District License as I had hoped, and the door seemed closed to me for a pastorate in the BMC. Had all of my hard work to attend and graduate from BMI been for nought? Surely God would open the door for me somehow, somewhere in the BMC, I thought, but when, and how, I knew not.

Enter, W. E. Carlton -- who gave me my first pastorate in the BMC. In a fatherly way, he gave me some good counsel, which I followed, regarding a matter that had hindered me from receiving my District License at the Iowa-Illinois Conference. He advised me to meet him at a

certain date in a certain place, and that there he would give me a District License and place me somewhere on his District in a church.

Immediately, I felt that this was of God. As planned, I met him and his wife at Kirksville, Missouri on the stated date. After we had supper together, a meeting was held that night at the church, while I remained at the home of my hosts. During the church meeting I was voted in and thus my first pastorate in the BMC was at Kirksville, Missouri -- not only because I felt that it was the will of God, but also because a kind and wise District Moderator, W. E. Carlton, took me under his wing, counseled me, trusted me, and gave me the opportunity to pastor in the BMC.

He was not one to lay down a lot of "do's" and "don'ts" but I do remember one thing he advised me as a young 25-year-old preacher to do: -- viz., wear a hat! So, either before, or not long after, he and his wife left, I bought myself a business-man's hat and began to wear it on my pastoral calls and while canvassing from door to door. I had never been one to wear such an hat, but it seemed like a small accommodation to make in return for such a large favor by the fatherly man who gave me my first BMC Church and my first District License.

W. E. Carlton was a man on fire for God, a man sanctified wholly and filled with the Holy Ghost. His was a rugged-gospel of radical repentance, real salvation, and a second, definite work of "know-so" sanctification, but -- he preached entire sanctification "by faith". He said, "If it's by faith, then why not NOW!" Yes, he taught that the conditions must first be met, but that those conditions could be met "NOW".

This had been his experience in obtaining the mighty Baptism of the Holy Ghost, this is what he preached -- yea, what he preached with fire and preached successfully so as to lead numbers of others into the experience -- and this emphasis in his urging people into the second rest placed him somewhat at odds with those who advocated a dying out process stretched out over days, weeks, months, and even years -- like a dog suffering the repeated agonies of having his tail cut off an inch at a time, instead of having it severed totally and instantaneously with one swift stroke! He believed in death to self, but not in an endless "route" that turned some into life-long seekers who perpetually doubted they were "dead enough" to believe God for the cleansing of their heart.

His was a successful holiness ministry long before there was a Bible Missionary Church, and his was a huge contribution to the establishment of the BMC in the state of Missouri. Finally, however, he, like "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep," (Acts 13:36 ) but also, like David, he will be among the dead in Christ to rise first when the Last Trump sounds, and numbers will rise up and call W. E. Carlton blessed "in That Day"!

The following compilation contains: FIRST an article by W. E. Carlton entitled "No Sacrifice, No Life"; SECOND material from the December, 1978 Missionary Revivalist about his Homegoing along with Tributes to him; and THIRD material from the February, 1987 Missionary Revivalist about the Homegoing of his wife, Sylvia Ruth (Cain) Carlton.

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## CARLTON PICTURES WITH THIS PUBLICATION

To view a picture of W. E. Carlton, open Graphics\hdm1839a.jpg, and to view a picture of his wife, Sylvia Ruth (Cain) Carlton, open Graphics\hdm1838b.jpg -- both contained in the Graphics folder of this CD.

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### NO SACRIFICE, NO LIFE

By William Edward (W. E.) Carlton

"He saved others, himself he cannot save." Matt. 27:42

The sun had arisen in all its glory, but never before had it shone upon such a scene; and ere it long had shone, veiled its face in deep mourning. The smoke from the great altar, where the morning sacrifice was being offered, hung like a mighty pall over the city of Jerusalem, and lost itself in the mid-day darkness, as nature drew a veil over the ignominious sufferings of the Son of God, as He made the supreme sacrifice, that others might live.

The words of our text were spoken in derision, as the seething multitude milled about the foot of the cross, and looked upon the seeming helplessness of the Savior. They knew He had lived His life for others. They had seen Him raise the dead, heal the leper, feed the hungry multitudes, and save the lost. But now death has Him in its grip, and He seems unable to save himself. They cried in taunting words: He saved others, Himself he cannot save. No truer words were ever spoken. Though he was born of a Virgin, lived a sinless life, healed all manner of diseases, though He is the greatest of all teachers, though He did more good works than any one had ever done before Him or since, if he had stopped short of the cross all the world would have been lost. For nothing less than the death of the incarnate God, could satisfy divine justice, bridge the chasm between God and man, and make reconciliation for my sins. For had he not said "For this purpose came I into the world?" For without the shedding of blood there is no remission. He died my life for me that I might live His life for Him. Again we hear Him say "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." We might say the same about the acorn, the grain of corn, the flowers that bloom, fade and die. The old life must be given up, the beauty of the flower must fade, that the little oak might have life, the corn yield its fruit, the new flower reveal its beauty and laden the air with its sweet aroma.

And as we enter the physical realm we find the law of sacrifice the same--no sacrifice, no life. Life for life. We see the blush of the bride, in a few short years, begin to be transferred to the rosy cheeks of her fair-haired daughter. First the travail, as a new life is made possible, then the cares, the sleepless nights, as she fights against the enemy of disease, that seeks to rob her of her treasure. Years pass, her form is no longer erect, her step quick. Her face loses its color of the rose, while her beautiful locks of brown become penciled with silver. But no murmur escapes her lips of the sacrifice she may have to make, for her happiness is complete. She knows her work will soon be over, her race run, and she will sleep beneath the sod. But, is her life lost? No, just transferred.

Our national life is built upon the sacrifice of our fathers. Our freedom to worship God upon the sacrifice of a band of exiles who moored their bark on a wild New England shore. We hail Old Glory as it passes by, and cry "hats off." But was not our national liberty born of the sacrifice and sufferings of Valley Forge, where our fathers left their bloody foot prints upon the snow?

Someone has said, "The man who tries to serve without sacrifice doesn't serve." He who seeks to promote the kingdom of Christ must be willing to walk in the steps of Him who had no place to lay his head. The blood of martyrs has proven to be the seed of the church. No cross, no crown. No soul travail, no children born into the kingdom. Jesus said he who loses his life shall save it. The life that is given in sacrificial service, the unselfish life, lost in service for the Savior, will be lived again in the lives of saved men and women, and in the making of happy homes, and will be found by the angels when Jesus sends them forth to gather up His jewels, when the perishable things of earth have ceased to be of any value.

But what do we mean by sacrifice? Is paying the Lord the tithe, sacrifice? No, we are only paying an honest obligation when we pay the tithe. If we do not tithe we are using money that does not belong to us, and according to Malachi 3:8 are robbing God. We haven't given anything until we give more than the tithe. Is it to give out of abundance, and then live in luxury, while the church becomes a beggar and recipient of charity seeking to meet her obligations by rag sales, oyster stews, etc.? Millions of souls for whom Christ died are tramping their way toward the great judgment, who haven't the privilege of the sweet story of salvation, all because many who profess to love Him, love themselves so much, that they refuse to make any sacrifice to support the cause for which He gave His all.

Shall we not heed the voice of Him, who said, "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor, come take up thy cross and follow me." And again, in Mark 8:34, 37, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me, for whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's the same shall save it.

The alcoholic addict will sacrifice manhood, his character, his body and soul. Will take bread out of his little children's mouths, shoes off their feet, and the clothes off their backs; and offer them in sacrifice to the God of Rum. Devotees of the underworld, will sacrifice their bodies and their eternal welfare on the altar of Lust. People of Nations will sell their jewelry, do without meat and bread, while millions of its youth go forth to commit murder and sacrifice themselves at the altar of the God of War. Shall we not as followers of the Lamb of God, who have been entrusted with the cure for all the ails of mankind, and with a solution to their eternal happiness, rise up and present ourselves, our all, into the hands of Jesus, that the millions of earth who are lost might hear the word of life and live?

Near the cross, Oh Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me.  
Help me live from day to day,  
With its shadows o'er me.

In the cross; In the cross,  
Be my glory ever.  
Till this raptured soul shall find  
Rest, beyond the river.

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REV. W. E. CARLTON CALLED HOME

From the December, 1978 Missionary Revivalist

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The great host of relatives and friends who gathered at the Phillips Funeral Home in Eldon, Missouri, on September 30 showed their high esteem and respect for Rev. W. E. Carlton. He has victoriously entered the Celestial City and is deeply missed by his family and friends.

Rev. Dwight Stevenson of Jasper, Alabama, who at age 19 was saved under Bro. Carlton's revival ministry, brought the funeral message. His message, "A Christ Centered Life," was based on Philippians 1:21, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Bro. Carlton's grandson, Rev: Steven Hunt and wife Yvonne of Lawton, Oklahoma, sang, accompanied by Bro. Carlton's granddaughter, Mrs. Bill (Marsha) Carpenter of Duncan, Oklahoma. The songs sung were: "Face to Face," "Amazing Grace," and "The Lights of Home."

Rev. Oscar Loftin, Moderator of the Missouri-Kansas District, read the obituary and a tribute from Rev. Elbert Dodd, General Moderator. Rev. Noble Hunt of Ft. Smith, Arkansas, presented a tribute and also read tributes from Rev. J. E. Cook, General Moderator; Mrs. W. E. Carlton; a granddaughter, Brenda Watt; a daughter, Reta Gouker; and Rev. Foy Bullock, Southwest District Moderator.

Nearly 60 floral tributes were sent to the service from all parts of the nation. This was a testimony to the esteem and respect his many friends had for Bro. Carlton. Pall bearers, all brother ministers, were Rev. Emory Hemphill, Rev. Steve Burke, Rev. Roy Seagroves, Rev. Boyd Eoff, Rev. Gene Cain and Rev. Jesse Garlock. Interment was in the Eldon Cemetery to await the Last Trumpet and the resurrection of the righteous.

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## OBITUARY

Rev. William Edward Carlton of Kirksville, Mo., passed away Thursday, September 28, 1978. He was born in Reynolds County, Mo., on December 1, 1902, the son of the late Sherman and DeLora Carlton, the eldest of seven children. A sister, Gladys Mathews, and a brother, Claude Carlton, and a baby brother all preceded him in death.

In 1922 he was married to Ola Thelma Black of Oates, Mo., and three daughters graced this home. His first wife passed away in their first pastorate. He was married to Sylvia Ruth Cain in 1931 and two daughters were born to them.

Bro. Carlton heard the call of the Spirit at the age of sixteen. After a brief lapse in his experience he was reclaimed, sanctified, received a call preach, and has spent his entire life in the Holiness Ministry. He was a strong and able preacher of the Word. He was a devoted husband and father, and a brother beloved to his fellow ministers, being highly esteemed by all who knew him.

His survivors are: his wife and devoted companion of 47 years; 5 daughters, Mrs. Robert (Reta) Gouker of Council Bluffs, Iowa, Mrs. Gordon (Reva) Berg of Kirksville, Mrs. Noble (Wanda) Hunt of Ft. Smith, Ark. Mrs. Earl (Esther) Marsh of Delta, Colo., Mrs. Jo Ann Dobbins of Kirksville, 25 grandchildren, 19 great-grandchildren. One brother, Floyd Carlton of Potosi, Mo., two sisters, Mrs. Henry (Nola) Stroud of Annapolis, Mo., Mrs. Maurice (Geneva) McLeod of Potosi, Mo., and a host of other relatives and friends.

Bro. Carlton was faithful to the end, and was within an hour of going to minister to his little flock, when the death angel knocked, and the pearly gates began to swing ajar. After a few hours and a fierce struggle with "the last enemy" and as the day was about to break his spirit took its flight. His last testimony was to his youngest daughter, "Honey, I am going to heaven, meet me there."

"Servant of God, well done,  
Thy glorious warfare's past,  
Lay thy armour down  
And win the crown at last."

When I received word that Bro. Carlton had been called home, it was a "SHOCK" to me.

Bro. Carlton's home going is a great loss to the cause of Holiness and to the Bible Missionary Church, his family, a host of friends, and other Holiness bodies. I have known dear Brother Carlton for more than forty years, preached with him in seven camp meetings and many conferences. I never knew a man that showed a sweeter spirit and was one of the easiest preachers I have ever worked with in camp meetings.

He was one of the great Holiness preachers of his day and was faithful to the end. We expect to meet him just inside the Eastern gate. "The memory of the just is blessed." Prov. 10:7 -- Elbert Dodd, General Moderator of the Bible Missionary Church

Even though Bro. W. E. Carlton's years on earth exceeded his three score and ten, he lost the physical battle he so nobly waged, but won the good fight of faith. He has received the crown of eternal life that was reserved for him. He truly fought a good fight, and finished his course, and kept the faith.

If his reward will be according to the deeds done in the body, his will be a rich one indeed. For over half a century he has been a faithful preacher of the Word. He is widely known as

a Bible Holiness preacher, patterning his message after his Master's. The cleansing of the heart from all sin, and the infilling of the Holy Ghost in Love; and he was an example of the message he declared.

His passing is a great loss to the Bible Missionary Church, of which he was a member, and an Elder from its earliest days. He served the church as an evangelist, District Moderator, and Pastor. He sacrificed much for the work, even to cashing in his life insurance to save a church property. May his life and ministry live among us till Jesus comes. May his mantle fall on someone who will carry on the work he so dearly loved.

Our prayers and compassion are extended to Sister Carlton and all the loved ones, and the family of this good, humble servant of God. -- J. E. Cook, General Moderator of the Bible Missionary Church

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BROTHER O. E. LOFTIN WRITES:

The news this day is sad news! A dark-ribboned wreath hangs on the door of our hearts as we consider the vacant seat at the District gatherings. The home-going of Bro. W. E. Carlton was a shock and a great loss to all who knew him. The wise Proverb writer recorded in his book, chapter ten and the first phrase of verse seven: "The memory of the just is blessed." All we have of Bro. Carlton is a memory now, but that memory is so blessed. We will not fully realize the blessedness of it till we rest with him at Jesus' feet. To those who were converted under his ministry, that memory will be most blessed. There are some things about Bro. Carlton that we remember him by. One of these was his total and complete and unwavering devotion to the cause of Christ. Another was his burden for souls. We remember with thanksgiving his distinguished holiness ministry. He was known everywhere for his defense and promotion of the "gospel of holiness." His memory now becomes a ministry to those who were beneficiaries of his selfless, untiring labors for Christ and souls. Those memories and influence will live on in the hearts of people until Jesus comes and takes us to be with him. May God bless his memory in all our hearts. We pray God will wipe away the tears of Sister Carlton and the family who loved him so much. Our loss is Heaven's gain.

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I'll never be able to write in words how I feel and how deep my love is for you. Since your passing, I have felt a loneliness so deep, I feel that it is unbearable. But Grandpa, I made you a promise that I will carry on till death takes me. I will take over the cross that you carried. I'll win souls for you, Papaw, and each one will be a gift from me to you. I'll forever cherish your memory. It's the only way now that I can say this, "I love you."

Your granddaughter, Brenda

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There is possibly no way for his children, grandchildren, and me to fully comprehend the loss we feel today. He left us no silver and gold, but has left us the true riches -- and we are rich indeed. His godly life and holy influence will live forever. The late Dr. W. M. Tidwell once said: "Bro. Carlton is the greatest Holiness preacher the church has." -- His wife, Sylvia

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I cannot fully express what I feel in my heart today. My dear Daddy who lies in state here today was my ideal of true Holiness. He preached Holiness; it was the greatest theme in his ministry. What was so wonderful is that not only did he preach this great doctrine, but he lived it. Neither my family nor I could find a spot or blemish on his holy life. We will miss you, dearest Dad, but we will remember how you so ably preached on David's admonition to Solomon, "Know Thou The God of Thy Fathers." May we too follow in the path of true Righteousness and Holiness.

Your daughter, Reta Gouker

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The strong ministry of Holiness and a life of deep piety were the distinguishing characteristics of Bro. Carlton. We feel a deep sense of loss in his home going but know that he is among the church triumphant. We are praying that God will comfort Sister Carlton and the family just now, and in the days ahead. -- Foy Bullock, Moderator Southwest District

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I bring tribute to the life of W. E. Carlton. To me he was 'Dad'; to each of you he bore many other relationships. Transcending and encompassing all these he was most of all a Christian -- a holy person.

Dad's personal life completely centered around Christ and His cause. He was genuinely concerned about people and their needs, especially their spiritual needs. He was devoted to his family: his wife, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, brothers and sisters.

All of his strength and ability were consecrated to Christ and His cause. The salvation of souls, the building and progress of the church was his very life. Dad's evangelistic work took him from coast to coast and from the Gulf to the Canadian border. Thousands of souls found the Lord as Savior and Sanctifier in these revivals; many have gone ahead of him to the Glory Land and others are still faithful to the cause. The people of Missouri were closest to his heart and today his body will be laid to rest in the town of his first pastorate, Eldon, Missouri.

A number of years ago when he and I were laboring together in pioneering a new work in this area he said, "Son, as long as I have \$10, \$5 of it is yours." This was typical of his unselfishness with regard to everyone. Dad told us many times, "Nothing can permanently hurt you as long as you take the right attitude toward it." He was hurt deeply many times but never sought to retaliate and God repeatedly vindicated him. His theme was Heart Holiness and its essence being Divine Love.



Dad was jealous for the furtherance of the cause of Christ. His desire was to "stay in the harness" until the end and "fall in the battle." This he achieved by preaching two messages his last Sunday on "I Have Wholly Followed The Lord" and "The Kingdom Of God Is Righteousness, Peace, And Joy In The Holy Ghost." He had prepared through the day before his death for a prayer-meeting message, but fell in the battle before the service.

Dad's example of a holy life, the preaching of the Bible experience of heart holiness, and his faithfulness to the final call shine forth as a mighty challenge to us all until we join him on the other side.

His son-in-law, Noble V. Hunt

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### OBITUARY OF MRS. SYLVIA RUTH CARLTON

From the February, 1987 Missionary Revivalist

Sylvia Ruth Carlton passed away to be with Jesus, November 25th, 1986, after a bravely fought battle with cancer. She was born March 9, 1909 in Guthrie, Missouri, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow Cain. She was the second of seven children, two infants preceding her in death. In 1931 she married Rev. W. E. Carlton, who was the pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in Eldon, Missouri. He was a widower with three young children. She was a devoted wife and mother to her step-children and to her own two daughters whom God gave to her and Brother Carlton.

Sylvia felt conviction in her young heart at the age of ten years and gave her heart to Jesus. She joined the Church of the Nazarene in Eldon when she was eleven years of age and never wavered in her relationship to her Lord, whom she loved so much. She stood by her husband and pastor, and esteemed him so highly. She sang beautifully in her younger days and often sang for church services. She was a loyal member of the Church of the Nazarene and the Bible Missionary Church. Her church and family were her life. God bless her memory,

Her survivors are five daughters--Rita Gouker of Council Bluffs, Iowa, Reva Berg of Kirksville, Missouri, Wanda Hunt of Duncan, Oklahoma, Esther Marsh of Delta, Colorado, and JoAnn Ralston of Kirksville, Missouri; two brothers--Herbert and Gene Cain of Eldon, Missouri; three sisters--Minnie Mace and Mable Hobbs of Eldon and Bertha Anderson of Holton, Kansas; 24 grandchildren; 43 great-grandchildren and a host of friends and relatives who loved her so much. She was preceded in death by her husband, the late Rev. W. E. Carlton.

The verses of this song were found in her Bible at the hospital during her last days. These verses are appropriate for a closing testimony of her life:

A Golden Tomorrow

As I rest at the close of a long weary day  
And I think of the trials that have passed o'er my way  
It seems I can hear a small voice say  
There's a golden tomorrow just over the way.

There's a golden tomorrow just waiting for me,  
Where in peace I shall rest with the happy and free.  
Oh there'll be no more sorrow or heartache for me  
In the golden tomorrow, how happy I'll be.

In that golden tomorrow what a joy we will share,  
As we dwell in that beautiful city four-square.  
Oh what rapture I'll find as I wander up there  
And I'll gaze on the face of my Saviour so fair.

Oh I hardly can wait till I reach that fair shore,  
Where I'll see all the loved ones who have gone on before.  
And we'll sing all the beautiful anthems of yore,  
In that golden tomorrow we'll part never more.

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#### FUNERAL SERVICE

A beautiful memorial service was conducted for Sis. Carlton on November 28, 1986, in Eldon, Missouri at Phillips Funeral Home. Rev. Noble Hunt, son-in-law to Sis. Carlton, preached the message, assisted by Rev. Gene Cain, her brother, and Bro. Jesse Garlock, her pastor. Rev. Steve Hunt, grandson to Sis. Carlton, sang "Blessed Assurance," "O Come Angel Band," and "Beyond the Sunset," accompanied by Marsha Carpenter, her granddaughter. The Lord's presence was so sweet and real as Bro. Hunt emphasized the fact that Sis. Carlton has now gained her inheritance. We anticipate meeting her again just inside the Eastern Gate.

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#### TRIBUTE TO OUR MOTHER

We watched a saint of God die and she was our mother. Six weeks she spent suffering, praying, singing, and talking. Her time was not long from the time that she learned that she had terminal cancer. Her suffering was intense, but her submission to God's will made an impression on us that we will remember. She wanted to live, but wanted God's will more. We sang together and prayed together. We talked of heaven, of Jesus and loved ones gone before. Mother, we loved you. You were a beautiful woman, you never lost that beauty. Your devotion to your family was great. You stood by your preacher husband, Rev. W. E. Carlton, sacrificing for God's cause. Your reward will be great in Heaven. We will miss you, but we'll meet you beyond the Pearly Gates.

Your loving daughters,  
Rita Gouker, Reva Berg, Wanda Hunt,  
Esther Marsh, and JoAnn Ralston

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THE END