

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication  
Copyright 1993--2002 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and  
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with  
the restrictions stated in the B4UCopy.txt file on this CD.

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW THEY ENTERED CANAAN  
(A Collection of Holiness Experience Accounts)  
Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

### **HIRAM F. REYNOLDS (Nazarene)**

"Would you accept an appointment as presiding elder?" asked Rev. Traux, who had been sent to approach Hiram Reynolds with a tempting offer to keep him in the folds of Methodism.

Hiram for years had been a Methodist pastor, whose voice thundered against sin and proclaimed the doctrine of holiness. In every pastorate he flamed the embers of dying love into revival fires. He heralded Wesley's doctrine of the second work of grace. And now after many successful pastorates and campmeetings in his New England Conference, Hiram had heard the Voice, which so many years he faithfully followed.

"Go out," whispered the Voice, "into holiness evangelism."

"Become presiding elder," clamored the conference and the bishop.

"Give me a few hours," requested the little preacher. After prayer back came the preacher to the appointing committee with his report.

"My wife and I feel," he began, challenged by this new work of faith, "that it would not be pleasing to God for me to change my mind so suddenly after being convicted for months that I should become a holiness evangelist. Neither you nor the cabinet would be convinced that my convictions were genuine if I should change my mind because of the very honorable position offered me."

And out under the stars of holiness evangelism, Hiram, the preacher, walked with faith in God.

Whence came this man? Let us walk his path with him and see.

Out of His Past

It was a dark night, that May 12, 1854. The wolves howled on the Illinois prairie, and the sheepherder had little sleep. Between runs Father Reynolds, the herder, came back to the family hut asking, "Born yet?" This trip he was greeted with a lusty howl, not of wolves, but of husky little Hiram, the newborn son.

Way up near Lake Michigan, just below Chicago, little Hiram took his place in the sheepherder's family; to care for the sheep when he grew older, to race to the little red schoolhouse for "readin', ritin', and 'rithmetic." When the father died, Hiram was farmed out, and Mother Reynolds returned to her native New England.

In the weaving of providence through his life, Hiram packed his belongings and hied [hurried] himself to his mother's home. Here God spoke through a neighboring lady and Hiram became a new creature in Jesus. Old things had passed away, and when the lad began a popular song, the Voice, which was to be with him throughout life, said, "Young man!"

"Yes, Lord?"

"You have been converted -- you are a Christian now. Don't sing those songs."

From then on Hiram's song was one of redeeming love, a melody bursting from heaven's choir.

The Preacher

"You must preach!" challenged the Voice. And into the ministry this Voice-bidden young man went. When he told the farmer for whom he worked, replied the farmer, "Go and God go with you."

After a season of training at the Montpelier Methodist Seminary, in Vermont, he joined the Methodist Conference when twenty-five years of age. He filled several important pastorates with such spiritual diligence and physical zeal that each conference found him climbing the ecclesiastical ladder a little higher.

Then came in 1880 a holiness campmeeting in which Hiram was sanctified. From that moment onward his watchword was "Holiness unto the Lord."

Source: "Twelve Early Nazarene Leaders" by Basil Miller

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END