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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

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

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THE END