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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HAYNES (Methodist -- Nazarene)

"They are not for sale." The scene was the parlor of the Haynes Plantation, near Franklin, Tennessee.

Time -- the Civil War. The speaker -- young B. F.'s father. Subject of the sale -- slaves.

Young B. F. Haynes had won his first argument. From that day on until he stepped out under the stars in 1911, his life was one round of protest.

It was like this: B. F. had been born on the same plantation in 1851 (a fact he passes over in his autobiography as inconsequential in the great battle of his life). He had been nursed by old Nancy, the black mother, who in his childhood had crooned the slaves' freedom songs in his ears. He grew up an abolitionist, and though his father and his grandfather owned slaves, he was bitterly opposed to traffic in human flesh.

When the auctioneer came to buy the slaves, his father was ready to turn them into cash, rather than lose cash and the slaves both from the war. B. F.'s heart was grief-filled as the time came near. Old Nancy stepped up and said, "Good master! we love you, please don't sell us to strangers."

The room rang with the words, "They are not for sale!"

Leveled Batteries

B. F. had learned his lesson -- a lesson indelibly charred into the fabric of his soul. You get what you fight for! And he became a warrior. He always ventured. Beginning when very young, he and a relative bought "The Williams Journal" as a scene for his literary battles. "The devil blessed the venture," was his appraisal of the work, for it prospered beyond all bounds. Earlier he had been converted at the Franklin Methodist Church, and had walked its aisles in seeking membership.

Then came E. M. Bounds, author of Preacher and Prayer, as the pastor, and God began to speak to B. F. about being a preacher. When God won the battle the young journalist, then wanting to be a lawyer, entered Emory College to train for the ministry.

Six months were all he could stand of the preacher-making school, so he went back to journalism. By 1873, when the devil again prospered his journalistic ventures, God dragged the journalist's soul over the brink of doom, and showed him what would result if he preached not the gospel.

That year he joined the Tennessee Conference (Methodist Church), with but three texts and no sermons. He memorized a sermon for his first charge, and when delivery time came, the springs of his mind were dried up, and all the reverend could say was, "We receive the benediction!"

But there were brains in that head, and for the next fourteen years, the young minister climbed from obscurity to a Nashville pastorate with 1,350 members and a four thousand dollar salary!

In 1887, while at this McKendree pastorate, opposition grew to the straight preaching of the minister, and said he, "I leveled my batteries." He managed to stay another year through the kindness of the bishop.

A Salary Drop

It was those leveled batteries that got him in trouble. He was too brilliant to be rough-handled by bishops or lay leaders. They did not know what to do with a man who would point his soul batteries in any direction. So they honored him with a twenty-five hundred dollar drop in salary, and made him presiding elder of the East Nashville District! Then came the battle!

The little barrage he laid down in McKendree looked like a child's popgun foray as compared to the Big Berthas he was to turn loose. It was like this:

One of his preachers ran for governor on the Prohibition ticket in wet Tennessee, and for two out of twelve months he campaigned. The bishop could not stomach it (I would name names but they are long forgotten), so they laid charges at the door of the nominee, and tried to oust him from the church.

The presiding elder took up the preacher's cause, and those batteries went into action. The presiding elder nominally won, but the bishop dropped his salary again!

And what a drop! This time he received a yearly allowance of \$350! In twelve months that salary scaled downward more than \$3,600. But the preacher went on, faithful to his charge.

The Stormy Careered Paper

A group of friends decided that Tennessee Methodism needed a paper, so Haynes' batteries might be leveled around the world. He had already published an article in the St. Louis Christian Advocate against the bishop's authority (and this for sure put him under the bishops' bans).

On May 30, 1891, appeared the first issue of the Tennessee Methodist, a paper destined to give the doctor an opportunity to display his brilliancy and power as a writer. "As it might be supposed," wrote Editor Haynes, "this paper had a stormy career."

It was first blessed by being adopted as the conference's official paper, and for four years things ran smoothly with the editor. But then one day on a trip East, the editor read Wesley's Plain Account, and Wood's Perfect Love, and consequently was sanctified.

Those Christian love editorials did not set too well with the less pious brethren, and to add to the tribulations a contributor played havoc with the ministerial lads who took Zion's work too pink-tea-ish. One, Sam Jones, a fire-brand who dared brave the lions in their dens, took up his pen and said on paper what he dared say from the pulpit!

Well, that was the exclamation point that broke the camel's back, and the paper was officially dropped. Editor Haynes bought out Preacher Jones' interest in said paper, and four years later, after a stormy career of nine years, the paper folded up, but in folding the editor's home was sold to pay its running deficit.

In 1898, Haynes brought out Sam Jones' Thunderbolts, on a subscription basis, and since he had no more homes to sell, he had to give up this not-too-successful venture. Then he hard-scrabbled it for three or four years (the bishops saw to this).

The President Retires

Along about 1902, while riding on a Nashville train, B. F. Haynes, at the lowest tide of his fortunes, read in the daily paper that the president of Martin College had retired. He stopped the train then and there, literally, and flagged a passing street car, and headed straight for Pulaski, where said college was located.

And before he came back he had bagged the position of Martin's president! He was on top again -- well, that is until the fire two years later burned the school out from under him.

Then another president resigned. This time at Asbury College: from 1905 to 1908 Dr. Haynes served as Asbury's president for three years, after which he resigned, because the official board wanted to put him on a salary and oversee the college finances. For a year or so, this man would not compromise with his conscience, took small charges, for he had exposed a publishing house deal, wherein the agent of the publishing house had received a large commission from war damages done to the plant, and no bishop would trust him. He was looked upon by bishops as a troublesome fellow (somewhat like Paul, centuries earlier).

Down in Texas, at Greenville, A. M. Hills was running a small-town college (called a university), the Texas Holiness University.

Out Under Texas Stars

They needed a man to head the department of theology, so Haynes was sent for in 1911. "I decided to give the remnant of my life to teaching in that institution," Dr. Haynes avows. So he and Methodism, with which he had walked for 38 years as a minister, parted company. And Dr. Haynes joined the insignificant (as called by its opponents) Church of the Nazarene.

Source: "Twelve Early Nazarene Leaders" by Basil Miller

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