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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

MARY SUTHERLAND (Methodist)

Mary Sutherland was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, September 8, 1823. In her eighth year she emigrated with her parents to Springfield, Ohio. Here, in April, 1840, under the ministry of Rev. Wm. Young, she was converted and baptized, and joined the old Columbia Street Church. August 28, 1845, she was united, by Rev. W. Herr, in marriage with Rev. Wm. H. Sutherland, now of the Cincinnati Conference. For more than twenty-five years she shared with him the toils, the trials, and the joys of the itineracy. She was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, a faithful friend. Truth, prudence, purity, and benevolence were predominant traits in her character. In all her life she never uttered an untruth. She avoided that outward adorning of putting on apparel, but chose rather the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Naturally timid, she shrunk from conspicuity; and few, even of her intimate friends, were fully aware of the gift of God which was in her until it was developed in the reception and influence of the blessing of perfect love. This "pearl of great price" she sought and obtained February 19, 1870, at the altar of prayer. Of this "great grace" she was ever a humble, prudent, and yet a courageous confessor. She never offensively obtruded the subject on any, and yet never "hid her light under a bushel." "A godly walk," "a holy conversation," a life abounding "in every good word and work," evinced to all the sincerity of her profession and the divinity of her religion.

Her fatal illness was fibroid tumor of the throat. Her sufferings, which at times were excruciating, were protracted for ten months. During these weary months she was uncomplaining, submissive, serene, and cheerful--willing to live, and yet ready, even desirous, "to depart and be with Christ," which she was assured would be "far better." She frequently exclaimed, "I never appreciated so highly as now this blessing of full salvation. What should I, what could I now do without the support and comfort of God's perfect love?" To the writer she often said, "I am waiting -- waiting for the rumbling of his chariot wheels."

To her husband and relatives it seemed deeply mysterious that one so innocent and so useful should be so great a sufferer. A single remark of hers was sufficient to solve the mystery. Her husband had been reading to her about those white-vestured ones before the throne, who came out of great tribulation, and "who had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the

Lamb," when she exclaimed, "I know what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb, yet I have had but little tribulation in my life; and I suppose I am now receiving my portion." Her triumph over death was complete and glorious. Among her dying declarations were these, "Jesus loves me!" "Jesus is precious!" "All is well!" I see my way clear to glory!" "Not a cloud, not a shadow!" Her last intelligible words, uttered while her features beamed with unearthly radiance, were, "Farewell! Farewell!"

Thus, on Monday morning, October 28, 1873, in the town of Ripley, Drown County, Ohio, passed away from earth to heaven our beloved sister, one of the purest, gentlest, and most unselfish of beings. Her husband, her children, and the large circle of her friends miss her -- oh, how sadly! But they sorrow in hope of a happy reunion in the better land.

Source: "Saintly Women And Death-Bed Triumphs" by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

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