

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1994 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

MARY FRAZIER GADDIS (Methodist)

Mary Frazier Gaddis, my beloved mother, departed this life October 10, 1889, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. She was of pious ancestry -- the only daughter of Mr. Andrew Frazier, of Ireland. From childhood she was recognized as a member of the Seceders, and placed under the pastoral care of Mr. Knox. At the age of ten she was convicted of sin, through the dying admonition of a devoted mother. But notwithstanding her connection with the church, she lived in its bosom a stranger to the "joy unspeakable," -- resting in a regular attendance upon outward ordinances, until long after her marriage and emigration to America. While listening to the prayer of her son John, in secret in her behalf, she was aroused to a sense of her danger. About twelve o'clock, the same night, she was powerfully converted; and notwithstanding her former deep-rooted prejudices against the Methodists, in a short period after her conversion she obtained a certificate from the Seceders, and united herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Mr. Samuel Fitch's, in Ohio. After her conversion she manifested a tender sensibility for the mental improvement, and a deep, pious solicitude for the spiritual welfare of all her children. The writer of this article attributes the first religious impression, which finally resulted in his conversion to God, to her fervent prayers in secret and at the family altar.

In family affliction and distressing bereavement she was singularly resigned, ever reminding us of the language of the psalmist, "I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." Seven or eight years previous to her death, in the absence of all the members of her family, on New Year's day, she was found alone, like Jacob, wrestling with the angel of the covenant, for the blessing of perfect love, or what she then was pleased to call it, "A New Year's gift from heaven." Like Jacob, she prevailed, and was filled "unutterably full of glory and of God." Such was her burning love and zeal that, "in age and feebleness extreme," she was always glad when it was said, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." She lived to witness the triumphant death of her husband, and the conversion of all her children. She lived to witness the answer of her prayers in regard to her youngest child, who, like Samuel, was given by her to the Lord, and his entrance to the itinerant ministry. She lived to hear her grandchildren arise up and call her blessed.

At the close of the last conference I returned with haste, again to meet a mother's smile and receive a mother's blessing. We met on Wednesday morning, but it was for the last time. She conversed cheerfully with me until a late hour of the night. After retiring she was taken very ill with fever. The next morning, although very feeble, she arose and joined us in family devotion. In answer to the inquiry I made before my departure, -- for I still fondly hoped "her sickness was not unto death," -- "Mother, is Jesus precious unto you now?" -- she replied, with a smile, "Oh, yes, my child, he is all my trust." Although I was deprived of the melancholy pleasure of witnessing the closing scene, yet I have assurances from a beloved sister, who watched over her dying pillow, that in all her lucid moments she could give -- while her strength lasted -- cheering testimony that death was only about to release her happy spirit, to mingle with the redeemed in the purer joys of immortality forever--

"To the house of our Father above.
The palace of angels and God."

A few days before I returned to this city, at twilight hour, I stood alone beside my mother's grave, and lowly kneeling, I renewed the solemn vow of my earlier youth, "that her people shall be my people, her God my God."

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

* * * * *

THE END