

John W. Goodwin

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John W. Goodwin

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By

A. E. Sanner, D.D.

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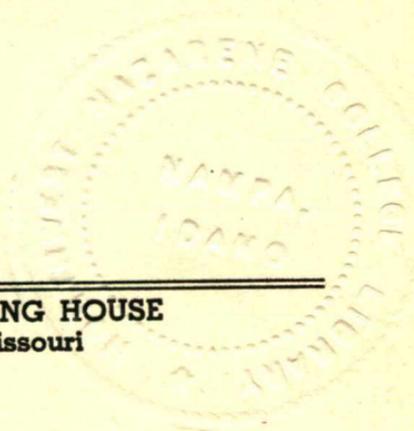


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CHAPTER ONE

PARENTAGE AND EARLY CHILDHOOD

Visualize a pioneer New England home in Maine, in a farming community of the early settlers. Note a small frame building sixteen by thirty feet on one acre of land, on a country road with the usual pine forest surrounding. Down the lane, one and a quarter miles, the small, country schoolhouse accommodated ten or a dozen pupils. A few miles in another direction stood the country village of Berwick. Here in this humble spot, typically early American, John Wesley Goodwin first saw the light of day on March 13, 1869.

This was first the home of his grandfather, who was one of the earliest settlers in the township of Berwick, Maine. The most important thing about the unfinished building was the great central chimney with its giant fireplace and brick oven. Those were the days when cooking had to be done at the fireplace and in the brick oven. Grandfather and Grandmother Goodwin lived in the one front room and kept hay in the back room. They fed hay to the cow from the back window. It was in this living room that the father of John Goodwin was born, March 31, 1844.

The line of Goodwins came from Daniel Goodwin of Kittery, who came to America before 1650 and had large land grants just across the river from

Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In the fifth generation from Daniel Goodwin, through William Goodwin, Daniel's third son (according to the history of the Goodwin family of Kittery), Elijah Goodwin settled in what was called Cranberry Meadow. He had a large family of boys, all of whom, it was stated, fought in the Revolutionary War. Among them was Adam Goodwin, who settled in the farming community known as Diamond Hill. John Wesley Goodwin's grandfather was the grandson of Adam Goodwin.

It was in this humble home, just two miles south of Diamond Hill, where Grandfather Goodwin lived and toiled, and his only child, William Henry Harrison Goodwin, who was to become father to John Wesley Goodwin, grew to manhood. More land was purchased, more field land prepared as the pine timber was cut. Land was purchased until there were about twenty acres in the home place and about twenty acres for pasture land. John's father, being the only child, reared his family of four boys and two girls in this little home at the corner of the Great Falls Road and Diamond Hill Road.

As the family grew in size, more room had to be provided. A small ell making two bedrooms was added and a small porch was made into a kitchen. The back room was made into another bedroom and a very steep stairway was built to reach the attic for other sleeping rooms. Here in this attic chamber, the children slept on rope beds, corn husks and feather beds. Both the fa-

ther and the grandfather were full of hospitality, so that at times there were as many as sixteen people, including guests, to sleep in these small quarters. At least they all stayed under cover.

Grandfather Goodwin was a strong man and toil seemed his delight. He was up at four o'clock in the morning preparing wood for market or doing the work of the farm. John learned at an early age to do the work on a pioneer farm. His father was a trained shoemaker and made shoes by hand. When the modern shoe factory came, the father chose to work in the factory. This took him away from home until young John was fourteen years of age. Hence in John's early boyhood, his grandfather was the man of the house whose word he must obey. They were constant companions and John loved and admired his grandfather for his high ideals and Christian integrity. It was said of him that his word was as good as a bond, signed and sealed. He was always buying a little more land which must be cleared, so that stump-pulling was always in order, more wood to be cut for market and more firewood for the fireplace and stoves. The boy marveled that his grandfather could endure such long hours. Often he would do a half day's work before starting with his load of wood for the market at 8 o'clock in the morning. John learned to milk cows when he was so young that he could not remember when he began. By hard work, his grandfather had been able to clear ten or twelve acres of land and thus had field land

for several cows, horses and sheep. He had plenty of field corn to be ground fine for meal for the home use. He always put away dried beans by the barrel and all kinds of vegetables in the cellar for the winter. With plenty of potatoes and pork on hand, a few more at the table made little difference; hence the Goodwins often had several for Sunday dinner besides their own large family.

Grandfather Goodwin was a very religious man; having been converted, he united with the Free Will Baptist Church in his young manhood. Grandmother Goodwin was also a member of the same church. In the early days of the Temperance Movement, he became a radical prohibitionist and voted that ticket, although he was the only man who cast such a ballot in his locality. He was so determined that none of his grandsons should take up the liquor habit, that he refused to have any of his apples ground into cider for making vinegar. He said some of his boys might be tempted and learn to drink hard cider.

In the days of his early manhood there had been no religious convictions on the question of liquor, but now there was so much harm done that to make and sell any kind of alcoholic liquors or beverages was considered a crime. There had come a great change in his convictions during the years; for he could remember when the preacher was "indisposed" one Sunday morning and it was understood by all that he had been to the city and had taken too much on Saturday. At the same

time, when it was proposed that there should be heat in the church while the preacher was preaching his sermon of two hours length, there was no small contention on the part of many. These objectors to heating the church declared that if the people had enough religion, they could either bring their own warming-pan for the feet, or bring a heated stone and save expense. Their complaint was only another sign of spiritual decline, they argued. Grandfather Goodwin thought with many that the church was cooling off in its religious zeal, and if the people had religion enough, they ought to keep warm while the minister preached only two hours!

One of the saddest moments of John's boyhood days came at the age of twelve when his baby sister, Ida, died. He had prayed earnestly for a baby sister and that prayer had been answered. Her death came as a great blow to the boy's faith, which took years to heal.

John had another sister, Laura, three years his senior, who always defended him. She was fond of her little brother Johnny and took him with her to school one day when he was three. Of course he did not know the rules of the schoolroom, and it was with some difficulty that they kept him from talking and walking around the room, much to the pleasure of the scholars but quite a problem to the teacher. When Johnny began to attend school at the age of six, Laura was his protector. She was afraid of no one, and if any of the larger boys un-

dertook to misuse the lad in any way, she would fight and kick and scratch with both hands until there was a complete surrender.

This school was attended by several young men of seventeen to twenty-one, and it was known as a rather hard school to teach. When John was about seven, the school became so difficult that the neighborhood district authorities decided there must be a man teacher. One day a young man, who had been kept from school by his parents to work on the farm, did not know the assignment. By pointing to his textbook in geography, without saying a word, he tried to learn from another boy the lesson of the day and was accused of whispering. To whisper in school was against the rules and both young men were called to the front for correction. Each denied having whispered. One of the boys, a big strapping fellow of seventeen, took what he regarded as an unjust penalty after explaining the facts; but the other boy refused to take his punishment, whereupon the teacher, laying the ruler on the table, struck at him. Quick as a cat, the boy dodged and jumped on the instructor's back with his hands clasped around the teacher's arms. Of course the excitement was great, and only with the help of one of the larger and older boys the teacher was made free. There were no more classes that day, and as a result, the term ended with the dismissal of th teacher. It was generally thought unwise to try another term.

Then Grandfather Goodwin arose and made the proposal that if they would appoint him as a committee, he would furnish the teacher who would have discipline, and of course he got the job. He secured a young woman by the name of Emma Goodrich. In the midst of wonder and gossip, the young woman came and opened the school and made her speech before a large body of scholars. She instituted a new order of self-discipline among the students which brought harmony out of chaos. She remained as teacher several years and there were sad regrets when she left the schoolroom, having developed good order out of what was considered such a rough neighborhood school.

At the time John was twelve years of age he had for his teacher Miss Emma Goodwin. She was not related to the family directly, although of the original family of Goodwins from Kittery. She was a good teacher and a fine Christian. Her life had a great influence for good over her young pupil, whom she taught for nearly four years.

When John was twelve years of age, there was a very destructive fire in the neighborhood which caused sightseers to come and view the ruins. John's father was at home for a few days and took his son to see the ruins. Many boys from the old school district across the valley were present and they urged the father to allow John to go home with them to play. At the home of one of the boys of John's age, as was the custom, a large pitcher of cider was brought from the cellar; but when

offered a glass, John refused it. His parents were much opposed to cider as so many would drink too much and often would be drunken. His grandfather was taking the lead against all intoxicating drinks of every kind. This was unusual in those days, for generally the leading farmers furnished whisky for the men in the field. Even ministers often drank. But John's parents enlisted in the early temperance cause which later won and made the state of Maine one of the first states in the Union to go bone dry. Thus it was that young John refused to drink the glass of cider. On coming out of the old soaphouse, however, while playing with the boys, he was influenced to drink just one glass of cider. It was too much for him, as he was not used to such drink. The number of glasses he may have taken after the first one he did not remember, but all at once it dawned upon him that he must go home. As he came from the soaphouse, the lady of the home saw John's condition and gave the other boys a severe scolding, blaming them and fearing trouble from John's parents because of their convictions.

John found his way home and on the way got free from most of the cider. Feeling better, he reached the barn where he was supposed to begin doing chores. Soon his mother found him and took him into the house and put him to bed. He remembered awakening only once and seeing his father standing at the door. Next morning, nothing

was said and no correction given. John learned in later years that his father had given directions that nothing was to be said to him regarding the unhappy experience of the day before. There was no need, for he had fully made up his mind never to touch any intoxicating liquors, not even to taste sweet cider. From that day till the day of his death, cider, sweet or sour, was off the list of beverages for John W. Goodwin. In fact he never knew the taste of wine, beer or intoxicating drinks of any kind.

CHAPTER TWO

EARLY DAY INCIDENTS

There were several incidents in the early youth of John W. Goodwin which profoundly impressed his thinking and influenced his life. In John's early days, he came very near losing his life on two occasions. The Goodwin boys made a group of four when playing and several boys from the neighborhood were nearly always with them. John's mother was better pleased to have other boys around than to allow her boys away from home. Playing Indians, tag and blindman's buff were great games. There were also numerous lawn games which delighted the boys. While they were playing tag in the two-story barn, running over haylofts and across a two-by-twelve plank, which stretched over the highest beams fifteen or sixteen feet above the barn floor, the accident took place. As John was running with all his force, for none of the boys had touched him yet, he jumped from the hayloft to the floor and ran across the barn floor to the farther end of the barn. There was a long ladder reaching clear to the collar beam which tied the two large beams supporting the roof. He quickly ran up this long ladder with one of the boys close behind him. On reaching this collar beam, he planned to throw himself upon it and slowly to work himself across or remain where no one could touch him; but just

in the act of throwing his body upon the beam, he lost his balance and fell to the floor twenty feet below. They picked him up as dead. He knew nothing from the beginning of the fall until about two hours later when he saw the doctor working over him. When his father came home from his two weeks work in the Rochester shoe factory, there were some very strict rules laid down regarding playing in the barn. The boys must remain on the ground in their play.

Also, there was a contest to see who could drive a peg in the ground the farthest with one stroke. John placed himself for a giant stroke and, forgetting all about the strung clothesline, he swung his axe. It caught on the line, came back, and struck him on the forehead just above the right eye. Since the axe turned in his hand, the blade did not strike full force on the forehead, but there resulted an injury, the scar of which remained through life and was noticeable when he lifted his eyebrows. Thus, like many boys, John was fearless and venturesome; nevertheless, an overruling providence of God was kind to this young man and his life was protected for future use in God's service.

The young boy John never forgot the revival which broke out in the Free Will Baptist Church, near the Great Falls Road, in the winter of 1879. He was only ten years of age, but the experiences of that revival always lingered with him as a choice memory of his boyhood days. A young man by

the name of Spooner, right out of college, had just become the pastor. In those early days in the Free Will Baptist Church, ministerial advancement was based on the successful conducting of revivals. An elderly, retired preacher was invited to assist in the week of prayer. The interest seemed so great that the services were continued. A number of incidents connected with this revival especially impressed young John Goodwin.

His home was only a little more than three-quarters of a mile away and so his mother took him with her to church. The older preacher pleaded with tears, when inviting seekers to return to "Father's house," as he called it. At this invitation his mother stood for prayer. Thought young John, "If Mother is going to heaven, that is where I want to go," so he stood by her side. They prayed for his mother and others who were seeking the Lord, but they thought the boy was not old enough to be saved. They believed that at his age he was safe, and so they forgot to deal with him.

When they reached home and his mother tucked him snugly in his trundle bed, she knelt by his bedside, and for the first time he heard his mother's voice in prayer. He remembered that prayer of his mother throughout life. She said, "Dear Lord, I have started again to be a Christian, but it will be so hard to go alone." Then she prayed for John's father who had never been converted, although he was thirty-six years of age and often had attended church with Grandfather Goodwin,

who was a devoted Christian. John's father was a very kind and loving husband, but not a Christian. His mother also prayed for her boys that she might see them brought up in the fear of God. His father came home the following Saturday night, for he never stayed away longer than two weeks. On Sunday morning, there was a breakfast scene which was never to be forgotten. John's two sisters, Cora and Laura, had made a start to be Christians and would be candidates for baptism. There was not much conversation around the breakfast table that Sunday morning. The ground was covered with snow and the trees were loaded with their burden of white. They were all in church that morning in the regular pew. In those days the pews were rented to assist in financing the church. Grandfather Goodwin had a pew on the wingside, as those pews were sold at a lower price. When the preacher had finished his discourse, John's father stood to his feet saying, "I desire to be a Christian. Will you pray for me?" He was the only convert that morning, but Grandfather Goodwin was happy and full of joy. His boy had at last accepted Christ and the years filled with prayer were now rewarded. Mother Goodwin was also a very happy soul. She now had a Christian husband.

One night while the revival was running high, Deacon Furnell, standing on a pew in the middle of the church, began to sing, "Old Ship Zion." He had a strong, beautiful voice and pulling off his coat, sang all the verses amid the enthusiasm of a

large and joyful crowd. While this was an old-fashioned country church, the news of this revival spread far and wide, and people came from the villages for ten miles around.

During the three months of January, February and March, through cold, wet and snow, people came and this made a deep impression on the young John's heart. That night, when he heard his mother's voice for the first time in prayer while lying in his trundle bed, he resolved to be not only a good boy but a good man, for Christ. The trial of faith when he lost his little sister Ida, two days after she was born, well-nigh ruined his future, for soon he became doubtful. His standards were high and he boasted of his moral life, feeling if the deacons could get to heaven, he was perfectly safe, for they served cider to their workmen while he would not touch even sweet cider, much less sour. So he drifted on into doubt until he was eighteen. His grandfather's life and testimony were one of the forces which helped to hold him, for he could not doubt his grandfather's sincerity.

In those days the opening exercises at school were reading the Bible and praying. While Miss Goodwin was the teacher, pupils were given verses of scripture to memorize, at least one verse each week. This was another saving influence in young John's life. What an influence teachers have over their students! The teaching profession has untold responsibility in saving the youth of our land.

In those early school days, John struggled with a deep sense of inferiority. His father's home was small, furniture limited, and they were heavily in debt. He had a very poor memory and it was so difficult to memorize poetry, he refused to undertake public recital. He did like history and mathematics but was a very poor reader. There were twenty-two weeks of school, which was later gradually increased to thirty, for the school term. Little of school life was remembered by John until he was twelve years of age. Through the benign influence of Miss Goodwin, he was led to feel that he could make something in life. His studies became more interesting. He enjoyed the memory verses of scripture which she gave in the morning exercises, and he learned twenty-six verses beginning with the letters of the alphabet, during one term. In the morning memory drill he learned the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the First Psalm, the Twenty-third Psalm, the Beatitudes and other helpful and inspiring portions of the Word of God. Thus the influence of this holy woman was a molding force in John Goodwin's life. She greatly inspired him to the higher things in the dark hours of temptation.

One Sunday morning in early spring, John also received a serious lesson on Sabbath breaking. Father Goodwin had sent the two younger boys to drive the cows to pasture, one-half mile down the road. They were gone so long that John was sent after them. He found them at the home of the

neighbor, as Father Goodwin had supposed. They, with the Guptil boys, were trying to explode an old gun barrel fastened to the fence. With confidence, young John declared that he could explode it for them. Very carelessly, he touched the match to the fuse, which was in a direct line with his face. The explosion was immediate and his face was filled with burning grains of powder. When he washed the smut from his burned face, it was bleeding and spotted with black powder grains. He ran home and throwing himself on the lounge, covered his face with his hands. His face was a sight. He thought he was marked for life and doubtless would have been had it not been for the patience and skill of his mother. She soon got a sharp darning needle, and with hot water to sterilize it, commenced picking out the black powder grains imbedded in his face. She was a born nurse with excellent practice in taking care of the cuts and bruises of her four active boys. After hours of careful working, she declared that John must have the attention of the family doctor. On arrival, the old doctor said, "Mrs. Goodwin, you are doing a fine job. Just keep it up. Your darning needle is the very best instrument you could use. Just continue working as though you were picking out splinters. You will get the most of the powder grains out and the rest will work out when he is old enough for shaving." When she had finished her job, there were left only a few deep spots and to these she applied a solution of "Balm of Gilead" buds soaked

in alcohol, which was one of Mother Goodwin's great remedies. The boy's face was a sorry sight the next day, but not having missed a day of school during the year, he was in his seat at school as usual. He was the subject for much sport and explanations but he had learned another lesson never to be forgotten: "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy."

CHAPTER THREE

SCHOOL LIFE AND EARLY MEMORIES

Being brought up on the farm and sharing the ambition of his parents to succeed in life, there was a great opportunity for John to work in the morning and at night. Milking, providing plenty of wood for the fire, especially on Saturday when Mother Goodwin did her baking in the old-fashioned brick oven, and other farm chores were no small tasks for the boys. When the oven was hot and the live coals pushed back to the sides and rear, several pots of beans and loaves of brown bread were placed on or near the fire. Following this came the pies and cookies, which were of great interest to the boys.

When John was fifteen, Miss Goodwin, who had been his teacher for several years, informed him that he was now ready for high school. The Goodwin home was about three and a half miles from the village high school. The trip, therefore, would require a saddle horse and would naturally take up much time, both before and after school. Grandfather Goodwin, who had charge of the farm, insisted that John not be allowed to go to high school, for he was needed on the farm. This was a great disappointment to the boy, for his chum, Fred Guptil, was going. When he informed Miss Goodwin of the facts, she said, "Never mind, John, I am

able to put you through all your studies," so he continued under her special instruction.

When he was seventeen, she said, "You will be ready for college next June. This will require a special examination, but I have no fears, for you will pass." He had to decide to work his way through a four years course or else prepare for the business world. He chose to enter a business college in Dover, New Hampshire, only ten miles from home. In one year he graduated with honors. He had earned money during the summer, but not enough to pay board and all his expenses, hence he had to go to work to pay the debt incurred. Working was nothing new for the boy, for during the years from twelve to sixteen, he was either working at home or at one of the neighbors' during the vacation months. Thus he began to earn money from outside work to buy his own clothes when he was twelve years of age.

The winter he was twelve, he assisted in cutting cordwood with a cousin who paid one dollar a cord. Later, John undertook the job alone. His cousin thought he would not be able to cord the wood, so he was told to simply cut the trees down and leave the splitting to others. They came around later to find that the boy had corded the wood and had a full half cord to his credit. Thus he corded wood throughout the winter. In March, with the money earned, he bought his first suit of clothes. The boy wished to select a pretty suit, but his mother insisted that he select one which would wear

much longer. His father advised that he should have his own choice. Later, John saw the wisdom of his mother, for the pretty suit soon faded and lost its attractiveness. He learned a good lesson in that he found it is not all gold that glitters.

Since the Goodwin farm was not large, it did not take very much time to harvest the potatoes, corn, vegetables and hay, so the boys always had opportunity to assist neighbors during the summer. One neighbor invited the boy John to assist him one summer. No price was set on his labor. At the end of the first week, when they had finished with the last load of hay, the neighbor proceeded to pay him—two five-dollar bills and one two-dollar bill. The boy felt that he was rich. He had never had so much money in his life. He was fourteen at the time and fairly ran home to make known the glad news. Grandfather told him that the man had given him an extra five, which word greatly dampened his joy. John was instructed that on his return, he was to tell Mr. Abbot of this mistake. This he did.

"Why," said he, "how much money did I give you?" John replied, "Two fives and a two."

"That's just what I intended to give you," said he. But John replied that Grandfather did not think he could be worth that much. Mr. Abbott smiled and said, "But you're not working for your grandfather. You're working for me. You can slip as well as I can, spread and turn as much hay as I can. You load the hay as fast as I can pitch it

up to you and store it away faster than I can hand it to you. You do as much as any man I've had in years. Yes, my boy, that is just what you will have this week also." At the close of his work for this farmer, he had money for new clothes, shoes and a new hat. He was beginning to feel he was a real man.

Mr. Abbott was a member of the church and a fine Christian man. It did young John Goodwin much good, both materially and spiritually, to work for him. This man might have saved five dollars each week on the boy's labor, but he was honest and upright. After this, John worked for another neighbor who often got drunk. He paid the boy off one week with an old watch which proved to be good for nothing. It did not take long to see the difference between these two men. Thus the young man had great respect for Mr. Abbott and for his wife who so kindly provided food for him during the week and a comfortable bed on which he could rest at night. Though many years ago they went to heaven, they left an influence which greatly impressed John with the value of consistent, Christian living.

It was during those growing years that the labor movement had its first real start in the Knights of Labor. John united with this new organization at the age of fifteen. The young boys then had political rallies, as well as the men of the town. John often made political speeches at these gatherings. The boys of his age thought he would make a poli-

tician, but with the more mature years he lost his enthusiasm in that direction. In the summers, when he was fifteen and sixteen, he found work in the shoe factory which paid better than farm labor; hence farming lost its charm for him. He followed work in the shoe factory till he entered the ministry at the age of twenty-three.

The summer John was fifteen, he began work for a Mr. Hussey, a farmer who ran a milk delivery. The pay was small, only seven dollars and fifty cents a week, and they were compelled to rise at two o'clock in the morning in order to make preparations for milking and thus start not later than five o'clock to deliver milk to the customers. There was opportunity for a nap between five and seven o'clock and also for breakfast. After breakfast they must go to the field; mow grass by hand until the dew was off, then spread the hay and turn it for drying. At five in the afternoon they were through work except for a couple of hours milking. After dinner, at about eight o'clock, it was time to go to bed. Six hours sleep for a boy of fifteen, with only a short nap in between, was a great tax on his strength. After a few weeks, when John went home one Saturday night to get ready for Sunday school, Father Goodwin noticed the weariness of the boy and insisted that he should leave this work.

Next summer he found a better job in the shoe factory, which often paid twelve dollars a week. This paved the way for a good job the following summer when he was seventeen and with the

money he earned he assisted with his expenses in the business college in Dover. Father Goodwin worked as edge-setter and son John could black his edges in spare time as he did not have enough work to keep him fully busy. The extra work gave the boy an opportunity to learn how to run the Dodge edge-setter machine. Thus in May, having finished school in Dover, John returned to the shoe factory. Father Goodwin was given a new Union edge-setting machine, and he with his friends, urged the boss to give John his father's old machine. The foreman, Mr. Clark, thought the boy was rather young, but said, "Try a case." As he later came around to examine the work, he said, "All right, my boy, go to it." Then he had a job which would pay him at least twenty dollars a week, and a few times it ran up to twenty-four. Until John was nineteen, he gave what money he could earn to his father. From then on he began to save for himself and loaned to his father.

After graduating from the business college in Dover, there were openings for positions as a clerk in stores, but by this time, young John had learned edge-setting in the shoe factory. There he could earn twenty dollars a week, while clerking paid only twelve, so he continued in the shoe factory. His father, having taught him the art of edge-setting, worked side by side with his son. They rode together to their work, four and a half miles from their home to Great Falls, just across the Great Sand Falls River from Berwick, Maine. The

power came on at seven o'clock and went off at six. The father and son made it a point to be at their bench in the factory at least fifteen minutes before the power was on so that their case of shoes would be all blackened and ready. It was necessary, therefore, for them to be up at five o'clock in order to leave home by a quarter till six. These were long hours, and in the wintertime when it was ten and twenty below zero, it was a test of physical strength; but they were making money. A brother, David E., also left school and found a job in the same shoe factory. Both sons gave their money to their father and soon the family was out of debt.

When John was a boy at school, he one day outplayed one of the larger boys. This boy was not so well-pleased about it, for he said, "You need not feel so big. My father holds the mortgage on your farm." This was rather humiliating, and John made up his mind that that mortgage would be paid.

Since the Goodwins raised their own food, it did not take long to pay the mortgage and all other debts. Now they had fifteen acres around home and about twenty acres of timberland, all free from debt. They were a happy family when Grandfather Goodwin informed them that all debts were paid. Then Father Goodwin said, "John, you can save your own money." This, of course, he was glad to do and soon had several hundred dollars on hand.

In later life, Dr. Goodwin often looked back to the years of his boyhood days and marveled to think of the work his mother did each day. He remembered when the first cookstove was moved into the home. Mother Goodwin had made all the clothes for her two girls and four boys until John was twelve and was able to earn money to buy his own. She even made the boys' shirts as well as pants, vests and coats. Then from the wool of the sheep, Grandmother Goodwin, with the old-fashioned spinning wheel, made woolen yarn for knitting stockings and making mittens for the winter. The boys needed no stockings from early spring until frost in early fall, for they all went barefooted even to school. Only on Sunday were they allowed to put on their boots. They always bought them at least two sizes too large and used inner soles at first to take up the extra space, removing them as their feet grew in size. Then if any wear was left, a younger boy must take the boots.

Besides making clothes and doing the housework, the milk from the cows must be properly strained and cared for. From this, Mother Goodwin took off the cream by a hand skimmer, and churned it into butter for the home and also for market. In her spare time during the evening, she was busy knitting stockings or mending the holes the boys had made. Mother Goodwin was strong and active, and instead of allowing the boys to go away from the home, she would often agree to come out and

play ball with them. In turn, John would promise to assist her in sweeping and washing the floors.

There were some advantages with a small house for there was not so much sweeping and cleaning and general housework as in larger homes with more costly furniture. In the midst of the limitations, no word of caution regarding eating was given. The children were allowed to eat all they wanted, for there was always plenty of cornbread, beans and potatoes. Often they had biscuits with molasses, and sometimes doughnuts and pie. John was very fond of pie and his mother was a very wonderful piemaker. He often told his mother that he would like to have all the pie he wanted for once. One day, Mother opened the pantry door, and pointing to a large number of inviting looking pies of various kinds, apple, mince and pumpkin, said, "There they are, John. Help yourself." He took a large pumpkin pie and cut it in quarters, but before he could eat one half, he was compelled to admit he had enough. He thought he could eat a whole pie but found that such size pies as his mother made were too much for him. However, at the next meal, pie again was just as inviting to son John.

CHAPTER IV

CONVERSION, MARRIAGE AND CALL TO PREACH

While John W. Goodwin was at Dover attending business college, the Baptist Church began their January revival. His professor was a good Christian man and a member of that church. Through his invitation, John attended the opening service. The weather was rather stormy and it was snowing quite a little. Only a few people were out for the first service. The evangelist came to him and asked if he were a Christian. The reply was in the negative. Whereupon the evangelist said, "You want to be, I am sure." To which John replied, "Of course, and I expect to be some day."

This gave the evangelist courage, who pressed the question for a decision that night, but stubborn will flatly refused and becoming provoked at his inconsistency, John walked out of the church. The professor tried in vain to get him to attend the revival but John refused. The pastor, whom John esteemed very highly, came to see him and by every kind word, endeavored to persuade him to attend the meetings which were now drawing large crowds, and many were being converted. But there was no turning John's mind. The last Sunday came—John decided to attend this last service. It was a service which he could never forget.

At the close of the short message, the evangelist asked all who had been converted in the meetings to stand. He counted over two hundred who stood to their feet. As John sat there looking at that company of young men and women, in his heart he wished he also were among them. The evangelist, as he walked down the aisle, looked at John and with a nod of recognition, passed on. John walked home to his room at Laura's house under awful conviction. He tried in vain to sleep, but his thoughts were much too serious for sleep. He rolled and tumbled, for his bed was like sticks and stones beneath him. At last John made a pledge with God, that, as soon as he got home he would give his heart to Christ. Strange as it may seem, he soon fell asleep. He had no more trouble the rest of the last term. He was happy and finished school in peace. He reached home on Friday night and passed the day Saturday, meeting and greeting old friends. Sunday morning found John at church, but he had no sooner entered the church than he was confronted with his pledge, and deep conviction gripped him with iron teeth.

At the evening service, he was in great trouble of mind and heart. Elder Briggs, the pastor, who was a very kind and thoughtful man, saw clearly the boy's trouble; and while John did not respond to the kind invitation to seek the Lord, after the closing of the service the pastor came to him and said, "Johnny, you are under conviction. You must seek the Lord."

John replied, "You're right. I am under conviction and I really want to be a Christian."

The pastor said, so tenderly, "Let us go to the front now."

"No," said John, "when I make the start, I want to have courage enough to do so when the crowd of young people shall know my decision."

"Then," said the pastor, "we are to have a meeting in the schoolhouse Wednesday evening and the place will be filled. That will be a good time for you."

John agreed to the proposition and kept his promise. He did not remember the text or the words of the pastor's discourse, but was determined to go through with this proposition. When the call was made John was the first to stand to his feet. He was near the front and it did not take him long to reach the front and kneel at the bench. It was so dark within he seemed to be paralyzed with fear. He could not pray or make one step in advance. Elder Briggs dealt with him very kindly, but could not prevail in securing a word of prayer.

After some time he said, "The crowd will become impatient. I must close but wife is away. You come home with me and we will pray it out if it takes all night."

"That suits me," John replied, "but I want to know. I must have an experience that I know about. I want to know my sins are forgiven and when I am really converted."

On reaching his home and entering the front room, the pastor placed two chairs in the center and said, "Now, my boy, we are going to know." John could never forget his prayer and falling tears as the pastor placed one hand on John's back and the other on the chair, as they knelt together. It was so dark within that it seemed it must be dark in the room. The pastor talked and reasoned with John. Finally he said, "My boy, open your mouth, cry mightily for pardon." But John insisted that he did not know how to pray or what to say. "Pray the publican's prayer," he said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." As John opened his mouth and began to pray those words, the heavy burden rolled away. He felt at peace with God, but the light, the clear witness, did not seem sufficient. This man of God knew the way. He insisted that John must now believe and hold steady in faith, for the promise could not fail. "His Spirit witnesseth with our spirit," but our spirit must be true to the promise in faith. John finally concluded to rest the witness with God, walk by faith, true to the promise. It was now in the early morning hours. The pastor then kindly took John home with his horse and buggy and as they reached the clearing, the Goodwin home was well in view. The pastor left him to finish the rest of the way home. Holding steadfast to the promise, as he stepped from the buggy to the ground, the light broke into his soul, the witness was clear. He was indeed a child of God. This was in June, 1887. His next problem was

what he should do when he met his chums and other young people.

There had not been a real revival for several years, and all the young people known to John were not professing Christians. As he was walking home that evening, he resolved to speak to these friends and tell them of his new experience. He was up next morning at the usual hour to assist in milking and with other work. After breakfast as soon as an opportunity presented itself, John slipped his arm into his brother David's arm, saying, "Let's take a walk down into the field." As they walked together, he said, "Brother, I found the Lord and started to be a Christian last night," telling his experience. Then he asked his brother if he would not accept Christ and go with him. His brother said he would, and the young men were baptized together in the Old Beaver Dam Mill pond that fall.

John Goodwin always remembered the first testimony he ever gave in church. He was so excited and his heart was beating so hard and fast that he took hold of the pew in front and pulled himself up. Somewhere in the process of getting up and sitting down he said, "I love Jesus." That was a great victory!

John began reading his Bible and continuing much in prayer. He soon took up prayer in the weekly prayer meeting, endeavored to be faithful in testimony and in six months the pastor was calling on him to lead in prayer. The baptismal serv-

ice was largely attended, for there had been little revival spirit in the community since the great revival seven years before. This was a wonderful service. Had John been properly instructed, he was always sure he might have enjoyed the baptism with the Holy Spirit at that very hour. Sunday was a cold day, the last of October and the water was cold. The two boys had to ride two miles in their wet clothing, but no harm came to either of them. The joy of that step of true heart obedience was a comfort to John Goodwin through life. As all returned from the evening service that night, Father Goodwin expressed his joy over the steps which had been taken. All knelt in prayer and at that time the family altar was instituted in the Goodwin home, which was never neglected later. On Monday morning, at the first opportunity, John took his chance to give personal testimony to the blessing he had received in the afternoon of the day before.

Soon after his conversion, John decided to board at a Mrs. Clemen's home in Berwick, instead of riding four and a half miles from his home during the cold winter months. He attended the Free Will Baptist Church, located on Great Falls side of the river, afterward known as Somersworth, New Hampshire. Rev. Frank Sanford, the pastor, was an able preacher and a very attractive gentleman. On his way to the prayer meeting on a Wednesday evening, as John came near the Berwick post office, his attention was attracted to loud and enthusiastic

singing in a near-by hall up one flight of stairs. As it was snowing, he decided to attend this meeting. He took part in the service in both prayer and testimony. To his surprise, he discovered that he was acquainted with several who attended, for they worked in the same shoe factory. He had noticed a young lady walking from the factory several times. As he looked at her attractive face, her quick and ladylike step, his heart strangely took to rapid action. How to get acquainted with this young lady, a perfect stranger, was a problem.

George Billings, Jr., a young man, often walked with John from the factory. One day this young lady came over the bridge on the other side of the street. John, knowing George very well, inquired, "Who is that young lady?" George, with some degree of pride, replied, "Why that is my sister," and then added, "Do you want to get acquainted with her?" John's reply was eagerly in the affirmative.

A Mr. Spencer soon began a singing school in the town hall. John did not consider himself gifted in music but, thinking he might learn a little, decided to attend. Miss Bertha Mae Billings, with her parents, also attended. The Billings family were all gifted in music. At the close of one of these services, George gave John the promised introduction. Thus began a friendship which grew into courtship and marriage. These days of courtship were not long, but filled with a growing and sincere devotion to each other. Their evenings spent together nearly always closed with prayer.

As their association continued and it became evident that it would soon be a closer friendship, they exchanged photographs. John went to see his sister in Dover six miles away, and took with him Miss Billings' photograph. As his sister looked at the photograph, she remarked, "My brother, there is character in that face. She will make a great woman." That was a confirmation of John's own conviction. In after years, Mrs. Goodwin was prone merrily to accuse her husband of being compelled to obtain the permission of his sister Laura before he could ask for her company. Dr. Goodwin later stated they were much too young for marriage. That perhaps is open for debate. She was about seventeen and he was yet within three months of becoming twenty, but Mr. Billings was to move to East Rochester to begin work in the Fogg Shoe Factory and a position was open for John in the packing room. Thus by consent on the parents' part and their daughter, and John being more than willing, the marriage was planned. On November 28, 1888, Miss Bertha Mae Billings and John Wesley Goodwin were united in holy wedlock, which proved a happy union for fifty-five years.

These were formative years in the shoe industry and somewhat troublesome days. Labor unions were being organized and frequent strikes or boycotts were in order. Mr. Fogg moved his business to Springvale and the employees were compelled to move also to retain employment. But the one year in East Rochester was a blessing to John. He

had a large class of young people in the Sunday school of the church. He had united with the Advent Christian denomination, soon after his association with Miss Billings, she being a member. While Father Goodwin was a member of the Free Baptist Church, yet he held similar views as to the state of man in death. The Adventists were in agreement with the Baptists on the question of immersion as the correct mode of baptism.

In the spring of 1889 a strange prophecy came to John Goodwin. The Rev. Mark Stevens, who had united the Goodwins in marriage, was holding services in Farmington about ten miles away. He was a special favorite of Uncle John Shorey, one of the leading spirits in the Advent Church in East Rochester. John, having expressed his desire to see Rev. Stevens, Uncle John planned to leave at the close of the morning service, taking a few sandwiches to eat on the way in order to be at the afternoon service. Mark Stevens was a great preacher, full of evangelism and with the old-time, singing inflection of voice.

On the way home John remarked to Uncle John, "Mark Stevens is a great preacher, isn't he?"

Uncle John looked at the boy by his side and said, "You follow God and you will preach the gospel, ordain preachers and dedicate churches."

"Why, Uncle John, what are you talking about?" was his reply.

He simply said, "My boy, you heard what I said, didn't you?"

Up to that time John Goodwin had had no thought of preaching, for he considered he had no special gift and felt most surely he was not prepared.

In moving to Springvale, the young Goodwins decided to set up housekeeping for themselves, having lived with Father and Mother Billings since marriage. It was a very humble beginning in three rooms on the second floor of the same house. On January 14, 1890, the first baby came into their home to whom they gave Mother Billings' middle name, Isabelle. The shoe factory had not been running at full speed very long until the question of the Union was up and trouble was in the air. Father Billings, with strong religious convictions against secret orders of all kinds, always refused to unite with labor unions. Thus it seemed wise to avoid trouble for the family to return to Berwick, but a large house was found just across the river in Somersworth, and both Father and Mother Billings went to work in Pickers Factory, which was an open shop. Being so near the factory, the young Goodwins decided to take boarders while John was learning to last shoes. He soon had a job in Nutters Factory on the Berwick side, lasting men's shoes. As he had no personal convictions in the matter, he united with the Lasters' Union, which was considered a test of patriotism in the shoe factory.

In the summer of 1890, John Goodwin had reached the age of twenty-one years. A strange

conviction had seized his heart that he must preach. What to do was a problem. There was no school of the Advent Christian denomination, and John did not consider himself gifted or qualified to preach. One Sunday morning the minister who filled the pulpit put John under serious conviction. His message was faithfulness. John remained in his room all that afternoon in prayer and meditation. He decided there was no use to make further effort and for the first time since his conversion, he was tempted to give up his profession.

Soon Mrs. Goodwin called up the stairway, "Time for church."

John replied, "Think I'll not go tonight."

Running up the stairs and entering, his wife exclaimed, "What is the matter, are you sick?"

John tried to explain he was not feeling well, but his trouble was not in his body but a strange heart sickness. As he could not locate any pain or special trouble in his body, there was only one thing to do—go to church.

The preacher that night preached on Jonah running away from God. He seemed to keep his eye on John. What an hour of heart searching! What fear seized the young man's soul! He was never able to fully describe the emotions of his soul. When the call for seekers was made, John was the first to go forward. The minister, a Rev. Davis, knelt by his side saying, "My brother, I know your trouble. God has placed his hand upon you for the work of the ministry. You must obey His call to

preach." This minister kindly offered to assist. He was preaching in East Rochester only six miles away and suggested that John come and spend the day with him. John could announce the hymns, offer prayer and thus have an introduction as a young man entering the ministry. At last he agreed. The first of the week he planned on going. By the middle of the week, there was a question mark. By the last of the week, he decided to remain at home. Now he was most surely in trouble. No rest or peace for young John Goodwin that night.

Finally, he made a covenant with God that the next invitation he had, he would accept and truly do his best. At the close of the morning service, the chairman of the supply committee, came to him and said, "You will be expected to fill the pulpit the third Sunday in August." What a shock! Here at home where he was so well known in the town and in the shoe factories! Here in Berwick, Maine, where he had lived and where his parents had made it their home village for trading! John could not break his covenant with God, which had that very morning brought peace to his soul. Thus he made his first attempt to preach. Opportunity soon opened for him to supply the pulpit at West Epping during the fall of 1890 and the winter of 1891.

On the lasting-rink at the factory, there were many opportunities to witness for Christ. The boys one day undertook to test young John's temper. He never used tobacco, so about six of the men tried

to smoke him away from his lasting jack. On either side and in front and in the rear, they puffed and smoked, some with pipes and others with cigars, until he could hardly see to work. Finally stepping back laughing, he said, "You fellows have smoked me out. You win." Other men looking on to see the fun gave these men the horse laugh as they walked away and John returned to his work.

CHAPTER FIVE

SANCTIFICATION AND EARLY PASTORATES

It became known to John Goodwin, being a member of the Lasters' Union, that a strike was soon to be declared in the spring of 1891. He thought it better to leave his job than to take part in the strike. One Saturday afternoon, folding his laster's kit, John Goodwin went to the office for settlement. On Monday he started for Brockton, Massachusetts, in search of another job.

A friend had taken the same course and as they met in a street in Brockton, his friend informed him of a fine position in a factory where there was a lock-out, and no Union men allowed. He said, "I just got my job and all you need to do is tell them you are not a Union man."

Replied Mr. Goodwin, "But I cannot lie."

"Oh," said the friend, "just quit the Union, the head man thus advised, and we will soon have enough Union men to make it a Union shop." That did not seem just honest to Mr. Goodwin, and, hearing that Ed Blood, his former superintendent of the Fogg Factory, both in East Rochester and Springvale, had taken the superintendency of a new factory in Bridgewater only ten miles away, he decided to go there. Mr. Blood was happy to see Mr. Goodwin and assured him that he would

soon have a place for him. Meanwhile, awaiting the opening by wire from Mr. Blood, Mr. Goodwin found a job in a belt factory at one dollar a day. In two weeks he received the wire from Mr. Blood and went to Bridgewater to take charge of the packing room in the factory. Mr. Blood was anxious to secure Father Billings also, hence the two planned to move to Bridgewater as soon as Mrs. Goodwin would be able to move after their second child would be born, some time in June. These weeks were most trying in anxiety over Mrs. Goodwin, but on June 23 a wire came to John Goodwin, announcing that he was the father of a baby boy born the day before and whom they named Arthur Harrison.

The Goodwins were able to secure the Methodist parsonage, which was a beautiful home, by giving meals Saturday and Sunday to the pastor who was attending Boston University through the week. Rev. Mr. Smith, a jolly, good-natured fellow, soon became a great friend of the Goodwins. He gave full access to his library to Rev. Mr. Goodwin. This opportunity was gladly improved. Rev. Mr. Smith was anxious that Mr. Goodwin should unite with the Methodist Church as the Goodwins became constant in attendance, but Mr. Goodwin remembered the trouble in the Methodist Church in Somersworth over the ministry of Dr. C. J. Fowler whom the bishop had removed to a small church in the northern part of the state, and this prejudiced Mr. Goodwin against such a form of church govern-

ment. He was not yet sanctified, but the injustice of such a course just to please a few rich people who insisted on a change, although Dr. Fowler was having good revivals, led our friend Goodwin to feel that such authority in the hands of one man must be very bad.

The family altar was one of the Goodwins' first home institutions and was most carefully observed. Being a stranger in these parts, Mr. Goodwin's opportunity for preaching was cut off until the spring of 1892. In May of that year he learned that his old friend, Rev. Mr. Tenny, was preaching in Middleboro only a few miles away. On Sunday morning the entire family took the local train to attend the Advent Christian Church in Middleboro. Rev. Mr. Tenny was glad to see them and in the morning invited Mr. Goodwin to offer prayer, saying that he was a young man entering the ministry. This opened the way for an invitation to supply the pulpit in Middleboro, and soon calls came from Whitman and Acushnet. His Sundays were soon all taken.

In the fall of 1892, he received a call from the Church at Acushnet. This was a small country church, paying only four or five dollars a week. He could not get back to the factory Monday mornings until about eight-thirty. One morning the train was late and it was nine o'clock. This displeased Mr. Blood the superintendent, who administered to Mr. Goodwin a very severe calling down. Finally he said, "It will never do for a man with

the charge of the whole floor, over so many workers, to be coming in so late. You must choose between your job and the ministry." This rather startled Mr. Goodwin. He was now getting along well financially and paying up back bills brought on by loss of work. To accept a church with so small an income, with yet some fifty dollars debt, seemed a serious problem. The Goodwins prayed much before making a decision. He tried to solve the problem by suggesting that Mrs. Goodwin continue living at home, but she said, "No, where you go I go and we will live and sacrifice together." Finally he decided to take the little church and trust God to pay the bills. They had plenty to eat, as it was a farming community and they were very comfortable in the little, humble home. In the winter Mr. Goodwin had an invitation to hold a revival, which gave him enough to pay every bill he owed. He learned that God has many ways in which He can answer prayer and provide for His own.

Here, Mr. Goodwin had his first little study, a room about six by eight feet, over which he was greatly pleased. He had only a few books but with Bible and concordance, he prepared his sermons. When he spoke at the quarterly conferenec for the first time, with a group of five young preachers each to speak ten minutes, his subject was "The Resurrection of the Dead." He divided his subject into "Its Promises," "Its Nature," and "Its Certainty." He did nothing but quote scripture under each

heading, and his handling of the subject gave him special notice as a preacher by the Rev. Mr. Burch who planned the service.

One day an unhappy experience came to his home when Mr. Goodwin spoke unkindly to his wife, for which, in great humility, he begged pardon. Mrs. Goodwin forgave and with a parting kiss said, "Just forget it." But he could not forget it. He went to his study and kneeling before an old chair, poured out his heart in sorrow. He had found something in his heart that was not sweet. After much prayer the smile of God came back, but the most serious question in his thought was, "Must I always live in danger of that thing breaking loose in my soul? Is there no way of deliverance?" He soon learned that this Rev. Mr. Burch of Providence, a few miles from Acushnet, was to speak on "Holiness Versus Fanaticism" in the great Boston Convention. He had been to a holiness camp meeting and professed the second blessing. Some had called it fanaticism and he was now to clear himself. He took for his text I Thessalonians 5: 23. He said nothing about fanaticism but he did preach to prove and explain holiness and gave great emphasis on being filled with the Holy Spirit. Mr. Goodwin's heart was hungry and he opened it to receive every word. There he made a covenant with God that if God could find him worthy and would give him that blessing, he would face the storm and preach it, if need be in poverty with patches on his clothes. God instantly took him at

his word and dropped into his soul in blessed sweetness.

At the close of that service, several preachers gave Mr. Goodwin serious caution not to get mixed up with such doctrine, but they were too late. John Goodwin had the blessing. Naturally, Will Burch and he became close friends. Rev. Mr. Burch was fifteen years older, but he found in young Goodwin a strong supporter. It was at this convention that Mr. Goodwin again met his old friend John Shorey, of East Rochester. Rev. Mr. Shorey urged him to give two Sundays to East Rochester, saying that they had already built a new parsonage and were looking for a pastor. As Mr. Goodwin was planning a visit to his old home in Maine for May or June, he promised two Sundays in East Rochester and one at Berwick.

That January Convention in Boston was one of the mileposts in John Goodwin's Christian experience. He knew nothing about the doctrine of sanctification and consequently had no knowledge of how to preach about or teach the experience and doctrine. Following the convention, he was informed that the annual conference was planning to ordain him to the ministry, so leaving the two children with Mother Billings at Bridgewater, the Goodwins went to Worcester, Massachusetts, where the conference was to convene. The ordination service filled the entire afternoon. There was a long sermon, and a lengthy charge to the candidates by a second speaker. Then the laying on of hands,

and a prayer, after which came the address of welcome and the hand of fellowship. The prayer offered that day was by a Rev. Mr. Cook. Rev. Mr. Goodwin stated that never before or later had a prayer so gripped him as that one. The holy flame touched his heart and lips and gave him a freedom he had not known before. In later years when Rev. Mr. Goodwin united with the Church of the Nazarene, he desired to be ordained at the hands of Dr. Bresee, but was restrained as he did not dare to reflect upon the smile of divine approval which came upon him that day when the hands of Rev. Mr. Cook ordained him to the ministry of Jesus Christ on April 6, 1893, amid the glory and power of that mighty prayer.

On returning home to their little church in Acushnet, the Goodwins prepared to make the trip to Maine during the month of June. It was a great joy to them to meet again old friends in East Rochester where they first began their little home in the fall of 1888. Grandfather Goodwin expressed his happy surprise that his grandson could discourse so well without notes, when he spoke in the Berwick church.

On returning home, Rev. Mr. Goodwin found a call inviting him to take the church in East Rochester, so they moved what little furniture they possessed at that time to the new parsonage at East Rochester. With the help of friends who assisted in the completion of their mixed furniture, they were soon very comfortably situated. The salary

was eight dollars per week, free wood and plenty to eat brought right to the door. Friends brought flour, milk, butter, meat—more than the family of four could eat. Next, Rev. Mr. Goodwin determined to have a revival. The church was much opposed to secret orders of all kinds, also refused to have instrumental music. Not even a small organ was allowed. One leading member became a bitter critic of Uncle John Shorey. Pastor Goodwin tried in vain to make a reconciliation. Finally the critic removed his membership from the church and placed his chair back by the door. There he remained.

Thought Rev. Mr. Goodwin, "Well, if we can't have a revival in the church, we can have meetings in schoolhouses," so Uncle John agreed to take him with his horse and buggy to Blaisdell Corner for one service a week. At last Rev. Mr. Goodwin was about to become discouraged with this effort, and told Uncle John he would go once more and then he was finished.

On the following morning when he visited Uncle John's machine shop, the first words he heard were, "Say, we must not stop going to Blaisdell Corner. I had a dream last night."

Said he, "This is only a dream." Then quoting scripture, "He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream."

He went on to say, "You know that man who sits on the front seat? Well he is not a Christian,

never professed to be one but he is the leading man of that community. After you got through with your message, in my dream, he arose and said, 'We do not want the meeting to close,' and took his seat. As you continued to press the invitation, Bennie White stood for prayer and his wife by his side also stood. In my dream something like twenty people were converted."

The next week when Rev. Mr. Goodwin had finished a short message, this man Blaisdell stood and said, "We do not want these meetings to close," and took his seat. He made no mention of the fact that he was sorry for his sins. As Rev. Mr. Goodwin pressed the invitation, Benny White stood for prayer and soon his wife stood beside him. The news of this spread through the church. Soon there were many who were willing to take Pastor Goodwin to Blaisdell Corner. Others were converted at the schoolhouse and also in the home church. In the spring of 1894 several baptismal services were held in Shorey's mill pond. Uncle John Shorey was a marked character and when Pastor Goodwin had a baptizing, Shorey would often stand in the water about half way to the shore, after having walked out to select the place where the candidates were to be baptized, and he would pass the candidates to Pastor Goodwin. One afternoon he remarked, "Well, we have baptized the twenty who were converted at Blaisdell Corner."

Thus, were being rapidly gathered to the congregation, young people from the families of those who belonged to the church. While at a social gathering Rev. Mr. Goodwin expressed his wish that they might have an organ in the church, one of the members by the name of Mrs. Wynn said she would furnish the organ if the pastor would put it in the church. Rev. Mr. Goodwin went to Uncle John, for he was his adviser.

"My boy," he said, "you will ruin us." He continued to say that Aunt Abby, his wife, would have a fit and leave the church. Then he mentioned Deacon Hays and others who were so much opposed to instrumental music in the church. He declared that as far as he was concerned, there was no objection for he enjoyed the organ in the home and could see no reason why it should not be in the church. The majority of the congregation felt the same way, yet they did not want to grieve such worthy members as had been mentioned, so were opposed to the idea.

Pastor Goodwin went to see Aunt Abby. At first she was very set and determined; so the pastor said he would not think of having the organ put in even as a gift. Then he had prayer with a mighty petition to win the young people. Aunt Abby also prayed very earnestly. When they arose from prayer, with tears she said, "Now son, if we can win more souls for Christ with the organ than without, I withdraw all objections. I shall support the meeting with all my heart."

Then Pastor Goodwin went to see Deacon Hays and the result was the same. Now he knew that Deacon Quimby must be interviewed at once. This man, with all his strenuous convictions, was a dear saint of God. After Rev. Mr. Goodwin's introductory remarks, Deacon Quimby began to say, "Now, my boy, we wanted you to come as a young man into our midst to draw and win our young people to the church. Looks like you are going to do it. I could not stand in the way of victory. I have said, 'When the organ comes in, I go out,' but I shall withdraw all my objections." He promised to be at all the song services. With this, all objections were removed, and the organ was in the church on Sunday morning. Mrs. Goodwin was playing it with great enthusiasm as the church people gathered. There were many strange looks that morning as the congregation was observed but the deep interest and devoted singing of all gave great calmness to all who wondered at the change. No word of criticism was ever heard. The congregation soon packed the auditorium. They were compelled to enlarge and place additional pews in the church. Both years of the pastorate were blessed with revivals, with a goodly number baptized in the old mill pond.

In the winter of the first year in this little village, the W.C.T.U. insisted that there should be a union temperance meeting of the three churches: Methodist, Baptist and Rev. Mr. Goodwin's church. The Methodist pastor was to speak on temperance from

the educational standpoint. He was a student at Boston University. The Baptist pastor's subject was, "Temperance and the Bible." Rev. Mr. Goodwin's subject was "Temperance from the Practical View." The Baptist church was packed to the door. The Baptist preacher was a man of strength but in his discourse made the following remark, "Young preachers are like bumblebees, largest when first hatched." Rev. Mr. Goodwin was not able to understand just how he wove that remark into a temperance discourse. As the last speaker, Mr. Goodwin made no reply but jumped right into his subject and concluded by a direct application to practical action on behalf of the temperance cause, urging a move to stop the sale of beer and all kinds of intoxicating drinks at the drug store and pool hall, for East Rochester was in New Hampshire, a dry state. The crowd clapped their hands and some stamped their feet with enthusiasm. Goodwin became the subject of criticism but many friends defended him.

When the next invitation came for a union temperance meeting, Rev. John W. Goodwin offered objection to giving up a Sunday night revival effort just to play temperance, stating that the preachers were only playing temperance. The ladies evidently told the preachers what he had said, for soon he had a telephone call to meet the Methodist and Baptist pastors at the Methodist parsonage. When Mr. Goodwin appeared he was asked if he had made such a remark. Replied he, "Yes, that

is exactly what I said." After some conversation the ministers informed him that he had stirred up all this commotion but that they would prove that they had as much courage as he. So another meeting was planned with Rev. Mr. Carver, the Baptist pastor, as the principal speaker, and Rev. Mr. Goodwin was to back him with closing remarks. The Methodist pastor was in charge of the service. Mr. Carver was eloquent and strong in denunciation of liquor, and Mr. Goodwin did all he could to create enthusiasm and raise friends to enforce the law. The fight was now on. Thus Mr. Carver and Mr. Goodwin became fast friends in their efforts to stop beer selling in the drug store. However, the county and state politicians who seemed to be in league with the rum interests, always seemed to find a way to protect the druggist, either by an appeal or a slight fine. Thus the young pastor found it was mighty hard work to pull against overwhelming political manipulations. He decided the effort contributed little to his evangelistic endeavor. Rev. Mr. Goodwin left many friends in the little village of East Rochester which was the field of the early days of his ministry.

While pastoring in East Rochester, the Goodwins attended a conference in Maine. Mr. Goodwin was called upon to preach in an evening service. God gave such victory, with many young people seeking the Lord, that he was urged to speak again and finally to continue after the close of the conference. Mrs. Goodwin returned to care for the work at

home, while her husband remained to carry on this revival effort. Many were awakened and found Christ. Some of the older people were greatly impressed that they were in the midst of another real revival. However, the young man's preaching was so simple and his sermons so short, they decided to send for Rev. Jesse Gay, one of the greatest preachers of Maine. He came and preached one of his great sermons but no one could be persuaded to seek the Lord. As he closed the invitation he said, "This meeting is not mine. It belongs to the boy. I shall leave in the morning." He spoke some kind words and, bidding them good-by, left as he said the next morning. As John Goodwin carried on, God continued to give victory with many seeking salvation. He later stated that what he lacked in sermon making and depth of thought, he sincerely tried to make up with earnestness and soul passion. Thus he discovered that it does not necessarily take great preaching to win men to Christ, but it does take sincerity and deep concern in the interest of others.

During one of the revival campaigns in East Rochester, there was a strange pressure one evening, yet no one could be persuaded to move toward the altar. Bennie Hill, who lived a short distance from the church, was a pronounced infidel. His wife had been converted in the regular service Sunday evening. Mr. Hill was greatly incensed and not a little angry over this step of his wife. He had given strict orders that she must not attend that

revival. This particular evening after Mr. Hill had left his home for the poolroom, thinking that he would not return until a late hour, Mrs. Hill slipped into the service. When this service would ordinarily have been brought to a close, Rev. Mr. Goodwin seemed strangely led to continue the invitation. This he did and so long that Mrs. Goodwin was somewhat embarrassed. Finally, in the heat of his exhortation, he leaped from the platform and into the aisle, crying, "Seek God tonight, man!" As quick as a flash, Bennie Hill leaped to his feet exclaiming, "For God's sake, pray for me." He had been to the pool hall, ordered his drink but left it on the counter, and quietly slipped into a back seat in the church, under deep conviction as he afterward stated. This service, which seemingly was defeated, came to a close in a glorious victory with several other hungry hearts seeking God.

In the summer of 1895, Rev. John W. Goodwin was called to the church at Haverhill, Massachusetts. He found in this church a large number of holiness people who taught him a better method of preaching the blessing of sanctification. He always felt much indebted to these friends. Here he continued for more than four years. When he resigned in the late fall of 1899, the deacons fell upon his shoulders weeping and saying it should not be. Thus he felt compelled to withdraw his resignation. The church enjoyed almost a continual revival during those four years and many were baptized.

Prior to his ministry in Haverhill, an Elder Baker had paved the way for holiness in this church. There had occurred a remarkable experience in this congregation. A sister, who had been much impressed with the terminology of Stephen Merritt of New York, testified often concerning the work and ministry of the Holy Spirit. At that time there was much criticism regarding the second work of grace. One of the most brazen of critics generally followed this sister's testimony. One Sunday morning he followed her testimony as usual, but when he came to the expression, "This talk about a Holy Ghost makes me," he tried to say, "sick," but stammering, he fell to the floor. His friends quickly rushed to carry him out, thinking it was a fainting spell, but the man was found to be dead on reaching the front hall of the church. Great fear fell upon the people, which put a sudden stop to any great opposition to the teaching of holiness. Dr. C. J. Fowler held a few days' convention in this church, and in 1898 Dr. H. C. Morrison was the speaker in a holiness convention held there, during which the crowds increased until the auditorium was packed, leaving some to stand on the sidewalk.

One effort in his church, Rev. John W. Goodwin regarded as a complete failure, until one prayer meeting night a fine looking gentleman, a perfect stranger arose in the service saying, "I came here tonight to find salvation. I have been under deep conviction for weeks. I did not attend that tent meeting in Graveland, but I sat in a park near by

and listened to this pastor proclaim the gospel. Please pray for me." Thus Mr. Goodwin learned that no effort for Christ can be lost, for the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation, and the instructions are to sow the seed beside all waters. The gospel brings salvation or condemnation.

Like Hannah of old, Mrs. Goodwin prayed earnestly for a boy who would be a preacher. She announced her faith to her husband in the fall of 1895. The Goodwins' third child, a son Paul, who became their beloved preacher boy, was born in Haverhill, September 6, 1896.

The pastorate in Haverhill extended from September 1, 1895 to December 1, 1899. These were years of many victories for the young minister. In June of the first year the church handed their pastor a check for one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the summer's vacation. Mr. Goodwin declared he did not need a vacation and urged that they add another hundred and twenty-five dollars with which to purchase a tent for a summer's campaign in the city. These summer efforts he continued during each of the four years. One of the last meetings in Graveland, a few miles south of Haverhill proper, seemed indeed fruitless. Mischievous boys would doubtless have fired the tent on the closing Sunday night service, had not the pastor been informed of their plan. The Fourth of July came at midnight and this crowd of thoughtless young men were waiting with their firecrackers. They moved away a block from the tent to

conceal their plans. When the service was closed and with men well instructed, the tent was quickly taken down and folded, then housed in a near-by shed. Thus the boys were completely surprised and could do nothing. Later came the conversion of the brother, as above mentioned.

In every young minister's early pastorates, there is usually one which is outstanding in experiences and lessons learned by the preacher, many lessons which continue with him throughout life. Such was the case with Rev. John Goodwin in this Haverhill pastorate. All through life there remained with him inspiration, encouragement and understanding from the experiences which had been his during these years in Haverhill. There were many pronounced second blessing believers. Among these were Deacon Welch and wife who were leaders in the line of the experience of Christian holiness. This church had a Sunday schedule in those days which ran as follows: From ten-thirty to noon, love feast; from twelve to one, Sunday school; afternoon preaching at two-thirty; young people's service at six-thirty; and preaching again at seven-thirty. Prayer and praise meetings were also conducted on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Great emphasis was placed on the Sunday afternoon preaching service. This was the service of power and salvation. Early the first year of his pastorate, Mr. Goodwin was in the home of Deacon Welch, and together they had special prayers in the large front room, seeking earnestly for a revival with a mighty out-

pouring of the Spirit. Deacon Welch suggested that others might be interested in such a prayer service. It was agreed to have such a service, inviting only those who would agree to remain to pray until all had prayed through. No public announcement was to be made. The prayer meeting was held on Saturday night and grew until a large number of praying men crowded the room, praying for a revival. Then the wives of these men wanted their own meeting interceding for a great revival. Needless to say there came a tide of great spiritual fervor, flowing through all the services of the church and such a tide of revival interest as continued four years. By this experience Mr. Goodwin always believed that any group of praying people could pray down a revival if they willed to do so.

Another lesson he never forgot was learned from an experience in the afternoon preaching service. He had worked hard and long on the sermon to be delivered that afternoon. A great crowd was present. All the preliminaries were out of the way. The pastor arose to quote his text, but he was seized with a strange sense of holy fear. Closing his eyes, he stood in silence. Mrs. Goodwin, thinking he might change his text, began to sing a verse of song. At the close of the verse, a Brother Seward, a Spirit-filled man, arose and said, "Beloved, God is here. I warn everyone against saying or doing a thing unless especially moved by the Spirit." He then took his seat. Still the pastor stood in silence. The stillness became so intense

that the least movement could be noticed. A strange thing about it, no baby cried although there were many in the congregation, and not a soul left the building. At last a verse of scripture flashed before Mr. Goodwin's eyes. This he quoted. Then on opening his eyes, he realized he had been standing in perfect silence just forty minutes. Exhorting only five minutes he called for seekers. There were several who had passed through the revivals of other years untouched, who came forward in this service and with many others found God. Concerning this, Rev. Mr. Goodwin remarked that thus the Holy Spirit taught him that it was not by might nor human power, but "by my Spirit, saith the Lord." By this lesson he was taught to depend more fully on God for results, than on what he could accomplish himself.

As Mr. Goodwin looked back over those wonderful years in Haverhill, he wondered that he became restless, for he had the loyal support of all the deacons and leading members of the church. He had baptized many people and received them into the church. He had a strong company of young people around him. The church was reaching new people constantly. He became interested in supporting Hanson's Mission on Washington Square, where they were establishing a home for young men. This effort finally resulted in the organization of one of the Pentecostal churches which united with the Nazarene movement in 1907 in Chicago.

But he became restless and accepted a call to the Manchester church in the winter of 1899-1900. Here he found a spiritual battle really begun in earnest, and it grew hotter as he proclaimed the full gospel. He was able to help many spiritually and felt very happy that at last he was helping to spread holiness. This message was misunderstood and he was charged with disturbing the experience of the very best people in the church. He never forgot the testimony of old Deacon Kidder. He had little to say in the first three months of the battle, but this day he arose to his feet, turned around and faced the congregation saying, "I have been watching this young man while listening to his message. I have never listened to such preaching before. I have never heard sanctification preached as this young man puts it. Here is my experience: I was surely converted, delivered from the sin of swearing and tobacco. I was a new creature in Christ and had the witness of sonship. One morning I was milking old Boss and the pail was filled with milk. The cow kicked that pail of milk all over me. I grabbed the milking stool and slammed her on her sides. In a moment a Voice said, 'And a Christian!' I felt condemned. I went out behind the barn, knelt by a clump of bushes and earnestly prayed for my forgiveness. Soon the peace of God returned but I could not be satisfied. I began to pray, 'Lord, please take that knotty thing out of my heart.' I pleaded, I urged and held on, and waited, when suddenly something happened on the

inside and I felt it was gone. Next morning while milking the same cow, she turned and looked at me and raised her foot. I moved from the stool and putting my arm around her neck said, 'Not this morning, Boss. The Lord took that knotty thing out of me and you can't do it this morning.' I want to testify that that knotty thing has been gone all these years. Now I know what I got back there behind the barn. Jesus sanctified me wholly. Thank God." His testimony meant much to the work which Rev. Mr. Goodwin was trying to do. The good work went on in blessing and power.

This pastorate was greatly interrupted by the illness of Mrs. Goodwin. All through the spring and summer she was almost helpless with inflammatory rheumatism. In the early fall of 1900 her physician advised a warmer climate. She had been suffering intensely till all the joints of her body were inflamed. California, particularly Pasadena, was suggested, but the Goodwins were without money for such a journey. At the quarterly conference in Dover a lady handed Mr. Goodwin five dollars. Thought he, "That may be the first five dollars for California."

An offering for missions was taken. Rev. Mr. Goodwin was known as an enthusiast along this line. He wanted to give. Something seemed to say, "There's your five dollars." So he quickly sprang to his feet and placed the first five dollars on the plate. He had his return ticket and a little change left. Having left the service early, he dis-

covered on reaching the street that he had lost the little book which contained his ticket. Here was an immediate problem. What to do became a startling question. His train would leave shortly; by paying a little extra he could return by way of Haverhill and Lawrence. This gave him his first opportunity of visiting the church in Haverhill and he could attend the prayer meeting that night. His friends were very solicitous of Mrs. Goodwin's condition. He was praying very earnestly that his wife would not be compelled to face another cold winter.

As soon as he reached home he related his experience in Dover. "We might as well get ready, for God will open the way for us to spend the winter in southern California," said he to his wife. Strange as it may seem, within two weeks a long-distance call came from Haverhill and a voice said, "Make ready for southern California and start from Haverhill, all expenses paid."

"Who is speaking?" asked Mr. Goodwin.

"Never mind," was the reply, "come to Haverhill."

The Goodwins decided to take the southern route by way of New Orleans. They arrived safely and were greeted by old friends from the East who had preceded them to California and who were kind enough to give them needed entertainment for a few days. Thus, they lived in the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham until a few days later when housekeeping rooms were secured very near the Pinkham home. Mr. Goodwin supplied the pas-

torate of the little Christian Advent congregation in Pasadena. The warm sunshine began to do wonders for Mrs. Goodwin. She gave evidence of a marked improvement the first few weeks and steadily gained through the winter months. These few months in Pasadena created a strong desire to make this wonderful city their home.

CHAPTER SIX

FOUR MONTHS IN PASADENA

The winter of 1900 and 1901 was a noted period in the lives of the Goodwins in Pasadena. As Mr. Goodwin supplied the pulpit for the small congregation, the attendance began to increase and there was a growing desire for him to become the permanent pastor and bring his family to Pasadena. All indications seemed to point that way. Mother Billings, who was kindly taking care of the three children in her home near Haverhill, had expressed a willingness to come on with the children and trust God for employment for Father Billings. A woman who was purported to be wealthy, had said that if Mr. Goodwin would take the pastorate, she would supply the needed church building. The First Baptist Church had moved into their new building and had offered to sell the old one for six thousand dollars. In conference with this lady, she changed her proposition to share with others and refused to make so large a gift. Finally Ed Pinkham came home one afternoon stating that he had just sold his option on some property for a clear one thousand dollars. He said he was willing to give this amount on the purchase of the old Baptist church property if this lady and others would put up similar gifts.

Rev. Mr. Goodwin put out a test to find the will of God for his future. If he was able to secure this

church property without debt, he would remain as pastor. Such the test would be. The following day he went to see the interested parties to solicit their contributions. Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Pinkham remained at home in prayer. At first, the above mentioned lady agreed to her part provided the other gifts to match were forthcoming. Another donor for fifteen hundred dollars was found but he insisted on seeing this lady himself for her word, personally. To Mr. Goodwin's great surprise, as they went together to see her, they were met with the statement that she had changed her mind and had decided to leave the church entirely. This of course discouraged the brother and fearing lest the burden might fall too heavily upon him, he refused to do anything under the circumstances. It was eight o'clock in the evening when Mr. Goodwin reached the Pinkham home to relate the result of his day's toil to Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Pinkham. The disappointment on the part of his wife was very keen.

It was during this winter that Rev. John W. Goodwin first saw and became acquainted with the work of Dr. P. F. Bresee in Los Angeles. John T. Hatfield was holding a meeting at the time in the old barnlike tabernacle, which at first housed the group of people called Nazarenes. Dr. Bresee was a well-known Methodist preacher, having been pastor of the First Methodist Church Los Angeles, also pastor in Pasadena for four years, and for a time presiding elder of southern California. He had

stepped forth in a movement to reach the poor people of Los Angeles, which resulted in the organization of the Church of the Nazarene in 1895. While he had gathered quite a group around him, now in 1900 it numbered something like six to eight hundred.

Rev. Mr. Goodwin attended the meetings in Pasadena conducted by John T. Hatfield which were held in a shed with only a roof over it, until cool weather set in when they moved into a store building. As Mr. Goodwin looked into the face of Dr. Bresee, from a seat in the congregation, Dr. Bresee, already past sixty, impressed him as a man of great strength and marked character. He liked the spiritual enthusiasm of the services and the stirring, evangelistic messages of Mr. Hatfield. But he kept in the background as far as possible and took only a small part in the service.

With the convictions of the holiness movement generally in those days, he had little confidence in what seemed to be personal independent movements. There did not seem to be much promise as far as he could see except the work around Dr. Bresee.

After Mr. Goodwin had related that memorable day of fruitless toil regarding the purchase of the old Baptist church to his friends, Mr. Pinkham said, "Never mind, I have no fears. Let us go ahead. I have a clear one thousand dollars in cash. I can secure a mortgage of three thousand dollars and can trust God for the balance of the five thou-

sand dollars, for I am sure we can get the property for five thousand dollars. Dr. Bresee stepped out on faith. Let us do the same. There are some who will go with us I am sure." But this was out of harmony with Mr. Goodwin's test and contrary to his idea of spreading holiness in the churches. Nearly all the leading holiness preachers were speaking against such independent methods. "Remain in the church and be true," was the general advice. Hence he felt compelled to draw back and thus refuse to be known as a "come outer."

Just at this time he received a call to hold a meeting for Dr. Carpenter of Santa Cruz. Late in March of 1901, Mrs. Goodwin being now much better, they started north. Mrs. Carpenter had known Mrs. Goodwin from childhood, so they enjoyed sweet fellowship together and were very happy in their company. At the close of the revival they attended the annual conference held in Santa Clara. Dr. Carpenter was very anxious that Mr. Goodwin should take the pastorate at Santa Cruz, but his face was set homeward to good old New England, so he purchased a ticket straight through to Boston. He had agreed to stop off en route, to preach at the annual conference in Los Angeles.

Then came a strange experience. On arriving at the Pinkham home in Pasadena on Monday night, before the opening service in Los Angeles on Tuesday night, he was handed a special delivery letter which informed him that the officers of the law were on his track and he would soon be behind

the bars where he deserved to be. He quietly called his wife and gave her the letter to read. They were both astonished beyond measure, for they could not recall breaking the law in any way. They were in a strange land and had never been out of New England before. They knelt together in prayer. Soon quiet peace filled their hearts. They concluded it wise to say nothing, trust the Lord and await results.

But this preaching at the conference was most difficult. On Thursday evening he spoke on Samson, "And he wist not that God had departed from him." At the close a preacher remarked, "Are you preaching to yourself?" As he retired that night he wondered if this preacher had heard any story. Then on Saturday the president of the conference said, "Brother Goodwin is all right. We have had word from Dr. Carpenter." Then he told the facts. The Sunday-school superintendent at Santa Cruz was a reporter on a daily paper. Word from authorities in Kansas had come that a J. W. Goodwin had run away with another man's wife and was holding meetings in that city. This reporter, thinking that Rev. John W. Goodwin must be the fellow, had written the preachers as well as Mr. Goodwin and this thing had gone through the whole conference like wildfire and everyone was expecting the officers to call for Mr. Goodwin. Dr. Carpenter, hearing about the matter, hastened to send proof. He carefully explained that Rev. Mr. Goodwin was never in the state of Kansas and that Mrs.

Carpenter had known Mrs. Goodwin from childhood. While they were hunting for Rev. John W. Goodwin, the real fellow by the same name, who had been holding a meeting in the same town, escaped into Canada. When these facts became known in the conference, the tide turned and great victory was enjoyed on Sunday. That afternoon the glory fell and the altar was filled with earnest seekers after God.

The Goodwins later left southern California and on arrival at home in Manchester, found conditions most unfavorable. The young man who had been left in charge of the work had done his part excellently, but there was a growing division between the believers in and the opposers to the experience of holiness. The pastorate had been so interrupted by the six months' absence in California, that the opposers had determined to take the matter to the state conference. Mr. Goodwin was compelled to either pull out into independent work, or to resign. He decided to leave the church in the hands of the president of the conference. Thus he felt that this whole summer's work was almost fruitless.

In the summer of 1901 he received a call to Lafayette, Rhode Island. Here he learned of a theological course which was being promoted by the Primitive Methodists. It was a four-year-college course, majoring in religion and carried on by correspondence from Taylor University in Indiana. All examinations were made in writing, before an examiner to whom the test questions were sent.

Rev. Mr. Goodwin accepted the call to Lafayette, as this was a village church and the only church in the village. He felt it would afford the needed opportunity for study. This plan he carried out religiously and was able to pass the course with good grades in two and a half years and to receive his diploma. This course of study proved a great blessing as it requested writing, but more than this, it gave inspiration and desire for further research study and he was not content until he had gone through Miley, Wakefield, Hodge and the three volumes of Pope's Theology.

Then followed that period of prayerful thought and study, when he tried in vain to harmonize the doctrines of the Advent Church with the views which he had now come to believe scriptural. Having read nearly all the publications on the side of what was called "conditional immortality," he was compelled to change his views. For several years he had taken a position that man was a threefold being, body, soul and spirit. He could not regard man as a beast. Man must possess soul and spirit above the body, or the work of the Holy Spirit in conversion and sanctification would, with the body, be destroyed at death and be preserved only in the memory of God. To hold to the notion that the soul and spirit remain united after death, retaining personality and moral quality without the capacity of conscious existence, became unreasonable. To hold to the idea that death was an unconscious sleep, really implied that the spirit and soul could

have no separate existence from the body. The position that the spirit was nothing more than a like principle as exists in trees or animals, made man a mere beast of the earth. His whole soul revolted against the notion that man was only a refined beast. The scriptural view, as it seemed to him, was that man possesses a God-breathed spirit, the very life of the soul, which became the connecting link between the God-breathed spirit and the formed body. However, these convictions were held in the background for some time in order that he might be very sure of his position. In the meanwhile he was preaching evangelism.

The pastorate in Lafayette, Rhode Island, was uneventful. In the winter of 1903, the church in Haverhill, Massachusetts, recalled him to that pastorate and through the urgency of many old friends of this congregation where he had formerly served more than four years, he decided to return, but now he found everything changed. Instead of the great Sunday morning love feast and the afternoon preaching service, there was now no afternoon meeting, and the preaching was changed to the morning hour. The fiery testimonies had ceased. The mission for young men, conducted by Isaac Hanson on Washington Square, had developed into an organized church known as the Pentecostal Church, and a member of the Pentecostal Association of Churches, which later united with the Church of the Nazarene in Chicago in 1907. Many of the holiness people had united with this new

movement. On Rev. Mr. Goodwin's return to Haverhill, his reception was as great here on Washington Square, as on Walnut Street. He missed at his church the spiritual people who so often had attended formerly the Sunday morning love feast. In the very beginning of this second pastorate, while calling on a member of the church, the good lady remarked, "Brother Goodwin, we are all glad you are back with us. You are a much better preacher now than you were before but you do not have the same grip of spiritual power as in other years." He tried to explain to her, "I am as loyal as ever to the doctrine of holiness and my heart is just as devoted to Jesus and the work of the Holy Spirit." Her reply came, "Yes, we all have perfect confidence in your sincerity, but your study and preparation have taken so much of your time. Remember there is a difference between able preaching, and holy unction." Rev. Mr. Goodwin was just finishing the course of study and beginning to study Greek, taking it from a special Greek tutor.

This conversation caused his heart to begin a thorough search of its innermost interests and desires. On Sunday morning, after preaching his well-prepared discourse, he stepped to the side of the pulpit and made some remarks. The chief burden of his heart was as follows. "Glad to be back with you. We want a revival. Some of the congregation have discerned a lack of unction or holy fire in my ministry. I confess my time has been given to much study. But this shall not take the

place of holy passion. I want the four deacons to come to the front and lay their hands on my head for special prayer, and as many others as will, please gather around."

This step of humiliation proved a great blessing to him, he later stated. He then resolved before the Lord not to slacken the effort in the study of God's Word but to place the desire for a degree on the altar and to make the great passion of his soul, not great sermons, but a ministry filled with holy fire and an unction from the Holy One. Mr. Goodwin's friend, M. G. Nelson, who was ordained with him to the ministry, was leaving Springfield, Massachusetts, and urged that he accept the call to follow him in the pastorate there. Having received unanimous call from Springfield and after much prayer, Rev. John W. Goodwin concluded that God was calling him onward, and thus he began his labors in Springfield in September 1904.

The one year in Springfield, from the fall of 1904 to 1905, proved a turning point in his ministry. It was a good year in many ways and the church was cleared of debt. As pastor, he had planned a great holiness convention to last at least ten days. He desired to secure Dr. C. J. Fowler and one more special worker, with a good singer. When this plan was presented to the church board, they seemed to have no objection; but when the news reached some in the congregation, there arose a great storm of protest. A company of professed holiness preachers had been in Springfield a few years before and

had carried on their services in such a manner as to give true holiness an ill report. Hence there was so much criticism and ill feeling created by the action of the church board, that to avoid embarrassment, the pastor withdrew his request. Several days of earnest prayer followed, seeking guidance.

About this time there fell into Rev. Mr. Goodwin's hands, a few tracts on questions which were much in his thinking. These tracts were on the nature of man, soul sleeping and the general view of Adventists. Their author had changed his views on conditional immortality and the final destruction of the wicked, and his statement and reasons given made these tracts of real interest to Mr. Goodwin. In his prayer one day he seemed to hear the Lord speak to his heart. "You are in the wrong place. Go with the people who believe as you do and who want to carry on soul winning as you desire, and I will make your life and ministry a success."

He wrote Dr. Fowler at once. In reply, Dr. Fowler invited him to the holiness camp at Old Orchard, Maine. Rev. Mr. Goodwin also attended Douglas Camp a few days and was invited to preach. He had resigned the pastorate in Springfield to take effect the last Sunday in August. At that time he was vice-president of one of the good camps among the Adventists, located near Springfield, Massachusetts. It soon became known that he had views out of harmony with the church. This spread like wildfire to Alton Bay, the great camp among the

Adventists in New England, which was soon to follow.

Being the pastor of the largest church numerically, of about three hundred, Rev. John W. Goodwin was obligated to attend this camp, or at least to be present for a few days. He planned to do this on his way to Old Orchard camp. On reaching Alton Bay he took his seat on the platform as usual. At the close of that service he was called into a rear room for questioning by the president and vice-president. It was to them a serious matter and they could not see the wisdom of permitting Mr. Goodwin to preach from the stand. After some discussion by the board, he was notified that he could have the pulpit the next afternoon, but there must be no altar call or after service. Rev. Mr. Goodwin afterward confessed he wanted to preach, knowing this would be his last opportunity, to the large crowd that would gather for this service.

The president introduced him as one who had evidently imbibed heterodoxy, but as pastor of their largest church he would be allowed this service. As Rev. Mr. Goodwin arose and moved to the pulpit stand, a young minister, he made no mention of the strange introduction but took for his text John 17: 17, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth."

The entire camp was out to hear the young man preach. God kept His hand upon His servant and for one hour and ten minutes he poured out his soul. Although interrupted several times, he was not

confused. Then came his greatest test up to that time. After he had finished and walked from the platform, a large company of preachers surrounded him, asking all sorts of questions on his position on the nature of man as well as on the question of holiness. The Lord gave him wisdom and he remained silent. Suddenly, into this circle, there rushed a layman from Worcester exclaiming, "Let me shake his hand. What do I care what he believes? A man who can preach like that, can preach to me any time!" This gave Rev. Mr. Goodwin time to find his way out to a secluded place. Then he left on the early morning train next day for Old Orchard, Maine. Rev. George Wallace, who had been a former pastor in Springfield, sought out Mr. Goodwin and spent the evening in his room trying to change his plans of leaving the denomination. It was evident he had many friends. The church boards at Haverhill and Springfield both gave written resolutions of commendation and appreciation of his services while with them.

CHAPTER SEVEN

WEST TO CALIFORNIA AND UNION WITH THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

Rev. John W. Goodwin's stay at Old Orchard Camp was full of blessing. As he arrived, someone handed him a copy of the *Boston Globe*. Headlines in large letters reached almost across the page. "Another preacher goes wrong, imbibes heterodoxy; allowed to preach once from the stand."

The Goodwins had not yet decided what to do. He had written Dr. Bresee on the advice of Dr. Fowler, having been recommended to Dr. Bresee formerly by Dr. Fowler. While Dr. Bresee was very kind in his reply, there seemed to be no special open door; only he had said, "Out under the stars, to hew out a kingdom for yourself." Rev. Mr. Goodwin had received a call from the Everett Church, an independent holiness church and a member of the Association of Pentecostal Churches. He had preached for them and they seemed anxious to have him accept the call, but Mrs. Goodwin felt led to go to southern California. She was in Springfield awaiting her husband's decision.

After Mr. Goodwin had spoken at the Old Orchard Camp, Dr. Wentworth, who had formerly been a pastor of the Berwick M.E. Church and who was now the presiding elder of this district, came to Rev. Mr. Goodwin and kindly offered him work

on his district. Said he, "You need not go out of your own country to have all the work you can do. Unite with us and I will put you as pastor in one of our largest churches, or assist you in evangelism."

Rev. Mr. Goodwin again sought out Dr. Fowler and said, "Dr. Fowler, you know me and you know how I do things. Tell me what I should do."

Dr. Fowler looked at him in sympathy and said, "The Methodist Church is no place for you. If I were a young man, I would unite with a spiritual body of like believers and grow up with them."

At this moment the light flashed through Mr. Goodwin's mind, approving God's will. "That settles it, I will go to California." At once he wired his wife, "Sell out. Get ready for California."

When he arrived home in Springfield a few days later, she had sold all the furniture except the piano, table and bed linens, which she planned to send to California.

After a few days spent in visiting at their old home among relatives, the Goodwins left for Los Angeles, planning to attend the General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene on the first of October. Father and Mother Billings accompanied them, as did Mr. Goodwin's brother David and family. Mr. Goodwin later stated it took nearly all their money to purchase tickets. They took much of their food with them and a little money to buy a few things on the way, leaving only four ten-dollar bills pinned safely in an inside vest pocket. They were a happy company, eleven in all. They planned

to leave in time so that travel on Sunday would not be necessary, but a train missed connections and their delay necessitated travel on Sunday, so they planned a Sunday morning service in their tourist sleeper, at eleven o'clock. All travelers seemed glad to have the service. Sunday morning Mr. Goodwin left his vest hanging in the washroom for only a brief moment. As he returned and looked for the money, he found it was gone. There was no recourse. There was nothing to do. He went at once to the berth where his wife was dressing and, with a sad and trembling heart, told her the story.

With tears in her eyes she said, "What shall we do? We have only seventy-two cents left in change."

He quickly replied, "I don't know what to do."

Then Mrs. Goodwin came back with her usual answer, "We have always trusted God and always shall."

Mrs. Goodwin had made friends with a fine young Baptist lady who had just graduated from the Chicago School of Music, and who was very happy over the idea of worship on the train. When Mrs. Goodwin told her of their loss she said, "That will ruin our service."

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Goodwin, "my husband will preach just the same."

This morning worship in the tourist sleeper had been announced and all seats were taken and many were standing. After a song and prayer, the young preacher took his text and preached what he always

called his forty-mile-long sermon. As he was about to close, the young lady from the Chicago School of Music arose and said, "We have had a beautiful morning worship. There is just one thing left, the collection." She asked two men to pass their hats, and she handed Rev. Mr. Goodwin the offering of eight dollars and seventy-five cents. That was not a great amount of money but it was more than ten times what they had, so they thanked God and the young lady as well.

The party arrived safely in Los Angeles. The Goodwins were located in a room in Los Angeles in order to attend the General Assembly, while Father and Mother Billings went with her brother who had a few years before settled in Pasadena. When Mr. Goodwin first approached the church, he was met by Dr. Bresee at the side door, who held his hand in both of his and looking into his face said, "I am happy to meet you and shall be glad to be in the closest touch with you." Their room was furnished by the Assembly, but they were expected to look after their own meals. Soon an old friend invited Mrs. Goodwin and the children to her home in Pasadena, and Mr. Goodwin advised his wife to accept the invitation as their money was going very fast.

Since 1901 when the Goodwins made their first visit to California, Dr. Bresee had built a large tabernacle at Sixth and Wall Streets in Los Angeles. The local church had almost doubled in membership, and although there were only a few fully or-

ganized bodies of the Nazarenes, the great home-coming camp, together with the General Assembly, filled the large auditorium with earnest worshippers who were moved with intense enthusiasm.

After a few days, Mr. Goodwin asked his wife what she thought of these people. "Why," said she, "dear, you have at last found your own crowd, who believe as you do and carry on as you would." Thus the Goodwins became Nazarenes. Mr. Goodwin had no credentials to offer except the recommendations from the local church in Haverhill where he had served as pastor, in all about six years. As Dr. Bresee read the letter of commendation, he said that this letter was the best of credentials. As Rev. Mr. Goodwin had always mingled among people with strict convictions regarding water baptism, it seemed wise to make known this fact, and as he came before the Committee on Orders and Relations for his examination, it was evident that there were others of like conviction. But all were agreed that candidates for baptism should be allowed their choice as to the mode. In placing the preachers, Rev. Mr. Goodwin was asked to take Pasadena. Already an effort had been put forth to gather a company of like believers in Pasadena, in an old building which had been rented for worship services.

Near the close of the assembly, Mr. Goodwin came to see his wife in Pasadena, for mutual counsel. After walking together on Orange Grove Avenue, east of Fair Oaks Avenue which was at

that time more like a country road, they took seats beside the road. She asked, "How much money do you have?"

"Only twenty-five cents. Just enough to take me back to Los Angeles where I am to preach at the evening service. I shall have my return ticket to Pasadena, however." Mrs. Goodwin was to remain where she was until her husband could get his feet down, for he was to begin in Pasadena the following Sunday.

"If we are going to trust God," said Mrs. Goodwin, "we must step right out now, and trust Him."

"But," replied her husband, "we can't get a room without money."

"God will open the way," was her reply.

"Very well," said her husband, "I am to stay in the home of Dr. Bresee tonight. Meet me at Raymond and Colorado, tomorrow morning at about nine-thirty."

That night, he felt that his sermon had impressed at least one lady, for at the close she handed him fifty cents, so as he greeted his wife the next morning, he joyfully exclaimed, "I have fifty cents this morning." She returned with the remark, "Thank God. That is twice as much as you had yesterday, and God has promised to give us double."

The Goodwins found two upstairs rooms which seemed to be satisfactory, and Mrs. Goodwin whispered, "Get them if you can." So he boldly said to the landlady, "These rooms seem quite sufficient and we will move our trunks right in today." She

did not ask for a down payment, and of course Mr. Goodwin kept very quiet about the finances. They lived in these rooms over Sunday and with the fifty cents he purchased a loaf of bread, a pint of honey for ten cents, and five pounds of the large white grapes for ten cents, which still left them twenty cents to the good. The children were told to help themselves. They knew nothing about the circumstances. With the finest of the wheat, honey from the hills and grapes from the land, what more could they wish? Sunday morning the congregation numbered about twenty, and the offering for the preacher was a few cents over ten dollars.

Monday morning the Goodwins found at a good rental, a five-room house with a shed which could be made into two small rooms and which Mother Billings said they could fix for their living quarters, and thus share the rent. A good sister collected thirty-five dollars and handed it to her pastor, instructing him to go to a Mr. Cavell's furniture store just below the mission, where he would be able to secure some furniture, but Mrs. Goodwin said, "We are now trusting God and we must not go into debt." Rev. Mr. Goodwin told the owner of the furniture store that they wanted just thirty-five dollars' worth of furniture.

He replied, "You can't get much for that. Take what you need, make a payment and pay the balance when you can."

"No," replied Mrs. Goodwin, "we are trusting God and must not go into debt."

“Well,” said he, “here is the store, pick out what you want.”

They began to make selections while the proprietor gave the prices. They chose one dresser, one iron bed, a California cot for their daughter, two single wire springs on which they planned to put legs for two beds for their sons, one leaf table for the dining room, one rocking chair and eight other chairs.

Since all their bedding and linens were packed in trunks which they had brought with them, they were able to begin housekeeping at once. There was a good gas stove in the kitchen but the dishes and piano had been shipped by freight. They got along fine, eating from paper plates and using the tin cups which they had brought with them, for the first three months. As friends came to see them and noticed the bare floors and other needs, gradually these articles were supplied. Crowds began to increase in the little hall. God began to give seekers at the altar.

In submitting his Sunday notice to the paper, the city editor asked some questions about this new church. After he had given the information, the editor told him they were planning to devote the front page of the second section to the different churches of the city and that he would have his chance with the other pastors. He secured a large cut of the tabernacle on Sixth and Wall Streets in Los Angeles and penned a write-up stating that they were planning a similar tabernacle, seating

from five hundred to one thousand, in Pasadena. Giving a brief outline of the history and doctrine of the Church, this write-up proved a great help to the new pastor. One day when he expressed his appreciation to the city editor the reply was, "You don't know the criticism I got for that."

Soon the crowd increased so that it was difficult to pack the people in the small room which could seat only about seventy-five. In vain they sought to secure a lot for a building near the center of Pasadena. In walking up Fair Oaks Avenue one day, Mr. Goodwin noted the corner where only four years before he could have purchased the old First Baptist church for five thousand dollars. Now it was worth about twenty thousand dollars, and was being used for business. The Christian church now wanted to sell their building and move to their new location. They wanted twenty-five thousand dollars for the old building. After consulting with a real estate friend, Mr. Goodwin decided to offer them twenty thousand dollars. He suggested a fifty-dollar payment to bind the agreement, pending the favorable action which would have to be taken by the church board and congregation of the Christian church. This would require at least a month's time.

Then followed the long, difficult negotiations involving disagreements within his own church and great difficulties in securing the money, which caused him many anxious moments and sleepless nights. When the matter was presented to his

board, there arose disagreements as the board was not yet fully united into a permanent unity for all church work, and some yet retained an independent spirit. Many took their hats and walked out. As Rev. Mr. Goodwin walked out at the close with a brother who was the only one left, this brother remarked, "If anything is done, you will be compelled to do it yourself." Time was fast passing when Mr. Goodwin should put up a thousand dollars as required to meet court action which approved the sale. But with much persistence and tenacity, and with much prayer and faith in God, he was able to place the one thousand dollars in escrow on time. The leaders of the Christian church board thought he would fail, but he walked into the office in time, ready to sign a real contract to present to the court a genuine sale. Later, prayer was answered and brethren and friends came to the rescue, so that the entire deal was concluded safely. The church thus came into possession of a commodious lot and church building, later known as the Mary Street Church. How wonderful! And how strange the test of faith. Only four years before, Rev. Mr. Goodwin had failed to step out on faith for a building project which involved five thousand dollars. Now, back in the same city, he undertook a twenty-thousand-dollar deal and in spite of many seeming impossible situations, God helped him to win a complete victory.

With this new church home the congregation increased, and in one year and nine months there

was a membership of eighty. Strange as it may seem, when Mr. Goodwin had reached this victory of a new and adequate location for this young church with such a growing congregation, he felt led to resign. It seemed strange indeed to his friends, for the membership had nearly quadrupled in a year and a half. But God moves in a strange way. Rev. Mr. Goodwin's heart was burning to establish holiness in organized church form. His vision, when he came to the Church of the Nazarene, was the unity of the holiness bodies in a mighty evangelistic effort which would place the church in every state in the Union, with a strong missionary program for all the world. It was clearly evident to him that if holiness evangelism was to succeed in the world, it must build on its own foundation. The work of the associations had awakened much interest but naturally had divided some churches, and church leaders had become prejudiced against the preaching of second blessing holiness with any aggressive effort to establish believers in the experience. Holiness preachers were being crowded out of the city churches and placed in the small, country churches, and often were given no appointment at all.

There seemed to Rev. Mr. Goodwin such a need that the cry of hungry hearts could be heard in the night watches. The prayers of men and women could be heard ascending to the throne, pleading that God would send the Church of the Nazarene to their city to provide for them a happy church home

with a Sunday school for their children and wholesome society for their young people. With this call ringing in his ears, he felt led to resign.

This step of faith was to be tested as by fire. Ever since Rev. John Goodwin left the East, he seemed to hear the cry for help from San Diego, but the need in Pasadena was so immediate that Dr. Bresee wanted him to take the small company of people there and establish the work in that city. He was encouraged by the kind words of Dr. W. B. Godbey, when he was considering the matter of offering his resignation. Dr. Godbey had sent word that he would be at the Church of the Nazarene in Pasadena to speak on a certain day. Having heard much of this great man, Mr. Goodwin gave his coming good advertising. Because there would be only two services, afternoon and evening, he wanted to make the most of the short visit. The Mary Street Church was filled in the afternoon. The service was already in progress, when a little late, in walked a man very strangely dressed. Both coat sleeves were turned up and tied with a tow string. Both pants legs were also turned up and tied with a tow string around the boot tops. He also had a tow string for a belt and an umbrella for a cane—tied with a tow string. He was loaded with bundles of books which were also tied with the same kind of string. Walking down the aisle, he came directly to the platform while the congregation was in the process of kneeling. The pastor had never seen Dr. Godbey before but judged, of

course, that this was the man. After prayer the service was given over to Dr. Godbey.

As he arose he said, "What do you want me to talk about, children?"

Someone said, "The tongues — speaking in tongues.

Such an unfoldment of the Scriptures with facts of history, Rev. Mr. Goodwin stated, he had never heard from human lips. The movement had just broken out in Los Angeles and was quite new to all of the Nazarene group. No one could be deceived after listening to such a clear unfolding of the truth.

It was at this time that Dr. Godbey revealed to Mr. Goodwin his convictions regarding the Nazarene movement. He expressed himself in the following words, "This Nazarene movement will sweep the world. Young man, you are in one of the greatest movements of the age. God is in this Nazarene movement. It has the correct doctrine, a good form of church government and fine leadership. There will be churches of the Nazarene in every state in the Union."

While Mr. Goodwin was riding with Dr. J. A. Wood to Los Angeles one day, Dr. Wood said to him, "Never mind criticism. Burn your way through." These statements from such great men, sustained him in the hour of temptation which came afterward. Dr. Bresee was overloaded with responsibility and many burdens during the years of 1907 and 1908. In fact his heavy duties had be-

gun before 1905, with the new work just opening in several other large cities. With First Church Los Angeles numbering about fifteen hundred members, and the new work in Chicago and the Northwest calling for conventions, his strength was taxed to the very limit. There was no district organized in southern California as yet and no district funds. For several weeks there were no doors open to Rev. Mr. Goodwin, and the financial needs of his family were constantly growing. The temptations were coming in upon him from every side. He was sorely tempted to turn stones or something else into bread, but his decision was made only after much prayer and waiting before the Lord. Surely there would be some way which the Lord would open and every problem would be settled. Since he had already learned it was better to obey, he determined to hold steady in the storm.

CHAPTER EIGHT

EARLY WORK AND ELECTION TO DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENCY

The church in Pasadena, in one year and six months, had grown to a membership of over eighty in the new location on Mary Street. Then it was Rev. John W. Goodwin began to hear the voice of the Spirit saying, "Let us go into the next towns." Soon he became restless and in June, 1907, resigned this pastorate. By July he had many invitations to preach but no definite door seemed open for him. He was urged by some of the members of the Pasadena church who felt that he had made a mistake in resigning to reconsider and return to the pastorate. One of these brethren, when he saw that their pastor was set in his course and would not turn, asked him what he wanted to do. Mr. Goodwin told him that he wanted to go to San Diego as that city had been so heavily upon his heart for over two years. This brother set out for San Diego to open the way. He was to send word when the way was opened.

At this time, Rev. Mr. Goodwin was conducting a meeting for an independent mission in Whittier. The old tent was almost worn out, but the meeting was blessed of God and the crowds were good. Upon the last Sunday, at the suggestion of the leader, the entire congregation arose with waving

hands and handkerchiefs, inviting the young preacher to return. Word then came from San Diego that things would be ready for a revival that week. As no place had been found available to hold a meeting, a tent had been purchased by the interested brother with his own funds.

With the assistance of several brethren of other denominations, who later became Nazarenes, the tent arrangements were made and the meeting was begun. One evening at the close of the service, a lady by the name of Mrs. Whitaker came to Mr. Goodwin and said, "Don't you dare leave this city until you have established a Church of the Nazarene, for I have been praying for five years that God would send the church to this place." No wonder he had been impressed to go to San Diego.

In those pioneer days many experiences of human interest happened such as have characterized the early days of the churches of the Nazarene everywhere. There were many such incidents connected with the beginning days of the various early churches in southern California. To relate a few of these in connection with San Diego and Whittier, may be of interest and serve to be samples of many other similar incidents.

For instance, on the second day as Mr. Goodwin was around the tent assisting, two little girls came by to whom he gave a treat of candy, asking them to go home and tell their father and mother about the meeting. The whole family was out to the tent that night. Both the father and the mother

and the two oldest girls were at the altar, and along with a number of others, found God. The meeting rolled on with many victories added until it soon became evident that an organization was needed. When this became known, some who were members of other communions felt it wise to leave. However, a goodly number united with the church. In a month or so the District Superintendent came to San Diego, with the request from Dr. Bresee that Rev. Mr. Goodwin find someone to carry on in San Diego and that he return to Whittier. Dr. Bresee felt positive that he could soon have a fine church organization there. In deference to the wishes of Dr. Bresee, Mr. Goodwin returned to Whittier to begin a meeting using the very tent under which he had preached a few weeks before. The afternoon crowds were small and the evening services were not too largely attended. The plans were laid for organization. Rev. Mr. Lafontaine, District Superintendent, was to bring a large group on the electric car from Los Angeles First Church and organization was to take place on a Thursday evening. Dr. Bresee preached most excellently and called for all who were already members of the Church of the Nazarene to retire. Evidently, Mr. Goodwin's efforts to gather in those who had been friendly, had been most unsuccessful, so he later stated. After the Nazarenes took their seats, there remained: Mrs. Pitzer, a woman of remarkable faith, one blind lady, one boy of fifteen, and two little girls of nine and ten. Rev. Mr. Goodwin, re-

calling this incident, said he would never forget the look on Dr. Bresee's face. "Is this all?" he questioned. "We can never do anything under these conditions." As he rose he said, "Take the tent down, and we'll go where we are wanted."

The next day Mr. Goodwin went to see Mrs. Pitzer. He tried to convince her that this was not the time for a meeting since the nights were growing colder during the fall. There was no one to pay rent, if they should get a place for worship. All his reasoning however was to no avail. Mrs. Pitzer always came back with the statement, "God wants the Church of the Nazarene in Whittier now, and He shall have it." Before parting they had prayer together. This elect lady poured out her heart declaring that God's will must be carried out.

The following day Mr. Goodwin went over to see Dr. Bresee. As he leaned back in his study chair, Dr. Bresee heartily laughed saying, "That was a great meeting, wasn't it."

"Well," said Mr. Goodwin, "Doctor, I would quit right now if it were not for Mrs. Pitzer, but I cannot leave Whittier with Mrs. Pitzer's faith and prayers looking me in the face."

Dr. Bresee reached into his pocket and handed him twenty dollars. In a few hours he was back in Whittier and with Rev. James Elliott the leader, seeking a place for a meeting. As they walked up one of the main avenues, they saw an old vacant skating-rink. The thought suddenly struck Mr.

Goodwin, "There's your meeting house." The building was too long for their use, but he knew he could partition off forty or fifty feet. The entrance was quite attractive and would do for a meeting house. No one seemed to know who owned the place.

Finally they met a lady of whom they inquired, "Can you kindly tell us who owns this skating-rink?"

The answer came quickly, "Yes, sir, I do."

"Do you want to rent?"

She answered in the affirmative and the price was set at ten dollars a month and the brethren agreed to lease the building for a year. Rev. Mr. Goodwin handed her a ten-dollar bill for which she gave him a receipt, and the lease was complete.

Sunday morning was the time for the announcement of the last meeting under the old tent. The old roller skating-rink was to be fitted up and meeting would begin on Thursday evening. All were to gather on a vacant lot where the old tent stood, which was to be taken down, and a short service of praise to the Lord would be held for what had been done. From there the group was to march to the old skating-rink which would be redeemed with the message of salvation. The same place was now to be a lifesaving station. Permission was secured to have a bonfire on the lot, and a man to play the fife and another to beat the drum. Mr. Goodwin told everyone who would, to bring their

tin pans and tambourines. He started the bonfire, talked as loudly as he could, and gave the order to swing into line. That evening he preached to about sixty people, and in two weeks organized a class of twenty-two.

When in later years Rev. Mr. Goodwin was asked to dedicate a fine new church building, costing more than twenty thousand dollars, in Whittier, he told the story of its early beginning. Two fine ladies, now members of the church, arose and said, "We are those two little girls who became charter members, and we have served the Lord since that day." "Who hath despised the day of small things?" rejoiced the pastor. Now after these years, Mrs. Pitzer, seated in her special chair, was covered with smiles and her face bathed in tears of joy. She saw the fruitage of her prayers and the reward of her faithfulness. Today there is in Whittier a good organization with a fine church plant, carrying on a great work for the Lord and holiness.

Rev. John W. Goodwin's work in Whittier completed, he returned to San Diego to complete the organization in that city. There were just forty-four charter members.

Mr. Goodwin, since resigning the pastorate in Pasadena and stepping out with no open door, had got behind with his grocery bills, but there was no drawing back. He believed God would take care of all his needs and such He did. He remained with the new church in San Diego for only a few

months, but during this time all personal financial obligations were met and he was again entirely out of debt. Those early days in San Diego were times of great love feasts, victorious testimonies and fellowship. This good work continues to this day, with three good, strong churches in that area. It pays to walk with God.

Rev. Mr. Lafontaine resigned as Superintendent to take the pastorate of a new congregation in the southern part of Los Angeles. Dr. Bresee wished to appoint Mr. Goodwin to fill the vacancy, but this Mr. Goodwin did not desire. While willing to do anything that Dr. Bresee requested, it was only a few months till assembly and Rev. Mr. Goodwin preferred rather to await the action of the District Assembly. Sure enough, in June, 1908, he was unanimously elected to the superintendency of the Southern California District. At this time there were two churches in Los Angeles, one in Long Beach, two good churches in Pasadena, about one hundred members in San Diego, and small congregations in Ontario, Upland and Whittier.

The new District Superintendent was young and inexperienced, but filled with zeal and enthusiasm. His greatest desire was to plant the church in new fields. His salary was small the first year, only one thousand dollars, and there were no home missionary resources in those days. The Superintendent had to depend for his home missionary income upon good, consecrated men who were able to give. With such assistance, he carried on the work pro-

gressively until at the close of the third year, there were over twenty-eight hundred members and the salary was eighteen hundred dollars, with a few hundred for expenses. During this time churches were organized in Brawley, Lompoc, Redlands, and San Bernardino. The vicissitudes of the work were many and, in Pomona and San Bernardino, difficult to establish. He negotiated for the location and assisted in building the present cement stone church in Ontario. In the midst of this building program, which he was superintending and financing at the request of the local church, Dr. Bresee telephoned one Sunday afternoon from Los Angeles, reporting that a serious dissension had come up suddenly and requesting him to report at First Church at once. On reaching Los Angeles early Monday morning, Mr. Goodwin found that a large group of people had become displeased and had rented a hall on South Main Street in Los Angeles, and wanted to organize a new church. In their plea, which was submitted, they wanted to be Nazarenes but insisted on making a strange accusation that both Dr. Bresee and the District Superintendent were covering up sin. This incident is told that it may be noted that in the early days not everything was sunshiny or easy sailing for our pioneers and founders. Nor is this reference a reflection on the good people who on this occasion made up this schism. They were, doubtless, very honest and sincere in their position. But the attitude of the leaders of the church, likewise was very sincere and honest. The

incident reveals how a District Superintendent like Rev. Mr. Goodwin was placed in a tight corner. If he recognized the new church, it would appear to be an affront to Dr. Bresee. On the other hand, here were many good people whom the District Superintendent, as well as Dr. Bresee, would very much desire to save to the church.

The group made an appointment and requested District Superintendent Goodwin to meet with them. He attended the meeting, but was insistent that to be Nazarenes, they must continue in fellowship. As a result of this meeting, many returned to the next Wednesday evening prayer meeting at old First Church. To recognize the new church while the accusations against the leaders of covering up sin were held, would obviously be inconsistent. So the battle went on through the year. There was much criticism and misunderstanding among many people who were sincere, and the reports were often misleading and confusing. So it was and so it ever is in a time like this.

Dr. Bresee's time was so taken up with the general interests in the years of 1907 and 1908, that on his insistence, Rev. Mr. Goodwin gave his chief attention to First Church. The great General Assembly at Pilot Point, Texas, was being planned during that time. In the midst of these trials and problems and the work of the district, Mr. Goodwin received one hundred members into First Church during that year. God gave wisdom and help, so

that at the close of the year the problems were solved.

One incident during those months of perplexity, will suffice to show the bigness of our early leaders. After several months of negotiation and prayer, and the adjustment of many difficulties and misunderstandings, the District Superintendent saw fit to recognize the church on Main Street. He wrote Dr. Bresee, sending him the papers and explaining the organization of the Trinity Church of the Nazarene and requested his approval of the recognition. The reply was as follows in part, "Your letter has been received and the enclosed documents read with deep interest. The statements are greatly improved, yet I do not see how you could recognize them even on these statements. Nevertheless, I shall find some way to approve your action." And thus these good men faced difficulties and problems, made necessary adjustments and endeavored to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. The matter then reached its final conclusion in the following District Assembly. On an occasion when the matter was presented on the floor, Dr. Bresee was presiding and after several statements had been made by other brethren, Rev. Mr. Goodwin was given the floor as District Superintendent, to defend and explain his action and position with reference to the new church. He held the floor for nearly two hours, closing his statement and appeal with the congregation in tears, and the chairman thought wise to close the morning session just then,

in earnest prayer. The glory of the Lord fell, and unity was again restored in the ranks.

At this assembly Rev. Mr. Goodwin was elected to succeed himself by an enthusiastic and unanimous vote of the delegates. He continued to push out into new fields, giving his whole time the following year to the district work. The church and district were fast becoming organized into aggressive unity. The people were catching the vision of what could happen and of what was about to take place. Though First Church Los Angeles at one time had a membership of fifteen hundred, it began to be recognized that many outlying districts must have and would have their own local organizations. This meant a certain sacrifice on the part of First Church as from time to time good members were given up to assist in creating a nucleus of some new church. In this particular, again necessary adjustments were made as deep loyalties and devotion to First Church were transferred to other local churches. But time has revealed the wisdom of it all, as now fifty-four Nazarene churches in Los Angeles County alone, with thousands of members, look to and honor First Church as the great Mother Church, and First Church, located in a new and very strategic location, continues to carry on in a very successful way its great work of salvation and missions both at home and to the uttermost part of the earth.

At the 1910 District Assembly, Rev. Mr. Goodwin was again elected as Superintendent, and at

the close of that year there were over twenty-eight hundred members on the district. Thus with great blessing and success, our brother came to the closing days of his superintendency of the Southern California District.

CHAPTER NINE

ASSISTING PASADENA COLLEGE

Many people had felt the need of doing something about the preparation of young men and women for Christian service. As early as 1903, Mr. Jackson Deets of Upland, California, was led to present a tract of land in Los Angeles County, valued at thirty thousand dollars, for the establishment of a Bible college. On this ground was held the first Southern California District camp meeting.

In the fall and winter of 1909 and 1910, a movement was started to exchange this property for a tract of land in Pasadena. This consisted of one hundred and thirty-two acres, northeast of the city, known as the Hughes Ranch. The plan was to reserve fifty acres in the northern part of this tract for the campus, and subdivide the other eighty-two acres into over three hundred lots. Consideration for this property was one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, with the former Deets' gift traded in for a value of twenty-five thousand dollars. This left a balance of one hundred and forty thousand dollars on which was a mortgage of twenty-five thousand dollars, which was to be paid within one year.

This deal was far beyond the faith and judgment of Rev. J. W. Goodwin. He did all in his power to prevent the transaction. He gave many reasons

against the move, some of which were: there was only a dirt road at that time leading to the property; there was no transportation service; he saw many difficulties in selling the lots as there were many adjoining tracts which had vacant lots for sale; interest and taxes would consume much of any possible income. Then there was the question of a water supply, which was very inadequate. So our friend Goodwin reasoned and argued, but he was outvoted by the brethren who spoke of the deal as the Million Dollar University. Enthusiasm ran high. All the brethren on the college board voted for the move. Rev. Mr. Goodwin then voted also in favor, but voiced his strong protest. Although he was District Superintendent, these facts were never known on the district. Not one word of criticism fell from his lips, instead he became a faithful booster for the new project. When this fact is known, the heroic services rendered in later years by Rev. Mr. Goodwin, when the project fell into many serious financial straits, the bigness of the man will be the more appreciated. His policy was always to put his support with the group when the majority had favorably agreed. Just at that time, by making a favorable deal in trading the equity in a house he had just completed in another part of the city, he handed the money at once to the agent to purchase a lot in the new subdivision. In the early summer of 1910, he built the first house on the new tract.

The District Camp Meeting was then moved to the famous eucalyptus grove in the northern part of the tract. The streets were only planned, not yet built and the whole tract was covered with a great vineyard.

The college opened its work in the large mansion, and a girls' dormitory was erected. Quoting Rev. Mr. Goodwin's reference, "H. Orton Wiley, a young man of promise, was secured to plan the curriculum." Everything seemed to be starting off exceptionally well. Camp meeting was large, with many seekers and a fine spirit. Rev. C. B. Jernigan was the worker who had come on the condition that Mr. Goodwin would return with him for their first camp meeting in Bethany, Oklahoma. This camp at Bethany was indeed primitive. The meeting was largely outdoors. There was not so much as a big tent. The platform was arranged so the preacher could have a little shade. But the glory of the Lord on that first camp was wonderful. Many seekers, great freedom, power and victory characterized the meeting. Rev. C. A. McConnell, editor of the *Advocate*, insisted that Mr. Goodwin should visit Paniel, Texas, for a short convention. Here he met for the first time, in his own words, "R. T. Williams, a young man with great potentialities."

Demands at home called for his return. Being engrossed with the cares of a growing district, there was not much time for anything else. Away from home much of the time, holding meetings and visiting churches, Rev. Mr. Goodwin was not often

at the college. In the spring of 1911 he went to the college on a Thursday to see Dr. Bresee. That was Dr. Bresee's day to speak on Isaiah, which lectures became famous.

He found Dr. Bresee lying on a couch in a room in a dormitory, his face white with anxiety, and it seemed he must be very ill. However, he replied, "No, I'm not sick. Don't you know that we must lose out on this entire property?" Then he explained that the second payment of twenty-five thousand dollars had not been made. The gentleman who held the trust deed had determined to foreclose the same, and this action, when known, would ruin the confidence of all the people who were supporting the project. It was indeed a dark picture, for twenty-five thousand dollars was truly a large sum to be gathered in cash in one week. After some consideration, they agreed to go together and plead with the holder of the trust deed for a little more time. Mr. Goodwin dropped everything else to face this issue. Said he, "If we are to be ruined, we can at least do our best." He called to see the president of the bank who held the first mortgage. The banker informed him that the bank was not pressing for payment but that the holder of the trust deed had a right to pay the mortgage off according to his trust deed and to close it all out in a few days. However, he promised to assist in any way he could, while Rev. Mr. Goodwin promised to do his best to gather funds.

By placing the situation before several individual friends, he soon had twelve thousand dollars promised, which he could call for on forty-eight hours' notice. He then called at the bank to tell of his progress. As he stepped into the bank, the banker informed him that the holder of the trust deed was even at that moment in his office. He was awfully upset and proposed action at once. "Blunder around to my door in about ten minutes," he instructed Mr. Goodwin, "and I will give you an introduction."

Once inside of the office, Mr. Goodwin talked, reasoned, even pleaded for time, but all this was to no avail. Mrs. Goodwin was in their carriage just outside the bank, praying. Finally, they two stepped out at the side door of the bank. Two hours of earnest appeal had seemed to have been of little or no effect. Mr. Goodwin made this final appeal before taking leave. Calling the trust deed holder by name, "You are a business man and doubtless have been in hard places. I need a little time. Please do not take action tomorrow." The man asked how much time he wanted. "One week from today," replied he, "if you have not heard from me by then, take action." This request was granted.

Then followed one week of agonizing effort on the part of Rev. Mr. Goodwin to secure the balance of the money needed within the limited time. The details of the week cannot be further given. Suffice to say, Mr. Deets, who had become displeased

and had withdrawn from the college board, finally agreed to sign a joint note with others to secure the balance needed; provided Mr. Goodwin would promise faithfully that he would stand by until this note was paid. Mr. Goodwin, in the remaining moments of his limited time, with tears made this pledge, for everything depended upon this man's signature. All other efforts had been to no avail. Said Rev. Mr. Goodwin, "I would have pledged anything in my power." On reaching home he telephoned the holder of the trust deed to have his papers ready for cancellation, as they would all be paid in full at eleven o'clock the next morning. The race was won. The college was saved from this threatening danger.

At the following District Assembly, Rev. Mr. Goodwin was again elected Superintendent, but he did not feel it possible to devote the time required to the district work and also to keep faithfully the pledge he had made to Mr. Deets. Upon his withdrawal, Rev. W. C. Wilson was elected District Superintendent. With the help of Rev. Jack Sanders, he was to give his time to the financial needs of Pasadena College. These two men labored together faithfully, selling lots, the proceeds of which were applied on the debt. Mr. Goodwin was unable to attend the General Assembly at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1911 because of an impending large deal which would provide twenty-two thousand dollars on another payment which would be due in the fall. Therefore, in reply to a wire from Dr. Bre-

see during the General Assembly, requesting that he leave at once and come to Nashville, he wired, "Impossible. In the midst of a most important deal." He received the cash and the payment was made on time. These two years were filled with burdens, but also with thrilling events and answers to prayer and rewards for hard work.

Among these may be mentioned first the securing of an electric carline out through the property. This involved raising twenty-five thousand dollars of which the college pledged five thousand. The job of securing this twenty-five thousand dollars from interested parties, became Rev. Mr. Goodwin's. This task was successfully done. The day the first electric car passed along the property was one of overwhelming joy. Then another big problem solved was the water supply. This was a most vital problem. The city of Pasadena had taken over the local water company and refused to extend the necessary water supply to this new section. The contention of the city was that the college had signed a contract by which the water connections were only temporary, and the city would not be further obligated. All in vain, the city searched for the temporary contract which had been signed. They could not find it. Mr. Goodwin verily believed that God had answered prayer. A water supply for the entire tract was furnished. Then in the fall of 1912 another financial crisis came, when an old note for twenty-two thousand dollars, given in May, 1910, on which only seven thousand dollars

had been paid, became due. The bank insisted on a payment of six thousand dollars and the writing of a new note. This payment must be made in thirty days. Here again follows a story of much praying. In fact there was an all night of prayer by the students of the college and a month filled with intense activity, trying to secure the funds to meet the demands of the bank. The last week arrived, no funds. All the efforts of this week were fruitless. On returning home the last of the week, Mrs. Goodwin informed her husband that a brother from San Diego was waiting to see him at the college building. He took this brother to the tower of the old mansion, hoping to sell lots. The effort failed to awaken any interest. Ten o'clock that morning was the fatal hour. At the last moment, this brother suggested that he had better be going to meet the banker. Mr. Goodwin had not told him of the immediate need, but just before he left, this brother put his hand in his pocket and handed Mr. Goodwin a check for exactly six thousand dollars, saying that he had been keeping it for the college for three weeks.

Again God was on time and had answered prayer. Many indeed were the remarkable answers to prayer during those two busy years and so the wonderful story is repeated how the Lord has undertaken in the early days for practically all of the church colleges which were devoted to the sincere task of training earnest, Christian youth. They have arisen through the toil and sweat and sacrifice,

and the vision of faithful men and women who dared to hold on when everything seemed in vain, but in every case God has always rewarded earnest service and faith. At this time Rev. Mr. Goodwin, feeling he had kept his pledge, felt free to turn again to full time preaching, as preaching was his calling and preach he must. Just at this time he was offered a fine proposition in the real estate business, by which he could have realized a financial fortune, but he turned it down without a serious thought.

CHAPTER TEN

PROVIDENCE LEADING TO ELECTION AS GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT

In June, 1913, the financial condition of Pasadena College seemed to indicate that Rev. Mr. Goodwin's work was finished. Since he had a great desire to enter the pastorate, he accepted the first door which was opened to him, Pomona, California. Here he was privileged to live a few months in the preacher's paradise, a study room with books. Salary was small, only fifteen dollars a week, but by the kindness of the people the Goodwins always had an abundance of food for the table and all their needs were supplied. In the fall he was in the midst of a revival campaign with Rev. and Mrs. Haldor Lillenas, as evangelists. Dr. Bresee called one day and asked that he leave at once and go to Oakland, since the church there was in very serious need. He could well leave the workers in charge of Pomona, and as it was always his pleasure to co-operate with Dr. Bresee, he went to Oakland. He found the good people in the midst of serious misunderstanding, with the usual hurts and wounds which go with such a situation. At one time the task seemed hopeless and he gave expression to his feelings in the presence of his wife. This good woman, who always rose to the occasion with the right word, said, "Just keep on praying and crying over them, and you will get them."

After many weeks, one Sunday morning a good sister, who had been a leading spirit in the church from the very first, began to sing as the morning offering was being taken, "Where He leads me, I will follow." Her singing seemed to ignite spiritual fire, and verse after verse was sung with fervor until one dear old brother arose exclaiming, "The Holy Ghost is come," and knelt in prayer. The entire group followed. Rev. Mr. Goodwin in the spirit prayed for more than twenty minutes. When he opened his eyes the altar was lined and the front seats filled with people kneeling, weeping and asking forgiveness. There was great rejoicing. This service united the people and produced the desired results. Nothing can heal hurts and wounds among a group of people like a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

In the fall of 1914 a sad tragedy occurred. Mrs. Goodwin's mother was crossing a street on her way to church, when she was suddenly struck by an automobile. This necessitated the return of Mrs. Goodwin to Pasadena, and since her husband would be alone in Oakland, it seemed wise for him to resign and to return to southern California also.

Nothing opened at first, but at the close of the assembly a delegation from San Diego urged him to consider their pastorate again. It seemed a little strange that this could be the will of God. Mr. Goodwin was there during the establishment of the church and had often preached for them during the eight years. He consented to go on the last

Sunday of the assembly to supply the pulpit, and as a result the board unanimously nominated him and the church elected him as pastor. The months which followed in San Diego were among the happiest of his ministerial life. First Church had a splendid membership and a fine inspiring congregation. Here Rev. Mr. Goodwin had time for reading and studying, and the research opportunity for which his soul was hungry. In San Diego with his family well-located in a beautiful parsonage, he was again at home in the pastorate, happy and contented.

In March, 1915, he made a visit to Pasadena. Dr. Bresee telephoned from Los Angeles saying he must see him before his return. Mr. Goodwin answered the invitation, "Why, Doctor, I could not think of coming so near and not seeing you." He went to see him that morning. The conversation that ensued was very intimate and has not been often told.

Dr. Bresee said to him in the midst of their talk, "Brother Goodwin, I have something on my heart which I must tell you."

Replied Mr. Goodwin, "Why, Doctor, say on. You know I can keep a secret."

Then he went on to tell that he believed that God would give him strength to attend the General Assembly in October and to do his part, but God had made it plain to him that he was to go to heaven right after the General Assembly. This was a great shock to Rev. Mr. Goodwin, who refused to receive it. With a tear glistening in his

eye, Dr. Bresee said, "And that is the way it will be." He spoke of the need of General Superintendents who could and would give their entire time to the work. They knelt together in prayer. He placed his hands upon Rev. Mr. Goodwin's head and prayed for him that God would give him strength and wisdom to always remain in the will of God. Humility kept Mr. Goodwin from relating much of the burden of that prayer.

The year 1915 was a most trying year in some respects for Mr. Goodwin. A business proposition which looked good turned out to be most disappointing by a change in economic conditions. He was left with obligations amounting to over four thousand dollars, with nothing to pay them. The night it dawned upon him that all these obligations were his, he spent in prayer. In the morning he heard these words ringing in his soul, "I will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able, but with the temptation, I will make a way of escape." And God did this for him. He visited each creditor bank, explained his plight and asked for patience and mercy. It took him seven years to pay all these obligations. He wore second-hand clothing and Mrs. Goodwin made over old dresses and hats. At last one day he walked into the last bank to which he owed anything and paid the last dollar of obligation, with all the interest. No one lost one dollar of principal or interest. He learned what Dr. Bresee and many other ministers have learned the hard way, that a minister ordained to

the gospel should devote all his time and strength to that ministry and trust God for all temporal needs.

In the early summer of 1915, Rev. Mr. Goodwin wrote Dr. Bresee that it would not be possible for him to attend the General Assembly that fall and that the first alternate delegate should be notified to fill the place. After some correspondence, Dr. Bresee wrote saying, "You must go to this General Assembly, so get ready, for your round trip ticket is all provided with your sleeper as well." He gave instructions that on his arrival in Los Angeles, he should go with the delegation. Who paid his expenses to the General Assembly of 1915, he never knew, unless it was the doctor himself. He had missed both the General Assemblies of 1908 and 1911, as formerly explained.

In this assembly, he was a booster for the election of Dr. W. C. Wilson for the office of General Superintendent. Thoroughly enjoying this assembly, he was elected Chairman of the Committee on Superintendency, which was an unusually large committee. The sad feature of the assembly was the illness of Dr. Bresee, but when he came to the platform to take the chair, he always seemed specially inspired for the task. Soon after the assembly it became apparent that he was failing very fast. It was hard indeed to give up this great man, a real prophet of God. On one of Mr. Goodwin's latest visits from San Diego to see Dr. Bresee, he asked the opportunity to pray for his healing. But Dr. Bresee re-

plied, "I am suffering so, please let me go." One Saturday night he lingered with him until a late hour, then finally assisting him to bed, they clasped hands. As Rev. Mr. Goodwin walked to the door and turned to say good-by, he added, "I will be back Monday morning, Doctor. Good night." Waving his hand gently, Dr. Bresee replied, "I shall be glad to see you here, but I will meet you at the Eastern Gate." The next day at about six o'clock in the evening, came the telephone message that Dr. Bresee had passed from mortal life to be with his glorious Lord.

Soon the information came that Dr. W. C. Wilson had been compelled to return home from his Texas assemblies on account of illness, then followed the shocking news of his death. In harmony with the Manual provisions, Dr. H. F. Reynolds, the senior General Superintendent, began to conduct an election of two General Superintendents to fill the vacancies.

When the telegram came from Dr. Reynolds to Rev. Mr. Goodwin, giving notice of his election and the election of Rev. R. T. Williams to the General Superintendency, Mrs. Goodwin fell into a chair in a faint. The newly elected brethren were asked to appear in Kansas City as soon as possible. So, early after the beginning of the new year in 1916, Mr. Goodwin made plans for this trip. The trip from Los Angeles to Kansas City was filled with prayer and meditation. To Rev. John W. Goodwin at times, the burden of this new responsibility thrust upon him seemed overwhelming.

Dr. H. F. Reynolds was at the station in Kansas City to give him a most hearty welcome. Plans had already been made for his comfort and entertainment while in the city. Dr. Reynolds proved to be a true father in Israel, full of interest, courtesy and kindness. He was most insistent that the two newly elected General Superintendents give their entire time to the general work of the church. He was so full of hope and vision that he greatly inspired their hearts. At a special service planned for their consecration to the office of General Superintendency, with his hands upon their heads, Dr. Reynolds prayed an earnest and impassioned prayer which lifted them into the heavenlies. Great grace rested upon the service and special blessing upon the new General Superintendents. Before Rev. R. T. Williams and Rev. J. W. Goodwin separated, they resolved together to give themselves wholly to the work of the superintendency. This resolution was carried out by the help and blessing of God, throughout the following twenty-four years of such service rendered by Rev. John W. Goodwin in the work of the church.

During the four years from 1915 to 1919 there were many problems. In fact Dr. Goodwin later testified that the first year was the most trying and hectic of all his years in the General Superintendency.

On his return from Kansas City, his first step was to close his pastorate in San Diego. This was planned to take effect just before the District As-

sembly in June. During this period, one of Rev. Mr. Goodwin's most crushing heartaches came because of certain conditions and considerations, in which Dr. H. Orton Wiley felt justified in leaving Pasadena College for a new appointment in the establishing of Northwest Nazarene College. Much to Mr. Goodwin's disappointment, the decisions were made which resulted in the going of Dr. Wiley to the Northwest. His disappointment and sorrow of heart were overwhelming. He found a secluded place all alone with God and wept with a broken heart. After forty-five minutes, God seemed to speak to him saying, "Dry your tears. You can do nothing further with this situation. Leave it with me. In ten years it will be adjusted."

Strange as it may seem, in just ten years to the month, the board of trustees of Pasadena College, called Rev. Mr. Goodwin before them and made known their desire to secure Dr. H. Orton Wiley as president again. But during those years Dr. Wiley had successfully carried out a great assignment in the establishing and building of Northwest Nazarene College, which has proved to be one of the great institutions of the church. Both that and his return to Pasadena College, with the gracious success given in the carrying forward of the work in both instances, were doubtless of God. Thus in mysterious ways the Lord performed His wonders.

Another great problem for the new General Superintendent in that first year, was occasioned by the difference among brethren over certain issues

which arose in the group which worshiped at the Pasadena College chapel, known as the University Church. A good man and a friend of the General Superintendent, Rev. Seth C. Rees, felt impelled to inaugurate services under other auspices, but General Superintendent Goodwin and Rev. Seth C. Rees, though in disagreement on the issues, remained good friends and kindly brethren, throughout those days and throughout life. Nevertheless for the new General Superintendent in his first year, the negotiations and decisions necessarily his to make, called for tears and nights of prayer for guidance and understanding, and constituted a major crisis for him perhaps never even equaled by any other in any subsequent year.

General Superintendent Goodwin's first District Assembly was in the Northern California District. Dr. H. F. Reynolds was then the General Secretary of Foreign Missions and attended all of the assemblies of the church, he could reach. It was a great joy to General Superintendent Goodwin to have him present at this first assembly. All his fears were buried in the confidence of the people who very evidently loved him. He felt much at home. During the assembly he had used his pocket knife in calling the sessions to order, so at the close of the assembly, Dr. Reynolds came forward and presented him with a new gavel, saying, "Our chairman has done so well with his pocket knife, he should do much better with a proper instrument, I am sure."

Early in the summer of 1916, General Superintendent Goodwin planned his first itinerary in holding the District Assemblies which had been assigned to him. He took with him Mrs. Goodwin and their daughter Elizabeth, nine years of age, leaving California in August. This long itinerary covered a full year and brought them around to New England where he had begun his ministry many years before. The income from the general funds was so small for the General Superintendents those days, they were compelled to do much evangelistic work in holding the assemblies. His income from the general funds that first year was about eight hundred dollars. This program gave the presiding officer plenty to do, holding the assembly in the day time and preaching at night, with addresses during the assembly sessions. It was his first visit back to New England since leaving there in 1905, and his first visit into the great South. The church was then only in its very beginning throughout the South, except in Tennessee, and the churches were very small indeed and much scattered, hence the assemblies were rather small, but he felt this was all in his favor as a beginner in such work. Mrs. Goodwin was a fine mixer, always victorious in faith, while Elizabeth was a very interesting little girl, so the General Superintendent was able to get by on their good graces, so he said, in very fine shape. The party had many interesting and helpful experiences on this long trip.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

DISTRICT ASSEMBLIES

During his tenure in the office of General Superintendent, Dr. John W. Goodwin conducted approximately three hundred District Assemblies and ordained nine hundred and sixty ministers of the gospel in the Church of the Nazarene. The beginning years in his work as General Superintendent were also pioneer and formative years in many of the districts. The doctor was pleased to recall incidents which were filled with interest to him of those early assemblies. Also he thrilled with the comparisons of the statistics of those early assemblies and those of later time. The remarkable growth of the church is revealed in a very pronounced way, when comparing the assemblies of 1916 with those of 1940, the beginning and closing years of Dr. Goodwin's period of service as General Superintendent. Also the inconveniences of travel and entertainment in those earlier days were very primitive as compared with the luxurious care accorded a presiding officer at the later date.

It is of interest to trace the itinerary of that first year of assemblies and to note some of the happenings. It was while holding the assembly in Maplewood, Missouri (suburban to St. Louis), that Dr. Goodwin met Rev. R. V. Starr, who became interested in the Church of the Nazarene, and in-

vited Dr. Goodwin to his home. Shortly thereafter, Rev. R. V. Starr undertook the establishment of the Church of the Nazarene in the great city of St. Louis, where today there are ten or more churches. The following year, Dr. Goodwin had the privilege of ordaining Rev. Mr. Starr in a class of sixteen at Olivet, Illinois.

At the following assembly at Shreveport, Louisiana, the district in 1916 was in its very beginning and the District Superintendent was laboring under great handicap. Then followed the assembly in Mississippi. There were only two or three churches and these were small and far apart. The Goodwins were taken from the railway station in a wagon, about twelve miles into the country, where there was a small chapel, the seat of the assembly. It took only a few hours to take care of the assembly business, but two weeks were spent in revival work and greatly enjoyed. A revival some time before had gathered among the converts six young men who later were called to preach. Most of them became preachers in the Church of the Nazarene, one of them being Rev. H. H. Hooker, who has served faithfully many years as District Superintendent, pastor and evangelist.

Jasper, Alabama, was next and here the Nazarenes had a very good foothold, though the district was small. Here Dr. Goodwin made a ruling which was appealed to the General Court of Appeals, which court upheld the doctor's decision. It appeared there were several men who were aspiring

to the office of District Superintendent. These brethren would move from one district to another, hoping to be elected and failing in one, would move to another. The General Superintendent who held the assembly in 1914 ruled against this, but it was claimed that the General Superintendent who presided in 1915 had ruled differently. Dr. Goodwin felt he could not be consistent and rule both ways at the same time, so he chose to rule with the 1914 decision. This the General Court of Appeals sustained and this has since been the general practice of the church.

Then followed the assembly in Adrian, Georgia. The district had been organized only a short time and the churches were small and mostly in the country. In order to save expenses the Goodwins decided on a route which required four changes during the night and travel in old coach cars. The last of these changes was made at 4 a.m., with a wait until 6 a.m. for a branch train to take them thirty-five miles to Adrian. This was made in seven hours. The business sessions were brief, but there was a good spiritual program. The crowds were small and the people very limited financially. Dr. Goodwin remained one week for a revival effort, during which time the finances of the Goodwins became depleted. Mrs. Goodwin went to prayer. Soon a friend who had taken it upon himself to go out and solicit among the business men, came in and handed them sufficient money to get out of town. Dr. Goodwin remarked he never knew

whether this was in appreciation, or for joy to get rid of him. But they were happy to be able to travel to southern Georgia to Donalsonville, where the Shingler family lived, whom they had met at the assembly. This was on their way south to Florida for the next assembly. Dr. Goodwin, with pleasure, often compared that first visit with those of the later days when the Georgia District had grown into a strong district, and the hardships were exchanged for modern conveniences and modern transportation. While at the Shingler home, the Goodwins spent their first Christmas out of California in eleven years. They always carried with them fond memories of the happy home of the Shinglers, with its gracious hospitality, which made their stay in Donalsonville a most pleasant experience.

The Florida District had been organized as a separate district only the year before by Dr. H. F. Reynolds, and there were only two or three local churches. Even First Church Miami was very small. There were only sixteen members in the assembly sessions, so the business was soon dispatched and there was plenty of time for prayer, praise, exhortation and sermon.

Dr. Goodwin's last itinerary among these assemblies in the South was very different. He made the trip from place to place in a fine automobile, and Dr. D. Shelby Corlett was the evening preacher. They were then entertained in hotels and each assembly had largely attended day sessions, filled

with vision and evangelistic fervor. Churches had been organized in the cities and some of the larger cities had more than one church.

The Alabama District was fast becoming one of the larger districts of the denomination. Georgia had emerged from its limited vision of country churches and was fast developing churches also in the cities. The day sessions in the assemblies had hundreds in attendance, instead of a score. The District Superintendent of Mississippi was now organizing more new churches each six months, than were on the district during that first visit in 1916. It was evident that the Nazarene movement in the South was on the march for a great future. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" Thus General Superintendent Goodwin had special joy to note the growth and spirit of the movement in the states of the South on his last tour.

In the spring of 1917, General Superintendent and Mrs. Goodwin visited the assemblies in the Northeast. This was their first return to the New England states since 1905. This being their native home, and the place where Dr. Goodwin had entered the ministry, they had looked forward with much pleasure to this visit. They were disappointed in their hope to meet again Rev. W. A. Burch who had led them into the experience of holiness, for this good man had passed to his eternal reward only a few months before. It was a special joy to meet such men as A. B. Riggs and John Short again.

After the spring assemblies in the East, Dr. Goodwin was one of the workers at the Haverhill camp meeting. The Church of the Nazarene and the Association of Pentecostal Churches having united, it brought many of the old friends of other years together. Here he found many friends still true to Christ, whom he had baptized when pastor in that city. As these friends and relatives had not been seen for twelve years, this itinerary was of special interest to the Goodwins.

Being so near the old home place, Dr. Goodwin determined on a visit to the home of his childhood. When he and Mrs. Goodwin and daughter Elizabeth arrived in Berwick, while standing at the post office corner, some old acquaintances came along. Soon a large crowd had gathered: Frank Guptill of boyhood memories, old friends who had worked together with Dr. Goodwin in the shoe factory, the town barber and others. Said he to the barber, "You must be rich by this time." "No," replied the man, "but I have worn out three floors in the past forty years." Like most fathers, Dr. Goodwin had told his daughter much of the good old days at the old home, and, like all these fathers, he was cured on the visit back. The old elm trees had been cut down. The well, with the old oaken bucket, now had a more modern idea of a pump. Everything seemed changed. A short visit to the hallway and to the steep steps which led to the attic where he used to sleep, must be made as he wanted his daughter to see the place of his boyhood dreams,

but everything was so different he was at last fully cured of his fond dreams of the old home place, and went away in a deep meditation of another Home where earthly changes never come, and the tree of life will not be removed.

Thus for twenty-four years, Dr. John W. Goodwin, General Superintendent, faithfully took his turn at the various district assemblies over the nation and in Canada, and in assignment in foreign lands. He was an able presiding officer, and a good executive. His powerful voice in passionate appeal was heard in every assembly, encouraging advancement and a forward looking vision—never calling a retreat. Only God can weigh the good this consecrated life has accomplished.

CHAPTER TWELVE

VISITS TO ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

In 1924 the General Board made a request that one of the General Superintendents make a trip to the British Isles District to hold the Annual District Assembly in Glasgow. The lot fell to Dr. Goodwin to make this trip. This was indeed to be a new experience, for he had never been out of the States, except to Canada. In later years, after Dr. Goodwin had become a much traveled General Superintendent, he was amused at the anxious anticipations and big preparations he had made for this first crossing of the Atlantic and visit to another shore. The thought of seasickness and leaving the family behind did not appeal to his natural instincts, but since he must go, he began to make the needed preparations. When all plans were finally completed, he had more bothersome baggage for this brief trip than later he took with him on a trip around the world, covering eight months. He learned it pays to travel as light as possible. Also to head off seasickness, a famous seasick remedy was taken exactly according to directions.

The trip across the water was made without trouble. Dr. Goodwin had expected the District Superintendent to meet him at his landing at Southampton. He looked in vain for anyone who would recognize him, but no one paid any attention to

this stranger in that far-off, strange land. There seemed nothing left for Dr. Goodwin to do but to go with the crowd who were taking the train for London. On reaching the city, he was soon comfortably located in a good room in a hotel. Traveling in England was not too bad after all, concluded Dr. Goodwin. After a good night's sleep, he awakened bright and early and pressed the button as he had been instructed to do for heat in the room, before attempting to rise. To his surprise, very soon the maid came into the room and built a fire in the grate, and quietly retired. He was thankful for the fire but felt that the method was quite different from what he had been accustomed to in his usual travels.

Later, on board the train, Dr. Goodwin was comfortably located to make the trip to Scotland. The train was just about to start when he heard a tapping on the window and lo and behold, there was Dr. George Sharpe, the District Superintendent, standing on the outside. Dr. Sharpe had tried in vain to find him at the landing in Southampton, and had rightly judged that Dr. Goodwin would be leaving on this train. As Dr. Sharpe had business in court in London for the day, this gave Dr. Goodwin time to visit Westminster Abbey and some other places of interest in London. Also splendid opportunity to view court proceedings as carried on in England. The dignity and court etiquette of the judge and the law profession, impressed him very much. The very atmosphere of the courtroom

seemed filled with a deep sense of law and order with the purpose of justice, which created reverence and respect from all present.

Dr. George Sharpe, the District Superintendent, had planned a brief itinerary of the local churches before the District Assembly, which was to convene at Parkhead Church, Easter week. These two weeks were filled with interesting and profitable activities, speaking each night and Sundays in the local churches. Dr. Goodwin greatly appreciated Dr. and Mrs. George Sharpe as leaders among this wonderful people, and their hospitality remained always with him as a pleasant memory.

The pulpits in some of the churches were situated as they should be, down on a platform at a reasonable height to give a proper aspect of the preacher of the gospel. But in some, as in Parkhead, the pulpit was elevated on the side and several feet above the congregation, and in a little side box, separated so distinctly from the people. The perplexing question which disturbed Dr. Goodwin was, how could anyone expect to reach the hearts of men from such an exalted position? He had the audacity to offer twenty-five dollars if Parkhead would place the pulpit where he thought it should be. In after years, with more experience in extended travels, he learned to adapt himself to conditions without suggested changes. On calling for seekers at the close of the service, he was allowed to move from the high and exalted pulpit to a position on the lower platform in close reach of the

people, which he appreciated very much. There were gracious altar services. The worshipers were very sincere and nearly all brought their Bibles to church with them. At the close of every service, the congregation after the benediction, took their seats and then quietly arose and moved to the aisles for retirement, from the service. Dr. Goodwin felt this was a good example for all holiness churches to follow with profit.

The District Assembly was filled with interest. The Scottish brethren received Dr. Goodwin with all kindness which he thought might have been the result of their sympathy and pity for the stranger in their midst. Dr. Goodwin naturally took to the broad accent of the "a" and the "o," and had he remained long enough, he believed he soon could have made quite a Scotchman, himself.

Dr. Goodwin was greatly impressed with the points of historic interest in Glasgow and Edinburgh. The paintings in Queen Mary's mansion took him back over the history of the kings of Scotland to the first centuries of the Christian era. No wonder it took long years for Rome to conquer this land. In fact it was never conquered till Christianity found its way to the Scottish heart, and even then with the gospel of freedom, Scotland could never be brought under the iron rule of a Roman religion. The world some day will more fully realize and appreciate the love of freedom and devotion to personal religion, which moved this people in their determination to contend so earnestly for their

liberty. They would not be ruled by dictators or dominated by priestcraft.

Before taking the steamer for return to New York, Dr. Goodwin visited London. At the British museum he was thrilled with his visit through the Assyrian and Egyptian rooms, and the contributions archeology had made to the Bible, proving that the old Book stands the test of centuries. One evening, by the kindness of a member, he was privileged to visit and listen in on the discussion of the British Parliament.

As Dr. Goodwin's ancestors were from England, he thought it might be well to look in the telephone book but he soon came to the conclusion that there was little use in trying to locate relatives. There were more Goodwins in London, it seemed, than Smiths in America.

The points of interest which perhaps Dr. Goodwin enjoyed the most, were John Wesley's Chapel, St. Paul's Cathedral and Spurgeon's Tabernacle. He knelt on the stool where John Wesley prayed as he led the congregation in prayer. He stood in the little room in John Wesley's house where Wesley bid his friends good-by in the hour of his departure, then he entered the little closet about four feet by six, where Wesley prayed in his morning devotions. Dr. Goodwin knelt near where Wesley must have placed his knees and made his covenant anew with God, to be true to the message of full salvation from sin, and to endure unto the end, ever

faithful. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, although large and commodious, seating five thousand, did not impress Dr. Goodwin as the little Wesley Chapel, seating only three hundred. The charm to him was not in the size of these meeting places but in the historical message of Wesley. Dr. Goodwin also visited the final resting place of John Bunyan.

The return trip was uneventful and the ship docked in New York harbor about eight o'clock in the morning. But it was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon before he was allowed to disembark. By this he recalled the storm of protest at Southampton by an impatient American, over the delay of one hour which they had in making departure for London. Pounding his cane on the floor, he declared that such delays were all unknown in the homeland of America, so Dr. Goodwin was led to contrast that one hour in Southampton with the six long hours in New York harbor, when friends were waiting on the shore and there was fear of missing connections with his train. He had been out of the home country only six weeks, but the joy of this first homecoming to the land of his birth, lingered with him as one of the great days in his memory. The trip to England and Scotland had been of keen interest and whetted the desire to return. This desire was granted, when with Dr. R. T. Williams, Dr. Goodwin made a missionary tour of the world in 1929-1930, and England and Scotland were the last countries on their itinerary before returning home. And again in 1936, Dr. Goodwin

visited the British Isles District to preside at the assembly and to visit the churches.

On the 1936 trip, General Superintendent Goodwin sailed from New York, midnight of March 18, landing March 25 in England. Then by train to Glasgow, arriving the twenty-seventh and was greeted by the District Superintendent, Rev. Robert Purvis. A trip had been arranged by Rev. Mr. Purvis to Ireland, so Dr. Goodwin had the privilege of preaching three days in Belfast. On return to Glasgow the week of April 1 to 8, he spent that time touring churches in Scotland, then in presiding over the assembly April 8 to 12 in the mother church of Parkhead. Again, General Superintendent Goodwin greatly enjoyed a visit to the British Isles District and was greatly appreciated by the people. Rev. Robert Purvis accompanied him on the return voyage home.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

TRIPS TO MEXICO

Although Mexico is one of our nearest neighbors, like Canada on the north, yet because of a different language it always seemed far away to Dr. Goodwin. The mission in Mexico was undertaken by the Church of the Nazarene through the heroic labors of Carlos H. Miller in 1903, but was greatly hindered on account of the internal strife occasioned by the revolution which swept that country at that time. Rev. Mr. Miller had brought into the mission a strong man of faith, loyalty, and vision—Dr. V. G. Santin—with his noble family. When Rev. Mr. Miller had to take his departure from Mexico, he left Dr. Santin in charge.

Through the struggles of those awful years, little seemingly was accomplished but Dr. Santin and his family remained true to the faith, loyal to his God-given vision. After 1920 when conditions were more favorable, the work so faithfully undertaken began to show signs of advancement. Less than two hundred believers had been gathered in all those trying years since 1903. The eloquent addresses of Dr. Santin in the General Assemblies of 1919 and 1923, in which earnest pleas were made for help to sustain and carry on the work in Mexico, greatly impressed Dr. Goodwin. During these years of construction the work had grown from something less than two hundred to about one thousand members.

When General Superintendent Goodwin made his first visit to this great land of the South, the conditions of the country in 1924 were such that Dr. Santin was compelled to make a written guaranty and place two hundred and fifty dollars on deposit as security for Dr. Goodwin's safe return to the States. Great care had to be taken that the General Superintendent should not transgress the laws of the land by using his ministerial office while in Mexico. He was allowed, however, to answer questions and make explanations regarding the doctrine and special teachings of the Church of the Nazarene. Thus questions were asked and requests made that Dr. Goodwin would explain certain texts. He often took thirty to forty minutes to explain a text, speaking of course through an interpreter. Nearly all the time the place was packed with eager listeners and there were many happy finders of the grace of justification and sanctification.

Mexico City is one of the great cities of the world, situated on a great interior plain, seventy-five hundred feet above sea level. The climate is warm and healthful and most inviting to the tourist. This city is among the oldest settlements in all the American countries. Here, Christianity first found a foothold among the Indian peoples. The Franciscan monks did much to plant the gospel of Christ among these Indians. These devoted priests, with their sacrifice and toil, labored in faithful service for the upbuilding of the natives who loved and honored these loyal men, who were giving themselves to the

developing of this new world. Dr. Goodwin believed that had these noble Christian men been allowed to carry on their faithful toils in this unselfish endeavor, the history of Mexico and other Latin countries might have been a different story.

The government of Spain, however, with its love of royalty and pomp and display of rich architecture, and its show of forms and ritual, so completely molded later the ideal of the Christian Church, that other more popular societies such as the Dominicans and the Jesuits were encouraged to come to this new world. These societies forced their views upon the natives and the Christian Church already established. Thus the true Christian spirit of love and devotion was lost. This method filled the church with pagan ideals to the destruction of Christian principles. These societies became a false and destructive influence in Christianity. Lip service calling Christ Lord, but refusing a sincere devotion to Christ himself. This sad state has constituted no small hindrance to true Christianity throughout Mexico, and it is this background which true Evangelical faith must pierce in getting the gospel of holiness to the heart of the millions of needy souls in this great land.

Dr. Goodwin greatly loved the people of Mexico and was greatly endeared to them. The General Superintendent thrilled to the success of the missions of the Church of the Nazarene in this great republic.

In the last visit Dr. Goodwin made to Mexico City, the work had grown to over fifteen hundred members in the Church of the Nazarene in Mexico. And there were now two districts besides the border work being done along the line of the states of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and the Mexican states opposite.

Besides the assembly in 1924, General Superintendent Goodwin conducted in Mexico City the assembly of 1932, March 23 to 29; again in 1937, March 23 to 28, also visiting Guadalajara on this tour, March 29 to 31; later in 1937 on a return trip from Peru, he visited the Mexico City brethren, October 13. In 1939, Dr. Goodwin made a noted visit, spending nearly one month from the middle of March to the middle of April. He not only held the assemblies in Guadalajara and Mexico City, but visited and preached in many noted places where later the work of the church has been established, including Toluca, Puebla, Churubusco, Cuernavaca. However, Dr. Goodwin did not report "preaching," as that was forbidden by the state to the foreign minister; he did report, "answered questions," "testified," which were permitted. Some questions to answer properly took quite a long time, said the doctor. There were usually three services each day in which he gladly answered questions. One evening after answering the question, "Why do you believe and teach second blessing holiness?" the people crowded the altar until there was no more room, and the altar service closed with the tears and great joy of many happy finders.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

TRIP TO CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA

Dr. John W. Goodwin left his home in Pasadena to sail from Los Angeles harbor, Sunday evening June 20, 1937, on a sea voyage of eight days, and landed safely, after a very pleasant voyage, at Balboa Harbor, and also visited Panama City. Dr. Goodwin visited the old prison house and later commented that he here discovered what the expression "putting them to soak" means. The prison house was built in the ground and the rooms half filled with water, so the prisoner was compelled to stand in water up to the waist. From Cristobal, the trip was made by airplane to Talara, Peru, a distance of one thousand, two hundred and seventy miles, in eight hours. Dr. Goodwin was accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Norman Scharer. It was the doctor's first trip by plane and he thought it compared very favorably with the speed he had made in the horse and buggy days of his early ministry.

He was met by David Walworth and Ira Taylor, missionaries, and conducted his first service that evening in Talara. The next day he was off to Sullana in northern Peru, by plane, which trip was made in thirty-five minutes. The Walworths had been in Peru fifteen years and three years at the station in Sullana. Out from Sullana, Dr. Goodwin

visited a company of converted Indians in the sand-hills at Chato. These Indians lived very primitively and Dr. Goodwin was entertained and preached in one of their homes. In the earliest days the missionaries had suffered severe persecution, but at this time the work was so advanced, plans were under way to build a church of native construction.

Dr. Goodwin arrived in Monsefu, July 8, from Sullana. Monsefu is only a few miles from Chiclayo, one of the larger cities of northern Peru. The headquarters missionary station of the Church of the Nazarene is at Monsefu. The station occupies nearly a city block with a number of buildings for homes of missionaries and a Bible School. Roger Winans was the pioneer missionary who laid the beginnings of this mission. In 1937 he had given twenty-three years to the work in Peru. Rev. and Mrs. Emil Rademacher were also early-day missionaries. Esther Carson and Mabel Parks came in 1919. They assisted in founding the Bible School for the preparation of native workers. Later, Rev. and Mrs. Roger Winans began the noted work among the headhunting Aguarunas. At Monsefu, the Ira Taylors and C. H. Wimans also worked. From this headquarters many other missionaries evangelized.

General Superintendent Dr. Goodwin conducted the District Assembly, July 25 to 30. All the missionaries and many of the native workers came in to attend. Some of the latter walked four days to make the trip. C. H. Wiman, District Superintendent, had made plans for the assembly. Dr. Goodwin

spoke in English each morning to the missionaries at nine o'clock; then one hour was devoted to business. Only two afternoons were devoted to business, the rest of the time was given to preaching and devotional services with great blessing and grace upon the people. The evening services were evangelistic with seekers at the altar every night. Rev. Roger Winans was Dr. Goodwin's interpreter.

Besides the great inspiration the General Superintendent brought to the missionaries and workers, he sensed the great need of more and better church buildings and more adequate equipment, which need he forcefully presented to the church at home. Also, emphasis was placed on the work of the Bible School to train native workers.

After the District Assembly, he visited the great capital city of Lima. This trip was made by the General Superintendent in three and a half hours by plane. Mr. Norman Scharer and Rev. C. H. Wiman made this trip in five days by automobile, a distance of about three hundred miles. Dr. Goodwin visited a number of splendid missions in Lima, supported by other denominations, which are doing a great work. In consideration of the social conditions which are so difficult to readjust according to the true standards of the gospel and in comparison with the work done by these other missions in Lima, General Superintendent Goodwin felt the mission of the Church of the Nazarene had made good progress with the problem.

Another event, however, deeply significant occurred by reason of this trip by Dr. Goodwin to Lima. He and Mr. Scharer had flown from Panama to Peru aboard the plane *Santa Maria*, and according to plan would have flown back to Panama on this same plane, but by virtue of Dr. Goodwin's decision to visit Lima where we have no missions, he did not take this plane. It was on that particular flight when the ill-fated *Santa Maria* crashed off the coast of Panama on the return trip, with the loss of all lives aboard.

On leaving Peru for Guatemala, General Superintendent Goodwin made a side trip to Jamaica, arriving in Kingston, August 19. It did not seem providential to undertake work here at this time. The doctor returned to Cristobal by boat and then to Guatemala City by plane, arriving August 28. Then to Coban and Salama by train and bus, a rough, hard trip, arriving late at night at the R. S. Anderson home. Rev. and Mrs. Anderson had spent thirty-three years in this mission field at the time of Dr. Goodwin's visit. In spite of the rainy season and very bad traveling conditions, Dr. Goodwin visited six organized churches with the Andersons. The District Assembly convened in Guatemala City, October 5 to 10. These good people sustained a great disappointment as well as Dr. Goodwin. In 1936 the assembly had been postponed to await the General Superintendent's coming, but he was held up at the Mexican border and could not reach the assembly that year. And now in 1937 Dr.

Goodwin arrived by plane, sick. For several days everyone hoped his condition would improve but this hope did not materialize and his condition soon demanded hospitalization. But before he could go, Dr. Goodwin had a commission to fulfill, namely to ordain a class of native preachers. In spite of weakness, he came to the church for a short ordination service, interpreted by Rev. Mr. Anderson, and ordained four native preachers, Tuesday, October 5. It was an example of devotion to duty that was not lost on the delegates of the assembly.

As the doctor left it was raining; a faithful aviator piloted the plane, flying low between mountains and following a road because of bad flying conditions. It took him one hour and forty minutes to come a distance usually made in forty minutes. Mrs. Margaret Birchard, Nazarene nurse, attended Dr. Goodwin. The Nazarenes gathered at the airport and sang "What a Friend," and tearfully said good-by. Rev. R. S. Anderson took over the assembly and the Lord seemed to bless in a very special way these good people in the midst of their disappointment. General Superintendent Goodwin was forced to return home three or four weeks earlier than had been planned. As soon as it could be arranged, he was sent home by plane. He flew to Mexico City Tuesday, October 12, and attended a meeting in that city that night. On the thirteenth he arrived home in Pasadena by plane.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

In the interest of general supervision of many of the mission stations of the Church of the Nazarene around the world, General Superintendents J. W. Goodwin and R. T. Williams were instructed to undertake this strenuous trip. They sailed from Vancouver, British Columbia, October 3, 1929, and arrived home safely in New York, April 29, 1930. The log of this journey touching many noted countries and cities, is as follows: Japan, China, Singapore, Eastern India, Western India, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Cyprus, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, Rome, Paris, Belgium, London, and the assembly in Scotland, then home.

Needless to say, many interesting experiences occurred on this journey, too numerous to be detailed in this story. Only brief references may be made herein, especially to those particular places where were located the missions of the Church of the Nazarene. These two General Superintendents, both greatly loved throughout the Nazarene world, made wonderful traveling companions and were gratefully received by the corps of missionaries in every mission station visited. The beginning of the trip proved quite severe to Dr. Goodwin in the Pacific Ocean crossing, for the brethren encountered three great storms at sea and Doctor Goodwin un-

fortunately was very sick the entire crossing. As Dr. Williams was not sick at all, he could hardly be expected not to have some fun at Dr. Goodwin's expense. Once when Dr. Williams came in from his breakfast to comfort Dr. Goodwin in his disturbed situation, he said, "Dr. Goodwin, you look pale, white and green." Dr. Goodwin replied, "If I look as I feel, it is worse than that." On their departure from Kansas City, Mrs. H. F. Reynolds had said she was going to pray that they might have a storm at sea that they might witness the majesty of a storm on the deep. On their return Dr. Goodwin told her she had prayed too hard.

The brethren arrived in Yokohama, Japan, October 15, and conducted the District Assembly shortly thereafter in Kyoto. They were met by Rev. W. A. Eckel and Rev. Mr. Kitagawa. The General Superintendents alternated in preaching, speaking of course through interpreters. Following this assembly the brethren visited several churches in Japan, including Kure, Osaka, Kumamoto and a leper colony where there was a Church of the Nazarene of more than one hundred members. It is interesting to note that one Japanese brother, in making his report at the assembly, stated he had hired a great hall seating fifteen hundred people and was making ready for the visit of his General Superintendents to his city. Dr. Goodwin admitted that seemed a wild undertaking to him. But sure enough, when they came to visit that city, they were met at the station by an enthusiastic crowd.

with a native musical band playing all strange instruments, and the brethren were decorated and marched through the streets of the city. To their great surprise, the large hall was filled with eager listeners and they enjoyed a great meeting. The next day it was raining, with muddy streets but the great hall was filled again. Rev. Mr. Isayama was the interpreter.

While at Kumamoto, the brethren visited a living volcano, Aso, and had the experience of standing near the crater where fire and smoke were constantly belching forth and often throwing large stones hundreds of feet in the air. It was on the return trip that the party became lost by taking the wrong trail, and Dr. Goodwin's limbs gave out. The darkness of night came and Dr. Goodwin could no longer walk, save as supported by Dr. Williams and Rev. Mr. Kitagawa. Searching parties had been sent out and on reaching Dr. Goodwin as he was assisted into the automobile, the tired doctor broke into tears of thanksgiving for safety and a chance to rest. He later stated that he never quite fully recovered from the weakened condition in his limbs.

Near Kumamoto, Dr. Goodwin visited the leper hospital where there were some three hundred inmates to whom he brought a message. He was profoundly impressed by the testimony of a woman whose condition was a fearful sight. Ears gone, nose nearly eaten away, both eyes merely red sockets, most of her fingers missing, yet she was over-

flowing with joy, declaring her delight in the Lord and her thankfulness that she had had the leprosy, for said she, "I would not have come here, nor found Christ, and otherwise I would have died a heathen."

The two General Superintendents landed in Tientsen, China, November 5, 1929, and were met by Dr. R. G. Fitz and Rev. L. C. Osborn. After a hard trip, the brethren arrived at the headquarter's station in Tamingfu, where they were under the kind and thoughtful care of Rev. and Mrs. Peter Kiehn. The outstanding feature here was the dedication of the Bresee Memorial Hospital, November 11, 1929. This was a great event, with great crowds gathered for the long looked-for service. Out from Tamingfu, the brethren traveled to the various mission stations holding conventions and encouraging the missionaries and native workers. Also, there was held the missionary council over which the General Superintendents presided. It was evident to them that our missionaries had done a good work in the organization of local churches, with the view of self-support and pastoral oversight by native preachers. Later when World War II compelled the missionaries to leave, it was evident that they left a strong body of native preachers and devoted native Christians, who were able to carry on the work.

The journey on ship from China to India was long but broken by change of ships at Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Singapore and because of this, also brief stops were made at these noted ports.

At Hongkong Dr. Goodwin was privileged to preach at the Peniel Mission. At Singapore the brethren experienced one of those providential interventions which a number of times came into the travels of Dr. Goodwin as though by the hand of a guardian angel. The brethren had planned a stop of several days at Singapore, planning to leave on a later ship, but Dr. Goodwin frankly told Dr. Williams that he had an impression which he felt was from the Lord, that they had better leave at once on a freighter which would take a longer time to reach Calcutta. On arriving at Calcutta December 18, although not expecting their arrival by this freighter, Rev. George Franklin was there, having come to witness the arrival of the freighter. He was greatly surprised and quickly informed the General Superintendents that the ship they had intended taking at Singapore had caught fire and the passengers had been landed at Rangoon with the loss of their baggage. Said Dr. Williams to Dr. Goodwin, "When you get an impression like that, don't fail to let me know."

The stay of the brethren in India likewise was filled with toil and many interesting incidents. It was at that time the serious problem was up for decision regarding the possibility or necessity of unifying the efforts of the Church of the Nazarene in India and consolidating the same in some central field. Rev. George J. Franklin and his colaborers had toiled faithfully for many years. But taking all things into consideration, after much prayer and

unselfish deliberation, the brethren were in full agreement that certain changes would be wise and hence the above decision was made. The General Superintendents spent the time to January 1, 1930, with the missionaries in the Mymemsingh district and conducted the missionary council. They traveled from Eastern India to Western India by train, via Benares, arriving in Buldana, January 9. Missionary L. S. Tracy met them and took them to visit the various points of our missionary activities in Western India. The missionary council was held January 22 to 26.

The General Superintendents sailed from Bombay, February 1, and landed at Port Said, Egypt, February 9, when they visited Cairo and the pyramids for two days. Leaving for Jerusalem on February 11 and arriving on February 12, they had a service that night in the Church of the Nazarene in Jerusalem. In the Holy Land the brethren visited many historical and sacred places. They arrived and preached at Damascus February 21 and at Bludan the twenty-second. They were happy for the success of these missions. On the twenty-fourth they made the trip to Beirut; visited the famous Baalbek ruins and other historic places. Their itinerary thence took them through the European cities mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, until their arrival in London March 28, where they were met by Dr. George Sharpe. Together, the General Superintendents visited a number of churches in England and Scotland, making the home of Dr.

and Mrs. George Sharpe their headquarters, and concluded with the British Isles District Assembly of 1930, April 16 to 20 at the Parkhead Church. They sailed for home from Southampton April 23 on the *Leviathan*, arriving in New York City, April 29. General Superintendent Goodwin launched immediately into a series of missionary conventions in the homeland and did not arrive at home in Pasadena until May 29. At his home District Assembly, which followed immediately, he reported, "I have had three hundred and forty services, ordained fifty-four ministers and traveled many thousand of miles this year."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

TOWARD THE SUNSET

During the many busy years of Dr. Goodwin's active work as General Superintendent, he also found time to author a number of books, which have had widespread circulation and blessed many. Among these may be mentioned, "The Living Flame," "The Gospel for this Age," "The Secret Place of Prayer," and "Living Signs and Wonders."

On November 28, 1938, Dr. and Mrs. John W. Goodwin celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. They received many felicitations from friends that day. May we pass on a kindly word written by General Superintendent Dr. J. B. Chapman as expressive of the many beautiful tributes extended at that time.

"We have seen these saintly people as church builders, but they have also built a home, and they have sustained that home in undimmed luster all through their years of labor and care, in sorrow, in joy. They two, working together, have done what no single individual ever did in all the history of the world. We shall have to wait a hundred years yet for the final appraisal of General Superintendent Goodwin, the church builder, but at this golden milestone we have seen enough to justify us in crowning John Goodwin the successful husband, and Bertha Goodwin the successful wife.

"A king and a queen stand before us today! They are regal in the kingdom of humanity's most sacred realm—matrimony and the home. They have justified both the providence and the grace of God. They have worked together in beautiful harmony and rare companionship for fifty years. God has crowned them; we come only to say, Amen. And today our church is richer for the example that has become the occasion for this celebration. Holy matrimony is a success, when its parties are a success. John and Bertha Goodwin have proved that to us again. And may God add yet many silver years to this their Golden Anniversary!"

At the General Assembly in 1940, Dr. Goodwin was given retirement relationship with the honored place of General Superintendent Emeritus. When Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin were presented to the assembly, Dr. Goodwin said in closing, characteristically, "I want to say that whatever I can do for the Church of the Nazarene in the lingering years of my life will be the chief joy of my soul." On return home the good doctor, in the presence of a group of friends, breathed a big sigh of relief and said, "Thank the Lord I can now do as I will and can say what I please."

But he didn't will to be idle. He and Mrs. Goodwin built a lovely cottage near Pasadena College, deeding same to the college while retaining only a life tenure in it. He became the loved Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology for four years in Pasadena College. Scores of young preachers,

whom he called his boys, profited by his lectures and classes. On the campus and among the churches of southern California, he was always a great inspiration.

Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin were tenderly devoted to each other. When at Christmas time, 1943, she slipped away to be with Jesus, he was left very lonely. He determined he would not sit around and pine, but having improved much in health over the long serious illness he had endured in the winter of 1942-43, he planned to return to the field for conventions and revival meetings. Much to his joy, and the joy too of Nazarenes everywhere, Dr. Goodwin was able to attend the General Assembly of June, 1944, and preach the marvelous communion sermon on the opening Sunday of that assembly. That message and spirit will never be forgotten by the forty-five hundred people who participated in that service.

Dr. Goodwin carried out his wishes through the summer and fall, of conducting conventions and revivals, closing his last revival December 17, 1944, in the Church of the Nazarene at San Bernardino, California. This was a gracious week of revival with some forty-five souls saved. He returned home not well and took to his bed. Dr. John W. Goodwin among loved ones and anxious friends who did all possible to alleviate his illness, nevertheless, gradually weakened until on January 26, 1945, he passed to his eternal reward.

This writer told him good-by only a few days prior, when leaving for the District Superintendents' Conference. "Dr. Goodwin, I will soon see the brethren in Kansas City. Do you wish to send any message?" "Yes, tell the boys I am all packed up and ready to go. I don't owe a cent in the world and don't have a cent in the bank. This cottage is deeded to the college. My work is done, and there is nothing to keep me here. Tell them to preach holiness straight, and preach it hot."

This good man in meditative and devotional mood, often wrote poems expressive of his feelings. We pass on here one which represented his eternal hope, entitled, "Our Homeland."

OUR HOMELAND

"There's a land our God has promised,
'Tis the glad homeland of the soul;
There the toils of life are over,
While the countless ages roll.

"There's a land beyond the shadows,
There's a day that knows no night;
There's a clime that has no sunset,
There the light is always bright.

"There no sin can pass its portals,
Where the saints are robed in white;
Where no taint of sin can darken,
Where no clouds obscure the sight.

“There no death can ever enter,
There all tears are wiped away;
Where the flow of life’s pure river,
Onward goes through endless day.

“O give me that blest clime forever,
Amid the glories of eternal dawn;
Let me live with Christ forever,
Bring me through to life’s fair morn.”

A great audience of sorrowing friends, with the loved ones, and two hundred ministers, attended the final service in the Bresee Avenue, Pasadena, Church of the Nazarene, January 30, 1945 at 2 p.m. After which, all that was mortal of Dr. John W. Goodwin was tenderly laid away by the side of his loved wife, Mrs. Bertha May Goodwin, in beautiful Mountain View Cemetery, Pasadena.

Though his vibrant voice will be heard no more, many recall his ringing report at his last home District Assembly, when he exclaimed, “One of these days, the word will go out that John Goodwin is dead. Don’t believe it! He will be more alive than ever!” And all believe this hope has now become real.