



"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16

The Sanctification of Mrs. Amanda Smith

An Autobiography- by Mrs. Amanda Smith

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INTRODUCTION

During the summer of 1876, while attending a camp meeting at Epworth Heights, near Cincinnati, my attention was drawn to a colored lady dressed in a very plain garb, which reminded me somewhat of that worn by the Friends in former days, who was engaged in expounding a Bible lesson to a small audience.

I was told that the speaker was Mrs. Amanda Smith, and that she was a woman of remarkable gifts, who had been greatly blessed in various parts of the country.

Having spent nearly all my adult years on the other side of the globe, my acquaintance in America was by no means an extensive one, and this will explain the fact that I had never heard of this devout lady until I met her at this camp meeting.

Her remarks on the Bible lesson did not particularly impress me, and it was not until the evening of the same day, when I chanced to be kneeling near her at a prayer meeting, that I became impressed that she was a person of more than ordinary power.

The meetings of the day had not been very successful, and a spirit of depression rested upon many of the leaders. A heavy rain had fallen, and we were kneeling somewhat uncomfortably in the straw which surrounded the preacher’s stand.

A number had prayed, and I was myself sharing the general feeling of depression, when I was suddenly startled by the voice of song. I lifted my head, and at a short distance, probably not more than two yards from me, I saw the colored sister of the morning kneeling in an upright position, with her hands spread out and her face all aglow.

She had suddenly broken out with a triumphant song, and while I was startled by the change in the order of the meeting, I was at once absorbed with interest in the song and the singer.

Something like a hallowed glow seemed to rest upon the dark face before me, and I felt in a second that she was possessed of a rare degree of spiritual power.

That invisible something which we are accustomed to call power, and which is never possessed by any Christian believer except as one of the fruits of the indwelling Spirit of God, was hers in a marked degree.

From that time onward I regarded her as a gifted worker in the Lord's vineyard, but I had still to learn that the endowment of the Spirit had given her more than the one gift of spiritual power.

A week later I met her at Lakeside, Ohio, and was again impressed in the same way, but I then began to discover that she was not only a woman of faith, but that she possessed a clearness of vision which I have seldom found equaled.

Her homely illustrations, her quaint expressions, her warmhearted appeals, all possess the supreme merit of being so many vehicles for conveying the living truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the hearts of those who are fortunate enough to hear her.

A few years after my return to India, in 1876, I was delighted to hear that this chosen and approved worker of the Master had decided to visit this country. She arrived in 1879, and after a short stay in Bombay, came over to the eastern side of the empire, and assisted us for some time in Calcutta. She also returned two years later, and again rendered us valuable assistance.

The novelty of a colored woman from America, who had in her childhood been a slave, appearing before an audience in Calcutta, was sufficient to attract attention, but this alone would not account for the popularity which she enjoyed throughout her whole stay in our city.

She was fiercely attacked by narrow minded persons in the daily papers, and elsewhere, but opposition only seemed to add to her power.

During the seventeen years that I have lived in Calcutta, I have known many famous strangers to visit the city, some of whom attracted large audiences, but I have never known anyone who could draw and hold so large an audience as Mrs. Smith.

She assisted me both in the church and in open-air meetings, and never failed to display the peculiar tact for which she is remarkable.

I shall never forget one meeting which we were holding in an open square, in the very heart of the city. It was at a time of no little excitement, and some Christian preachers had been roughly handled in the same square a few evenings before. I had just spoken myself, when I noticed a great crowd of men and boys, who had succeeded in breaking up a missionary's audience on the other side of the square, rushing towards us with loud cries and threatening gestures.

If left to myself I should have tried to gain the box on which the speakers stood, in order to command the crowd, but at the critical moment, our good Sister Smith knelt on the grass and began to pray. As the crowd rushed up to the spot, and saw her with her beaming face upturned to the evening sky, pouring out her soul in prayer, they became perfectly still, and stood as if transfixed to the spot! Not even a whisper disturbed the solemn silence, and when she had finished we had as orderly a meeting as if we had been within the four walls of a church!

In those days a well known theatrical manager, much given to popular buffoonery, wrote to me inviting me to arrange to have Mrs. Smith preach in his theatre on a certain Sunday evening. I was much surprised on receiving the letter, and taking it to her told her I did not know what it meant.

Several friends, who chanced to be present, at once began to dissuade her: "Do not go, Sister Amanda," said several, speaking at once, the man merely wishes to have a good opportunity of seeing you, so that he can take you off in his theatre. He has no good purpose in view.

Do not trust yourself to him under any circumstances."

After a moment's hesitation Mrs. Smith replied in language which I shall never forget: "I am forbidden," she said, "to judge any man. You would not wish me to judge you, and would think it wrong if any of us should judge a brother or sister in the church. What right have I to judge this man? I have no more right to judge him than if he were a Christian."

She said she would pray over it and give her decision. She did so, and decided to accept the invitation.

When Sunday evening came the theatre was packed like a herring box, while hundreds were unable to gain admission. I took charge of the meeting, and after singing and prayer introduced our strange friend from America.

She spoke simply and pointedly, alluding to the kindness of the manager who had opened the doors of his theatre to her, in very courteous terms, and evidently made a deep and favorable impression upon the audience. There was no laughing, and no attempt was ever made subsequently to ridicule her. As she was walking off the stage the manager said to me; "If you want the theatre for her again do not fail to let me know. I would do anything for that inspired woman."

During Mrs. Smith's stay in Calcutta she had opportunities for seeing a good deal of the native community. Here, again, I was struck with her extraordinary power of discernment. We have in Calcutta a class of reformed Hindus called Brahmos. They are, as a class, a very worthy body of men, and at that time were led by the distinguished Keshub Chunder Sen.

Every distinguished visitor who comes to Calcutta is sure to seek the acquaintance of some of these Brahmos, and to study, more or less, the reformed system which they profess and teach. I have often wondered that so few, even of our ablest visitors, seem able to comprehend the real character either of the men or of their new system. Mrs. Smith very quickly found access to some of them, and beyond any other stranger whom I have ever known to visit Calcutta, she formed a wonderfully accurate estimate of the character, both of the men and of their religious teaching.

She saw almost at a glance all that was strange and all that was weak in the men and in their system.

This penetrating power of discernment which she possesses in so large a degree impressed me more and more the longer I knew her. Profound scholars and religious teachers of philosophical bent seemed positively inferior to her in the task of discovering the practical value of men and systems which had attracted the attention of the world!

I have already spoken of her clearness of perception and power of stating the undimmed truth of the Gospel of Christ. Through association with her, I learned many valuable lessons from her lips, and once before an American audience, when Dr. W. F. Warren was exhorting young preachers to be willing to learn from their own hearers, even though many of the hearers might be comparatively illiterate, I ventured to second his exhortation by telling the audience that I had learned more that had been of actual value to me as a preacher of Christian truth from Amanda Smith than from any other one person I had ever met.

Throughout Mrs. Smith's stay in India she was always cheerful and hopeful. In this respect, too, she differed from most visitors to our great empire. Some adopt gloomy views as they look at the weakness of Christianity, and observe the stupendous fortifications which have been reared by the followers of the various false religions of the people.

Some even yield to despair, and refuse to believe that India ever can be saved or even benefited, while only a very few are able to believe not only that India will yet become a Christian empire, but that Christ will yet lift up the people of this land, and so revolutionize or transform society as it exists today, as to make the people practically a new people.

Our good Sister Amanda Smith never belonged to any of these despondent classes.

She sometimes was touched by the pictures of misery which she saw around her, but never became hopeless. She was of cheerful temperament, it is true, but aside from personal feeling, she always possessed a buoyant hope and an overcoming faith, which made it easy for her to believe that the Saviour, whom she loved and served, really intended to save and transform India.

Soon after Mrs. Smith's visit to India, another Virginian visited Calcutta on his way around the globe This was Mr. Moncure D. Conway.

These two persons, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Conway, were representative Virginians. They had been born in the same section of the country, brought up as Methodists, and were thoroughly acquainted, one by observation and the other by experience, with the terrible character of the American slave system.

Mr. Conway in early life was for several years a Methodist preacher, but by his own published confession he never

comprehended what the true spirit of Methodism was. He was at one time a well known and somewhat popular Unitarian minister, but finding the Unitarians too narrow and orthodox for a man of his liberal mind, he set up an independent church or organization of some kind, in London, and preached to an obscure little congregation for a number of years, until his last experiment ended in confessed failure.

His recorded impressions received in India were of the most gloomy kind. He saw nothing to hope for in the condition of the people, and looked at them in their helpless state with blank bewilderment, if not despair. He passed through the empire without leaving a single trace of light behind him, without making an impression for good upon any heart or life, without finding an open door by which to make any man or woman happier or better, without, in short, seeing even a single ray of hope shining upon what he regarded as a dark and benighted land.

Mrs. Smith, the other Virginian, without a tittle of Mr. Conway's learning, and deprived of nearly every advantage which he had enjoyed, not only retained the faith of her childhood, but matured and developed it until it attained a standard of purity and strength rarely witnessed in our world.

She also came to India, but unlike the other Virginian, she cherished hope where he felt only despair, she saw light where he perceived only darkness, she found opportunities everywhere for doing good which wholly escaped his observation, and during her two years' stay in the country where she went, she traced out a pathway of light in the midst of the darkness!

As she left the country she could look back upon a hundred homes which were brighter and better because of her coming, upon hundreds of hearts whose burdens had been lightened and whose sorrows had been sweetened by reason of her public and private ministry.

She is gratefully remembered to this day by thousands in the land.

Her life affords a striking comment at once upon the value of the New Testament to those who receive it, both in letter and in spirit, and upon the hopelessness of the Gospel of unbelief which obtains so wide a hearing at the present day.

A thousand Virginians of the Conway stripe might come and go for a thousand years without making India any better, but a thousand Amanda Smiths would suffice to revolutionize an empire!

I am very glad to learn that Mrs. Smith has at last been induced to yield to the importunities of friends and prepare a sketch of her eventful life. I trust that the story will be told without reserve in all its simplicity, as well as in all its strength, and I doubt not that God will crown this last of her many labors with abundant blessings.

J. M. THOBURN.

Calcutta, October 22, 1891

CHAPTER 7

THE BLESSING – ABOUT SEEKING SANCTIFICATION BY WORKS

I always got up as early on Sunday mornings as on other mornings. I got my breakfast and cleaned up my house, and at nine o'clock my little Mazie went to Sunday School. While she was gone I would cook all my dinner and get everything ready. I did not have time to cook much through the week, as I had often to dry my clothes in the house and I could not have the smell of cooking, so Sunday was the only day I would have a real good dinner, but I never stayed home from church to cook – so I gave my baby his bath and laid him in his cradle, then I got down on my knees and prayed the Lord to keep Will asleep till I went to Green Street Church, and to keep James in a good humor so he would not scold me, for I hated to be scolded, in the worst way. James was peculiar.

If he came and I happened to be out, even though I went to carry clothes, he would be vexed. So after Mazie came I said, "Now you read your library book and be a good girl, I am going to Green Street Church this morning; it lets out before our church does, so I will be home in time. You can tell your pa, if he comes before I get back. If Will cries, don't take him up; just rock him."

She was a good strong girl, thirteen years old, quite able to take care of him and could manage him quite as well as I could, so I went and left them. On my way to Green street, it seemed the Devil overtook me. Just as I turned in

Carmine street, I felt a Satanic influence walking by my side and whispering, "Now, you know, if James comes home and finds you are out, you know what you will catch; you had better go to Bedford Street and hear John Cookman."

"Well, I will."

So when I got to the corner and was just going to turn down Bleecker street, a voice said, "No, go on." I went on. After I had gone about half a block Satan whispered again, "You are seeking sanctification?"

"Yes."

"Well, if James comes home and you are out, he will be very angry, and that will be a sin and you should not make anybody sin."

"No," I said, "I will not do it."

Then Satan said, "You had better go and hear that Presbyterian minister on the corner of Houston and Prince streets," I had heard how kind they were to colored people and I had promised several times I would go and hear this minister; the Devil had found that out some way; I can't tell how he knew it, but he did. "You had better go and hear him; then, it is nearer home, three blocks nearer, and you can get home quick."

"Yes," I said, "that is so."

When I got to the corner, as I was about to turn down, with a gentle pull a sweet voice whispered,

"No, no, go on."

"Lord, help me!"

Oh, how will I ever praise God enough for His tender love and faithfulness to me in that awful hour. He gave power to my fainting spirit, and when I had no might, He increased strength.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

I went on a little further and by and by the enemy seemed to approach me again fiercely. He said, "Now, you are the biggest fool that ever was. You think you are going to hear John Inskip; he is not there, he is at the Five Points."

"O, if I thought Brother Inskip was not there, I would not go. I would go back."

I went on. When I reached the steps I shall never forget the thrill of joy that ran through my heart when I heard Brother Inskip pray. With what strength I had left I said, "Thank God, he is here and not at the Five Points." I seemed to feel the Satanic presence sweep by me and say, "O, she has found it out." Old Satan knew I had caught him in one of his biggest lies. I went into the church and sat down about three seats from the door. I had been to that church but once before and that was Brother Inskip's first Sunday. While I lived in York street I was very sick and could not walk away up to Sullivan Street Bethel Church where I belonged, so I went in there that Sunday. I sat in the gallery.

The people were so kind; one brother handed me a book and asked me to come again. I thank God for that spirit that was in Green street those days, even to colored people. The Sunday I got the blessing I did not sit upstairs, but O, how tired I was when I got into the church. I leaned my head forward and prayed God to give me strength. When Brother Inskip had finished his prayer he rose and made his announcements; the last hymn was sung, then came the text: -- Ephesians, 4th Chapter 24th Verse, -- "And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." He said, "In preaching from this text this morning the brethren will observe I shall have to make some reference to a sermon that I preached a few Sabbaths ago on sanctification."

I was struck, for I had never heard a minister say that word in commencing his sermon before, and I said, "O, I have missed my chance; two Sabbaths ago I had such a drawing to come here and I did not do it; O, Lord, I have disobeyed that spirit and I am so sorry; do forgive me and help me, I pray Thee."

O, how I wept, for I had lost my chance and I am so hungry for the blessing; but, "Lord forgive me and help me to listen now."

I raised my head and fixed my eyes and thoughts on the speaker and got so interested it seemed he was preaching right to me, and I took every word. By and by I heard my baby scream out – I heard him scream as distinctly as ever I heard a child scream. “You told Mazie not to take that child up, but she has done it and let him fall,” Satan suggested.

For a moment the actual thing did occur, and it was before my eyes. My heart stood still and a voice said, “Trust the Lord.”

“I will,” I said, and fixed my mind again and listened, and as dear Brother Inskip warmed up and I was feasting, my baby screamed out again. I jumped, and it seemed that all the people in the church heard; it was so plain.

“There,” the Devil says, “James has come home and Mazie has not done as you told her, and you will catch it when you get home.”

O, I felt if I had wings I would fly. I wanted to scream out. A sweet voice said, “You said you would trust the Lord.”

“So I did,” I said, so I sat back and was listening and drinking in and thought all was well now.

Again I heard my baby scream.

“There,” said the Devil, “Mazie has let him fall and broken his back,” and I got up and walked to the end of the pew.

“It is no use,” I said, “I shall be tormented here; I will go home.” And it was as though a person stood before me and said, “Didn’t you say that you would trust the Lord with that child?”

“Yes,” I said, “and I will trust the Lord, even if he is dead;” and I sat down. Just as I sat down Brother Inskip said: “There are a great many persons who are troubled about the blessing of sanctification; how they can keep it if they get it.”

“Oh!” I said, “he means me, for that is just what I have said. With my trials and peculiar temperament and all that I have to contend with, if I could get the blessing how could I keep it? Now, some one has told him, for he is looking right at me and I know he means me. And I tried to hide behind the post, and he seemed to look around there. Then I said, “Well, he means me, and I will just take what he says.” He used this illustration: “When you work hard all day and are very tired, -- “Yes,” I said, and in a moment my mind went through my washing and ironing all night,-- “When you go to bed at night you don’t fix any way for yourself to breathe,” -- “No,” I said, “I never think about it,” -- “You go to bed, you breathe all night, you have nothing to do with your breathing, you awake in the morning, you had nothing to do with it.”

“Yes, yes, I see it.”

He continued: “You don’t need to fix any way for God to live in you; get God in you in all His fullness and He will live Himself.

“Oh!” I said, “I see it.” And somehow I seemed to sink down out of sight of myself, and then rise; it was all in a moment. I seemed to go two ways at once, down and up. Just then such a wave came over me, and such a welling up in my heart, and these words rang through me like a bell: “God in you, God in you,” and I thought doing what? Ruling every ambition and desire, and bringing every thought unto captivity and obedience to His will. How I have lived through it I cannot tell, but the blessedness of the love and the peace and power I can never describe. O, what glory filled my soul!

The great vacuum in my soul began to fill up; it was like a pleasant draught of cool water, and I felt it. I wanted to shout Glory to Jesus! But Satan said, “Now, if you make a noise they will put you out.”

I was the only colored person there and I had a very keen sense of propriety; I had been taught so, and Satan knew it. I wonder how he ever did know all these little points in me, but in spite of all my Jesus came out best. As we colored folks used to sing in the gone by years:

Jesus is a mighty captain,
Jesus is a mighty captain,

Jesus is a mighty captain,
Soldier of the cross.”

“Jesus never lost a battle,
Jesus never lost a battle,
Jesus never lost a battle,
Soldier of the cross.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

I did not shout, and by-and-by Brother Inskip came to another illustration. He said, speaking on faith: “Now, this blessing of purity like pardon is received by faith, and if by faith why not now?”

“Yes,” I said.

“It is instantaneous,” he continued. “To illustrate, how long is a dark room dark when you take a lighted lamp into it?”

“O,” I said “I see it!” And again a great wave of glory swept over my soul – another cooling draught of water – I seemed to swallow it, and then the welling up at my heart seemed to come still a little fuller. Praise the Lord forever, for that day!

Speaking of God’s power, he went on still with another illustration. He said: “If God in the twinkling of an eye can change these vile bodies of ours and make them look like his own most glorious body, how long will it take God to sanctify a soul?”

“God can do it,” I said, “in the twinkling of an eye,” and as quick as the spark from smitten steel I felt the touch of God from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, and the welling up came, and I felt I must shout: but Satan still resisted me like he did Joshua. But the Captain of the Lord’s host stood close by and said, “Take off the filthy garments from him,” and Satan was mad.

Again I yielded to the tempter and did not shout. Then I felt the Spirit leave me. I knew He had gone, and I said: “O, Holy Ghost, If Thou wilt only return I will confess Thee.” I am so glad God put the word confession in my mouth. I thought I would get ready, so when the Spirit came again I would shout; but before I knew it just as though some one threw a basin of water in my face, a great wave came and just as I went to say, “Glory to Jesus!” the Devil said, “Look, look at the white people, mind, they will put you out,” and I put my hands up to my mouth and held still, and again I felt the Spirit leave me and pass away.

Then Satan said: “Now, you have lied to the Holy Ghost, for you said if the Holy Ghost returned you would confess Him, and He did return and you didn’t confess, and you have lied to the Holy Ghost.”

O, shall I ever forget the horror of that hour? I thought I had committed an unpardonable sin, so was doomed forever. All hope was gone, and a horror of darkness swept upon my spirit. For about five minutes it seemed to me I was in hell, but somehow, I don’t know how, I said, “Well, I know the Lord has sanctified my soul” -- I felt so sure of it -- “and I will go home to my church and give the witness.”

Just then Satan says: “They will not believe you because you did not get the blessing there.” Then I knew there was a little jealousy and prejudice among some, so I said: “Well, no matter, I know the Lord has sanctified my soul, anyhow.” And I went to get up to go out, but could not stand on my feet. O, I was so weak. My head seemed a river of waters and my eyes a fountain of tears. I put my hand in my pocket to get my handkerchief, but I could not get it out. Just then they arose to sing the closing hymn, that blessed hymn, “My latest sun is sinking fast.” I tried to get up, but could not; then the Devil says, “No one knows you here, and they will think you are drunk.”

“Lord, what shall I do,” and a voice seemed to whisper in my left ear, for Satan stood at my right, and would whisper his suggestions: “Pray for strength to stand up.” I took hold of the pew in front of me and trembling from head to foot I stood up, but held on to the pew. Just as I got fairly on my feet they struck the last verse of the hymn,

Oh! Bear my longing heart to Him,
Who bled and died for me.

Whose blood now cleanseth from all sin,
And gives me victory.

And when they sang these words, “Whose blood now cleanseth,” O what a wave of glory swept over my soul! I shouted glory to Jesus. Brother Inskip answered, “Amen, Glory to God.” O, what a triumph for our King Emmanuel. I don’t know just how I looked, but I felt so wonderfully strange, yet I felt glorious. One of the good official brethren at the door said, as I was passing out, “Well, auntie, how did you like that sermon?” but I could not speak; if I had, I should have shouted, but I simply nodded my head. Just as I put my foot on the top step I seemed to feel a hand, the touch of which I cannot describe. It seemed to press me gently on the top of my head, and I felt something part and roll down and cover me like a great cloak! I felt it distinctly; it was done in a moment, and O what a mighty peace and power took possession of me! I started up Green street. The streets were full of people coming from the different churches in all directions. Just ahead of me were three of the leading sisters in our church. I would sooner have met anybody else than them. I was afraid of them. Well, I don’t know why, but they were rather the ones who made you feel that wisdom dwelt with them. They were old leading sisters, and I have found that the colored churches were not the only ones that have these leading consequential sisters in them. Well, as I drew near, I saw them say something to each other, and they looked very dignified. Now, the Devil was not so close to me as before; he seemed to be quite behind me, but he shouted after me, “You will not tell them you are sanctified.”

“No,” I said, “I will say nothing to them,” but when I got up to them I seemed to have special power in my right arm and I was swinging it around, like the boys do sometimes! I don’t know why, but O I felt mighty, as I came near those sisters. They said, “Well, Smith, where have you been this morning?”

“The Lord,” I said, “has sanctified my soul.” And they were speechless! I said no more, but passed on, swinging my arm! I suppose the people thought I was wild, and I was, for God had set me on fire! “O,” I thought, “if there was a platform around the world I would be willing to get on it and walk and tell everybody of this sanctifying power of God!”

Of victory now o’er Satan’s power,
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.”

“Oh! It was love,
‘Twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me,
That brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

Somehow I always had a fear of white people – that is, I was not afraid of them in the sense of doing me harm, or anything of that kind – but a kind of fear because they were white, and were there, and I was black and was here! But that morning on Green street, as I stood on my feet trembling, I heard these words distinctly. They seemed to come from the northeast corner of the church, slowly, but clearly: “There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.” (Galatians 3:28.) I never understood that text before. But now the Holy Ghost had made it clear to me. And as I looked at white people that I had always seemed to be afraid of, now they looked so small. The great mountain had become a mole-hill. “Therefore, if the Son shall make you free, then are you free, indeed.” All praise to my victorious Christ!

“He delivered me when bound,
And when wounded, healed my wound,
Sought me wandering, set me right,
Turned my darkness into light.”
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

When I got home I opened the door; the baby was still asleep. I said: "Mazie, has Mr. Smith come?"

"No."

"Has Will slept all right?"

"Yes, he has not wakened up at all."

"Well, the Lord has sanctified my soul this morning," and she said, "Has he, mother?"

"Yes," I said, "and I want to go around and tell Auntie Scott." She was my good band sister. She lived in Clinton court, off Eighth street. When I got to the door, I knocked and opened at the same time. Brother Scott was lying on the sofa; he was assistant class leader to Brother Henry De Schield's, who was my leader. He believed in the doctrine of holiness, but had not the experience at that time, but, thank God, he believed in it and said nothing against it, so that was in my favor.

Brother Scott was "on the fence," sometimes he would seem to believe in it and talk as though he had it, at another time he would oppose it bitterly, so you never knew just when he would turn on you. When I went in that morning, I said: "Pop Scott, the Lord has sanctified my soul this morning." He raised himself up, and said: "Did He?" (He stammered a little.) I did not wait for any more, I began to sing an old hymn that I had often heard sung in our love feasts and class meetings in the gone-by days, which seemed to be the real song of my soul. I had never felt such soul union with Jesus before in my life; so I sang:

I am married to Jesus
For more than one year,
I am married to Jesus
For during the war.

The old man looked at me and smiled and got ready for an argument. The children all looked astonished. Sister Scott had not come in from church. When I had finished the verse, I said, "Good morning," and as I opened the door to go out, Sister Scott was just coming in. I said; "Oh, Scott! The Lord has sanctified my soul this morning."

I thought she would be so glad for she told me that years before in Canada, she had got the blessing through Mrs. Dr. Palmer. She never spoke of it definitely and clearly, so I never understood anything about it, but to my great surprise she very coolly said, "Well I hope you will keep it," and passed right in by me, and said not another word. I went out. Oh, what a shock!

"There," the Devil says, "She don't believe you have got the blessing."

"O Lord," I said, "Can it be that I am mistaken and will I have to go back and go all over the ground. I would rather die right here in my tracks."

As I was turning out of Eighth street in Sixth avenue, I cried out, "O Lord, help me, and if this blessing is not sanctification, then what is it?" And the Lord did help me. Quick these words came with power to my heart: "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

"Believeth," seemed to be so powerfully emphasized, and I said, "Lord, I do believe that Thou hast sanctified my soul," and the power of God came upon me so that my knees gave way under me and I dropped as though I were shot, right on Sixth avenue. The people were passing and looked at me and said nothing. I suppose they thought I was a little gone in the head, but God had turned my captivity and my mouth was filled with laughter. I scrambled up as best I could, for I did not fall prostrate, my knees gave way and I dropped on my hands, and every time I said the word which the Lord put in my mouth: "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," another wave of power came upon me. Down I went again, and so three times, before I got home, I fell under the mighty power of God. Hallelujah! It is today the same, "The power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and I do believe God, and He has kept me saved magnificently.

Hallelujah! There is a big triumph in my soul. I don't know where the Devil went, but I heard no more of him for a week, then he called on me and said, "When people get sanctified, everything gets better around them."

“Yes,” said I.”

“Well, you see James is not any better, if anything he is worse.”

That was true, if possible, and I said I did think so too, and didn’t understand it, for I thought he would be glad to know that I had got more religion.

“Then,” said he, “You have no witness that you are sanctified.”

“Well,” I said, “I will have it, God helping me, right now.”

It was Friday. I was ironing; I set down my iron and went and told Jesus. I said; “Lord, I believe Thou hast sanctified my soul, but Satan says I have no witness. Now, Lord. I don’t know what to ask as a direct witness to this blessing, but give me something that shall be so clear and distinct that the Devil will never attack me again on that point while I live.”

After a short prayer I waited a moment in silence, and said, “Now, Lord, I wait till Thou shalt speak to me Thyself,” and a moment passed and these words came: “Ask for the conversion of Miss Chapel.”

I said, “Lord, for a real evidence that Thou hast sanctified my soul, I ask that Thou will convert Miss Chapel between now and Sunday morning.”

In a moment these words were flashed through my soul: “If thou canst believe all things that are possible to him that believeth.” And I said, “Lord, I believe Thou wilt do it,” and a flood of light and joy filled me. Oh, I praise the Lord. I arose from my knees praising God. I went to ironing; after a little while, Satan came again.

“You ought to go and see if the woman is converted before you are so sure.”

“Well, yes, I would like to go, but then it is two miles away, and I am afraid Will might wake up and cry.”

But the enemy urged me, “You had better not be too sure, you ought to go and see,” and I was sorely tempted. I lifted my heart to God in prayer and said, “Lord help me, I believe that Thou wilt do it, and I will trust Thee.” Then there came a still hush and quiet all over me and I went on ironing and singing. Praise the Lord!

Miss Chapel, referred to, was a very nice young woman, though not a Christian. She was a very upright, moral person. She was taken ill, and her sister, a very earnest Christian, was very anxious about her state, and asked me and others to come and pray with her. One day I went, and met Mother Jones and several others. We sang and prayed with her and left her. And now a week had passed and I had not heard from her, and I had thought that was why the enemy attacked me so fiercely on Friday. Sunday morning came and I had persisted in believing and praising God, according to His word: “If thou canst believe all things are possible to him that believeth.” I went to church, and as I sat in my pew after the sermon was over, and the collection was being taken up, Sister Jones, who sat in the opposite pew, got up and came over to me, and said “Smith, Chapel has got the blessing.” I said, “Praise the Lord, when did she get it?” She said, “Yesterday afternoon.” Then these words were spoken to my heart in power:

“Now that is your evidence,” and I said, “O Lord, I do thank Thee, Thou hast answered my prayer and given me this distinct witness that Thou hast sanctified my soul.”

Many times since then my faith has been tried sorely, and I have had much to contend with, and the fiery darts of Satan at times have been sore, but he has never, from that day, had the impudence to tell me that God had not done this blessed work.

Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Everybody does not have direct witness to their sanctification nor to their justification in that way, but it is their privilege to have the clear, distinct witness of the Spirit to both justification and sanctification, and, as a rule, persons who do not get this distinct witness are unsettled in their Christian life, often waver and falter, and are more easily turned aside to new isms and doctrines; but, thank God, He has kept me in perfect peace while my mind has been stayed on Him and I have trusted in Him. Praise His name forever!

James did not come home for two weeks. When he came I sat down on his lap and put my arms around his neck and told him all about it. He listened patiently. When I got through he began his old argument. I said, “Now, my dear,

you know I can't argue."

"O well," he said, "If you have got something you can't talk about, I don't believe in it." "Well," I said, "I have told you all I can and I cannot argue." O, how he tantalized me in every way, but God kept me so still in my soul, and my poor husband was so annoyed because I would not argue. I knew what it meant, but praise God He saved me. I could only weep and pray.

Shortly after I was converted, I was deeply convicted for the blessing of heart purity; and if I had had any one to instruct me, I can see how I might have entered into the blessed experience. But not having proper teaching, like Israel of old, I wandered in the wilderness of doubts and fears, and ups and downs, for twelve years; and but for the Rev. John S. Inskip's having the experience himself, and preaching that memorable Sunday morning, September, 1868, in the old Green Street Church, New York, in all probability I might never have got into the blessed light of full salvation.

I shall ever thank God that the evidence of my acceptance with Him was so definite and clear when I was so deeply convicted for the blessing of heart purity. It was a hard struggle, anyhow; but if this point had not been settled so clearly it would have been much worse – the difference between the two convictions, pardon and purity. When I was convicted for sin I was under condemnation, and felt that I was a lost and wretched sinner. Now, when God in mercy had pardoned all my sins, he took away all condemnation and gave me joy and peace in believing. Hallelujah!

Now, when I was convicted for purity or sanctification, it was a deep conviction of want – an indescribable want; not condemnation. But, oh! That deep heart want. Like, after you have eaten a good hearty breakfast, and have worked hard all day, and get very hungry for your dinner or supper.

Well, my heart cried out and longed as one that "Longeth for the morning." And yet I had no means, no words to express just what I wanted. One day a friend came in to see me. I was then living at Col. S. McGraw's, in Lancaster. She was quite a high-toned colored lady, for everyone knew the Porter family, and they were always considered one of the leading families among the colored people. The father was a large farmer in Kent county, and the sons were all fine young men, and pretty well educated, as was also the daughter. She had been a school teacher for many years, but was now married to Rev. Lewis Hood, who was pastor of the Union Church in Lancaster. So I thought I could open my heart to her, and she would be able to help me. So I said to her, "Sister Hood, I don't know what's the matter with me. Somehow I feel like I wanted something, but I can't tell just what. I pray, but I do not get help just as I want."

"Well," she said, "What's the matter with you? Aren't you converted?"

"Oh! Yes," I said, "It isn't that."

"Well, haven't you got the witness of the Spirit?"

"Oh! Yes; it isn't that."

"Well," she said, "If you keep on you will be crazy."

Then I was frightened, and said, "Oh! She does not understand me; and now if she tells anybody what I said they will not understand it, and will think I have backslidden; and here I am leading class, and the leader of the female prayer meetings"

So as soon as she was gone I ran down into the cellar and got down on my knees, and asked the Lord to take out of the mind of Sister Hood all that I had said, so she would not repeat it. I was in sore distress.

Several days after this I was reading my Bible, and I turned to the forty-second Psalm, first verse, "As the heart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul after the living God." My heart leaped. "Oh!" I said, "That's what I wanted – God! Now if anyone asked me what I wanted, as Sister Hood did, I could tell them it was God I wanted." The more I read my Bible, and fasted and prayed, the deeper my hunger became. One day I went to George James – I generally called him "Father James" -- he was a tall, elderly man, very dignified in manner, but was kind. He was very black, his hair was white, and he was a leading local preacher, and deacon of the A. M. E. Church, in Lancaster, at that time, where I belonged. So I went to him, and I said: "Father James, I have been reading the Bible today, and I see this: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' What does that mean?"

"You know," he said, "That is in the Bible for you to come as near to it as you can. But God knows you never can

be 'pure in heart.' " Then he went on and explained to me in his way. Of course I did not get much light. And the Devil said to me as I went home thinking it all over, "You are seeking after something that's not for you."

"Well," I said, "People do have this blessing. There are Job Morris, and Polly Waters, and others, and they say they are sanctified, and everybody believes them."

"Oh! But they are almost ready to die. But you are young, and you cannot expect to have what they have."

"Well, perhaps so," I said.

"Then, you know, Father James said that the Bible did not mean that." But somehow my better judgment said he was wrong. "I believe what the Bible says, and there must be some way that this grace can be obtained, or God never would have left it on record." But how to get hold of it I still did not know. I would read my Bible, and pray, and pray on. No light – only the deep hunger. Of course I had comfort in doing my duty attending my class meeting and prayer meetings, and I would go about and pray with the sick and dying, and work in revival meetings, and in all ways I could.

After working hard all day many times I would be called up at twelve or one o'clock at night to go and pray with somebody that was sick or dying. I never refused to go, rain or shine, cold or warm; I felt it was my duty, and I was always glad to do it. Then I would come home, sometimes at three o'clock – and have but very little sleep, and up and off to work again next morning, when I did not have work in the house. My meat and drink was to see souls coming to Christ. I had no fear to go into a congregation and speak to men or women, young or old. I hardly ever went for persons in a congregation, in time of extra meetings, but what they went forward, and many of them were converted. Praise God forever!

I return to my story. Thus as I thought, I asked again, "I wonder why the Lord did not sanctify me fully when he justified me? He was God, and He could have done it; He could have done it all at once if He had had a mind to." Then the question, "Well, why didn't He do it?" and I was blocked.

I believe that question was from Satan; he intended to make me think unkindly of God. "Here you have been struggling all these years; God could have done it all at once; but why didn't He do it?"

"Yes," I said, "that is so."

"Well, why didn't he do it?" And I was so sad I began to cry and said, "Lord, I don't know why you did not sanctify me wholly when you justified me freely; but I know you have not done it." Then the blessed Holy Spirit came so sweetly and answered my question by asking me another, "Why didn't Jesus make the blind man see the first time He touched his eyes?" After the first touch Jesus bade him look, and asked him what he saw. He said, "I see men as trees walking."

Then He touched him again and he said he saw every man clearly.

He was Christ with the same power in His first touch as He had with the second. He could have made the blind man see clearly the first time, but He did not.

"Why," I said, "Lord, I see it, and it is none of my business why you didn't sanctify me fully when you converted me; it is enough for me to know that you have done it." I came into light and liberty praising the Trinity. I quit asking God questions about His own work. I think it is impertinence, and yet how many do this very thing, and when they don't get an answer to satisfy themselves they become perplexed and then land in skepticism with regard to the whole doctrine and truth of this great salvation.

One of the first things I discovered after I came into the blessed light and experience of full salvation was a steady and appropriating faith that I never realized before. I always believed the Bible and all the promises, but I did not seem to have power to appropriate the promises to my soul's need; but after the light broke in and my darkness had fled, power was given me not only to believe the promises, but to appropriate them.

"My! " I said, as I would read the promises, "that is mine, and that is mine;" and it was like when the sailors reef their sails; I took hold of them and wrapped them round me and walked up and down in possession of the land. All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ Is God's. I sang:

All things are mine,

Since I am His --
How can I keep from singing?"

One day as I was busy about my room I seemed to feel the conscious presence of Jesus. I saw nothing with my eyes, but I seemed to be conscious of the presence of a Holy Being by me and around me, and I talked with Him, and I was saying, "Now, if anyone should ask me to tell the difference between justification and sanctification, how could I tell them? There is a difference; I know it; I feel it; but I don't know how to tell it." And the dear Lord Jesus seemed to answer my question by asking another. He said: "What is the difference between sunlight and moonlight?" In a moment I saw it. I knew the beauty of the lovely moonlight. I had read by its brightness, and had often sewed at night, and it was beautiful. That was my justified state. How many times, I did not understand clearly, as in the sunlight; but the deeper experience was in power like sunlight in the natural world. It penetrates all the dark corners. If there is even a small nail-hole in a door, or a crack anywhere, the sun finds it out and looks through; then it heats up everything all about it. There can be no frost where the sunlight is; but it is tropical all the time. There were deep recesses in my heart that the moonlight did not reveal, but when the great sunlight of sanctification came, how it seemed almost to eclipse the moonlight state of justification, save the abiding consciousness of the time when God wrought that first work in my soul. I no longer sang the old hymn,

The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

That means two distinct states as real as the moonlight and sunlight. I knew it was true, but, O, why should there be a December in my heart when I may have the beaming sun? When the Holy Ghost came to my soul in sanctifying power it was the inaugural of a perpetual May-day that shall go on increasing in faith, and light, and strength, and power, and thanksgiving, and praise, and rest, and peace, and triumph forever and ever and ever. Amen. Amen.

How true this old hymn of Charles Wesley's:

I find Him in singing;
I find Him in prayer;
In sweet meditation,
He always is there.

My constant companion,
Oh, may we ne'er part,
All glory to Jesus,
He dwells in my heart

One day I was meditating and thinking upon His goodness. My heart was full of praise as I thought of all the Lord had done, and I said, "Oh, I will not need to pray now, as I used to do." Just then these words came: "The children of Israel gathered manna fresh every morning." I said, "Yes, Jesus." I knew He meant to teach me that it must be daily bread my soul would need, and as my natural need was met each day, so my spiritual need must be met by prayer and the reading of His Holy Word and the appropriating of His promises. Without this all else would avail nothing.

CHAPTER 8

MY FIRST TEMPTATION, AND OTHER EXPERIENCES -- I GO TO NEW UTRECHT TO SEE MY HUSBAND – A LITTLE EXPERIENCE AT REDFORD STREET CHURCH, NEW YORK – FAITH HEALING

For about three weeks after God had sanctified my soul, he seemed to let me walk above the world.

"I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,

Nor did envy Elijah his seat.
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.”

But the Lord knew I must be disciplined for service. He began by degrees to let me down, and the tempter seemed to be let loose upon me. I have said the Devil turned his hose on me, for it was as though a man was washing a sidewalk or carriage, Satan seemed to come at me in various ways, in such power. I settled down in God, I got where I could not make a single effort to pray or do anything. I was helpless -- I could not get out of the way. Oh, what temptations! So I said, “Well, fire away, but I will trust in God, though he slay me.” It was, dark, but it was not long till light broke in and drove the darkness all away.

Why does God permit these fierce temptations? It is, I believe, first, to develop the strength and muscle of your own soul and so prepare you for greater service, and second, to bring you into sympathy with others, that are often sorely tempted after they are sanctified, so that you can help them. For example: After the dreadful temptation I have spoken of I met two persons that were suffering from the assaults of the old Accuser, as I had. One was at Sea Cliff, the other at Chester Heights Camp Meeting. The lady at Sea Cliff was a very interesting, intelligent lady. She was Assistant Superintendent of a Sabbath School, as well as a school teacher. She had a large Bible class of young persons and had great influence with them, and with the church, where she was a member.

She came from Greenpoint or Williamsburg. I don't remember which. She had sought and found the great blessing of full salvation, and had walked in the blessed light and comfort of it for over a year, and was very helpful to many of her friends, and, especially, to her large Bible class of young people, a number of whom had been led to consecrate themselves fully to the Lord, and had come out into the clear light of this experience of perfect love through her instrumentality. Of course Satan would hinder her from such a work as that, so he cast a heavy black cloud over her soul, and she was in dreadful darkness for three months. She went over and over her consecration to see if she had taken anything back in any way. No, she knew she had been true up to all the light God had given her, still Satan accused her and told her there was something wrong or she would not have this cloud hanging over her. She was afraid to tell her young believers for fear she would discourage them, so she had to go on with her work testifying definitely to what God had done for her, but only held on by naked faith. Many times after she would get home from meetings she would spend hours in her room weeping and praying before the Lord, but no help came. The tempter would assail her as being a hypocrite and testifying to what she did not feel in her heart, but God helped her to stick to her facts. She had given herself to the Lord, and she was His, darkness or light, joy or no joy, it did not alter the fact, and she decided to declare it. When she came to Sea Cliff in this state of mind she was obedient. She would testify and tell just her state, then she came forward for help. As she would tell her sad story she would weep bitterly; then different ones would try and tell her what to do, and she said I am willing to do anything; so one and another would say do this or that; then she was asked to come forward. He would be the first one to go and kneel to get help and light. Everybody seemed to be in great sympathy with her and tried to help her. I saw where she was and knew she was under a temptation of the Devil, but I was a colored woman, I did not like to push myself forward. I heard this young woman's story for three days, so I used to pray for her, but never got a chance to speak to her. One morning Sister Inskip was leading a young people's meeting in a tent on the upper part of the ground. I slipped in and sat down on one of the outer seats. I see now why the Lord seated me there. The tent filled up, and Sister Inskip talked and then asked others to speak. Again this dear young lady got up, and said she had got what she came for, she had got some help, but she had to go home that day, and she would rather die than go home as she was. Mrs. Inskip said, “Well, just give yourself to the Lord.”

“Oh,” I thought, over and over, “why don't she tell her to shout.” No one ever had intimated that it was a temptation from Satan. When they went to kneel down this young woman knelt right in front of me so that I did not have to move from the seat I had taken, and, while Mrs. Inskip was speaking and helping others, I leaned forward and said to this lady, “That is a temptation of the Devil; you praise the Lord and he will bring you out.” She looked up, and through her blinding tears, said, “Oh, Amanda Smith, were you ever so since you were sanctified?”

“Yes, my child, I was. I was shut up in prison for three weeks and only just got out the other day.” “Oh,” she said, “I see it. Now Satan has been telling me that sanctified people never had a cloud.” “Don’t you mind him,” I said, “Praise the Lord.”

“Glory to Jesus!” She sprang to her feet and cried, “I have got the victory, I am saved, I can go home, Jesus has set me free, O, Praise the Lord.”

“Whom the Son makes free is free indeed.” Hallelujah!

Then I saw that my experience in the weeks before, had been made a blessing to her, just as Job’s experience was intended to be a blessing to men and women through all coming time.

I went to New Utrecht, to Mr. Roberts’, to see my husband, James Smith. His son-in-law, John Bentley, was there when I went. Whatever had gone before, I do not know. I knew this young man.

He had been at my house in New York. I had treated him well, and had done my very best for him, and his wife also. But that day he cursed me, and told me I had no business there. I thought it was strange he should talk so to me, and I believe he incurred the displeasure of God, as did Elymas, the sorcerer, who withstood Paul and sought to turn away from the faith Sergius Paulus, a prudent man who had called for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the word of God. But this man withstood them. But Paul, being full of the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on him, and said: “Oh! Full of all subtilty and mischief, thou child of the Devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not yet cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? And now, behold! The hand of the Lord is upon thee. Thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season.” “And immediately there fell on him a mist and darkness, and he went about seeking some one to lead him by the hand,” (Acts 13:8-12.) So, that day in New Utrecht, John Bentley came in, as I was in the next room talking with James, my husband. I had gone over to see him. My rent was due, and he had not been over for two weeks, and had not sent me any money. I was not well, and my baby was sick, and I was insisting that James should give me some money, at least the sixty cents that it cost me to come over from New York. But he would not. I was crying and talking, for my heart was almost broken. So, when John Bentley cursed and swore at me, I turned to him quietly, and said: “Why, John Bentley, haven’t I a right to come where my own husband is?” But he was fierce. I did not know but he was going to strike me. But I went up to him and looked him in the face, and said to him: “When you have been at my house, haven’t I always treated you well? I have never laid a straw in your way in my life; and I don’t know why you should speak to me in such a way.”

He went on talking and abusing me terribly. There seemed to come an indescribable power over me, and I turned and lifted my hand toward him, and I said to him: “Mind, John Bentley, the God that I serve will make you pay for this before the year is out.” He said: “Well, I don’t care if He does. Let Him do it.”

He had not more than said the words when he seemed to tremble and stagger. There was a chair behind him, and he dropped down into the chair. I never saw him from that day. This was about two weeks before Christmas, and before the New Year came, John Bentley was dead and buried! I always feel sad when I think of it, but I believe that God was displeased with that man for cursing me that day.

My husband, James Smith, was formerly of Baltimore, Md. He was for many years a leader of the choir of Bethel A. M. E. Church, in that city. Afterward he moved to Philadelphia, and was ordained deacon in the A. M. E. Church. He died in November, 1869, at New Utrecht, N. Y. Since then I have been a widow, and have traveled half way round the world, and God has ever been faithful. He has never left me a moment; but in all these years I have proved the word true, “Lo! I am with you always, even to the end.”

“Sometimes ‘mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden’s bowers bloom,
By waters still, or troubled sea,
Still, ‘tis my God that leadeth me.”
Amen. Amen.

I had told the Lord I would be obedient and would do all he bade me, so one day while I was busy at work it was whispered to my heart, “You go to Bedford Street on Sunday.” “Yes,” I said, “I will.” I always liked to go and hear Rev. John Cookman, who was then pastor.

Sunday morning came; it was Easter Sunday. My friend, Sister Scott, and I went. Strange to say, but the usher took

us up front, in what is or used to be called "The Amen Corner." I shall never forget John Cookman's text and sermon. The words were: "See that ye make all things after the pattern shown you in the Mount."

O, what a congregation, and what power the young man seemed to have in those days. He brought out holiness so clear and definite. I had got wonderfully blest as they sang the old Easter Anthem, as only Bedford Street could sing it in those days. O, how it thrills me now as I think it all over! As Brother Cookman went on with his sermon, increasing in fervor and power, the Spirit whispered to me distinctly, "Raise up your right hand," and I was just going to do so, when the Devil said, just as distinctly, "Yes, you look nice lifting up your black hand before all the people" -- and I drew back and did not do it.

Then the Spirit said: "The other day you told the Lord you would do anything He would tell you to do."

"O, yes," I said, "I did. O, Lord, forgive me and give me another chance and I will lift my hand for Thee!"

By-and-by the Spirit said again, "Lift up your right hand," and I did, and the power of the Spirit fell on the people and the whole congregation. There were "Amen's," and "Amen's," and sobs and weeping and "Praise the Lord," heard all over the house, and many were led out of prison by the simple act of obedience to God. He did not tell me to shout, but to lift my hand for Him, and the people shouted, and my own heart then filled with adoring praise. O, I would God I had always obeyed Him, then would my peace have flowed as the river, but many times I failed. Once on the car coming from New Utrecht, where I had gone to see my husband, I had a tract in my hand with a message for a lad that got in. I saw him look at me, and then turn quickly away as if he was afraid I would hand it to him. My heart was prompted to give it to him, but I kept hesitating. First, I said, "I will wait till some of the people get out." Then, I said, "I will wait till I get out." The car stopped, the lad got out and ran away as though I was after him. I looked after him and wanted to call him, but he was gone. Then these words came to me in such force that I have never forgotten them, "His blood will I require at your hand." I did nothing but pray to God for His pardoning and forgiving mercy from that hour till I got home; at last, I felt He forgave me and gave me peace in my heart.

Here I desire to record some things the Lord taught me about what is now called faith, or divine healing.

I think it was in October, 1868, not very long after I had got the blessing of sanctification. It seemed that my faith had increased and strengthened in this short time, so that I did not seem to find it difficult to believe God for anything I really needed. I had never heard of Dr. Cullis, Dr.

Boardman, or Dr. Mahan, of Oberlin, Ohio. I had never read a book or paper of any kind. I believed what I read in the Bible about the miracles performed by the Lord Jesus, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, and healing the sick, but thought it belonged to the days of miracles especially, and it was to prove to the unbelieving Jews the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. I had often prayed for sick people, and asked the Lord to bless means that were used, and so many times He did it, as I believe in answer to prayer; but I never made any time about it, as though it were some especial state of grace, so much higher than entire sanctification or holiness. So I went on claiming promises, quenching the violence of fire, escaping the edge of the sword, out of weakness was made strong, waxing valiant in fight, and really turning to flight the armies of the aliens. And so found out that there is no want to them that fear the Lord. But I did not feel led to make a special gospel of the great and deep things God had taught me. The Gospel of Jesus was so full and practical, and with good, common sense it seemed to cover all my need. Praise the Lord for that lesson. For I find, no matter what the state of grace attained to in this life, one may ever learn some new lesson. Learn to know one's own self. Learn to know one's weakness. Learn to know the beauty of love and power and sympathy of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. And so on.

It was Saturday. I was very busy, as that is a busy day, especially with a washwoman. After I had swept my room I gave the dustpan to Mazie to carry out to the ash box that stood on the sidewalk.

It was when I lived in the rear at 135 Amity street, New York. When she came in, she said, "O, ma, some one has thrown a lot of nice books into the ash box; some of them are almost new." She was very fond of reading, so she said, "May I bring some in?"

"Oh, no," I said, "Mazie; I have little enough room now, and I do not want any old books or trash brought in." But contrary to my orders, the child slipped three of these books into the house, and hid them in the little closet on the shelf behind the smoothing irons. In the bottom of this closet, on the floor, I kept my coal. I could put in about two pailfuls, which was about a half bushel, at a time. So on Monday morning after prayers, Mazie had gone to school, I

went to put some coal in the stove and then was going to gather my clothes. But I noticed that my irons were not back on the shelf in their place properly. So I went to arrange them, and found these books.

“There,” I said, “I told Mazie not to bring any of these books in; she has not obeyed me.” But as I looked at them I said, “Perhaps I should not have told her ‘no’ until I saw them; for they really are almost new.” I don’t remember what the two were, but the third was a small-sized book, entitled, “Child’s Book on Physiology.” So I began to read it. I looked through it. As I read on, its explanations, simple and so beautiful, of the human body in all its parts, in a way that any child could understand it, I got so interested that I sat down though I was in such a hurry. After reading and thinking, I turned to the first page. There was a cut of the human frame on the fly leaf. As I looked at it and studied it, I said, “Surely, as the Psalmist says, ‘Man is fearfully and wonderfully made.’” Now, in my imagination, I covered that frame with flesh, and skin, and sinew, and blood, and pulse, and life. Then I got a pain, or rheumatism, in the left arm or back; and I said, “Now, there is a man suffering pain in his arm and back. I give him medicine in his mouth, and it must go all this round to reach that spot; when God, who made him, knows how to reach the difficulty direct.” Now, all this was as I imagined. There was not a soul in the house but myself. So I said, lifting my eyes to heaven, “Oh! Lord, I will never take another bit of medicine while I live without you tell me to.” And I got up and threw out all my medicines -- I had a few simple remedies in the house -- and for a year and eight months I never touched anything. Oh! What wonderful lessons the Lord taught me in that time.

It did seem that He watched as a father would watch his child. Sometimes I would bring in a basket of clothes, and it would be so warm I would sit down between the window and doors so as to get the breeze quickly, and I would hear the Spirit whisper, as distinctly as a man, so gently, but clearly: “You are sitting in the draught.” Often I have looked around to see if there was not really a person speaking. If I was prompt and moved, it was all right. But sometimes I would say, when the whisper came, “Oh, yes, but I’m so warm;” and I would forget, until I would feel a pain in my back, or neck, or somewhere. Then I would at once look up to God and say, “Now, Lord, teach me the lesson you want I should learn; and then do please relieve me of this pain.” Can you understand the patience and forbearance of God? I cannot. Sometimes He would bless me so; I would be so happy, I would whirl round and round and laugh and say, “Oh! Lord, how beautiful. I will never have to take any more medicine, and I can save the money that I spent for medicine for other purposes.” But the Lord knew how to teach me, praised be His name. So at the expiration of a year and eight months, it was in November, I think, I took a severe cold. I never knew how I got that cold, and if the grippe had been known then, as now, I would have said I had it in its severest form. I never thought of medicine. The Lord was my physician, and had done everything I had asked for myself and my child for a year and eight months, so of course He would now. So I prayed as aforetime, but still grew worse. Oh! How dreadfully ill I was. But I held on. Oh! How I did cry to God for deliverance. For three days and nights I could not lie down, my cough was so bad. I had a raging fever. My head ached, and every bone in my body ached. I still grew worse, until the morning of the fourth day. I tried to get my clothes on, but could not stand up long enough. “Oh! What shall I do?” I went in my bedroom and knelt down by a chair. Oh! How I cried and prayed. “Oh! Lord, what is the matter? What have I done? Thou didst always heal me when I asked Thee; and now Thou seest I can hardly hold my head up, I am so sick. Oh! Lord, show me if I have done anything to displease Thee; make it clear to me, and forgive me, for Jesus’ Sake. Now, Lord, I will just be quiet till Thou dost speak to me and tell me what I have done, and why Thou dost not heal me as Thou usest to do.” So I waited a few minutes; I don’t know how long; then it seemed as though the Lord Jesus in person stood by me; such a peaceful hush came all over me, and He seemed to say, so tenderly, Oh! So tenderly, “Now, if you knew the Lord wanted you to take medicine would you be willing?” “No, Lord, you always have healed me without medicine, and why not now? What have I done?” Then it seemed just as though a person spoke and said, “No, no, but if you knew it was God’s will, would you be willing?” I said, “No, Lord; you can heal me without medicine, and I don’t want to take it.” Then the patient, gentle voice said the third time, “No, no,” and putting the question a little differently, said, “If you knew it was God’s will for you to take medicine would you be willing to do God’s will?”

Oh! how I cried. I saw it, but I said, “No, Lord, I don’t like medicine; but Thou canst conquer my will. I do not want to live with my will in opposition to Thy will. Thou must conquer.” Oh! What a battle. It took me one whole hour before my will went down. I held on to the chair, for I felt I must get up, but I said, “No, I will die right here.” But I held right on to the chair. I said, “I will never rise from here until my will dies.” And I knew when the death was given and when the victory came. I remained quiet, and thought it all over. And I said, “Lord, I thank Thee. Now tell me what I must do.” For I felt if the Lord had said, “Now, you go over there on Sixth avenue to the drug store,

and take all the medicine, bottles and all,” I was willing! Oh! I was willing all through! It seemed wonderfully sweet to die to my own will, and sink into God. So just then it came to me to use a simple remedy that I had used a thousand times before, and in twenty-four hours I was as well as ever. I never got over a cold like that before in my life in so short a time; a cold like that would always be a three weeks’ siege. But I seemed to see what it all meant. God showed me. I was worshiping my will.

Sometimes when I have told this strange experience to some of the good people in these days, they throw up their hands in holy horror and say, “Oh! I don’t see how you could dare to say so.” But I see the same spirit of will-worship in many of those who profess what they prefer to call “Divine healing;” the same Spirit of will-worship that I had. But I do not think they know it. I am at no controversy with anybody on these lines. But, Oh! How I do thank and praise God for opening my eyes to see, and I think, understand His will concerning Amanda Smith. I do not believe in calling the doctor for every little thing, or making a drug store of one’s self; but I believe it right when you need medicine or doctor, to use both, prayerfully, and with common sense, with an eye single. But to say the use of means in sickness is contrary to the will of God, and that all Christians should have faith and trust the Lord to heal them without the use of means at all, even though their common-sense, which is as much God’s gift to us as any other blessing, tells them to use the means, but must close their eyes, ignore all symptoms, and by the force of will, which they must call “faith,” ride over everything; -- now this is where the tug of war comes in, with Amanda Smith. My neighbor prays, and is wonderfully healed; she is a Christian; so am I; we have both been blessed of God; I pray, and am not healed; someone tells me it is a lack of faith on my part, or there is something wrong in my consecration, or there is something wrong in me somewhere, and that is the reason I am not healed. Now comes the question: “How do you know that? Who told you so?” So that I must either stand judged, or else I must judge, and where do I get my authority for so doing? The Lord help me. Amen.

The days of miracles are not past. God has healed without the use of means of any kind, as well as with; and why He does not now heal every case as He used to do, I do not think I have any right to say is because of a lack of faith on the part of some poor, weak child of God; and so consign them to perdition. Then there are some things God would have us do for ourselves. Not long ago I was at the home of a good minister, a man that knew the Lord, and for years had walked in the light and blessedness of full salvation. He had begun to get deaf in his right ear; it came on gradually; sometimes worse than at other times. So he prayed earnestly, and believed God, and held on about a year. Finally he seemed to grow worse. His wife, a good, saved, orthodox, levelheaded woman, had often said to him he ought to see a doctor about it. But he had a pretty strong will of his own, and did not yield easily to her persuasions. But she was gentle and patient. One morning as he was sitting in the room talking with me, she came in and said, “Now, my dear, you must really go and see the doctor this morning about your deafness; let him examine it; you are getting worse all the time, and it will never do to have you going around deaf.”

The good man looked at his wife, then he turned to me and said, smilingly, “Sister Smith, my wife is generally pretty clear when she decides upon a thing.”

“Yes, Sister Smith,” she said, “it would do no harm to go and see about it, anyhow.” “Sister M.,” I said, “you are quite right: just what I say.”

So off he went. He was gone about two hours. When he returned, I said, “Well, Brother M., what did the doctor say?”

“Oh! Praise the Lord, “ he said, “I am all right; clear as a bell.” So he told the story, and laughed heartily. I said, “What did the doctor do?”

“Oh,” he said, “he told me to sit down and he would examine my ear; he said there was nothing serious the matter; the wax was very dry. So he took his instruments and took out about a thimbleful of wax, and put a little sweet oil or something in it, and it is all right.” “Yes,” I said, “praise the Lord. Some people would have teased the Lord to have Him clean out their ears, when they might do it themselves, or get someone to do it to whom God had given the sense and ability.”

CHAPTER 9

VARIOUS EXPERIENCES – HIS PRESENCE – OBEDIENCE -MY TEMPTATION TO LEAVE THE CHURCH
-WHAT PEOPLE THINK – SATISFIED

One day I was busy with my work and thinking and communing with Jesus, for I found out that it was not necessary to be a nun or be isolated away off in some deep retirement to have communion with Jesus; but, though your hands are employed in doing your daily business, it is no bar to the soul's communion with Jesus. Many times over my wash-tub and ironing table, and while making my bed and sweeping my house and washing my dishes I have had some of the richest blessings. Oh, how glad I am to know this, and how many mothers' hearts I have cheered when I told them that the blessing of sanctification did not mean isolation from all the natural and legitimate duties of life, as some seem to think. Not at all. It means God in you, supplying all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus; our need of grace and patience and long suffering and forbearance, for we have to learn how not only to bear, but also to forbear with infirmities of ourselves and others as well.

I return to my story. Thus as I thought, I asked again, "I wonder why the Lord did not sanctify me fully when he justified me? He was God, and He could have done it; He could have done it all at once if He had had a mind to." Then the question, "Well, why didn't He do it?" and I was blocked.

I believe that question was from Satan; he intended to make me think unkindly of God. "Here you have been struggling all these years; God could have done it all at once; but why didn't He do it?" "Yes," I said, "that is so."

"Well, why didn't he do it?" And I was so sad I began to cry and said, "Lord, I don't know why you did not sanctify me wholly when you justified me freely; but I know you have not done it." Then the blessed Holy Spirit came so sweetly and answered my question by asking me another, "Why didn't Jesus make the blind man see the first time He touched his eyes?" After the first touch Jesus bade him look, and asked him what he saw. He said, "I see men as trees walking." Then He touched him again and he said he saw every man clearly.

He was Christ with the same power in His first touch as He had with the second. He could have made the blind man see clearly the first time, but He did not.

"Why," I said, "Lord, I see it, and it is none of my business why you didn't sanctify me fully when you converted me; it is enough for me to know that you have done it." I came into light and liberty praising the Trinity. I quit asking God questions about His own work. I think it is impertinence, and yet how many do this very thing, and when they don't get an answer to satisfy themselves they become perplexed and then land in skepticism with regard to the whole doctrine and truth of this great salvation.

One of the first things I discovered after I came into the blessed light and experience of full salvation was a steady and appropriating faith that I never realized before. I always believed the Bible and all the promises, but I did not seem to have power to appropriate the promises to my soul's need; but after the light broke in and my darkness had fled, power was given me not only to believe the promises, but to appropriate them.

"My! " I said, as I would read the promises, "that is mine, and that is mine;" and it was like when the sailors reef their sails; I took hold of them and wrapped them round me and walked up and down in possession of the land. All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ Is God's. I sang:

"All things are mine,
Since I am His –
How can I keep from singing?"

One day as I was busy about my room I seemed to feel the conscious presence of Jesus. I saw nothing with my eyes, but I seemed to be conscious of the presence of a Holy Being by me and around me, and I talked with Him, and I was saying, "Now, if anyone should ask me to tell the difference between justification and sanctification, how could I tell them? There is a difference; I know it; I feel it; but I don't know how to tell it." And the dear Lord Jesus seemed to answer my question by asking another. He said: "What is the difference between sunlight and moonlight?" In a moment I saw it. I knew the beauty of the lovely moonlight. I had read by its brightness, and had often sewed at night, and it was beautiful. That was my justified state. How many times, I did not understand clearly, as in the sunlight; but the deeper experience was in power like sunlight in the natural world. It penetrates all the dark corners. If there is even a small nail-hole in a door, or a crack anywhere, the sun finds it out and looks through; then it heats up everything all about it. There can be no frost where the sunlight is; but it is tropical all the time. There were deep recesses in my heart that the moonlight did not reveal, but when the great sunlight of sanctification came, how it seemed almost to eclipse the moonlight state of justification, save the abiding consciousness of the time when God wrought that first work in my soul. I no longer sang the old hymn, "The

midsummer sun shines but dim;

The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May."

That means two distinct states as real as the moonlight and sunlight. I knew it was true, but, O, why should there be a December in my heart when I may have the beaming sun? When the Holy Ghost came to my soul in sanctifying power it was the inaugural of a perpetual May-day that shall go on increasing in faith, and light, and strength, and power, and thanksgiving, and praise, and rest, and peace, and triumph forever and ever and ever. Amen. Amen.

How true this old hymn of Charles Wesley's:

"I find Him in singing;
I find Him in prayer;
In sweet meditation,
He always is there.
My constant companion,
Oh, may we ne'er part,
All glory to Jesus,
He dwells in my heart

One day I was meditating and thinking upon His goodness. My heart was full of praise as I thought of all the Lord had done, and I said, "Oh, I will not need to pray now, as I used to do." Just then these words came: "The children of Israel gathered manna fresh every morning." I said, "Yes, Jesus." I knew He meant to teach me that it must be daily bread my soul would need, and as my natural need was met each day, so my spiritual need must be met by prayer and the reading of His Holy Word and the appropriating of His promises. Without this all else would avail nothing.

How I marvel at God's patience with me when I think how He led me about to teach me how to be obedient, in spite of all Satan's devices.

I was working up town one day, as the lady wanted some blankets washed. The morning I was to go I had slept rather late. I was to have been there at seven o'clock. A long walk from Fourth street to Twenty-third street. I felt led to take some tracts. I always kept a lot on hand and would take them when I went out, generally looking over them so as to see and know just what I was giving away.

This morning Satan seemed to hurry me. "You will be too late if you stop to sort the tracts." "Yes," I said, "I am afraid so." Then the Spirit would seem to say, "Take the tracts." Then I picked up a handful and began to look over them. Then I got so nervous. Satan said, "You know that lady will not pay you if you are not there at seven."

"Yes," I said, "she is hard about money anyhow." So I laid the tracts down and started off, and it seemed to me I never saw so many opportunities where I could have given a tract as I did that morning. When I got to the house the lady said she would not have the blankets washed that day; I should come the next week. And I saw how Satan had hindered me. How sorry I was I did not listen to the good Spirit and take the tracts. God knew the washing was not to be done that day, and that is why He whispered so gently to my heart, "Take the tracts." I don't know who lost the blessing by my not giving them, but I know I lost a blessing by not obeying. O, it is so safe to obey even though it may be dark. A few days later on, I went, and as I had sorted my tracts, I prayed that the Lord would show me to whom to give them, and what a good time I had. I met a very fine looking man and as I looked at him I trembled; but as he drew near I said, "Now, Lord, help me." I had met some colored men and had given them some tracts and spoken a word, and the Devil said, "That is a white gentleman, and he will curse you."

But when he came near I said, "Pardon me, sir; will you have a tract?" He seemed thoroughly astonished, but very pleasant and courteous. He took the tract and thanked me. A couple of weeks after, a friend said to me, "Did you give a tract to a young man on Sixth avenue last week?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said, "It was you, then. I was working for Mrs. A., and she told me that her son came home so happy and told her that a colored woman had given him a tract, and that he had never read anything that had done him so much good as that tract."

O, how the mother and son rejoiced together. Her dear boy that she had prayed for so long had found peace and joy in the Lord. How strange it should come about in the way it did, but God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. On a little further, I passed two men; they were musicians. They stood talking, and as I came near them a deep feeling came over me to give those men a tract. My heart beat quickly, but just as I got near them they seemed to think what I was going to do, so they started and walked across on the side. I said, "Lord, if you want me to give that man a tract, if there is a word that Thou dost want him to have, make him cross the next corner back again." O, how I did pray! Sure enough he did cross over the next corner and met me face to face and took a tract, and thanked me and seemed deeply impressed. Praise God.

At another time. One night I was crossing to Williamsburg on the ferry boat. I had a good religious paper in my hand, which had a good sermon in it and some experiences. I said I will take this and give it to some one, men are more willing to take a paper than a tract. On the boat a nice looking lad sat just opposite me, and as I looked at him the Spirit said, "Give him that paper." Again I looked and thought I will give it to him before we get out. Then something seemed, to say, "Give it to this other man that looks more thoughtful."

"No," it came to me, "Give it to that lad,"

I got up and handed it to him. He took it and threw it underneath the bench. Then said Satan, "Now you have made a mistake, you would better have given it to the man." But I lifted my heart in prayer and said, "Now, Lord, if there is anything in that paper that Thou dost want that young man to know, make him pick it up. Lord, don't let him go out, make him pick up that paper." I continued to pray, and we were nearing the shore. I saw the fellow was very restless.

O, how I did beg the Lord to make him pick it up, I felt it had a word for him. Just as the boat struck the dock, he stooped down and picked up the paper and put it in his pocket and ran away. Just then the grand old text came: "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." (John 14:14).

I think it was November, 1869. On my way home one evening from work, I met a friend on Sixth avenue. She said to me, "Smith, are you going to the Fair tonight?" "No," I said, "I am tired and shall not go."

"I have two tickets, if you like to go I will give them to you." "All right," I said, "If I feel better after I get home I will go. You know I never go to such places unless the Lord wants me to do something for Him."

"Well, she said, "I wish you would go."

I went to my home at thirty-five Amity street, and as I prayed and asked the Lord, it was very clear to me I was to go. It was a damp, rainy evening, and I would think, "Well, it is too damp and I will not go." Then it would come to me, "Go, take some tracts." I knew I would be criticised, for I had become a speckled bird among my own people on account of the profession of the blessing of holiness. Remarks would be made, "There is Amanda Smith, with her sanctification again." So I knew all that would be said, but I said, "Lord help me, and I will go for Thee. Tell me what Thou dost want me to do."

I went in, and there were quite a number; all seemed to look at me, remarks passed, and then all went on as they would there. I walked about and spoke to several, then I sat down and lifted my heart in prayer, and said, "Lord, I have no business here, and why should I stay, make it clear what you want me to do;" and these words were spoken to my heart distinctly, "Go stand in the way." I got up and went and stood at the top of the stairs where the people were coming up. Several persons passed up, then came two young men full of glee. The Spirit seemed to pick out one especially, and said, "Speak to that young man " I did; he was respectful as he could be, but said it was time enough for him, and with a toss of the head turned away.

I handed some tracts to several others, then the Lord seemed to say, "You may go home." I went out, and felt that I had done as I was told, but how strange that I should not do anything but that. I went home and bore this young man up to God. This, I think, was on Wednesday evening. On Saturday, as I was carrying some clothes home, I met some one on Sixth avenue and they said, "Did you hear that Charlie S. is dead?"

"No."

"Well, he is, he was found dead in his bed this morning; he was at the Fair the other night, well and hearty." I went and looked at him. There he was, dead, no sign of sickness, and the very young man that God had sent me to speak

to. He looked as though he were asleep. O, how sad it was, and yet how glad I was that I had strength given me that night to obey the Lord, and do as I thought He led me, whether the young man would hear, or whether he would forbear.

I seemed to see the inconsistencies of the brethren and sisters so much more than I ever had before. I had seen some before, as I suppose most people do. I saw my own, and what the Lord had saved me from, and I wanted everybody to get saved right away. Brother Patterson was pastor of the Sullivan street A. M. E. Church at the time I got the blessing. He enjoyed the experience and preached the doctrine. But colored people are like some white people; although the church prospered under his administration, and we had a wonderful revival during the two years, and the church was built up and edified, yet many of them did not like him. After he left, Rev. Nelson Turpin was sent to us. He was fierce. He openly opposed and denounced the doctrine and experience of the blessing of full salvation, although there were a number in the church, some among the leading members, who claimed to have the experience. He was very popular with the great mass. The church was crowded. Then we poor souls who dared to testify definitely in a Love Feast, or in a General Class, might expect a raking; and especially on Sunday nights, when the church would be crowded, he would take especial pains to tell some ridiculous inconsistency about some sanctified sister or brother that he used to know. Then, if a sister, he would say: "They put on a plain bonnet and shawl and wear a long face, but they are sanctified Devils." Then all eyes would be turned on Sister Scott and myself, for we were about the only ones that dressed in the way described. Then there would be a regular giggle all over the house. How much I had to contend with. Hence my temptation to leave the church. Then I did not like fairs and festivals and all the rest of it. But God saved me from backsliding over any of those things. Then I was in bondage to my clothes; in bondage to other people's clothes. If they were not made just as I thought they ought to be it troubled me, and I did not care if I did not hear them speak and pray in prayer meeting. I had rather not kneel at communion with these dressed-up people. Then I was afraid of Brother Turpin. At first he was very kind; but after a little while he would always try to shun me. But I would follow him up, ask him to come to see me, and would go to see Sister Turpin and the children. But he would always be very formal and cold. My! How afraid of him I did get! So one day Mother Jones said to me, "Sister Smith, if I were you I would not say anything about sanctification. You see people do not like it, and they persecute you, and I do not like to hear them."

"Well, but Mother Jones," I said, "the Lord has blessed me so, and I can't help it." Then she laughed and took hold of me so kindly, and said, "I would not say anything about it if I were you." So I went home and thought how Mother Jones sympathized with me. So I began to be very indefinite in my testimony. I chose words that the people would like. I would say, "I am all the Lord's." They would say, "Amen!" Or, if I said, "Jesus saves me fully," or "The blood cleanseth," they would say, "Amen!" to that. But if I used the word "Sanctify," then there was a rustling among the dry bones. Then look out for the next testimony, especially if in a General Class or Love Feast.

Thank God, He led my class leader, Henry De Shields, into the experience in answer to prayer, just three weeks after I got the blessing. So while "Pop" Scott, who was assistant class leader, never came out clear, Brother De Shields was a power and a great help to myself, and to many. He still lives in New York, and at this writing is walking in the light of full salvation. Still, I was afraid of Brother Turpin. Then darkness came over me, and the joy and peace all seemed to be gone. I did not know what ailed me. So I set apart Friday to fast and pray, and find out the cause of this darkness. Satan suggested many things, but I held on and cried to God for light and help. So, about two P. M., though I had stopped my work and gone away and prayed a number of times that day, I took my Bible and knelt down to pray. And I said: "Oh! Lord, show me what is the matter. Why is this darkness in my mind? O! Lord, make it clear to me." And the Spirit seemed to say to me very distinctly, "Read." And I opened my Bible, and my eyes lighted on these words: "Perfect love casteth out fear. He that feareth has not been made perfect in love." Then I said: "Lord, if I am not, I will be now." Then I saw what was the matter. Fear! And I said: "Oh! Lord, take all the man-fearing spirit out of me. I thank Thee for what Thou hast done for me, but deliver me from fear. Take all the woman-fearing Spirit out of me, and give me complete victory over this fear." And, thank the Lord, He did it. There was no especial manifestation, but there was a deep consciousness in my heart that what I had asked the Lord to do, He had done, and I praised Him. Then He came to me: "Will you go uptown to Union Church on Sunday and testify definitely?"

"Yes, Lord, if Thou wilt help me, and give me Thy strength, and go with me, I will go." So there was a calm and peace in my heart. Union Church, uptown, was a colored church. There was not a member in it that believed in the

doctrine of holiness; and from that church there had been great criticism in regard to my professing such a blessing Sunday morning came. The Love Feast was at 6 o'clock A. M. I had been but once before. I got ready and went. My heart trembled, and my knees trembled. But I went on, and I said, "Now, Lord, help me, and I will go." I got in and sat down. The church was well filled. A number of strange ministers sat in the altar. Every eye was turned on me.

After the meeting opened the testimony began. The ministers urged everybody to be short, and in many of the testimonies there were remarks and insinuations thrown out to me. I sat still and prayed.

Oh! how I did pray. Then they began to get very noisy. They shouted and praised. I said to the Lord; "Now, Lord, I will speak for Thee if Thou wilt make these people, be quiet. Lord, make them be quiet. I can't talk when there is a great noise, and Thou hast sent me here to speak for Thee, and I want the people to hear. Lord, make them be still." Sometimes there would be three or four on the floor speaking at the same time. The ministers would urge them on, and say: "The Lord can hear you all. Don't wait on one another." But I prayed, "Lord, still them, still them." Then there came a pause.

Then I got on my feet. Then they began to shout again, and they drowned me out. So I stood still, and prayed, "Lord, still the people." And He did. They calmed down so that when I began, there was not another one spoke. I began and quoted several passages of Scripture bearing on holiness definitely, and on God's promise of this grace to those who sought it, and how it was obtained by faith. And they listened. The ministers touched one another. I went on talking, and by and by I came to a point when it seemed a finger touched my tongue, and the power of God came upon me in such a wonderful manner that I talked, it seemed to me, about ten minutes. The people looked as though they were alarmed. The ministers who sat in the altar, and who had looked so critical when I came in, began to shout "Amen! Lord Almighty, bless that sister!" And then the fire seemed to fall on all the people. When I had finished, I sat down, feeling that I had delivered the message according to the will of the Lord. To His name be all the glory for the strength He gave me that day. Amen. Amen.

One day Sister Scott called and was so happy. She told me some white sisters had been at her house, and had prayed and sung, and that they were full of the Holy Ghost. They were dressed so plain and neat. They belonged to the Free Methodist Church, uptown somewhere in New York. And they asked her to come to some of their meetings. "Oh!" I said, "why didn't you bring them to see me?" She said, "I told them I would bring you up to their church sometime." So on Sunday I went with her. It was about two miles from where I lived. We started early, and, of course, we walked half the way. We thought it was a dreadful thing to ride on the street cars on Sunday. And I think still we should not do it whenever we can avoid it. But I am not in bondage even in this as I once was. Praise the Lord! We got to the church. Mr. Mackey, who was so well known all over New York, was then very popular and prominent in that church, and was a good friend to the colored people. For years he led meetings at the Colored Home in New York. When we went into the church he was there, and was so glad to see us. He shook hands, and seated us, and was so kind.

"My!" I thought, "how nice these people are." For such treatment as that in a white church was not common for colored persons. Then the church was so very pretty and plain. No stained glass, or cushions, no pipe organ and quartette choir. Then the sisters were all so plain. So was I. For before I got the blessing I dressed Quaker style, because I liked it, and it was a matter of economy. Then the preacher that Sunday morning was a Mr. James, and he had no gold studs in his shirt, no rings on his fingers. His face was placid and bright. And what a sermon he preached on Holiness. My soul was fed, and I prayed to the Lord to put it in the heart of the minister to ask persons to join the church. I felt I must join this church. It was a true church. And that kind of preaching I had heard my father talk about that they used to hear forty years ago. Well, I prayed. Always before when I had prayed, from the time I had received the blessing, somehow the Lord had answered me so quick. But this morning He didn't seem to answer; and yet, now, I see it was an answer. For sometimes when the Lord denies a request, it's as much an answer as when He grants it. Though I had been a member of the African Methodist Church for years, I was willing that morning to join without a letter, on probation. I said, "I can get my letter from my church, I know, but they will want to know all the reason why, and I don't want to tell. I just want to come into this church. These people seem so good! Just the right kind of people." So I prayed on. The sermon was finished. Then they had a prayer meeting, and Brother Irvin prayed. Oh! What a prayer. I shall ever remember it. He was well known, and a man of wonderful power. And I thought, "Will they close without asking if any one wants to join! I will get up and go and ask them to take me in. But then they will wonder why I have not brought my letter, and what will I say? The Lord help me!"

And He did, but not as I wanted then, but as it is written, “Ye shall know if ye follow on to know the Lord.” The meeting did close, and no one was asked to join. But the friends gathered around Sister Scott and me, shook hands, and said they were glad to see us. The minister shook hands and asked us to come again. They were all so nice. They shouted, and were so free, as the Free Methodists are. Brother Irvin came up to me, and gave me several tracts on the origin and doctrine of the Free Methodist Church. How that it separated itself on account of slavery and secret society All this was new to me, but suited me exactly. Then he gave me a tract on plain dressing. Oh! How I did peruse that. Brother E. lived on Dominick street downtown, not a great way from where I lived, on Amity street. He had a week night class at his house, so he asked us to come. On Tuesday night I went. It was warm, and there stood on the table a pitcher of water, and every now and then someone of the brethren would shout, “Glory to God,” then take a glass of water. Well, I thought it was dreadful. For I thought, “We don’t do that. We can stay at class until it is out without drinking water.” Then I thought it was wrong to use a fan. So I suffered from heat rather than fan myself when in church. Then they made so much unnecessary noise. Just what I didn’t like in my own people. And I thought it would be different.

But I had made up my mind to join this church. So the next week I went again and they were having a prayer meeting. They had a great big man on his knees by a chair in the middle of the floor. A brother was on each side of him, one behind him, and another in front, and they were shouting and pounding and trying to make the man say he believed. “You believe! Say Hallelujah.” “Praise the Lord.” Then they would say, “Amen!” Then they got up, took hold of the man, stood him on his feet and said, “Praise the Lord.” But he was heavy, and would not say it.

“Well,” I said, “that’s just what I find fault with my own people for. And these people are good people, but they have their failings, just like other people. So I might as well stay where I am.” Then they told me there were no prejudices among them. That colored people were always treated well.

And I was glad of that. So the next week I went again. Brother James led the class that night. He had thrown across his shoulders a very stylish shawl, such as gentlemen wore in those days, and in it was a very pretty steel pin and chain, which shone bright.

“Well,” I said, “I did not think Brother James would wear that.” So a sister came in. When she saw Sister Thompson, whom I had got to go with me that night, and myself, she frowned and turned her back on us. “Well,” I thought, “they say they have no prejudice. But she acts just like she had, anyhow. After all, perhaps I had better not join.” Then a dear lady got up and gave such a beautiful testimony, and was so sweet in spirit. How her testimony helped me. But, Oh! Such a raking as Brother James gave her about her dress. She had on a plain fifty cent black straw bonnet, with a piece of black ribbon across the middle and a little bow on the side. Not a flower, Or a bit of color of any kind. She said. “Well, Brother James, I never thought anything about it. I just got the milliner to fix it up to wear to market, and I put it on.” I never thought anything about the bow he had so bitterly denounced. But he did not let her off. He picked her testimony all to pieces. How I felt for her. And I thought there was much more of self and spirit in his manner and in the swell shawl and the steel pin and chain that swung about, than there was in the sister he raked so. Next he came to the sister who turned her back. She spoke short, and kept her back to us. When he came to me, I arose and said: “I understood that you people have no prejudices against colored people.”

“Yes,” Brother E. says.

“Well, will it be right for me to speak just what I think?”

“Yes, certainly,” said he. “We are Free Methodists, so you can speak your mind.” “Well,” I said, “I think you have the spirit of prejudice among you just like other people. I do not think I am mistaken, for the Spirit of this meeting seems very clear to me.” They had on the mantel three or four little stuffed birds. So I said, “I do not think it is right to have those stuffed birds there. The Bible says we are not to have pictures of anything in heaven, or on earth, or in the water.” Well, I knew the quotation correctly then. So after I had said this, Brother E. said, “Well, Sister Smith, God bless you. About there being prejudice, you are mistaken; but about the images, you are right.”

So then Brother E. led his wife, and he said to her, “You don’t pray as much as you used to, I know. Often when I used to be downtown in my office I could tell when you were praying.” Then he talked to her so before all the people.

When he got through she got up and went upstairs and slammed the door after her. And I said, “Well, that means

what I used to mean when I slammed the door after me.” But still he did say a lot of things to her that I thought he ought to have said to her alone. So I said, “Well, these people are just like my own. So I guess I will not join.”

When we came out one of the sisters came out with us. She was a good sister. She went up to me, took hold of me, and said, “Sister Smith, you are right about that prejudice part of it. That sister that you referred to has got prejudices, and she was so vexed, and she said tonight as she was coming she hoped the colored folks would not be there. She does not like it because they come.” I said, “I knew I was right. But Brother E. does not know that, does he?”

“Oh! No, she does not say it to them; but she has said it to me, and I know her.” So I never went back again.

Then Rev. Joshua Woodland was pastor of the A. M. F. Church in Brooklyn. He was a man of God, and preached the Gospel. So I said, “As I cannot get real food for my soul in my own church, I will go to Brooklyn and join Brother Woodland’s. Of course it will cost me something to go and come, but I will walk on this side and cross on the boat, and walk on the other side to church; and then a sermon once a week will help me, and I will still go to my class here in New York.” So I prayed for light and guidance for three weeks. At last I said, one day, “Lord, show me by Thy Spirit through Thy Word, what I must do. Thou knowest I want to do Thy will only.” And I opened my Bible, and as I looked, my eyes lighted on these words: “Fear not, stand still, and see the salvation of God.” And there came a flood of light and peace to my heart. And I arose and praised the Lord.

I never left the church, but I have seen sad results of many who have left and gone away. Some have done well, probably, but others have made sad failures. What a pity. I can call up a number of white people, young men and women, that I used to know in New York, and Oh! How they have failed in their lives, leaving one church and joining another. Thank the Lord he has kept me steady. Amen.

It is often said to me, “How nicely you get on, Mrs. Smith; everybody seems to treat you so kindly, and you always seem to get on so well.”

“Yes; that is what you think,” I said; “but I have much more to contend with than you may think.” Then they said: “Oh, well, but no one would treat you unkindly.” Then I said: “But if you want to know and understand properly what Amanda Smith has to contend with, just turn black and go about as I do, and you will come to a different conclusion.” And I think some people would understand the quintessence of sanctifying grace if they could be black about twenty-four hours. We need to be saved deep to make us thorough, all around, out and out, come up to the standard Christians, and not bring the standard down to us; and as old Brother Cooper in Africa used to say, “Lord, help the people to see.” Amen.

One day a lady asked me if I did not think all colored people wanted to be white. I told her that I did not think so I did not I never wished I was white but once, that I could remember, and that was years ago. I was at a white Methodist Church in Lancaster; I sat in the gallery The new minister had come. This was his first Sunday. I lived at Colonel Henry McGraw’s, on Lime street, and the church was about two squares from where I lived. The colored church where I belonged and attended was quite a ways from our house. I always had a big dinner to cook on Sunday when Mr. McGraw was at home. He had a very dear friend, Mr. James Reynolds, whom he always liked to have dine with him. I generally liked to go to church on Sunday morning, but it was too far for me to go and get back so as to have my dinner in time. I was always very proud of being prompt with my dinner, so that often on Sunday I would only get out at night. This Sunday I thought I would go and hear the new minister. All the young people generally sat upstairs, and a colored person was to them an object of game and criticism. I was careful to do nothing to provoke this spirit, but I generally got enough of it.

I don’t remember what the text was; but O, how well I remember the power with which the preacher spoke, and the sweetness of his countenance. As he preached the Lord blessed me wonderfully, and I did want to shout “Praise the Lord;” and I remember saying “I wish I was white, and I would shout ‘Glory to Jesus.’” They did not look at white people, nor remark about their shouting; for they did use to shout! I did not shout, but thought, “The willing mind is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not.” And that was the only time in my life I ever wanted to be white. But, praise the Lord! I shout now whenever His spirit prompts.

No, we who are the royal black are very well satisfied with His gift to us in this substantial color. I, for one, praise Him for what He has given me, although at times it is very inconvenient. For example; When on my way to

California last January, a year ago, if I had been white I could have stopped at a hotel, but being black, though a lone woman, I was obliged to stay all night in the waiting room at Austin, Texas, though I arrived at ten P. M.; and many times when in Philadelphia, or New York, or Baltimore, or most anywhere else except in grand old historic Boston, I could not go in and have a cup of tea or a dinner at a hotel or restaurant. There may be places in these cities where colored people may be accommodated, but generally they are proscribed, and that sometimes makes it very inconvenient. I could pay the price – yes, that is all right; I know how to behave – yes, that is all right; I may have on my very best dress so that I look elegant – yes, that is all right; I am known as a Christian lady – yes, that is all right; I will occupy but one chair; I will touch no person’s plate or fork – yes that is all right; but you are black! Now, to say that being black did not make it inconvenient for us often, would not be true; but belonging to royal stock, as we do, we propose braving this inconvenience for the present, and pass on into the great big future where all these little things will be lost because of their absolute smallness! May the Lord send the future to meet us! Amen.

At Ocean Grove a lady took me aside and said, “Now, Amanda Smith, I want to ask you honestly; I know you cannot be--.”

“What now?” thought I.

“I know you cannot be white, but if you could be, would you not rather be white than black?” “No, no,” I said, “as the Lord lives, I would rather be black and fully saved than to be white and not saved; I was bad enough, black as I am, and I would have been ten times worse if I had been white.” How she roared laughing. She was all right, but I think she just wanted to test me a little bit.

Yes, thank God, I am satisfied with my color. I am glad I had no choice in it, for if I had, I am sure I would not have been satisfied; for when I was a young girl I was passionately fond of pea-green, and if choice had been left to me I would have chosen to be green, and I am sure God’s color is the best and most substantial. It’s the blood that makes whiteness. Hallelujah! “The blood applied,

I’m justified,
I’m saved without, within,
The blood of Jesus cleanseth me
From every trace of sin,”
CHORUS –
“There is power in Jesus’ blood,
There is power in Jesus’ blood,
There is power in Jesus’ blood
To wash me white as snow.”
“Many years my longing heart
Had sighed, had longed to know
The virtue of the Saviour’s blood,
That washes white as snow.”

One day in New York I went into the Tuesday Palmer meeting. A lady came in, and there was a very comfortable seat by me, and after looking about for some other place she finally decided to take the one by me; but I saw she was uncomfortable. She fanned and fidgeted and fussed and aired herself till I wished in my heart she had gone somewhere else. Before the meeting closed I arose and spoke; the Lord helped me and blessed the people. At the close of the meeting this lady turned to me so full of pleasant smiles, and said, “Oh, I did not know I was sitting by Amanda Smith; I feel myself highly honored.” I looked at her and pitied her, but felt sick! I said in my heart, “From all hollowness and sham, Good Lord deliver us!”

One day at Oakington Camp Meeting there was a lady I heard giving her testimony. She said, “I have come over five hundred miles to this meeting to get the blessing of entire sanctification. I believe it is my privilege to enjoy this experience, but I have not got it. I have read all the works on the subject and sought earnestly day and night, and yet I have not got the light.” O, how I wanted to tell her it was not in the books. I arose to speak and tell her, as I thought the Lord wanted me to, but I was told to sit down, there were others who wanted to speak. I was a little sorry, for I was quite sure my desire to speak was the Lord’s prompting; but I must needs learn obedience of the

powers that be Praise the Lord for the grace that enabled me to do so. Hallelujah! I also saw some things that were not what I called consistent with the profession of the sanctified life. It was unexpected, and I was young in the experience and was struck a little; but God saved me from backsliding from this principle, as many do when they meet with things in life that do not harmonize with the profession of holiness. There is much of the human nature for us to battle with, even after we are wholly sanctified, so that we shall ever need the beautiful grace of patience. "For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." Hebrews, 10:36.

CHAPTER 11

MY PERPLEXITY IN REGARD TO THE TRINITY – MANIFESTATION OF JESUS – WAS IT A DREAM?

(excerpt) Some time after the Lord had sanctified my soul, I became greatly exercised about the Trinity. I could not seem to understand just how there could exist three distinct persons, and yet one. I thought every day and prayed for light, but didn't seem to get help. I read the Bible, but no help came. I wanted to ask some one, but I was afraid they would misunderstand me and think I was getting fanatical, as that spirit was being developed a good deal at that time. Brother Boole was pastor of Seventeenth Street Church. As I lived in New York I thought if I could hear him preach on the baptism of Holy Spirit and Fire, that I would get light and help, but the Sunday he was to preach on this very subject I could not be there. I was engaged at Janes Street Church with Reverend Doctor Hamlin, so it went on for weeks after. I got through at Janes Street, and went to Williamsburg to help Brother Hollis. There the Lord blessed us very greatly. The people were all very kind, but I met no one during the ten days that I felt I could trust to ask for this explanation. Brother Richard Ryan came over on Sunday afternoon, and he gave his experience of how he came into the blessing of sanctification. It was blest to many souls, and I got a little help on one or two points, but to understand the Trinity was still a great puzzle to me. We closed up grandly on Sunday night, and on Monday morning I went home to New York, 135 Amity street. My two little attic rooms were quite dusty, having been shut up for two weeks, so the first thing I did was to sweep and dust, and after a little lunch I said I will wash my dishes and will kneel down and pray, and I will stay on my knees till the Lord makes this thing clear. I had the dishcloth in my hand, and as I walked toward the window a voice seemed to speak to me and say, "Every blessing you get from God is by faith." I said, "Yes, -- and if by faith, why not now?"

I turned around and knelt down by an old trunk that stood in the corner of the room, and I told the Lord that I wanted to understand the Trinity, and that I was afraid of fanaticism, and I wanted Him to make it clear to me for His own sake. I don't know how long I prayed, but O, how my soul was filled with light under the great baptism that came upon me. I came near falling prostrate, but bore up when God revealed Himself so clearly to me, and I have understood it ever since. I can't just explain it to others, but God made me understand it so I have had no question since. Praise the Lord! Then He showed me three other things. O, what a revelation. The wonderful fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of Jesus, the efficacy and broadness of the atonement. It seemed to sweep hard by the gates of hell. I saw how difficult it was for a soul to be lost, and how easy it was to be deceived by believing in universal salvation without repentance. I was awe stricken and wept. I durst not move.

And now, as I think of it, I seem to feel the great waves of glory mingled with awe as they surged through my soul, so that my whole being seemed to throb with love and praise. All the points on these lines have been settled since that time, and like Elijah, I have been able to go on in the strength of this meat for more than forty days.

My soul was filled with His love. I seemed to be perfectly infatuated with Jesus. I said, "O, I must see Him with my own eyes;" but how? I said, "If I could die and go to Him I would, but suppose I should live twenty years and have to wait that long before I could see Him." It seemed the thought was more than I could bear, so I began to pray this prayer: "O, Lord Jesus, reveal Thyself," and I said no other prayers day or night for a week. This one desire had eaten me up. I had three Band sisters. We used to meet once a week. I was afraid to tell them for fear they might say something to deter me, so when any one came to see me, while they were talking I would pray in my heart this same prayer, "O, Lord Jesus, reveal Thyself." I mourned as one would mourn for his mother. I wanted to see Him who had done so much for me. I said, "I must see Him, but how long must I wait?" A week had passed, my praying heart still longing to see Him. Monday morning came. I went from place to place to gather my clothes, praying at times, then wondering and now weeping, for I longed to see my beloved Christ. Twelve o'clock, my clothes were gathered, and I was all ready to begin washing on Tuesday morning at six o'clock. Monday afternoon my Band met

at my house.

As I had a baby and could not go about very well, the three sisters, Sister Scott, Sister Banks and Sister Brown, all came to my house; but this day not one of them came but Sister Scott. She was a deeply pious woman, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and was greatly crushed in her home life, like myself. We stood by each other through many a storm. Praise the Lord! It was her turn that afternoon to open the meeting. We generally took turns about; one would open by giving out a hymn, reading a chapter and then praying. Then we would tell each other our joys or sorrows, our victories and defeats, if we had any, and if Satan had buffeted us, how we bore up or if we yielded under the pressure, etc., and then we would advise each other and pray for each other. Sister Scott seemed to know so well how to approach the Throne of Grace, so that I always felt she would get hearing quicker, so I was glad it was her turn to pray that day, and all the time while she was praying the one cry of my soul was, "O, Lord Jesus, reveal Thyself." We kneeled with our backs to each other. Sister Scott did not know what I had been praying for, and while she prayed, all at once the room seemed to be filled with a hallowed presence, and as she went on I felt she had got hold of God; it seemed like the rustling of wings, and Sister Scott cried out, "O, Lord Jesus, Thou art here." And He was; I saw Him; He came in at the door; it was open. O, can I describe Him, the lovely, beautiful Jesus! He seemed to stand about six feet high; loose flowing purple robe; His hair and beard as white as wool; His beautiful beard covered His breast to his waist; His face was indescribably lovely! O, it almost takes my breath as I see it all over! He came and stood by my side. He spoke not a word, but it was all in the expression of His lovely face. He seemed to say, "Now look at me; will that satisfy you?" I cried out, "Yes, Lord Jesus," and threw out my arms to embrace Him, but He vanished out of my sight. O, the glory of that hour I shall never forget, and as I think of the amazing condescension of God the Father to grant such a petition to so poor a worm as I, it seemed it would break my very heart!

"He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O, how great!"

And now, like Job, I am willing to wait all the days of my appointed time till my change comes; and I shall go to be with Him and gaze on Him forever and forever.

Another time He manifested Himself in this wise: I had read somewhere in the Song of Solomon of my beloved being among the spices, and it seemed to me His presence was so consciously near that I felt as though a person was walking by my side. My heart was running over with love to Him as He talked with me of many things, and at times I would look around to see if I really could see Him; but no, I saw no one. One morning as I sat by the window thinking of Him and His great love to me, I raised my eyes, and as I looked through the venetian blind I seemed to see His lovely face peering through the blinds at me, and I cried out, "O, He looketh through the lattice at me; my heart is sick of love!"

"He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." 107th Psalm, ninth verse.

One night after much prayer I went to bed and soon fell into a doze of sleep. There seemed to be laid on my breast a beautiful white marble cross. It was cold. As the cross had pressed my forehead I felt the coldness, and the weight of it pressing me. "Oh," I said, "how beautiful;" but, my! It was so heavy. In a moment I seemed to understand all it meant, and all my will seemed to be wrapped around it. I awoke, and it seemed as real as life itself.

As I meditated and asked the Lord to teach me and give me strength to bear the cross always, no matter how heavy it might be, I fell asleep again – and yet It did not seem as though I was really asleep; but I found myself in a strange place; it seemed like a church, and yet it was not. As I sat waiting, as for people to gather, there were seated three very stylishly dressed colored ladies and several finely dressed colored gentlemen. They were sitting in this large room. I thought they looked at me with a scowl of contempt on their faces as they eyed my dress from head to foot. Then they began to make remarks. I felt that they didn't want me in there; but I bowed to them and tried to be pleasant. They hardly noticed me. How cut I felt; and I said, "I wish I was out of here." Just then I seemed to hear a noise outside the house. There was a veranda that looked eastward, so I got up and walked out on the veranda. As I looked up, the moon was shining, and I looked just a little westward in the direction in which I had heard the seeming noise and I saw coming – it was like a great beam, though in shape, a perfect arm, as the right arm of a man! I called it a mighty arm. I wanted these persons to see it, but I did not dare ask them, so I moved and tried to get their attention by pulling my dress, thinking to attract them. They laughed, but did not come. As the arm got over my head – it was in the clouds, but I saw it distinctly. From the shoulder to the elbow was covered with down,

beautiful, white. On this down seemed to lie the head of a beautiful bird, like the bill of a swan. It was buried in the down, and though the speed of the arm was so powerful, this head lay perfectly quiet and peaceful. It passed on eastward and was out of sight.

As I stood looking and wondering at the sight there seemed to spring up four great lions. Oh! How fierce they were! They came right towards me, and it seemed the next minute they would be upon me, as they leaped over the clouds on the way to destroy me. I trembled and cried out: "Help, Lord;" and in an instant it seemed two great clouds came together and swallowed them up, and I saw them no more.

Praise the Lord, that was a wonderful lesson to me; for shortly after this I had an experience almost identical. I had much to suffer, in and with my own people – for human nature is the same in black and white folks. They oppose the doctrine of personal holiness, so do white people; but God has a remnant among the old, and some of the young, both preachers and laymen, that believe and know the truth of this doctrine from the Bible standpoint experimentally, which is the top stone of all. Hath not God declared it that without holiness no man shall see the Lord? My prayer is, Lord, multiply the witnesses to the experience in life and power among preachers, bishops and laymen. It is the only hope for Methodism all over the land. May the Lord help us, white and colored! Amen.

But to turn again to my story. As I turned to go into the room I heard the most beautiful singing; it seemed miles away, but I never heard such singing on earth so beautiful, so smooth, and the heavenly sweetness I never can describe. As it neared me I knew the tune well, and as it drew still nearer I heard these words:

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on,
With terror clothed Hell's Kingdom shake,
And tread thy foes with fury down."

And it passed on eastward, as the arm had gone. I could hear the singing away off, as it died away in the distance. I awoke. Oh, what peace and comfort filled my soul! I believe God permitted this to encourage my faith.

How many ways He has to teach us to depend on Him, if we are only willing to learn! How sweet His own word, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly In heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls." Amen. Amen

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