



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

The Sanctification of Beverly Carradine

GRAPHIC SCENES

By Beverly Carradine

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CHAPTER 30

HOW I OBTAINED THE BLESSING

As I recall this part of my life now, it was while Bro. Hopper was giving his third Bible reading, that like a flash of light breaking on me, I saw the second work of grace, holiness received through consecration and faith, an instantaneous experience, clearly taught in the Word of God.

The instant I beheld the privilege and grace, I wanted it. There was no thought or desire with me to avoid the payment of the price or shirk and escape the difficulties that were in the way; but the dominant purpose and longing was how to get the blessing. The idea of arguing against a doctrine that so exalted Christ and honored the Blood never entered my mind. I wanted the blessing.

The evangelist gave general directions as to the obtainment of the experience that were true and Scriptural, but the Spirit, as He always does, led specifically.

As well as I can recall some of the steps taken that led me into Canaan, one involved my willingness to become an alien and outcast from the ranks of my brethren on account of the truth of holiness.

No one but a preacher who has lived for years in the midst of a congenial Conference or Church Brotherhood could appreciate the suffering and sacrifice attending such an experience. Yet this was clearly brought to my mind and remained pressing heavily like a conviction upon it, until I said, "Yes."

Next came another vivid impression almost like a voice--"Would I be willing to give up reputation for all time?"

It is true that very few individuals have really great reputations, and none have as much as they think they have, but the trouble with the unsanctified heart is that it believes it possesses a lot of things that it does not, and among them a great, enviable life elevation and distinction.

But be that as it may, whether a man is in high standing with his fellow beings or just imagines that he is; to secure the Blessing of holiness one has to place his reputation, real or fancied, on the altar, and be like His Lord who had none. So again I said, "Yes."

Following this was the inward query--"Would I be willing to be misunderstood, all my life, and tread a path of human loneliness to the very portals of the tomb?"

Not a reader but is conscious of the domestic, social and affectional pull on our natures, and that according to law. There are divinely created movements of the heart and spirit that are legitimate and proper, and in them there is much of human happiness experienced. Now to be willing to be misunderstood in the household, ostracized from many a social and ecclesiastical circle, to be dropped as though one was contaminated, and avoided as if a leper by many or all, makes a sacrifice of a nature beyond words to adequately describe. And yet with body prostrate on the floor and face wet with tears I answered the Lord once more "Yes."

As I took other steps in the line of consecration, it soon became evident that I was rendering a full obedience to God as I recognized His will in His Word or heard His voice sounding in my soul calling to particular acts of sacrifice and service.

The words of Christ came back now with a profounder meaning when He said to His disciples, "If you will love Me and keep My commandments I will come and take up My abode in you". At the same time the condition of spiritual knowledge was made evident in the utterance, "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine."

So I kept saying Yes, Yes, Yes, to all of the divine will and Word, to every call He made upon me, and I found a sweet growing consciousness that I was getting somewhere; that I was on the right road; and was in a way where the light was growing steadily brighter, evidently to some perfect day.

I was three days seeking the blessing, and in all that period kept saying, "Yes" to God. Two of these acts of obedience I wish to call attention to.

Let the reader bear in mind that, during this period of which I am now writing, the War against the Lottery Company was still going on, and the revival meeting led by Bro. Hopper in my church was in progress.

In my membership there was a gentleman who was wealthy. The richest member of the congregation, he was also regarded as among the first financially in the city. He was a commission and cotton merchant, and a vacancy taking place in a bank he was promptly elected president by the directors.

In this bank the Louisiana State Lottery Co. had large deposits. One day I received a letter enclosing a lottery ticket, and the following lines with it written on note paper: "Did you know that your leading member, Mr. W_____, has his name on the back of every one of the lottery tickets and that he states over his signature that if said ticket should draw a prize that he will as president of the bank see that it is cashed?"

I placed the letter with the ticket in my pocket and wondered what should and could be done. The man was so wealthy and influential; he was in addition so reserved and chilling in his manner that no one was intimate or familiar with him, and no one would hardly dare to reprove him. One day I was in the heart of the French part of the city, the day before I received the blessing, when suddenly the still small voice I knew so well, most powerfully and sweetly directed me to return at once, and go to the bank of Mr. W. talk to him about his soul and urge him to give up his connection with the Lottery.

The prominence of the man, together with his cold manner, made this new command of Heaven a very trying test to my obedience. But the burning abiding sweetness of the impression on my soul could not be mistaken, so with a quick catch in my breath and a sinking feeling of dread in my heart I said, "I will go."

Nevertheless, Gideon-like, I asked for a sign; saying to the Savior, "I will obey you; but grant as a confirmation of this impression sent me, that when I reach the Bank there will be no one in Mr. W_____'s office but himself, and that you will allow no person to interrupt us while I am employed with him on your mission."

When I reached the door of the private office I saw that Mr. W_____ was alone; in addition not a soul, whether clerk or citizen, came in while we were speaking together. The time consumed was nearly an hour. The marvel of it all was that I never knew the like to happen before or since. The rule was always a perfect procession of people in and out of that busy apartment of the president of the bank.

It is needless to tell how God helped us to talk to this man in tenderness and yet firmness. As he and his wife had been growing cold, backslidden and worldly for years, I recalled to him what he had once been to the Sunday School and church. What an influence he could wield in the city and in his own congregation if he would only come out positively and devotedly as he once did to every meeting and interest of the church. He replied that he could not do so, that he had served his time, and others ought to be brought forward.

I then most earnestly begged him to dissolve his connection with the Louisiana State Lottery Company. He responded that he did not believe in nor approve of it.

In answer I drew from my pocket the lottery ticket that had been sent me, and showed him his name on the back with the statement that if this ticket drew a prize, he the undersigned president of a certain bank, would see that it was cashed.

He became very white, and answered that this was simply an official notice and not an endorsement of the Lottery. I replied, "But here is your statement Bro. W_____, saying the ticket will be cashed if it is the right number. And your good name signed here encourages people to invest in the gambling concern, and so becomes an actual recommendation and endorsement of this great swindling business and iniquitous corporation."

He rejoined with increasing whiteness and resentment, "That as the president of the bank he was compelled to give that notice as the Lottery Company made deposits in his bank"

My reply was:

"Then, Bro. W_____, give up the presidency of the bank rather than do this great wrong to yourself and your fellow beings." He answered stiffly and freezingly that he could not think of doing such a thing. I then said to him, as I saw

he wished me to leave, "But I am compelled to tell you in all kindness that we cannot receive any more of your money in our church."

I then spoke a kindly good-bye to the deeply offended man and went from the interview and building with a flood of divine favor and approval in my soul.

The man never forgave me. A few weeks afterward he left our church and joined Dr. Palmer's, the First Presbyterian. He said in explanation of his departure that he could not stand my Holiness preaching. But the record in the Book of Judgment will not read that way in the Last Day. Instead of Holiness preaching will be found the words, "The Lottery -Bank -Presidential Salary -Ten Thousand Dollars a Year," etc., etc.

A New Orleans preacher transferred to cities farther North in Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland, told it wherever he went that "Dr. Carradine had driven from the ranks of Methodism and from our church one of the best men, loveliest characters and truest members that the Southern Methodist Church ever had." This speech was repeated many times, and firmly believed by many thousands, so that today it would be impossible to convince a multitude in New Orleans and elsewhere to the contrary. The record in the Book of Judgment which will be read aloud in the upper air one of these days can alone make this with many other unknown matters and histories clear to the eyes and convictions of man. I am willing to wait until that day.

As I left the bank, just as clearly the Spirit of God led me to go to another leading member of my church. He was a merchant in the fancy grocery business and had three stores in the city. In addition to groceries he sold wines and liquors of all kinds. He had been a member of Carondelet Street Church for years. I found him there as one of the leading stewards.

I had my interview with him in his wine or liquor room. Standing among the barrels and cases I talked to him kindly, lovingly, entreatingly and faithfully. I told him he had many excellent traits of character; that he was generous, hospitable and charitable; that I loved him personally; but he was in a wrong business. That God could not bless him in it; that instead His curse was on it. That the Word of God said, "Woe to the man who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." I have not space here to describe the whole scene and occurrence. Can only say that Bro. M _____ flew all to pieces; the first time I ever saw him angry. He said that people would have wines, that he did not make them buy, etc., etc., all through the old stock arguments of defense of the wrong business.

Seeing that I had failed with him, and that there was no hope of the meeting reaching him as he did not attend it, I bade him a sorrowful good day, telling him as I had told Bro. W _____, that we could not accept his \$200 for pastoral support hereafter. As I walked away from this second and most painful obedience to God that morning, I had a most remarkable witness given to my soul that God was pleased with my consecration and that no more tests would be given in that line until the blessing came.

The other step of Faith remained, and this I took and kept taking. Scores of times I said, "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me now." And all blessing to His name, I felt my faith growing. I was approaching the perfected faith talked about by Paul.

Then I prayed! And oh, how I prayed. Hours at a time I would be on my knees or on my face alone in my study or private room.

One morning I arose through the touch of God a great while before day and prayed until eight o'clock. My soul was full of peace, but that which I was after had not come. At 8:30 I could eat nothing at breakfast, and went to my study upstairs.

It was nine o'clock, the third hour of the day, and I was sitting in my armchair yearning, and expecting. I was singing softly the chorus of "Down at the Cross," when I got a heavenly telegram that the Blessing was coming. I felt unworthy to receive such grace sitting, and tried to rise and have it come on me as I stood, but He that makes comets fly four hundred miles a second is quicker than all motion, and before I could leave my seat, the fire fell! The blessing came! The purifying Holy Fire flooded, filled and rolled over my soul in billows of flame and glory!

The reader is referred to my book on Sanctification for further particulars of what took place in my room and in the church on that never-to-be-forgotten morning.

That wonderful day is past; but the reflection still glows and burns in the sky. The storm of glory swept by; but it left

Jesus walking on a stilled sea. The work abides. The witness remains. My soul is at rest.

I was born in the morning.

I was born again in the morning.

Was made clean by His Holy Fire in the morning.

And please God, I expect with a great multitude of God's people to arise from the dead in the morning of the Resurrection when Jesus appears in the sky, and at His voice they that sleep in their graves shall come forth unto everlasting life and glory.

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