



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

## ABSUG – A TROPHY OF GOD'S GRACE

A young man in my native state, unfortunately born in affluence, enjoyed everything heart could wish; unfortunately yielding to temptations becomes a drunkard in his teens, in a saloon killing a man in a debauch, so drunk he didn't know it and his poor victim in the same awful plight, ushered into eternity. The criminal court fails to find a case of murder, but pronounces it homicide; sending him to the penitentiary two years.

Born and reared in affluence and never hardened by manual toil, he finds the rough, heavy work and the austere fare a decisive transition, compared to his delightfully luxuriant, Kentucky home. Fortunate for him he can get no intoxicants; meanwhile he has ample opportunity to sober down and reflect. In his meditations he finds himself soliloquizing "Oh, my awful fate! Is it possible I am a penitentiary convict! Disgraced and hated forever. If I do not die under the hard toil and rough fare of this dreary prison, and should survive my dark two years and go out into the world, everyone will point the finger of scorn at me; with a hiss of contempt, saying, 'Yonder goes Absug, just out of the penitentiary! Keep away from him, I hope he will not come to our house.'" "

In the sequel of his gloomy soliloquies, he settles down into the conclusion, "I have made a failure so far as this world is concerned; it has treated me very roughly, covering me with ignominious scandal; I have heard the preachers and the Christians talk about Heaven; if God in His mercy will only let me live to get out of the penitentiary, I will set out for Heaven and devote the remnant of my days in an humble faithful effort to get there when this fleeting life winds up."

Following his release from prison, he comes to our meeting at Robards, Ky., and at once comes to the mourner's bench, an honest and importunate seeker. After successive days agonizing and pleading for pardoning mercy; about 3 o'clock in the morning it seems that the bottom falls out of Heaven and floods his soul with unearthly joy, inundating him with transporting raptures.

He runs to the preacher, pulls him out of bed, shouts on till he wakes up everybody and actually captures the village of five hundred, and by the dawn has the whole community on foot, responsively to his trumpet voice filling the town and environments with his vociferous Hallelujahs! By the rising sun, it seems that he has actually gathered them all and they are hanging spellbound upon his eloquent lips, as he was quite a gifted youth, and immediately developed into a powerful preacher. He at once goes for sanctification and enters Beulah land with the brilliancy of a meridian sunburst.

With your humble servant we were holding a glorious revival in a county seat. That was the pioneer age of the movement, when the persecution was rife and they flooded the Holiness people with accusing tales. It so happened that he had lived a debauched life in that town, thus acquiring notoriety. Therefore the popular ipse dixit was ringing everywhere: "You know these Holiness people are a bad lot, they will not do, here they have Absug up in the pulpit preaching, the worst scoundrel ever in this town."

The saints, few, unknown and persecuted were laboring assiduously to persuade the people to desist; observing, "The poor fellow can't help it now, as 'tis past and gone, and you ought to drop the curtain over it and encourage him if possible to make a new departure and lead a better life."

Then when he ascertained that the saints were thus apologizing for him, he prefaced his evening sermon to a packed audience, with this appeal: "Please desist from all your efforts to prevail on the people to no longer bring up my desolate life in order to belittle my ministry; while with the devil I served him with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength; when I left him I gave him back all my meanness, profanity, debauchery theft, drunkenness, and murder, therefore all this black catalog they now parade against me belongs to the devil, constituting his stock in trade. Therefore I entreat you to rest easy and bother Diabolus no more; let him make all he can, on his own merchandise; as it is all he will ever get. Praise the Lord He has delivered me out of his hands forever! I will have my head cut off, if necessary to be true to God and do His will on the earth; as the angels do it in heaven."

Source: "Repentance" By W. B. Godbey



## G. HARRY AGNEW

During the early autumn of this year Mr. Agnew entered into that perfect rest of faith for which he had hungered so long. The following account of it is from his own pen:

The Harvest Home camp-meeting of the Pentecost Bands for 1889 was held at Carlinville, Illinois. I went there in response to an invitation given me by Rev. Vivian A. Dake, leader of the Bands, who had formerly been my district chairman in Minnesota. How this beloved brother and true man of God lost his life on the west coast of Africa is recorded in the "Life and Labors of Rev. V. A. Dake,". We loved each other as brothers. It was he who had taken me into the church, and he had intended, if the way opened, to come out and for a time help me in the work. The following, extracted from a letter written after my return to Africa, shows how strongly he felt in the matter:

"My Very Dear Harry:--

"I am going to the West coast next fall. I would give my right arm if that would bring me around to you and give me two or three months with you. God may open my way to come. I am glad in God for all he has done... Norway work is going gloriously. Sivert [Ulness] is there, and the people begin to break down. Matie North and Jennie Torrence are in Monrovia by this time. [These two missionaries died soon afterward, and an account of their deaths is recorded in Missionary Martyrs.] I suppose you have seen that Sumner Kerwood was dead?... Get a good smart native boy; adopt him and name him after me, and I will pray for him every day and pray God to make him a mighty power in Africa. Keep your lamp trimmed. Get somebody saved. Go down under the burden, and never stop until the grace of God is magnified.

"Yours in Jesus, Vivian."

There was much very searching preaching on the subject of holiness of heart at this meeting. I had attended a number of camp-meetings previous to this one, and had heard some close preaching, but nothing that came up to what was preached there. Here the carnal mind received severe handling, and the red-hot truths of God were preached fearlessly and attended with mighty power. My so-called experience in holiness had given me much concern. I had long professed the experience, and had endeavored to preach it to others. I thought I was quite radical, and endeavored to persuade myself that all was right. Once in a while, however, when searching my heart and praying an awful feeling would come over me, that in some way I was being deceived.

At one time, while lying in bed sick with fever, a strange thought flashed across my mind, to this effect: "How would it do to become so absorbed in God that I would lose as it were my existence; be like a drop of water lost in the ocean?" I remember that at the time this was presented there was a strange

shrinking in my heart. It seemed almost as if something had stung me inside. I thought, "What does this mean?" God does not require one to lose his individuality. A human being will have a personality through all eternity, whether he be an angel or devil. At this Harvest Home camp-meeting God showed me that the thing which shrank in my heart at that time was that treacherous foe of God and man – the carnal mind. The Agag of my soul shrank from being hewed to pieces before the Lord. While listening to the searching preaching on this occasion a thought would come at times that I did not have the experience; but at such times that deceitful suggestion from Satan, "Do not throw away your confidence, but believe that 'the altar sanctifieth the gift,'" would come up, and I would say, "It is not a matter of feeling; it is a matter of faith." This is true; holiness is received by faith in Jesus, but there must be a real taking of sides against one's self, there must be a real turning of the soul inside out before God, without any excuse or apology for the contents thereof. There must be a real death to carnality, a real destruction of the body of sin, or the soul cannot enter heaven.

One thing I had always been puzzled about was the behaviour of some whom I knew walked with God. I could not understand how it was that some ran, and leaped and shouted the praises of God so. I never opposed them, but thought it was just a kind of playful spirit they had when they felt well, and that the running and jumping was just like the frisking of young calves. God let some light on me in regard to this matter at this camp-meeting, so that I have looked at such things with different eyes ever since.

At a close class meeting led by Mrs. L. A. Sherman on Tuesday morning, Aug. 6, I saw I had not holiness of heart. The great struggle with me then was on the line of confession. Would I get up and make a clean breast of my doubts and fears, or would I continue to hug the delusion to my breast that I was sanctified wholly simply because I felt I was consecrated? While kneeling at the altar, apparently for the purpose of helping other souls, the vision that God showed me while I was in a state of delirium, lying in an old hut at Komeni, flashed across my mind, and almost before I knew it, I was on my feet jumping and shouting, "I am going to get the blessing of holiness! God showed it to me in Africa!" I had never jumped before in a meeting. I had rather felt that such things were only done by weak-minded persons; but in the twinkling of an eye all my preconceived theories vanished.

--Finally I was prostrated in the straw. The carnal mind was still within, but I felt that victory was nigh, as God had promised me years before that the work would be done. I then went out to the woods and began seeking, but came back to the afternoon meeting and went to the altar to be prayed for. I was clearly justified, but sought deliverance from inbred sin, and was determined to stay at the altar till I got it. Oh, what light God let on my heart. I began to see myself in a new light. I saw where I had excused and apologized for "the old man" for years. Anger had been called temptation; pride, self-respect; envy by some other name, etc.; but at this time God made me as honest with him and with myself as I will be at the judgment.

I stayed at the altar till about a quarter to twelve that night. At this time Brother Duke came into the tent where I was seeking, and catching me by the shoulders he gave me a gentle shake, saying: "Now, Harry, get it." This seemed to be just what was needed. It then came to me, "Here are people waiting till I get through; God is waiting to give me what I need; and I am waiting, too." I then looked up to God and said: "Lord, do it." Just then it seemed that some one spoke to me and told me to say, "Do it now." I then said, with all the energy of my soul, "Do it now!"

At once the witness came from heaven that the work was accomplished, and I said: "It is done." I felt all through my being that at last "the old man" was "crucified with Christ." I then went to bed, like a man dazed, and slept for a few hours. As soon as I awoke it seemed that the power of God would jerk me out of the bed. A mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire went all through my being, thrilling me and filling me with "Love divine, all love excelling."

At last the work was done. After having been deceived for years my soul was grounded on the solid

Rock – the Rock of eternal ages. Praise God!

Source: “G. Harry Agnew – A Pioneer Missionary”, by Wilson Thomas Hogue



## T. H. B. ANDERSON

The following is from the Rev. T. H. B. Anderson, D.D., one of the strong men who have helped to plant Southern Methodism on the Pacific Slope, and who has several times represented that section of the Church in the General Conference. He was very much opposed to – was indeed bitter against – the “second-blessing” theory of sanctification. When Dr. Carradine went to San Francisco to hold a series of meetings, Dr. Anderson solemnly covenanted with a ministerial friend that he might hear Dr. Carradine preach, but that he would do “nothing more.” He would not encourage him in his peculiar methods – least of all would he yield to the influence of his meeting.

The following extracts show what followed. Dr. Anderson says: “1. I was known to be bitterly opposed to the ‘second-blessing’ theory of sanctification. I prejudiced many minds against it ... I was opposed to it all; and more, fought it publicly and privately. God forgave me, and I rejoice that I stand where, for the first time, I can understand Christian experience.

“2. That I had been converted there was no doubt, in my mind; that I feared God, I knew; that I was doing all I could, my relentless work day and night was proof. What more did I need? There was unrest, a lack of continuous peace, of uninterrupted joy. My friends, I loved passionately; my enemies, not any too well. Plainly, my feet were weary, my heart ached, and my present experience was not satisfactory. I HAD NOT LOST GROUND; this had been my experience for more than thirty years.

“3. The sermon by Dr. Carradine, songs and prayers, all made a good impression on me; but far from what they seemed to make on others. Indeed, there was intense feeling in the house.

Tears, shouts, amens were everywhere, but I was not equal to the occasion. It was above me; I could not reach it. I went away, sad and thoughtful; went away introspecting my life. What I found I have already told. I returned Monday morning and was present at the nine o’clock service. It was one of remarkable power; the Lord was there. At the close of the service Dr. Carradine called for seekers of sanctification. I neither went forward nor stood up, but concluded I would go away. To me it was a mystery; it was not such a meeting as I had often attended. There was lightning in it; the strokes were coming thick and fast. My soul was gradually becoming a storm center. I was being slowly but surely drawn into it by the power of divine grace.

“I took my hat, cane, and overcoat, and started out of the church ... Looking around I found Mrs. Glide, a lady whom I had known for years, on the same mission, who, after speaking a few words on another subject, said quietly, ‘Are you going away?’ I had an engagement in Oakland, but concluded to let it go and attend to it later. I went back into the church and took my seat. My thoughts, for a few moments, ran thus: ‘Lord, what blessings I have received from thee have been good, and I know all about them; but if there are others that would be of service to me, or to my ministry, I want them. I now take the place of the Ox on the Greek coin – stand between the altar and the plow – ready for service or sacrifice. I am ready for poverty or riches, friends or foes, but give me what I need.’ This is as near the train of thought as I can give.

“Suddenly I found myself falling – falling away from everything – the Church and the preachers, my family and friends. I went down into loneliness and desolation. I became unconscious of what was about me -- I could not see – a horror of darkness was around me. I went down, down; and for the first time I felt alone. Oh, the sense of loneliness was awful! Never to my dying day can I forget it. As I continued to descend, the fire went crashing down through my body; a sense of burning as distinct in

my flesh as though coals of fire were laid on it; yet there was no charring, no pain. By this time I believed I was dying, and although I could not see, my mind was active; I felt my pulse, and found that my heart was beating regularly.

“Just at the end of the darkness, to my surprise, I found myself in the arms of the “Wonderful Man.” He was the whitest man I ever saw; his face was like the sun. For a moment he held me; and such a bracing, buttressing, and girding of life I never had before. I was, blessed be God, in the arms of the Omnipotent. Then the vision ceased to be objective; slowly, as I sat there, I saw the Christ pass into my own life, and with the last glimpse of Him came bliss unutterable. For hours and hours wave after wave of glory rolled into my soul. At times it seemed to me that I would die; it was more than I could hold. Then there would be a cessation; but as soon as I could get my breath another great wave would come and quite overwhelm me. For forty-eight hours I was tossed by these heavenly gales. I would lie down at night and wonder if he (the Comforter) would be with me in the morning. I really suffered, in my mind, for fear he might not return; but invariably I found him present, filling me with peace ...

“I have said enough; the half I have not told nor could I tell. The effect on my life has been peace, quietness, assurance. I found the work wrought in me to be purgative, illuminative, unitive. I love my Church, my brethren, my family – the whole world – better than I did before. Her doctrines – justification, regeneration, sanctification, and redemption – stand out in my experience as great lights. Everything drops into its place; and my experience is delightful. I have no quarrels about terms; no fault to find with other people’s experiences; only want the privilege of ‘growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour.’ “How did I get it? I have told you all I know; but looking backward see that my surrender was complete, my consecration perfect. The Lord Jesus came and accepted the sacrifice; and every moment since I have been happy. More: a large number of devout men and women were praying for me – praying that I might be conquered, as I had been an open enemy to the experience. No doubt the great Head of the Church heard their prayers; and for his own sake, theirs, and mine gave me joy.

“What effect has it had on my life? It has tranquilized it. The fret, worry, anxiety, all gone; my heart aches no more; my feet, so tired, are resting; indeed, they feel as if they were in the burning path of the cherubim. Halleluiah!

“I am not a dreamer, nor given to hallucinations. [We believe this is true.] It has been hard for me to believe in the supernatural; hence I have preached more on miracles, the new birth, and subjects involving supernatural power than most preachers. ‘Why should you thus preach?’ you ask.

Because I forced myself by study and talk to believe that the Holy Ghost is immanent in everything.

I know it now. He imported into my life, the life of Jesus Christ. ‘Christ in us’ rehabilitating our natures, is my conception of sanctification.”

This experience is strikingly like St. Paul’s. From a bitter and zealous opposer of this theory and experience, he is suddenly and overwhelmingly converted to both, and then becomes the ardent advocate of this way of thinking and living, and grows stronger in his new faith as he grows in this blessed experience. In a recent letter to the writer, Dr. Anderson asks to add the following to his written experience, quoted above:

“After four years of careful, painstaking study of the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification, I have no desire to change my views.

“1. I am more and more convinced that the doctrine grounds itself in ‘God’s word written,’ and that it can therefore become an experience in the life of every man.

“2. That sanctification begins in justification, but becomes entire at the will and pleasure of the justified

man; that this state is reached by faith accepting Christ as the Sanctifier.

“3. That this experience is in accord with the doctrines of the Methodist Church, but harmonizes with the economics of all the other Churches.

“4. That, taught and experienced by both pastors and people, it would give us power in pulpit and pew, and save us from many foolish and hurtful things. If I understand the experience, it means goodness subjectively and faithfulness objectively. It must, therefore, go to church, to prayer meeting, to Sunday school, feed the hungry, visit the sick, and in every way do good to the souls and bodies of men.”

Source: “Scriptural Sanctification” by John R. Brooks



## CHARLES H. BABCOCK

The writer of this sketch has proved now for more than twenty-five years that the wondrous grace of God has been exceeding abundant. We can scarcely find words to describe the fellowship we have with Christ, in the ministry of His glorious Gospel. We have, from the beginning of our Christian life until now, found in Him the all-sufficient Savior. The greatness of it all grows with the years, and Jesus Christ does not become an indistinct and fading vision, but the glorious, radiant, and conquering Savior, Friend and Elder Brother, the Bridegroom of the heart.

We came into this great experience of salvation when but a lad. It occurred on Sunday morning, in a Methodist Church, in the city of Paterson, N. J., where I had gone to service with my father. It was the largest church that I had ever been in, and the wonder of it all produced an awe and deep reverence. The minister was a man well along in middle life. His presence was very striking, and his preaching was in great power, and produced great effect upon the large congregation. At the close of the sermon the minister asked if there was any person present who wanted to be a Christian and find the Savior; if so, would he kindly raise his hand. This was wholly unexpected to me, but I longed to be a Christian, and wanted to put my hand up, but it seemed I could not get it up. My father saw me and said, “Put it up,” and I did so. The minister said, “My son, will you come here to the altar?” I looked down the long aisle and was afraid to start, but finally did, and the nearer I got to the altar, the faster I went. When I reached the minister, I fell into his outstretched arms. But this was not all, I fell into the arms of Jesus, and He wondrously saved me. What a change came into my young heart and life! My love for the Lord Jesus was full, and the Bible and the Christian people all seemed new to me. It seemed that I wanted to be in God’s house all the time, and, so far as I can remember, was always present at the prayer meeting and the Sabbath School.

Soon after, I united with the church and became active in all its work. I kept giving my testimony in the church, and missions, to the power of Christ to save, and exhorting sinners to accept Him. More and more the Holy Spirit was leading and helping me, and I was increasing in grace and strength. The class meetings at that time were places of wonderful power and blessing, and they, more than any other service of the church, were the means of my young life in the grace of Christ.

Not long after this, I felt God calling me to preach His Gospel. Right at this point the conflict began – not that I did not want to enter the ministry, but I fell into the hands of unspiritual leaders, who blurred my vision and hindered my preparation. I drifted into other fields of work, and finally started in the lumber business. This called me out on construction jobs, away from home and the church, and among wicked men. I was the object of ridicule and persecution for my stand as a Christian. Being alone, and not knowing just what was best, I decided to quiet down in my testimony. That was just what the devil wanted. Had I known that was his purpose I would have cried mightily to God for help. It was not long before I found myself cooling off in spiritual zeal, and drifting with the currents about me. The vision

that I had of Christ, and the call to His service, became obscure, and finally vanished. I was left without Him and my heart was broken.

But I drifted on for several years, seeking for satisfaction in the world's pleasure, but finding none.

The enemy of my soul was determined to destroy me and made great efforts to do so. But God was watching over and seeking after me. His lovingkindness and tender mercy never left me.

The first great awakening that came to me after this was not at church, nor under the preaching of the Gospel, but while I was away from home, and preparing myself for a great ball to be held in a distant city. My plans were all laid, and preparations complete, and I was on the way to the train. When nearing the station, and rounding a dark place in the street, I heard what seemed to me a voice saying, "Stop! Stop!" This greatly startled me. I looked about to see who was calling, and, to my great surprise, saw no one. Such a strange feeling came over me that I was unable to move in the direction of the station, and the train was about due. Soon I heard the bell and whistle, and saw the train pull into the depot, then leave, but I stood still. I know now that it was God's Spirit arresting me that night. I hastened back to my room and flung myself down before God and cried out for mercy, and asked Him to keep me from going to hell. Soon after, I began attending the different churches, but no one spoke to me about my soul. It seemed to me that "no one cared for my soul." In the winter of 1898 I came back to my home much discouraged, and with a sad heart. Life seemed to hold but little attraction for me. I had sown to the wind and was reaping a bitter remorse and disappointment.

However, there was something ahead for me in the plan of God that I never dreamed of. A revival meeting was being held in the Quaker Church, and I accepted an invitation to attend. The meetings were being conducted by a woman evangelist, and were attracting quite a large attendance. As the services continued, the power of God increased, and soon conviction was upon all the people, myself included. The hand of God was heavy upon me. I fled to the altar, confessing my sins and calling upon God for mercy. The darkness was terrible. I was in despair, and felt that I could never be saved. But right at this point, the light from Heaven broke in upon my soul, the darkness was dispelled, and the sins of my life were blotted out -- "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." God, for Christ's sake, restored my soul to the love and fellowship of the Lord Jesus Christ. I fled from the church to my home and Mother, to tell her what had taken place -- that God had wonderfully saved her boy. There was great joy that night in my home, as I took Mother into my arms and told her that all my wanderings were over. That was nearly thirty years ago, and for nearly twenty-five years I have been preaching the Gospel.

There have been great changes since that night. Mother has gone to Heaven to be with Jesus, the little church is changed, and our home is not there; but the Christ is more to me now than He has ever been.

Not only did He restore my soul, but He gave me back the call to preach, and at once I began to get ready. The question, Where to go for preparation? Was a problem that I was unable to settle. The pastor of the church where I was saved began to help me, and told me about the Cleveland Bible Institute (Friends), and Rev. J. Walter and Emma B. Malone, the presidents and founders of the School. This gave me a great thrill of joy; and soon I was in touch with them, and making arrangements to enter the Bible School that fall.

When I arrived at the Institute my heart was much blessed and comforted. Brother and Sister Malone began at once to help me get started in my studies. I spent four great years there; and consider Brother and Sister Malone among the choicest and clearest teachers of God's Word that I ever listened to. Their love of the truth and the high standard of righteousness that they constantly held before the students made this a Bible School of power. It is safe for me to say that outside of Mrs. Babcock, who is now in Heaven, I owe more to them than any other two persons I ever knew.

I have been trying to pay my debt of gratitude throughout the years in winning souls for the Master, and getting others to do likewise.

It was while I was a student at the Bible Institute that God wonderfully sanctified my soul.

Dr. B. Carradine was the evangelist. I thought all was quite well with me until I heard the great truth of his messages. His sermons on sin and Holiness were tremendous. They awakened in me a serious reflection and examination. I found that what he was preaching was God's Word, but I was not in the experience of Full Salvation, although I was much blessed, and God was graciously with me. The struggle was on, and it was different from anything I had ever known in all my Christian experience. I was being riddled by the Gospel gun of Full Salvation. I wondered if I had really been converted. Finally, I went to my friends for help, but they knew that nothing could help me but death to the "old man" of sin. I remember going to an old colored saint whom we called "Aunt Sweney Brown." She walked with God and had the glory upon her. I told her my troubles, and thought perhaps she could pray me through, and this would save me from going to the altar in public. But there was too much of self and carnality for me to get off that way. Sister Brown saw right through me, and knew my struggle. Looking me straight in the eye, she said, "Honey, de hornets is after you!" I knew there was something stinging me awfully. It was the hornets of carnality, but I was unable to understand it all then. This old saint of God got down upon her knees and took hold on the throne for me. I was greatly blessed, but did not get the blessing of Entire Sanctification there.

I went to the meetings, and was now under deep conviction for Holiness. I longed for a night when the church would not be so crowded, but to my surprise every night the congregation seemed to increase, and my condition was getting desperate. I reached a place where I must do one of two things – either get sanctified, or back away from the preaching and experience altogether.

But, thank God, I did not back away. The next night I determined to go through with God, and did, by His grace, go down to the death of self and sin. What a night that was for my soul! How can I describe it, or put it on paper! It is too great and blessed to give in detail, or fully tell of its glory.

God, for the sake of His only begotten Son, did sanctify me wholly. The struggle was over, the glory of God shone around, the fire of the Holy Ghost went through my soul, cleansing me from all sin, and prostrating me before God. When I came through I found myself down between the seats.

During the battle, in some manner I had crawled under the pews, but when the work was accomplished, I came up with my heart full of praise to God that He had taken me over into the Land of Canaan. My soul was satisfied. It was a time of great joy and victory! All was settled on the inside, and there was a bright outlook for the work of the Lord'.

Source: "Christ Exalted" by Charles H. Babcock



## SWANTON BANKS

Twenty five years ago the seventeenth day of last February, God forgave my sins; and, applied the direct witness of the Spirit. See Rom. 8:16. My mouth was filled with His praise.

Though retaining the witness of the Spirit, yet being convinced by the word of God (see 1 John 1:9), the reading of "The Guide," and Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection", that a higher state, or the special blessing of Christian perfection was required, I was enabled by grace to make a special consecration for this particular thing. This was but a short time after conversion. About seven months had now elapsed; and I found my way to a Camp-Meeting, seeking, and resolved there to seek it, with all my heart. The meeting had progressed to Thursday evening; when the sad thought crossed my mind

that the meeting might close, and I still continue without the blessing of perfect love. Could I go out into the world destitute of that of which God was willing now to give? No. Self-desperate (but guided, as I see now, by the Spirit), I fell upon my knees for the last time to decide this question; truly resolved to remain there, and die there, unless I should be “cleansed from all unrighteousness.” It was an eventful moment. After praying for it with all my soul, I waited, perhaps, five minutes. Then such a peace as passeth all understanding! Then such a wave of light and glory succeeded it! O, What joy! My cup was now full. I shouted, “Glory to God!” rose, and stood upon my trembling limbs, -- trembling under the weight of glory. Opening my eyes, I saw the faces of those present as the faces of angels. Then, as never before, did the word of God appear as the word of God ... Glory to the Lamb forever! Shut up in God! O wondrous love,

That takes a worthless worm like me,  
Exposed to sin and Satan’s power,  
And hides me in divinity.  
Shut up in God! O blessed peace!  
Now let the tempter do his worst,  
He cannot harm me in the least,  
Unless he touch my Saviour first.

Source: “Pioneer Experiences” by Phoebe Palmer



## CLIFFORD B. BARRETT

While Mr. Barrett had a wonderful experience in saving grace, the fact of a propensity in his heart to sin was self-evident. It was manifested in one form or another, and greatly hindered his spiritual progress. That disposition was due to the indwelling of the Adamic nature, which passed in judicial penalty upon all men; “for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3:23) and is only eradicated through sanctification of the Holy Spirit. To retain that principle in his heart would have meant to dwarf his soul, cripple his spiritual graces, and render his life comparatively useless. He found out that it is impossible to attain to a vigorous growth of Christian character while contending with all the elements of inbred sin; that there can be no maturing and ripening of the fruits of the Spirit when the heart is the seat of conflicting principles; and that the greatest degree of success in life is possible only with those whose hearts are clean and who are baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. He may have been cognizant, too, of the fact that the Spirit-baptism is necessary to make our lives accord with the word of God; for it says, “Be filled with the Spirit” (Eph. 5:18).

When Mr. Barrett came to the end of self, to his place of Golgotha, where only the fulness of Christ is revealed, he found God in His sanctifying grace; for the abounding Christ-life is received only after a death to the carnal and self-life. Christ in His fulness enthroned meant sin and its power dethroned. His heart became the seat only of holy principles, of pure motives and aspirations.

The exact time or year when he was sanctified wholly is not clearly known. Bishop J. S. MacGeary, places the time as three years after his conversion. In that connection the following extract from a letter by Rev. J. B. Freeland is given:

“I was converted in the winter of 1854, and it was the next spring that I met Clifford Barrett at Cincinnati, Ohio. He was employed in caring for some (probably squared timber) rafts, as I also was in looking after my father’s rafts. I returned to Allegheny, New York, after my father’s lumber was delivered. It was the same summer, I think, that the incident occurred in regard to my needing a clean heart and subscribing for the ‘Guide to Holiness,’ of which Brother Barrett was a subscriber and for

which he was an agent. If so, he was fully saved at that time, in 1854. But it is possible that it was not until the next summer, in 1855. It could have been no later than that, I am sure, as I received the experience of perfect love in the summer of 1856. I am positive in my remembrance of having been a reader of the ‘Guide’ before that date.”

Mr. Barrett attended some of the first camp-meetings of the National Holiness Association, particularly at Martha’s Vineyard and on the Round Lake campground, in New York, and it is believed that he was sanctified at one of those meetings, possibly two years after his conversion.

The usual hindrance of unconcern and indifference on the part of seekers for holiness, so frequently met with, was unquestionably no fault with Mr. Barrett. The lack of an intelligent understanding or perhaps of any knowledge whatever concerning the doctrine and experience, may have accounted for his not obtaining heart purity at an earlier date in his Christian life. The doctrine of holiness of heart, obtained instantaneously as a second work of grace subsequent to that of regeneration, was not so universally recognized as Biblical and so prominently taught, and the experience so frequently observed then as at the present time. And the opponents of that most essential doctrine, who were *predominantly associated in the Methodist church* with those who sanctioned the doctrine and were benefited by the experience, confused the minds of many seekers after heart purity, and disturbed the peace of not a few spiritual meetings. The disinterested way in which many persons seek for holiness, occupying months or years and seemingly never arriving at a definite state in that grace, when by earnest application of mind and heart they could obtain the experience within a reasonable length of time, which in most cases *under present gospel light would be but a few days or hours*, was wholly out of keeping with Mr. Barrett’s intense methods of Christian service and his short-cut way of reaching a throne of grace.

It was common knowledge that Mr. Barrett maintained at all times a clear, definite experience in sanctifying grace, and gave constant and frequent testimony to it. If he ever lost the Spirit’s witness to that work, the fact is not known. According to his own statements, when shadows of darkness or doubt began to creep upon him, he sought the hiding place of secret prayer, and ceased not to pray until God gave him victory and the full assurance of his standing in grace. He was very precise in the manner in which he expressed himself when testifying to perfect love. He upheld the doctrine and experience with true apostolic zeal, and urged the grace upon all saved persons as a glorious present- time possibility, a necessary state, pressing many, very many, into an immediate enjoyment of the experience.

Source: “The Happy Alleghenian” by M. L. Rhodes



## J. PRESSLEY BARRETT

(Christian Church)

My father was never a church member. He was of good moral character and of stern integrity. He had great respect for real religion and was himself a regular attendant upon church services. I have heard mother tell of his efforts to become a Christian. Just a few months before my birth, she saw him in the old-fashioned protracted meeting go forward to the altar, seeking the forgiveness of sin. This step on his part made a profound impression upon her heart and mind. Her own soul was mightily moved in sympathy for him. She yearned for his salvation. At that time he did not find Christ, nor did he for many years. He was a close observer of conduct, and when conduct was highly Christian, it always impressed him most favorably. My oldest brother, Joseph, made a profession of faith in Christ, while a mere boy. I think it was in 1866. A few days afterward, I heard father say to my mother: “I believe Joe Alfred has been truly converted – there is a great change in his life.”

Mother was always a godly woman, ever filled with the spirit of reverence and devotion.

She did much to encourage and help her children walk in the way of the Christian life.

From my earliest recollection I had felt deeply impressed as to religion. After Brother Joseph's conversion my heart hungered after a similar experience, but the way seemed shut up to me. In September, 1867, I think it was, in a meeting at Old Antioch, Isle of Wight County, Virginia, under the labors of the late Rev. William B. Wellons, I found Christ. I remember the occasion almost as if it were but yesterday. As I walked home that evening I now recall how everything seemed so changed. I distinctly remember how I felt. As I expressed myself, I felt "as light as a feather." It was a beautiful experience.

It is true I knew but very little of the Christian life. My thought was to do no wrong and hold on to what I had -- I did not understand it was both my duty and high privilege to go on to larger things in the divine life. Thus I kept along for years. I had commenced to preach. In 1875 I entered college. I remember on one occasion while in my room alone, I had a most unusual experience -- it was new to me. It was a great overflow of Christian joy. I had a dim idea that it was a new spiritual experience. For hours I was in ecstasy, but said but little, perhaps nothing, to any one about it. Gradually, my experience came to be normal again, and then I went on for years without any marked impression in that direction.

About the year 1890, I read a book bearing on the fulness of the divine life. It impressed me deeply. I felt my exceeding need. Then I began to seek in a quiet way to possess my rightful possessions. My heart longed for this larger and richer experience. In some way I did not enter into the promised inheritance. I had glimpses of better things, but that was all. Then came the hand of illness which carried me to the verge of eternity. For hours I felt I was almost looking into the world to come. Every moment I was expecting to depart, and yet I was spared. Since that day the Lord has graciously added more than twenty years to my life (1891-1914), and with it all the best opportunities of my earthly life for service.

I remember so well how it seemed to me that day I was expecting every moment to leave the earthly house of clay and go to see Jesus and the loved ones who had gone before. It was all so real to me, that when I found my life had been spared and with some hope of recovery, I felt a distinct loss in not seeing the dear ones on the other side. That was a sense of loss that I cannot explain, but it seemed real to me.

The effect of the illness remained a long time with me, but when I was able to resume my work, I found a heart hunger for a richer and larger experience in the Christian life, and I could not rest till I had found Him whom my soul loveth. It was in the Spring of 1892, when the blessed Spirit visited me in great power. After the incoming of His presence, I had a decided change in my outlook as well as in my inlook. The next time I went into the pulpit, I found myself talking so easily and quietly, and then I found the message was having effects that I had never witnessed before in my ministry. Many in the audience seemed moved with tenderness. I had not made any move, but He had been at work in my heart.

There may be differences of opinion touching this matter, but I know that my life was greatly blessed in the seeking of the larger gifts of the Spirit, and I know it revolutionized my work as a minister of the gospel. Many a time since then I have felt, if I had to go back to the same kind of life and experience as before, then I could not preach.

People, who wish to do so, may stand against the blessed work of the Spirit in the matter of the sanctification of the heart and mind and life, but I know it has been a great blessing to me and to my service for God and my fellow men, and God helping me, I will never deny its mighty power.

Never! No, never! For--

“I’m resting now in Jesus;  
I’ve reached the Promised Land;  
Where e’er He may lead, I can safely follow on,  
For He lovingly holds my hand.”

Source: “Forty Years on the Firing Line”

by J. Pressley Barrett



## RICHARD & MRS. BASSETT

(Early American Methodists)

Richard Bassett was well known as a distinguished person, not only in the state of Delaware, but in the United States. At different times he filled high and honorable stations. He was a lawyer of note, a legislator, judge, and a governor of Delaware. He was also a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, a senator in the first Congress, and a judge of the United States Court for the circuit comprising the Districts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware.

In spite of his respected and influential positions, and their wealth, Richard Bassett and his wife became humbled followers of Christ – Methodist Christians, and zealous advocates of scriptural holiness. Their wealth did not exempt them from the requirements of the Methodist discipline. In reference to some of the wealthy and influential families in Methodism, including the Bassetts, one wrote: “These wealthy families conformed to Methodist rule and discipline as strictly as the poor ...” With the lowly, “the wealthy mingled in worship.” On Bohemian manor, where Richard Bassett owned 6,000 acres, old-time Methodist campmeetings were conducted. In 1802, Richard Bassett wrote: “Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness. I conceive I am within bounds when I say the congregations this day, had they been numbered, were seven thousand souls. I say congregations, for such was the multitude, it was found necessary to have three preachers engaged at the same time, the congregations at a proper distance from each other; and this was not enough, a fourth congregation might have been found.

“Surely the scene was awful; a time to be remembered, and a day of great solemnity. The power of God was great among saints and sinners. We had also a glorious day and night both in the house of God, and my own house; several were powerfully awakened, at private houses, in times of singing and prayer. On Monday sinners began to be greatly alarmed and powerfully agitated in mind. On Tuesday, after preaching, the sacrament was administered. This was the most gracious, solemn, and rejoicing time I ever saw. I conclude there were not less than between twelve and fifteen hundred who came to the Lord’s table, white and colored people. In this exercise many sinners were cut to the heart, and powerful convictions took place, most of which I believe ended in sound conversions, and many backsliders were reclaimed.

“O the astonishing goodness of the all-wonder-working God! I presume there were not less than from twenty to thirty souls converted or sanctified in my own house during the meeting.

Blessed be God for it. I know you will say in your heart, Amen. The two last days our meeting was the best, and so it was at the last yearly meeting. Our blessed God, in both instances, kept the best wine to the last. We continued till three o’clock on Friday morning. It gave me some grief that we did not hold out longer, because I saw such an uncommon thirst in the hearts of the people of God.

There must have been some hundreds awakened.”

Regarding Mrs. Bassett, Freeborn Garrettson wrote: “Sister Bassett ... is one of the happiest women I have met with a living witness of sanctification, whose soul seems to be continually wrapped in a flame of love.”

Stevens wrote: “Richard Bassett, of Dover, Delaware, was, as we have seen, a man of pre-eminence in the civil and social life of these times ... He ‘lived a bright example of holiness, and left the world praising God.’ He often preached, and was the chief founder of “Wesley Chapel,” in Dover. They had three residences, one in Dover, one in Wilmington, and another at Bohemia Manor, a famous locality in the early Methodist annals, where Ann Bassett delighted to minister to the way-worn itinerants. All of them were favorite homes of the ministry, and scenes of early Quarterly Conferences and other extraordinary meetings.” (Taken From: Stevens M. E. History, Vol. 4 – hdm0244.tex) “In Philadelphia, it is said, there is a very great revival of religion, and near one hundred have been added to the society in two weeks.” Senator Bassett wrote to Asbury from Dover, Del., in 1801: “Glory to God, he has done wonders! About one hundred and thirteen, white and black, were joined in society yesterday, and, from what I hear, I doubt not but as many, if not twice the number, who went away wounded and crippled, sick and sore, will be joined in different parts of the country; all the fruits of this blessed meeting.”

Bassett was practically a lay evangelist among his neighbors. He held at Dover a sort of annual protracted meeting, with daily preaching and prayer-meetings at sunrise, for a whole week.

“O the wonders of redeeming love!” he writes in 1802; “without controversy great is the mystery of godliness. I conceive I am within bounds when I say the congregations this day, had they been numbered, were seven thousand souls. I say congregations, for such was the multitude, it was found necessary to have three preachers engaged at the same time, the congregations at a proper distance from each other; and this was not enough, a fourth congregation might have been found.

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Source: “Richard Bassett, Constitution Framer and Holiness Advocate”



**G. H. BLAKESLEE**

(Methodist)

The Language of Mr. Payson is the language of my heart: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been, since eight o' clock, A. M., yesterday, 'a happy inhabitant.' The celestial city is full in my view: its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. The Son of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached; and now He fills the whole hemisphere of my soul. A single heart and a single tongue seems altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion."

I now know and feel the blood applied that purifies my heart. Just at the close of family prayer, the stream of salvation began to pour into my soul, filling me to the brim. I went to church under the influence of this mighty baptism, and preached. A young married lady was saved during the service, met in class and joined the church. I gave my testimony for God in the class-meeting, and returned home. Soon after two, P. M., while reclining on the sofa, the flood-gates were again let loose upon me; and for the most of the time, till five, P. M., it seemed that my soul would burst. I never before felt the force of that Scripture, "Pressed down, shaken together, and running over." Such filling and enlargement, enlargement and filling, I never realized previous to this. I thought of the time when Fletcher was so filled that he said, "Lord, stay Thy hand." I think this is the anointing that will abide. My brethren in the ministry must not delay getting this baptism.

I cannot find words to express what God has done and is doing for me. I feel very little like shouting: the current is too broad and deep for that. Oh! This sinking into God's will, this pressure of grace, is beyond everything I had hoped for. It seems that God is crowding salvation into my soul, and by this process expanding it. I feel something of that "awe that dare not move, and all the silent heaven of love." I cannot doubt longer. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin." I must tell what God has done for me. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and the pen writes, and I will make no apology for the strain in which I have written.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



## WILLIAM LESTER BOONE

If the church subscribes to the "suppressionistic" view of carnality within believers, then it must be accompanied by an admission THAT GOD PLANNED THE JOINT-TENANCY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE CARNAL NATURE within us from the point of regeneration to the Christian's death. This is contrary to everything the Bible tells us about God in general and His attitude towards the carnal mind in particular. I repeat that I would not believe such teaching if I never experienced a victory and deliverance during my lifetime. If the blessed Holy Spirit had not cleansed my heart according to Acts 15:8 and 9. I would vigorously defend the doctrine and experience of heart holiness anyway and just confess to my loved ones and friends that I was a candidate and a seeker. I hope that you either believe this also or come to believe it.

The reason why it is so hard to put the golden rule into practice the reason why it seems so difficult to treat people like we would want them to treat us is because we love ourselves more than we love them. We place our interest and well-being over theirs. "Pastor, you already said that. You're repeating yourself." I know. It must be said over and over.

"Well, how do you get the victory over that condition?" I'm so glad that you asked that question, for there is an answer and there is a way. First of all, YOU HAVE TO GET SICK AND TIRED OF THE CONDITION. As with any thing else we get from God, as long as we are satisfied with things as they

are, they will no doubt remain that way. This has nothing to do with theology or doctrine, for mere beliefs never affect behavior in themselves. It deals rather with a deep, inner heart need and the way to get it met. Both from personal experience and from a common sense standpoint, I have never believed that there can exist a spiritual hunger of heart that God will not satisfy. That would be the height of Divine cruelty. Besides, there are multiplied thousands of saints who have given clear testimony to God's power and grace to meet all of our heart needs.

The Lord was so faithful to me, and nobody had to tell me about the doctrine of inner defilement and God's provision through Christ to remove it. MY PERSONAL HUNGER KEPT ME SEEKING HIS FACE FOR A LIKENESS OF HIMSELF IN MY HEART. And He met my need and cleansed my heart. That didn't give me a perfect head, but it did purify my heart. He answered my prayer of desire as I sought for a fulfillment of two of the great beatitudes in His sermon on the mount. Jesus pronounced a state of blessedness on those of His followers who were "pure in heart" and who "hungered. and thirsted after righteousness." HE POSITIVELY PROMISED THAT SUCH PERSONS "SHALL BE FILLED."

I know that self will rule us until God deals with it. You who listen and read, or anyone else, who wishes to contest or not believe the doctrine of heart purity, can do so until the cows come home. I know what self-rule did to me and how it robbed me of inner peace and made me think and act in horribly selfish ways. I know how desperately I hated that within me. I also know how faithfully and patiently the Holy Spirit led me to a place of trust in His atoning provision, and I know the result.

I know what a genuine pleasure it is to WANT to serve others and WANT to make others around me happy and fulfilled. I couldn't produce on my own such an inner desire in a hundred lifetimes. We are naturally selfish. You cannot discipline that out. You cannot train or disciple that out. You cannot mature that out. It is a heart condition that must be dealt with by God's provision, grace and power.

Source: "The Path To Grace And Greatness" by W. L. Boone



## WILLIAM AND CATHERINE BOOTH (Salvation Army)

### ***First Account of Two***

In a letter to her parents, Catherine Booth said: "My soul has been much called out of late on the doctrine of holiness. I feel that hitherto we have not put it in a sufficiently definite and tangible manner before the people -- I mean as a specific and attainable experience. Oh, that I had entered into the fulness of the enjoyment of it myself. I intend to struggle after it."

In another letter she wrote: "William has preached on it twice ... The Lord has been dealing very graciously with him for some time past. His soul has been growing in grace, and its outward developments have been proportionate. He is now on full stretch for holiness. You would be amazed at the change in him. It would take me all night to detail all the circumstances and convergings of Providence and Grace which have led up to this experience, but I assure you it is a glorious reality, and I know you will rejoice in it."

Telling of how she entered spiritual Canaan, Catherine Booth wrote: "When we got up from our knees I lay on the sofa, exhausted with the effort and excitement of the day. William said, 'Don't you lay all on the altar?' I replied, 'I am sure I do!' Then he said, 'And isn't the altar holy?' I replied in the language of the Holy Ghost, 'The altar is most holy,' and whatsoever toucheth it is holy.' Then said he, 'Are you not holy?' I replied with my heart full of emotion and with some faith, 'Oh, I think I am.' Immediately the

word was given me to confirm my faith, 'Now are ye clean through the word I have spoken unto you.' And I took hold -- true, with a trembling hand, and not unmolested by the tempter, but I held fast the beginning of my confidence, and it grew stronger, and from that moment I have dared to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ, my Lord."

Source: "They Found The Secret"

### **Second Account -- General Booth**

General Booth, Captain and founder of the Salvation Army said: "Thirty-seven years ago God sanctified my soul. He cleansed my heart. He baptized me with the Holy Spirit. He revealed his Son to me and the blessing and the Blesser abide with me still. Hallelujah."

Source: "Were The Disciples Born Again Before Pentecost?" by Arthur L. Vess



## **WILLIAM BRAMWELL**

(Methodist)

William Bramwell was an early Methodist contemporary of John Wesley. He describes his struggle to enter spiritual Canaan thus:

I was for some time deeply convinced of my need of purity, and sought carefully with tears, entreaties, and sacrifice; thinking nothing too much to give up, nothing too much to do or suffer, if I might but attain this pearl of great price. Yet I found it not; nor knew the reason why till the Lord showed me I had erred in the way of seeking it. I did not seek it by faith alone, but as it were, by the works of the law. Being now convinced of my error, I sought the blessing by faith only. Still it tarried a little, but I waited for it in the way of faith. When in the house of a friend at Liverpool, whither I had gone to settle some temporal affairs, previously to my going out to travel, while I was sitting, as it might be, on this chair (pointing to his chair), with my mind engaged in various meditations concerning my present affairs and future prospects, my heart now and then lifted up to God, but not particularly about this blessing, heaven came down to earth; it came to my soul. The Lord, for whom I had waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart; and I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing I had for some time been seeking. My soul was then all wonder, love and praise.

Source: "Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians"

by James G. Lawson

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Source: "Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians"

by James G. Lawson



## SAMUEL LOGAN BRENGLE

(Salvation Army Commissioner)

In seeking to be sanctified wholly, Samuel Logan Brengle saw the contrast between himself in his carnal condition and the Lord in His immaculate purity:

"I saw the humility of Jesus, and my pride; the meekness of Jesus, and my temper; the lowliness of Jesus, and my ambition; the purity of Jesus, and my unclean heart; the faithfulness of Jesus, and the deceitfulness of my heart; the unselfishness of Jesus, and my selfishness; the trust and faith of Jesus, and my doubts and unbelief; the holiness of Jesus, and my unholiness. I got my eyes off every body but Jesus and myself, and I came to loathe myself."

Brengle had to die to his carnal ambition to be a great, eloquent preacher, a powerful orator. He was Divinely humbled before he was Divinely empowered: "I was willing to appear a big blunder and a complete failure if only He would cleanse me and dwell in me!"

When the humbling process was complete, the Spirit applied First John 1:9 to his heart: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." He became personally conscious of being cleansed from all unrighteousness, and the Divinely wrought change registered noticeably on his countenance. Twenty minutes after this personal experience, a fellow student looked upon him and remarked: ""Sam what is the matter? You look so different!" Two mornings later, the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ filled and flooded his soul: "I awoke that morning hungering and thirsting just to live this life of fellowship with God, never again to sin in thought or word or deed against Him, with an unmeasurable desire to be a holy man, acceptable unto God. Getting out of bed about six o'clock with that desire, I opened my Bible and, while reading some of the words of Jesus, He gave me such a blessing as I never had dreamed a man could have this side of heaven. It was an unutterable revelation. It was a heaven of love that came into my heart. My soul melted like wax before fire. I sobbed and sobbed. I loathed myself that I had ever sinned against Him or doubted Him or lived for myself and not for His glory. Every ambition for self was now gone. The pure flame of love burned it like a blazing fire would burn a moth."

Source: "Portrait of a Prophet"

by Clarence W. Hall



## PHINEAS F. BRESEE

(Nazarene)

While pastoring the Methodist church in Chariton, Iowa during the winter of 1866-67, P. F. Bresee became desperate to obtain an experience of grace equal to his needs. He had been for some time suffering from doubts about the truth of the Bible, and he later recognized that his trouble had been spiritual, rather than intellectual. He describes his initial entry into spiritual Canaan as follows: "There came one of those awful, snowy, windy nights, such as blow across the Western plains occasionally, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. Not many were out to church that night. I tried to preach a little, the best I could. I tried to rally the people to the altar, the few that were there, and went back to the stove, and tried to get somebody to the Lord. I did not find any one. I turned toward the altar; in some way it seemed to me that this was my time, and I threw myself down across the altar and began to pray for myself. I had come to the point where I seemingly could not go on. My religion did not meet my needs. It seemed as though I could not continue to preach with this awful question of doubt on me, and I prayed and cried to the Lord. I was ignorant of my own condition. I did not understand about carnality. I did not understand about the provisions of the atonement. I neither knew what was the matter with me, nor what would help me. But, in my ignorance, the Lord helped me, drew me and impelled me, and, as I cried to Him that night, He seemed to open heaven on me, and gave me, as I believe, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire, though I did not know either what I needed, or what I prayed for. But it not only took away my tendencies to worldliness, anger and pride, but it also removed the doubt. For the first time, I understood that the conditions of doubt were moral instead of intellectual, and that doubt was a part of carnality that could only be removed as the other works of the flesh are removed."

Apparently P. F. Bresee suffered somewhat of an eclipse in his experience of holiness, which may have been occasioned in part by the lack of clear preaching and teaching on the subject among many of the Methodists with whom he was working. Later in California, where he came among those who were clear in their testimonies and teaching on the subject, Bresee experienced another remarkable baptism of the Spirit and Fire: "I instinctively in spirit allied myself with them, and, while they must have known that I was not in the clear enjoyment of the blessing, they seemed to appreciate whatever efforts I could and did make, in assisting them in the work of holiness. They were very kind and gentle. They doubtless prayed much for me, but they did not pray at me, and they stood close by me, and sustained me in every way throughout my ministry...I passed through this meeting in general accord with both the teaching and spirit of the brethren and did what I could to help push the work of holiness. However, I did not come to any special realization of my own lack and need. But it was not very long after the meeting before I began to be awakened to the deep necessities of my own heart. The realization grew more and more intense, until my heart-cry began to go out to God for the mighty grace that was adequate to all my needs.

"At this time there came to me in answer to prayer, a very striking experience. I had been for some time in almost constant prayer, and crying to God for something that would meet my needs, not clearly realizing what they were, or how they could be met. I sat alone in the parsonage, in the cool of evening, in the front parlor near the door. The door being opened, I looked up into the azure sky in earnest prayer, while the shades of evening gathered about. As I waited and waited, and continued in prayer, looking up, it seemed to me as if from the azure there came a meteor, an indescribable ball of condensed light, descending rapidly toward me. As I gazed upon it, it was soon within a few score feet, when I seemed distinctly to hear a voice saying, as my face was upturned towards it: 'Swallow it; swallow it,' and in an instant it fell upon my lips and face. I attempted to obey the injunction. It seemed to me, however, that I swallowed only a little of it, although it felt like fire on my lips, and the burning sensation did not leave them for several days. While all of this of itself would be nothing, there came with it into my heart and being, a transformed condition of life and blessing and unction and glory, which I had never known before. I felt that my need was supplied. I was always very reticent in reference to my own personal experience. I have never gotten over it, and I have said very little relative

to this; but there came into my ministry a new element of spiritual life and power. People began to come into the blessing of full salvation; there were more persons converted; and the last year of my ministry in that church was more consecutively successful, being crowned by an almost constant revival. When the third year came to a close, the church had been nearly doubled in membership, and in every way built up."

Source: "Phineas F. Bresee -- A Prince In Israel"

by E. A. Girvin



## HENRY BROCKETT

*As an un sanctified Christian, Henry Brockett had been prejudiced against the doctrine of entire sanctification as a second work of grace. Then, after he was divinely led into the experience, he became perhaps one of the most lucid writers on the subject. In "The Riches of Holiness" he describes his entry into spiritual Canaan:*

The crisis took place on October 23, 1916. On that afternoon I was resting quietly in my room but meditating upon the subject of sanctification, when the Spirit of God dealt with me. It seemed as if the Holy Spirit, who had previously shone His light upon the person of Christ and the Cross, now turned His light into the depths of my heart, and showed me my indwelling depravity, especially unbelief, pride, and self-will. I saw and felt the inward corruption of sin. The Spirit of God revealed to me the terrible nature of my heart-sin, which appeared to me vividly as an evil something deep down in the depths of my heart which had deceived and hardened me, and led me astray from God in the past. It was an inward corruption from which I longed to be cleansed, a disease of the heart which needed healing, a traitor inside which I hated and wanted destroyed. Now my whole being longed for a clean heart -- no longer did I despise the thought of a pure heart -- that blessing seemed to me to be the one thing that I needed...

In view of my religious upbringing, and the fact that I had the assurance of salvation, and had, therefore imagined that I knew all about holiness, and needed nothing further from God, it was a humiliating step for me to have to confess that I yet needed something further to make my spiritual condition complete, and that in order to receive this from God I had to go to this Salvation Army hut, and seek out this "Holiness" brother. Yet this was God's way of dealing with me...

I arrived at the hut, and my friend and I had a quiet talk together in a little room, and we knelt together in prayer ... I prayed that the Holy Spirit, as the Refining Fire, might come upon me, cleanse my heart from sin, and fill me, so that I might do the divine will, and glorify Christ in my life. I had come utterly to an end of my self. It was a "crucifixion." "I died." In that spiritual condition, I found that I was empowered by the Holy Spirit to believe there and then that the Father did sanctify me wholly. True sanctifying faith sprang up in my heart, and I was able to believe that God did that moment baptize me with the Holy Ghost and with Fire, although I had no ecstasy, only a quiet, deep feeling of unutterable peace. I had such a confidence in the Father and His promise that I could rest unreservedly in His word.

My friend asked me if I thought that God had heard my prayer and had done the work. I said, quietly, "Yes, I do." He said, "Will you thank Him for what He has done?" I did so, and thanked the Father for hearing and answering my prayer for entire sanctification...

...For a day or two after passing through the spiritual crisis of October 23, 1916, I held on in faith without experiencing any special emotion. It was not long, however, before God gave me the conscious witness that my prayer for entire sanctification had been heard and answered. One morning, soon after rising, I opened my Bible, and my eyes alighted upon a verse which spoke to me as a glowing message direct from God to my heart. The verse was as follows: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and

peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 15:13).

...The holy inward joy which accompanied the powerful application by the Spirit of God to my heart of Romans 15:13, was to me the spiritual equivalent of the falling of the fire of God upon the ancient sacrifices...

Source: "The Riches of Holiness" by Henry Brockett



## F. H. BROOKMILLER

Bro. F. H. Brookmiller of Iowa: "I praise God for victory in my soul. At the age of nineteen, while walking in the clear light of a justified experience, I first learned of holiness, and I said, Lord, I want it. I was a happy boy, but I wanted to get closer to God. Every night, I knew I was nearer it. One day, in the town of Jefferson, the experience came upon me quicker than I can tell. What occurred, I can never tell. I felt it go through me like a shock from head to foot. All I know is, that God sanctified me then and there; and I bless Him for the faith through which I have claimed the victory in His name. I want all that He has for me. I have never had any wish to be great or wise, in any but my Saviors eyes." ("Amen!")

Source: "Echoes of the General Holiness Assembly" by S. B. Shaw



## JONAS BROOKS

(Of Iowa)

"I bless the Lord for the secret of a happy life. I was 'born' twice in one town in old New York state, and sanctified in the bargain. ("Amen!") Soon after the blessed Lord touched my heart with holy fire, He set me going, and called me out into Christian work, and, by the grace of God, I have been at it over thirty years. I have had a good time in the service of the Lord. ("Amen!") They call me a scout, peddling holiness literature. I have visited fifteen different states, carrying my grip-sack on my back, walking thousands of miles and scattering thousands of dollars' worth of holiness literature. I have seen in this work many conversions, and many led into entire sanctification. I love the Lord with all my heart, and, by the grace of God, I am going through on this line." ("Amen!")

Source: "Echoes of the General Holiness Assembly, Held in Chicago, May 3-13, 1901" Edited by Solomon Benjamin Shaw



## LYMAN BROUGH

(Nazarene)

Through the reading a holiness publication and a book advertised in it, God brought Lyman Brough under conviction for his need of a sanctified heart:

Until this time I had never heard a sermon on the second work of grace in the heart, to cleanse the heart from all the old Adamic sin, to sanctify the soul wholly through the blood of Jesus Christ; "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate;" and witnessed by the Holy Ghost. But I was living in all the light that shone across my pathway, and as a regenerate child of God, I definitely knew that I was justified freely by His grace, and the Holy Ghost

would witness to my soul. I was a child of the King, blessedly saved, and here is the promise I was obeying: John 1:7, "But if ye walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Now I was walking in the light with God, and having fellowship with Him, and with every saved child of God. I loved to go to church and prayermeeting, and was open to all the light and truth I should receive. There came to our church at Harrietta an old brother in the Lord from Detroit, Mich., if I remember rightly, to teach singing lessons in our church. In a short time he was taken sick, and I well remember going to see him in his room, and how we would talk on spiritual things. He saw that I was hungry for more truth and light and one day handed me a paper, a copy of God's Revivalist, and said:

"Read this, and I'd advise you to send in and subscribe for it, as it is straight."

I can now see how easily a soul at the stage of experience in which I then was can be led into wild fanaticism, third blessing, gift of tongues, or some other side-track, because of its craving and hungering after truth and light. If the wrong literature had fallen into my hands at this very critical time, it might have damned my soul forever, or hindered me from being what God wanted me to be. But God, through this precious brother (how I wish I knew his name, I've forgotten it; and suppose he has gone to heaven, as he was then an old man) handed me that Revivalist, and it was the first time I had ever had in my hands, or had seen a straight holiness paper; and you who have the experience of holiness can imagine how I devoured what seemed to me to be the sacred pages of that paper. I read and reread it, and sat down and wrote to the Revivalist office to send me the paper for three months. In that paper I saw three books advertised, "Brother Knapp's Life," "Redeemed by the Blood," and "Where Art Thou?" by L. Milton Williams. I read "Redeemed by the Blood," and my eyes were a fountain of tears as I read. Oh, how I should like to have seen and prayed with some of those precious, fallen girls, and the call to preach was on me more than ever. I would dream about the lost, and leading them to the Savior. I would go to my work as an engineer in the big lumber mill in Harrietta, Mich., and get out in the oilroom when the old mill was sawing lumber, and I would get so full of the love of God, and would shout, and preach, and clap my hands, and I had preached a good many times in that old oilroom before I was called to leave all and go out to rescue the perishing. As I will show later on in this book, I was preaching every Sunday night out at Sixteen, in a schoolhouse, and how the Lord would bless me there!

Then I commenced to read brother Knapp's book and I would cry, and my poor soul was hungering for, I didn't know what, but it wanted something, and I knew there was something more for me, but how or what to do to get it I didn't know. So I took up Brother Williams' book, "Where Art Thou?" and commenced to read it, and I had read only a part way through the book when, oh, such conviction settled down on my poor, hungry soul, as he showed up carnality in the heart, and I saw what the trouble was with me. "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." I had never been sanctified wholly, and that blessed book, which I prize as highly, if it were possible, as if it had been written under the inspiration of the blessed Holy Ghost, uncovered the heart, and the Spirit began to talk to me more and more, and said to me, "That is what you need."

I laid the book down only half read through and commenced to weep, and told my wife that I was going to seek the Holy Ghost and get holiness. She had been reading Brother Knapp's little book, "The Double Cure," and I didn't know she was under conviction for holiness, but she was. Well, I quit work, I didn't go to my work, I laid off and said I was going to get satisfied, and wouldn't work until I got through. I took it by the job: for three days and nights I wept, prayed, and groaned, and cried until I couldn't cry any more; I prayed until I couldn't pray any more. I didn't have a preacher to help me, or any to hinder me, and no holiness people around buzzing in my ears, "Take it by faith; put your all on the altar, and go through."

I thank God there were not any around. I died dead, three days and nights it took me, not three days and nights to get sanctified, but three days and nights to get ready. And when the last "yes" was said, and the consecration completely made, and all was entirely given over, the Spirit said:

"Will you sign the blank (check) and let me fill it in as I choose?"

And then and there I said, "Yes," and the Holy, Ghost witnessed to my soul, the work was done. "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." And from that day the Devil has never been able to make me doubt my experience, or when I was sanctified. Bless God! It was so radical that the old, arch-fiend of hell has not been able to shake my faith in the Holy Ghost, and my faith in God that the work was entirely done. Well, when I was going through those three days and nights of old-time conviction in my soul, caused by reading God's Revivalist, and sending for and reading those books, and especially "Where Art Thou?" (that finished the job), my wife would come to my bedside weeping and crying, and asking me to pray for her.

"Why, wife," I said, "I can't pray. I've got all I can possibly do with my own case. You look to God; when I get through will help you, but I can't now." I have seen her walk the floor and wring her hands, and cry and scream out of her soul something awful. But, thank God, she came through when she said the last "Yes." You can see what a time we had in our home seeking the blessed Holy Ghost. But, thank God, we died to the trifling, foolish, devilish things of this old world. Say, we made a consecration that day and time that we have never had to repeat or add to in the fourteen years that have passed since."

Source: "He Lifted Me" by Lyman Brough



## CHARLES EWING BROWN

(Church of God)

Charles Ewing Brown began his ministry in 1895. He was an instructor in theology at Anderson College and Theological Seminary, and was, as well, the editor of the Gospel Trumpet. Apparently he was both saved and sanctified when he was still a child. In reference to his sanctification, he writes:

The greatest trouble I had in seeking sanctification was what I found later to be the major infirmity of the modern soul -- doubt. Even as a child, I reasoned and waited for physical evidence of spiritual realities which cannot be known by the flesh. No scientist in his laboratory or scholar in his study has ever pressed closer to the chilling doubt of the reality of the spiritual life than I pressed as I knelt on the ground amid the awakening grass and the budding flowers while I sought to see the throne of the Eternal in the bushes, as Moses found it so many ages ago.

Down on my knees in the orchard at the foot of the hill in an agony of yearning desire and struggle with doubt, I passed along the road trampled by Elijah when he heard the strong wind, but God was not in the wind. He felt a mighty earthquake, but God was not in the earthquake. After the earthquake, a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire, a still, small voice.

There in the silence, with only the winds rustling the grass and the trees, the thunders of eternity came to me from the distance as a soft whisper of God: "It is done. This is Pentecost. This is the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This is fire and lightning and healing power. This is heart purity. This is fellowship with the gentle Jesus, the country Preacher who loved children; and this is the call to go and minister the healing of His word and works wherever you can help others."

It has been a long time since I heard the whisper of Jesus in the old orchard on the hillside. Since then the days have stretched into years, and the years have passed into decades, and I have carried His

healing message to men of nearly every race and kind around the world. The boy has become a youth; the youth has become a man; the man is past middle age and has begun to turn his face toward the setting sun. But the covenant which the farmer boy made with the High Priest of our redemption, kneeling in the grass on the hillside of southern Illinois fifty-odd years ago, holds, and shall hold, forever.

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



## W. G. BROWNING

(Methodist)

I attended the camp-meeting for Newburg District, at Warwick. Here I fell in with a dear brother in the ministry, whom I knew in years past had professed to enjoy the blessing of holiness, and whose course I had been led to observe somewhat closely. I found this was still his theme, and my heart began to hunger and thirst for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb. We had some meetings on this subject, and were led into great heart-searchings. In one of these meetings I was brought to see that I was so far consecrated to Christ as to be willing to be any thing for Him, -- To go any where (i.e., somewhere), -- to occupy any prominent position, or to discharge any great duty. But whether I was willing to be nothing for Christ, was the question presented to me for solution; whether, if He so willed and ordered, I was willing to be under the feet of my brethren, and kept out of sight, --

"Little and unknown

Loved and prized by God alone."

Here I saw I had stumbled, and the question needed some consideration.

After looking the whole ground over, I said, "Yes, Lord." I resolved to feel my way very carefully; and I purposed having a long talk with the brother referred to, for his advice and instruction. But, oh! the mercy of God in Christ Jesus! Before such an opportunity was afforded, and while in a meeting in the old New York Committee tent, on Friday evening, September 1, 1865, I was brought suddenly to see, that my only hope was the merits of Christ appropriated by faith. I was enabled, without any particular emotion or joyous feeling at the time, to cast myself unreservedly upon Christ, and take Him as my present and complete Saviour from all sin. The first sensation was that I had entered into the rest of faith. And now I dare not attempt any thing like a full account of what has followed this simple act of faith in Jesus, and the constant truth that I have continued to exercise since. I have had victory after victory over Satan, and have risen already into an atmosphere heretofore almost entirely unknown to me. God has favored me with some manifestations, that have, for the time, been almost overpowering, and led me to doubt whether I was in the body or out of the body. I have had seasons of great trial also, and called to live solely by faith; but these have been followed by still more glorious victories, and my soul is now rejoicing in the sweet consciousness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness.

I think I have come to see as never before, that the strength of the soul, at all times, and in every circumstance, consists in its constant and persistent trust in Christ. I have but to look to Jesus and live. The effect is seen all around me; and I think that I have accomplished really more for God, since I received the gift of power than in many years before. To Him be all the Glory!

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



## G. T. BUSTIN

Founder of Evangelical Bible Mission

At this time, I fear that I was no longer the good boy I had been in earlier years. I remember having been told by someone how well my mother liked to play cards. My thoughts were, "I have never yet found anyone who would stay with me until I got my fill of card playing. Perhaps I shall find that one in the person of my mother." I was careful to have a good deck on hand, two weeks later, upon my arrival in the delta country of northeastern Arkansas.

It was a great meeting for my mother, and a strange meeting for me. It was the day following that I met my brother, for he was away when I arrived. We formally shook hands as I said, "Hello Robert," and with his rejoinder, "Hello Tolbert." We were both approaching young manhood, and had never once played together in our lives, nor had we spoken to each other before now. I had never heard of my half-sister, Lottie Mae. (Now a missionary in Haiti.

Upon letting my mother know of the cards which I had brought with me for those anticipated games I received the shock of my life, for she said, "Son, your mother is glad to have you here, but you must not take the cards out of your suitcase in this house, for we have no card playing in this house." I explained to her that I had heard that she greatly enjoyed playing cards. She informed me that such was true at one time, but that a change had taken place in her life. She then told of what the Lord had done for her. Immediately I dubbed her as a "fanatic," for I learned that she was a believer in holiness. My previous impressions of such people were that they claim to be "as good as Christ," "can't sin," "can't be tempted," and "that they think they are sprouting wings." To put it mildly I wished that I were elsewhere.

About this time I formed acquaintance with a neighboring family which afforded me a bit of carnal comfort since they believed as I did -- "that everybody must sin more or less every day, and of course there is no harm in an innocent game of cards." Upon being asked how I liked my mother, I replied, "She is all right, but I have no time for her religion." This was no little grief to my mother. She conducted family devotions each day. When present I always bowed my head in respect; but I blew my top one morning after mother had audibly prayed for my salvation, and that the Lord would call me to preach the message of holiness. This was going too far. I said, "Look here, you may pray for me as much as you like, but I want you to leave that holiness preacher stuff out of your praying. If I hear you pray like that again I am leaving." Mother sweetly replied, "All right son, I shall not pray audibly again in this way, but I shall continue to pray." How wicked for young people to thoughtlessly crush and grieve the hearts of praying parents by such cutting remarks!

Within only a few weeks I was miserable and ready to leave. It meant added grief to mother for me to take my brother with me. He had known the Lord, but was now in a backslidden state and shared with me in my attitudes. The following months were months of misery. I later left my brother and launched out on a course of rambling. Many hundreds of miles from home I was taken ill with high fever. In my sinful state I promised God that I would go home if He would spare me. I was soon out of bed, but continued in those parts for some weeks. "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight," played on a record, served to deepen conviction. I kept my word and returned to northeastern Arkansas, but after some days I left again to be gone "permanently" (?), and wrote mother to this effect. Hardly one month had passed until I was ready to be on the move again, but tried to go in an opposite direction from home, but it seemed that an irresistible hand was laid upon me. I went home. Upon arriving at our place late one night I thought to change my voice and surprise my mother, but, to my astonishment, she said, "Son, come on in, for I know who you are." She had been near death. A telegram had been sent to my brother who had been visiting our father in Mississippi. My brother arrived in the afternoon and I arrived late the same night. Upon being asked if a telegram should be sent to me mother said, "No, he will come

anyway." This marked the end of my ramblings for the devil.

During the early part of December of 1921 special meetings were conducted in a country school house. W. M. Lusk was the leading light in this meeting. He looked straight at me while he preached -- even pointed at me, as I supposed -- and uncovered my sins to the extent that I became angry and accused my mother of telling him all about me. This conviction climaxed with my conversion on the 12th day of December. What a change! My friends thought I had lost my senses. One sinning religionist who was a strong believer in unconditional eternal security remarked, "Bustin is a good boy, but he has gone crazy over religion." This poor man died a sad death within little more than a year. People held him on his bed while he died. The young lady whose side I left the night I went to the altar rejected God, ran away and married a drunkard, and has lived in a domestic hell for long years. Others rejected the Lord and are now in eternity without hope. Yes, I gave up everything, but my everything was so very small in comparison to that which I received, and I am yet receiving.

Four weeks after my conversion I was praying in a corn crib loft -- consecrating my heart and life to God. I even promised Him I would be a "holiness preacher," or anything else He wanted me to be if He would fill me with His precious Holy Spirit. He answered by fire. The heavenly flame burned upon the altar of my heart, and after nearly thirty-two years it still burns. Praise Him! Praise Him! I did praise Him, and sang hours on end even though I am not a singer. His call was clear. I didn't know all that the future held, but I knew that I must preach the blessed Gospel of complete deliverance, and began to plan accordingly.

Source: My First Fifty Years By G. T. Bustin



## C. W. BUTLER

(Methodist)

### MY FIRST DAY IN CANAAN

In September of the year 1900 I was appointed pastor of the Methodist Church at Perry, Michigan. It was then a three point circuit. A few years before this, under the ministry of Reverend J. F. Emerick, a mighty revival swept over this charge. Bro. Emerick was a definite holiness preacher. As a part of the results of that revival, there were definite living witnesses to the experience of second blessing holiness in each of the three churches. They were truly consistent, holy people. It was through the influence and invitation of some of these people that I attended the old State Holiness Camp Meeting at Eaton Rapids for three days. During that period of time I purchased a book entitled "*The Sanctified Life*" by Dr. Beverly Carradine. (enclosed on Entry Directions page) Through the ministry of the camp and of this book, I was led out of my wilderness journey into my spiritual Canaan. The old Jordan did truly divide, and I went over on dry ground. I had been dealing with the Lord in the realm of a perfect (a completed) consecration and had acknowledged both my need and my pursuit of the blessing to a brother preacher on the train en route from Eaton Rapids to Lansing, Michigan. I had been getting ready for this change for some time. I boarded the train in Lansing for my home in Perry; and somewhere on that old Grand Trunk train, between Lansing and Perry, I truly passed over Jordan and came into my spiritual inheritance in Canaan. I walked from the station to the Methodist parsonage singing,

I'm living in Canaan now,  
I'm living in Canaan now,  
I'm doing well, I'm glad to tell,  
I'm living in Canaan now.

The atmosphere was so precious and the experience so delightful that I felt as though I had been living

in that clime forever. It seemed literally to fit my soul. It was indeed the native clime for my new life in Christ. There was an immediate change of diet in my spiritual life. Such illumination was on the Sacred Page. It gave me a whole new Bible. I had been questioning with regard to the method of receiving this grace. How quickly I was enabled to see the two works of grace in the Word! I remember previous to this I had questioned a man who professed this grace, asking him to give me Scripture for the second work of grace. The dear man seemed a bit lost regarding the matter and was unable to give me much light. But, having received the grace, I immediately began to see the whole truth standing out prominently in Scripture. This happened on Saturday evening.

The very next morning I preached from the text, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with Fire" (Matt. 2:11). I was quick to see the double cure. Here is the record of two baptisms, involving two elements and two administrators; also involving two spiritual results, one symbolized by water, and the other symbolized by fire. I have done very little, if any, serving of manna from that time until now. The riches of grace opened to my soul as never before.

During the years which followed, there were occasions of loss for a time; but from these God graciously recovered me and taught me how to abide. The illumination of the Sacred Page has been one of the marked realities which has now been unbroken in my soul for a great many years. The ability to trust and hold steady in the absence of feeling and in the presence of very deep tests is one of the abiding results.

Entering Canaan involved to me a fixed attitude of loyalty to the Word of God and to the will of God. The result of a daybreak in my soul upon which there has been no nightfall to date has been an abiding evidence of this gracious grace. The consecration then made closed the door of my mind against all doubt of God's Word so that, instead of bowing the knee to what has been called a scientific age, I have continued to bow the knee to a holy God; and by his grace, like Paul of old, "I have kept the faith."

I have served an age of question and of doubt. It has been popular to speak of keeping "an open mind." In my own experience the open mind has been to increase light and knowledge of God and his Word and of the deep riches of his grace; but it has meant a closed mind to every approach to the reality of Christian faith which has raised questions of doubt through the mere speculations of human reason.

I want to bear testimony to the practical and working value of the grace of Christian holiness. I can witness after these many years that not one good word of the Lord has failed. Glory to his name! My faith is more certain, God is more real, and the grace of Christian holiness proves continually to be a working reality in performing service for God, and in meeting the tests of life.

Source: A Holiness Manifesto By C. W. Butler

from a another source:

C. W. Butler was born again at age 15 and began preaching as a boy. He was active during his ministry as a campmeeting preacher, revivalist, and writer. During the beginning of his ministry, second blessing holiness was hidden from his spiritual eyes. Then, while he was attending a holiness campmeeting, his eyes were finally opened to the truth:

I served for a dozen years in the ministry, always seeking souls and preaching the life of holiness; but the secret of the in wrought experience as a definite second work of grace was hidden from my eyes ...I was appointed to the Perry charge...The fervency of God's people at Perry, Shaftsburg, and the Graham churches was blessed...Some of those in possession of the experience were well-taught also in the truth. They knew the doctrine and the way in. While none of them attempted to instruct me, some of them saw in me a Brother Apollos and prayed for me.

Many of the members in this district were regular in their attendance at the State Holiness Camp Meeting held at Eaton Rapids, Michigan... Dr. Winchester...preached, and for the first time in my hearing associated this "second work" very definitely with the cross of Christ. He associated sanctification with the shed blood of Christ. This setting of the truth greatly enlightened my ignorance; and as ignorance was enlightened, prejudice melted. Praise God for the truth as it is in Jesus!..I was compelled to leave the camp very soon after new light broke in upon me. Meantime I purchased at the book-stand a copy of "The Sanctified Life", by Carradine. One chapter in that book rolled up the curtain that had been before my vision and showed me the true reality of the true experience of holiness. It was the chapter on "The Loneliness of the Life."

I had to leave for my Perry home before the Sabbath. On my way to Lansing, where I changed (train) cars for Perry, I was in the company of a brother minister who had attended the camp. I confessed to him my need and my heart hunger. We parted company in Lansing, and I boarded the train for Perry, a distance of perhaps thirty-five miles. On board that Grand Trunk train the thing happened. I truly crossed Jordan and entered Canaan without a spoken word or any outward manifestation; but I stepped off the train in Perry, Michigan, with the blessing. I walked to my parsonage home singing softly,

I'm living in Canaan now;  
I'm living in Canaan now;  
I'm doing well, I'm glad to tell;  
I'm living in Canaan now.

The atmosphere of my soul was all love. I breathed for the first time in my life the atmosphere which my soul and yours were created to enjoy. It fitted and satisfied me so fully! I felt as though I had lived there always. It was all new, but so full and complete that it was as though it had always been. The inward revelation of Christ was so rich I feared to go to sleep at night lest my Lord would depart. I learned by blessed experience that He comes to stay. His inward abiding was the most marked experiential manifestation of the experience.

I immediately began both to minister and to witness to the truth. This was Saturday evening. On Sunday morning I preached from Matthew 3:11: "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Two baptisms, two elements administered, and two administrators; I saw doubles. I preached the "double cure." I have been at it ever since. Glory to God!

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



## JOHN A. BUTLER

I remember being under conviction in the United Brethren Church at the age of ten but I was so backward, timid and bashful that I put off my surrender to the Lord till I was about fourteen. In a meeting held in Friends Meeting House in Dublin, Indiana, by David Updegraff and John Henry Douglas, I went to the front seat with others as a seeker and Jesus proved Himself to be the Prince of Peace to me. For months I knew I was a child of God. Through my backwardness to move out in public, I grieved the Spirit and lost ground in Spiritual things till I became condemned and would often resolve and try to live right, doing better for a while, then sin would get me down. This up-and-down life continued till I was nearing my 36th birthday. On the night of December 7th, 1896, the Lord so led that I gave a glad surrender to Him for time and forever. That was indeed a memorable night, when I was so set free from Satan's bondage that I could go shouting down the aisle of the Church and down to my home with Peace and Joy in my unworthy soul. Hallelujah! Jesus Saves. Then prayer and testimony meetings were enjoyed, and to hear close, plain preaching was a delight to my soul.

Up to the time of my conversion, I had never had anything in my Christian experience like those days of being "yoked up with Him," and I must confess, the Justified Life, enjoying the First Rest, (salvation) was a joyful experience to me. With Victory in my very soul, I made confessions and offered to make restitutions as the Lord led me.

On the 7th of December, 1895, I traveled 10 miles to my County Seat, Newcastle, Indiana, to be in session at the Prohibition Meeting, as a delegate from Dudley Township. I had promised the Lord, the night before, that the first opportunity I had I would go to an altar of prayer publicly and do the last one thing which was to make the full surrender of heart and life to Him. My righteousness had been very much like that of selfish, righteous Lot in Sodom. I was truly displeased with the unrighteous deeds of the liquor dealers but, oh, how I needed the exceeding righteousness that Jesus speaks of in Math. 5:20.

How zealous I was for reformation when really I was in great need of the New Creation. But the Lord of Life and Glory, who sent a servant from Heaven to lead Lot out of Sodom to keep him from being destroyed with the worldly multitudes, sent His Spirit on the 7th of December, 1896, to pull me into the exceeding righteousness of Grace Divine. Blessed be His Holy Name, for He is worthy of all Praise, Honor and Glory forever and ever.

When the sun arose on the morning of December 8, 1896, it shined in on one of the Lord's newborn babes in Dudley Township, Henry County, Indiana. I knew then that, by Grace Divine, He who said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out," had accepted me into His Kingdom of Love Divine. How little we know of the Great Heavenly Father's dear will when we first break with sin and quit Satan forever. But one thing we do know and that is that Jesus is the Prince of Peace, for all that accept Him as their Savior find Joy in Him and the "Joy of the Lord is our Strength," so we have peace with God through Christ, the Prince of Peace.

#### Call To Preach

Farming had been my occupation all my life and fishing and hunting were my pastime sports. I was quite well acquainted with parts of Blue River, Flat Rock, Upper and Lower Simon's Creeks, the Conall, Big Pond, West River and Martindol's Creek. I knew where to find bass, suckers, catfish, sunfish, red horse and others too tedious to name, and knew where to find quail, rabbits, fox squirrels and gray squirrels in the day time and what way to go to look for coon and opossum at night. When long nights came in the Fall of the year, I could work all day and hunt for hours at night a few nights in the week. But a little later on, the Lord called me to hunt for souls and be a fisherman, for Him, who said, "I will make you fishers of men."

One evening as I went upstairs to dress to go to Prayer Meeting, kneeling to pray, the dear Lord definitely called me to preach the Gospel of His dear Son, my blessed Lord and Savior. I did not know how a thirty-six year old farmer boy, with but little schooling, (not even a common school education) could preach the Gospel but I knew that God had spoken and that He required of me faithful obedience. So saying "Yes" to His will, He opened doors and filled my soul with Glory and Delight in doing His will, as made known to me, seeing sinners truly repent with "Godly Sorrow unto Salvation, not to be repented of," and backsliders reclaimed, taking the Scriptural way of restitution and Living Faith in the All-Powerful Son of the True and Living God.

#### Experiences In Bible School

The great mercy of God has been multiplied and manifested to me in many ways. Oh, the Love Divine that filled my unworthy soul! I was a new creature and knew Jesus to assuredly be my personal Savior from all my sins and to keep me, even though unworthy, from sinning day by day through His Grace and Power Divine. My soul delighted in the Lord and His way of Grace Divine when He had set me free from the mere form of "the legal religion," described in the seventh of Romans, by the Law of the

Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus, making me a happy possessor of the delightful experience of Divine Grace set forth in the eighth chapter where Divinity had the supremacy. Yea, where Grace rules for the Glory of God.

In this way, I walked and grew, farming and preaching as the way opened for about four years, while many trials, tests and victories came my way. And Jesus was very precious to me in those days and years. He let me have many of the things of this life that I had planned in my mind and desired to have such as, horses, cows, chickens and a little home that was so appreciated by my companion and myself, but our Heavenly Father always knows what is best for every one of His children.

So He led us to leave the little farm home and go to Bible School in Cincinnati, where Bros. M. W. Knapp and Seth C. Rees often preached the blessed and glorious gospel of full salvation from all sin. This was one of the great favors that the Heavenly Father showed me in leading me into the close association with His devoted servant *M. W. Knapp* when he was walking so close in the will of the Lord in those last years of his life on earth, in this holy warfare with Jesus, the Captain of our great salvation. And while dear Bro. M. W. Knapp suffered much false accusation, the Lord was using him to bring the True Light of the full Gospel to many souls. And my heavenly Father gave me the privilege of being one of the many that heard and heeded the call to "tarry until" the Holy Ghost came to abide in my heart on the seventh of December, 1900, just four years after the Lord had saved me from my sins and gave the experience of Justifying Grace before God, the Father. Then He, the blessed Lord of Life and Glory, baptized me with the Holy Ghost and Fire and I consider it a great mercy of God that He so led unworthy me.

Source: "Life Sketch Of John A. Butler" Edited by H. K. Underwood



## E. H. DASHIELL

(Methodist)

I was born February 1, 1873, [about 26 years prior to the printing of this testimony] – not a great while ago, you see,--in the northeastern corner of the “Old North State.” The little city of Elizabeth, forty miles from Norfolk, Va., and about as far from the Atlantic coast, claimed my father and mother, grandfather and grandmother on both sides. My paternal grandsire was a Methodist class-leader of the “old stripe,” but I was not “the son of a prophet,” my father pursuing secular walks of life to the end. How memory pictures those characters and days to me now with my own aspirations and ambitions! The old homestead, the school-house, the blooming clover yards, mother, the bed-room, my trundle bed, the little lamp that burned all night behind the chair on which my father’s clothes were laid, the hands that tucked the covers in just before my eyelids shut, the boys with whom I used to play! (Where are they now?) Memory paints a vivid picture, -- how real it all is! -- and my heart, contemplating it, calls loudly to the past, “Has all this gone from me forever?” I wait for an answer, but none is vouchsafed me save the grim echo of my own heart’s cry, “Gone from me forever.”

At the kind solicitation of my uncle, I removed to Baltimore, Maryland, at thirteen years of age, and have since made my home with him, except when away preaching. Then the latter part of my eighteenth year I realized an unmistakable call to preach, and left the stenographer’s desk for the pulpit. Three years I labored as an evangelist, then entered the Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church, South, was received into full connection, ordained deacon by Bishop John C. Granberry, and afterwards located to again engage in special evangelistic work. God has graciously sustained me in my efforts to bring glory to His name. Going forth a boy, both in years and experience, I have had nothing and no one but Jesus upon whom to depend. He has more than proven His all-sufficiency.

Grandfather, father, mother and oldest brother are dead. The old home in North Carolina is sold and desecrated. The pretty evergreen and rose bushes, and the delicate pinks and hyacinths, which were planted by my own mother's hands, are torn up by the roots and cast into the street. But so is life. All these things must come. Happy is the man who has learned to look away from them to a home beyond the stars!

My conversion and sanctification were on this wise: By the providence of God, my aunt and I attended the morning service at Central M. E. Church, South, on the second Sunday in September, eight or nine years ago. I was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but unconverted. Rev. S. W. Haddaway – now with the Lord – preached that morning, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, on “Five of them were wise.” The Spirit smote me. I sank into the convicting consciousness that my vessel had no oil. At the end of a week I attended a Holiness meeting and told them of my condition. As soon as my faith had laid hold of Christ, He, “the Sun of Righteousness,” arose “with healing in his wings. “A great calmness possessed my heart, as if Jesus Himself had spoken and said: “Peace be unto you.”

At once I was told of the “root of bitterness” and exhorted to seek its annihilation. It was not long until I saw the need of this annihilation. Entering my room one afternoon, perhaps six months after my conversion, I closed the windows, locked the door and asked the Lord to give me the grace then. Immediately the power of God was upon me to do that which my faith accepted. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

My present experience is sweet to tell. I am hiding in Jesus. The blessedness of that Place of Rest no pen can show. He holds me to His bosom. He covers me with His wing. He keeps me by His power. I rest in His LOVE. -- E. H. Dashiell

Source: “Pentecostal Messengers” by M. W. Knapp



## MERLE D'AUBIGNE

Take the case of Merle D'Aubigne, the distinguished and devout historian of the great Reformation. A well-known Baptist author, in giving this historian's experience, says:

“He saw the doctrine of the new birth theologically and as contained in Scripture; but as yet he had not known it experientially, as written in the heart. And now while at the university in Geneva he tells us that he sought and “experienced the joys of the new birth.” Being justified by faith, he had peace with God; he knew himself forgiven and accepted. But still he lacked perfect joy and the peace of God keeping his heart and mind.

“Some years after his conversion he and two intimate friends, Frederick Monod and Charles Rien, were at an inn at Kiel, where the delays of travel had detained them, searching the Word of God together for its hidden riches. D'Aubigne thus tells the story of what there passed in his own soul: ‘We were studying the Epistle to the Ephesians, and had got to the end of the third chapter, when we read the last two verses: “Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory,”etc. This expression fell upon my soul as a revelation from God. ‘He can do by his power,’ I said to my self, ‘above all that we ask, above all even that we think; nay, exceeding abundantly above all.’ A full trust in Christ for the work to be done within my poor heart now filled my soul. We all three knelt down, and although I had never fully confided my inward struggles to my friends, the prayer of Rien was filled with as much admirable faith as he would have uttered had he known all my wants. When I arose in the inn room at Kiel, I felt as if my ‘wings were renewed as the wings of eagles.’ From that time forward I comprehended that all my own efforts were of no avail; that Christ was able to do all by his ‘power that worketh in us.’ And the

habitual attitude of my soul was to be at the foot of the cross, crying to Him: ‘Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy who oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it, thou wilt even do ‘exceeding abundantly above all that I ask.’ I was not disappointed; all my doubts were removed, my anguish was quelled; and the Lord ‘extended to me peace as a river.’ Then I could comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Then I was able to say: ‘Return unto thy rest, O my soul! For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.’”

The experience of this able, learned, and spiritual Lutheran was like that of his Catholic, Presbyterian, and Methodist brethren. (1) It came “some years after his conversion,” when he had “experienced the joys of the new birth,” “had peace with God,” and “knew himself forgiven and accepted,” but realized that “he lacked perfect joy and the peace of God keeping his heart and mind.” (2) That it came instantaneously, on condition of his ceasing from his own efforts after growth into this blessing, and a “full trust in Christ” to do it all himself. (3) All his doubts were removed, his anguish was quelled, and the Lord gave him peace as a river. In a word, Paul’s wonderful prayer in Ephesians 3:16-19 was answered in his experience. (4) He knew when the blessing came. He “was not disappointed” in his faith and expectation, but was enabled to say, “The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me.”

(5) It was permanent – was an ethical fullness – as his future life and work show. One has well said: “Not less did D’Aubigne need that deeper experience and illumination [*alluded* to above] to fit him to produce the history of the Reformation – that historic exposition of the doctrine of justification by faith. There are things of God hidden in the Scriptures, diffused through human history, and inwrought with religious experience, which no intellectual acumen, however subtle, can grasp. Therefore, for every kind and quality of service we need the Paraclete.”

Source: “Scriptural Sanctification” by John R. Brooks



## ELIZABETH DAVIDSON

(Methodist)

Elizabeth Davidson, wife of Andrew Davidson, and daughter of Rev. John Meek, departed this life in great peace on the 7<sup>th</sup> of October, 1840, in the twenty-seventh year of her age. She was an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church from early life, until death dissolved her connection with all below. She had enjoyed experiential religion for several years; but her prospect of future bliss became much brighter a few months before the time of her departure. At an early period of her last affliction she felt that her days on earth were well-nigh numbered, and sought and obtained the blessing of perfect love. From that moment her soul continued “bright as noon, and calm as summer evenings are.” In her dying moments she assured her friends that her “peace was made with God,” and that

“Jesus can make a dying-bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

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



## EDWARD DAVIES

It has pleased “the God of all grace to bestow upon me many rich and glorious blessings which I would

here record to the Divine glory and the benefit of my fellow-Christians.

In a few months after I was reclaimed, at the age of seventeen years, I was deeply convicted of the need of entire sanctification; for I could see in the teachings of the Bible, and in the experience of Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, William Bramell, John Smith, and others, a state of grace that I had not yet attained. I fasted, prayed, and mortified the deeds of the body that I might reach this.

Still I found it must be received by faith; so I determined one night that I would never eat till I obtained the blessing. All alone about eleven o'clock, there came into my soul such a heaven – such a holy calm, that I knew the long-sought blessing was mine; and with it came the sweet Spirit voice testifying to my heart that my request was granted.

In the Spirit of this entire sanctification, I began to speak in public, and to prepare for the ministry, which I knew was my life-long work. In a few years my way opened to come to America, and God led me, by His Spirit, to the State of Maine, where I found the fields white unto the harvest, and I was permitted to gather many golden sheaves for the heavenly garner. God gave me success in every charge.

Source: "Guide To Holiness" Edited by Phoebe Palmer



## WILLIAM DAY

(Methodist)

My seventeenth birthday was to me the period of religious resolve. The decision was full and earnest. Being previously much devoted to sinful society and worldly amusements, I now renounced them all and gave myself up to the work for Jesus, looking to the Church to direct my efforts, and resolving to be obedient to each leading to duty. I was at once employed as Tract distributor, Sunday-school teacher and exhorter, and spent much time in visiting the sick and dying. Being "slow to believe," my experience for some months was quite indistinct, but improving by gradual development, rather than marked by any sudden transition from darkness to light. Indeed, religion appeared to me as a work to be performed, rather than as an experience to be enjoyed. That beautiful promise from the Proverbs was especially impressed upon my youthful mind, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths!"

From the results of this clear divine guidance, I found myself, in the year 1850, in the ministry of the M. E. Church. Between the doctrine of the Church and my own views there was entire harmony. I was especially delighted with the Wesleyan theory of Christian perfection, and *in theory* heartily embraced it.

In preaching on the subject, one Sabbath morning, I was met at the steps of the pulpit by a stranger, with the questions, "Please, sir, permit me to inquire, does your experience accord with your preaching? Do you enjoy the grace you have offered to us this morning?" It was with painful confusion I was compelled to confess a discrepancy which ought not to have existed.

Soon after this it was my great privilege to be pastor of the family of one of our beloved Bishops. The clear example of holiness gave intensity to my desire for full salvation, and led me to seek it as my desire for full salvation, and led me to seek it as the great want of my soul, and the highest necessity in my ministry. In much prayer and self-denial I wanted for the Heavenly baptism. And, one day, while going from Morristown, N. J., to Bernardsville, alone, at mid-day, I felt a peculiar nearness to Jesus, and looking up into the bright heavens I said, "Blessed Saviour, I do want to be entirely Thine; I cannot make this heart of mine any better; I now give it to Thee to be made pure, it is Thine now – mould it

according to Thine own will!"

The offering was accepted, and my soul filled in a wonderful manner with peace, light, love, and power!

The Christian life now, to my mind, assumed the high and inspiring aspect of communion, walking with God. And with new lustre did such passages as the following shine, "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin." Holiness, as an attainable blessing, appeared as the grand central truth of the Bible, around which all the precepts and promises revolved in beautiful harmony.

But I had not yet learned the necessity of a distinct confession of this grace.

Occupying new positions of still greater responsibilities, having committed to my charge several hundreds of members annually, some of whom panting for the light and encouragement on this subject, it was my duty, as a Methodist pastor to give, the question, "How can I meet my obligations in this particular?" became one of profound interest. Nor was it free from embarrassments. I could not -- I dared not be silent, and yet reasons, such as occur to almost every brother in our ministry, strongly discouraged the profession of it. So I resolved to try to diffuse the spirit of holiness, in a general way -- but not to encourage the profession. To meet more fully these obligations I also had a meeting on each Saturday evening for the promotion of holiness. In these meetings I read, talked, sang, and prayed about entire sanctification as a blessing which might be obtained, and encouraged aspirations for it.

And, sometimes impelled by the holy Power which came upon me, rising above my prejudices against professing, I would say to those assembled, "I do feel all given up to God, and am filled with His Spirit!" etc.

These meetings were signally accompanied with the presence and blessings of Christ. Hallowed seasons! Never to be forgotten!

But the reaping was in the same measure as the sowing, though continued for some five or six years in the city of Newark and Jersey City, not one person that I am aware of was led into the clear light of "perfect love!"

All this time I believed I had some experience of the blessing--at least was near enough to it to feel its power, and to be attracted and inspired by its glory. And often did I wish that God would raise up more Fletchers and Bramwells who would boldly declare this great salvation, and in light of those examples might be seen the living "beauty of holiness." Being deeply sensible of my own mental and physical weakness, and not knowing but that these were still more perceptible to others, and less understood, I feared that my testimony, if given, would hinder rather than advance the great cause of holiness.

During the past year, from various causes, I had been less active in promoting this blessed experience. Doubts of the expediency of professing such a state of grace increased even to expressing opposition, in more than one instance. Severely criticising the spirit and life of some, making such profession, I feared that the sacred standard of entire sanctification was being lowered -- and decided that the best and wisest course for earnest Christians was, to make the consecration to God, be obedient to the revealings of the divine Will, and thus look for the gradual developments of sanctification in the heart and life.

*But I was not at rest.* These reasonings were outside of my proper sphere, and within the chilly regions of speculation.

About two months since I was profoundly convinced that if I would fulfill my Heaven-appointed mission, I must become definite in this matter -- I must become a witness for full salvation -- then the power for which I sighed should be mine. And laying aside all prejudices, ceasing all criticisms on the

lives of those who professed it, (deeply regretting that they had ever been indulged in), I vowed before Christ in solemn covenant, that if He would bestow His mighty grace on one so unworthy, and help me to keep it, I would be a witness of it all times when His praise or the good of souls required it. Then did He uncover to me a glory I had not seen, and fill me with a peace deeper and sweeter than I had ever conceived.

I could no longer doubt the propriety, or even the necessity of giving testimony. The difficulty was to avoid making this blessing my constant theme. My poor heart seemed thrilled and melted with the hallowing flames of perfect love. Salvation in glorious floods rolled through my adoring wondering soul. I felt a tender sweetness of spirit toward every living being, and wanted to tell every friend I had ever known, “what great things the Lord had done for me.” Intensely did I desire to draw my people into the same light and liberty. Blessed be God, some of them were soon with me rejoicing in the same grace, and among them my own precious wife. Glory be to the Holy Trinity!

The rapture of emotions has of necessity, in some measure, subsided, returning at intervals, (generally when testimony is given); faith, too, has had it be tried – but it abides firm in the all-cleansing blood – and its blessed peace and strength remain, and I trust will ever remain.

Entire sanctification now appears in my mind a distinct work of the Holy Spirit, standing out most prominently as a pillar of living light, diffusing its heavenly influences through every chamber of my soul. The witness is also as clear, and far more powerful than was the witness of pardon or regeneration. “The Spirit” is imparted that I “might know the things that are freely given to us of God.”

And with it is the deep conviction, that if this blessing be retained in all its light and power, there must be distinct and unwavering testimony.

In writing these deep and most sacred exercises of my nature for publication, I almost tremble at the serious responsibilities involved, from which I would constitutionally shrink – but if they will, in the least, minister to the praise of redeeming grace, excite the aspiration, or strengthen the confidence of others – the results will more than justify the responsibility assumed in the name of Jesus.

Henceforth be it my highest ambition to be a faithful, consistent witness, to full salvation through the blood of the Lamb!

Source: “Pioneer Experiences” by Phoebe Palmer



## RUSSELL V. DELONG

(Nazarene)

“Holiness” is the state or quality of being “holy.” To be “holy” obviously means the opposite of being “unholy.” That which is unholy is evil, corrupt, unrighteous, unclean, contaminated, and sinful. To be “holy” means. To be free from such states; it means to be pure. “Holiness means pureness or purity.”

Sanctification means “to make pure or holy.” It is the act of God by which holiness becomes the result. Thus a sanctified person is a “holy” person. These terms all refer to holiness of heart, not perfectness of intellect or body.

In the light of the above I believe in and teach holiness because:

1. Holiness is clearly taught in the Holy Bible.
2. A holy God demands it.
3. Holiness is a demand of the ethical character of God.
4. Philosophically, holiness is the highest good.

5. Psychologically, holiness is the only ground for a completely integrated personality.
6. Ethically, holiness is the only sound basis and possible guarantee of right relationships.
7. Sociologically, holiness of heart is the driving power to make society clean and bring the full gospel to others.
8. Historically, it has been those who were holy or were striving for holiness who have been the spiritual revivalists.
9. Holiness is the only corrective for a sinful heart.
10. Holiness causes strife to cease within one's being and thus enables one to give himself completely to the building of the Kingdom.
11. Holiness is power. Weakness is the result of sinful termites in the soul. One has said, "I have the strength of ten because my heart is pure.
12. Holiness is the sum total of all the virtues.
13. The Church of the Nazarene, of which I am a member, teaches holiness as its cardinal doctrine.
14. My father and mother believed in holiness, experienced the glorious experience of entire sanctification, and lived holy lives.
15. Finally, and possibly the strongest argument as to why I believe in holiness – certainly the most important reason to me – is the fact that when a college student I received the blessing of entire sanctification; the Holy Spirit came to my waiting soul, purifying my heart.

For the above reasons I believe in and teach holiness.

Holiness is theologically sound; theoretically reasonable; philosophically the highest good; psychologically desirable; ethically imperative; sociologically necessary; Biblically commanded; practically satisfying; and experientially, gloriously possible.

Source: "The Second Work Of Grace" Compiled by D. Shelby Corlett



## MARY R. DENMAN

(Episcopal)

When my pastor asked me, at the age of fifteen, to be confirmed, I said, "I would like to do so, but have not met with a change of heart." His answer was: "Whence did the desire to become a Christian originate? Certainly it did not come from the Evil One." Hence he advised me to join the Church. I have always been glad that I followed his advice, for when tempted as a young lady to go into the gaiety of the world I felt the restraint, particularly during the season of Lent. As a Church member, when the communion season came around, I must partake of the Lord's Supper, and in some way I always tried to prepare my heart to receive it. After I was married I tried hard to induce my husband to join the Church, as I had done, but we were of the world and worldly.

There came a time when I realized that I did not love God with all my heart, as I was taught every Sunday it was my duty to do. I was simple-minded enough to go on my knees and ask God to teach me to love Him with all my heart. He took me at my word and taught me to do so. Soon after this, upon my return to New Orleans, I thought the church members had changed, for they all seemed so willing to talk on the subject of religion. The change was with me. This I consider was the date of my conversion. I was soon tested to know if I loved God with all my heart. He took to Himself a (my) precious daughter when she was only about four months old. This affliction I bore cheerfully, feeling that God would bless my husband, which He did, and when, six years afterward, He took him to Himself, I claimed the promises given to the widow. He has been true to His promise for over twenty years.

I still had a longing in my heart for something more satisfying. While in this state of mind I learned that a number of Christian people were coming to our city to hold a series of meetings. They were called

“higher-life Christians.” I heard one minister in these meetings tell of the “Rest of Faith” he had in his soul. My spirit responded, “That is what I want”; and, knowing that God was not a respecter of persons, I believed He would give it to me if I would meet the conditions. I sought and found this grace. I delighted in this new joy, and, desiring to meet with Christians who enjoyed the same blessing, I was invited to go to a camp-meeting. My answer was, “No; I am not a Methodist.” But the friend said, “This is not a Methodist camp-meeting; it is a national one, where all denominations meet.” I decided to go with my friend, she making all arrangements for me. I praise God for Sea Cliff camp-meeting. Having the great joy of the Savior in my heart I did not feel the need of having the roots of bitterness taken out.

But I soon saw there was something more for me, and that God was talking to my heart and questioning me, to see if my will was in subjection to His. One test was, “Would I establish the family altar on my return home?” I was in the habit of praying with my children, but establishing the family altar would involve the cross of praying before visitors, and some very worldly ones. I had said “yes” to this, when in the night came deeper questions, preparing me for temperance work. “Would I speak for Him before large congregations if my children and every friend on earth turned against me?” This I could not answer, for I felt it would cut me off from all my earthly supports. Still I found it must be answered, or I would never know peace again. I called Sister Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, who was in the next tent. She, being awake, put a blanket around herself and came to my bedside and prayed with me, making very clear to my mind that God would not ask any thing of me that He would not give me strength to perform. When my will was broken a wondrous peace came into my soul. I have often been asked, “Has this peace remained all these fifteen years? And how have you kept it?” My answer is, by saying “I will” to God, and then doing His bidding. Very soon I was called to work for Him in the temperance cause. I began by being willing to lead in ladies’ prayer meetings. After seven years constant work for the Master, when the women would not release me, the dear Lord did, by laying me up with paralysis.

But O how wondrously, He has healed me since in answer to prayer! How could I let go my faith in the Mighty arm which did and continues to do so much for me? I do not say that I have been freed from trial or temptation. These I never expect to be free from while in the body. But I can say, with St. Paul, “that with the temptation a way of escape” has always been made, and I have not lost the deep peace in my soul. I do not remember that I have ever felt power in myself to stand alone, and therefore have always looked to and expected my precious Savior to keep me. He has never forsaken me.

There was a time for about two days when Satan tried to make me think I had not received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire, because I had not had a similar experience as another dear friend. But just as soon as I got quiet before God, the Holy Spirit carried me back in mind to that night on Sea Cliff camp-ground, and I have never doubted since. I do not always experience the same joy, but it is there, down in my heart, like the water in the bosom of the earth waiting the opportunity to fill a driven well. If I were to be disobedient to His loving command, and leave Him, and look for my pleasures in other fields than He lays out for me, I should expect to lose my peace. But why should I do so, when He is my all and in all?

MARY R. DENMAN, NEWARK, N.J., October 12, 1887

Source: “Forty Witnesses” by S. Olin Garrison



T. K. DOTY

Bro. T. K. Doty of Cleveland, O.: “I was converted about forty-five years ago. I became a business man

in Cleveland, Ohio. It was there I was introduced to a Mrs. Farmer, who said to me: Do you enjoy the blessed experience of holiness? She added looking me straight in the eye, "You may have as beautiful an experience as St. Paul." I began to think about it. For about three weeks I was praying and under deep conviction, when I heard a brother get up and testify. I saw it was for everybody; that it was the Father's will that we should be sanctified. I gave up everything. I died out to self. I didn't have any great emotion, but I knew I had the experience. I went to a camp meeting, and found that they had the same thing. I didn't know but what they had something better! God cleansed my heart, and I felt so clean. I have been testifying to it for twenty-four years. Let us pray mightily that God may make this Assembly a great blessing, and that He may put His seal on this meeting."

Source: "Echoes of the General Holiness Assembly" by S. B. Shaw



## LORENZO DOW

(Methodist)

In 1796, while still in his nineteenth year, Dow was deeply convinced of his need of a deeper spiritual experience. During that year he wrote: "I never felt the plague of a hard heart as I do of late, nor so much faith as I now have that inbred corruption will be done away, and I was filled with perfect peace, and enabled to rejoice evermore."

Referring to this period, he also says: "Sometimes I was so happy, and the times so powerful, I would hope 'the winter was past and gone.' But soon it would return again." From his Journal, of Sunday, May 23, 1802, we copy the following account of how he obtained the deeper spiritual experience for which his soul was craving:

"When I was on the Orange (Connecticut) Circuit," says he, "I felt something within that needed to be done away. I spake to one and another concerning the pain I felt in my happiest moments, which caused a burden but not guilt; some said one thing and some another; but none spoke to my case, but seemed to be like physicians that did not understand the nature of my disorder; thus the burden continued, and sometimes felt greater than the burden of guilt for justification, until I fell in with T. Dewey, on Cambridge Circuit. He told me about Calvin Wooster in Upper Canada, that he enjoyed the blessing of sanctification, and had a miracle wrought in his body, in some sense; the course of nature turned in consequence, and he was much owned and blessed of God in his ministerial labors.

"I felt a great desire arise in my heart to see the man, if it might be consistent with the Divine will; and not long after I heard he was passing through the circuit and going home to die. I immediately rode five miles to the house; but found he was gone another five miles further. I went into the room where he was asleep; he appeared to be more like one from the eternal world, than like one of my fellow mortals. I told him, when he awoke, who I was and what I had come for. Said he: 'God has convicted you for the blessing of sanctification, and that blessing is to be obtained by the single act of faith, the same as the blessing of justification.

"I persuaded him to tarry in the neighborhood a few days; and a couple of evenings after the above, after I had done speaking one evening, he spake, or rather whispered out an exhortation, as his voice was so broken, in consequence of praying, in the tumult of the Upper Canada, where from twenty to thirty were frequently blessed at a meeting. He told me that if he could get a sinner under conviction, crying for mercy, they would kneel down a dozen of them, and not rise until he found peace; for, said he, we did believe that God would bless him, and it was according to our faith.

"At this time he was in a consumption, and a few weeks after expired; and his last words were as I am

informed, ‘Ye must be sanctified or be damned, and casting a look upwards, went out like the snuff of a candle, without terror; and while whispering out the above exhortation, the power which attended the same, reached the hearts of the people; and some who were standing or sitting, fell like men shot in the field of battle; and I felt a tremor to run through my soul and every vein, so that it took away my limb power, so that I fell to the floor, and by faith, saw a greater blessing than I had hitherto experienced, or in other words, felt a Divine conviction of the need of a deeper work of grace in my soul; feeling some of the remains of the evil nature, the effect of Adam’s fall, still remaining, and it my privilege to have it eradicated or done away; my soul was in an agony -- I could but groan out my desire to God – He came to me, and said, believe the blessing is now; no sooner had the words dropped from his lips, than I strove to believe the blessing mine now, with all the powers of my soul, then the burden dropped or fell from my heart, and a solid joy, and a gentle running peace filled my soul.

“From that time to this I have not had the ecstasy of joy or that downcast of spirit as formerly; but more of an inward, simple, sweet running peace from day to day, so that prosperity or adversity doth not produce the ups and downs as formerly; but my soul is more like the ocean, whilst the surface is uneven by reason of the boisterous wind, the bottom is still calm; so that a man may be in the midst of outward difficulties, and yet the center of the soul may be stayed on God; the perfections of angels are such, that they cannot fall away; which some think is attainable by mortals here; but I think we cannot be perfect as God, for absolute perfection belongs to Him alone; neither as perfect as angels, nor even as Adam before he fell, because our bodies are now mortal, and tend to clog the mind, and weigh the spirit down; nevertheless, I do believe, that a man may drink in the Spirit of God, so far as to live without committing wilful, or known, or malicious sins against God, but to have love as the ruling principle within, and what we say or do to flow from that Divine principle of love and not from a sense of duty, though subject to trials, temptations, and mistakes at the same time.”

Source: “Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians” by James G. Lawson



## LOVICK PIERCE DRISCOLL

In the winter of 1916 Rev. C. M. Dunaway came to Broughton’s Baptist Tabernacle in Atlanta, and conducted truly a great revival. On Sunday afternoon I attended the service for the first time. I do not remember what Bro. Dunaway preached about as I was under the influence of whiskey, but I know every word he said seemed to grip my hungry heart, and I got Brother Juliette, a good man, and a friend of mine, to write on a card, and ask Brother Dunaway to come to see me at the fire station, 87 North Pryor Street, on Monday afternoon. Brother Dunaway was faithful in coming, and I told him about my conversion four years prior to this time and about my call to preach, and about my limited education. He listened to me attentively, with sympathy, and he only asked me one question, “What are you going to do about it, Brother Driskell?” With tears in my eyes I told him I was done with sin. He had prayer with me. Though at that time I did not seem to get any victory. But the following Sunday afternoon I went to the service at the Baptist Tabernacle on Lucky Street. Brother Dunaway preached another mighty sermon and I made my way to the altar. God powerfully and blessedly reclaimed my tempest-tossed soul. I had to renew my vows to God, and tell Him I would preach. During the days of the past week prior to the time I was restored to the joys of my salvation it seemed like I walked over dark damnation on a spider web. What dreadful hours of remorse and condemnation accompanied my broken spirit! That memorable Sunday afternoon of January 26, 1916 when I was reclaimed it seemed for the next few weeks that I was walking on a literal sea of liquid glory. I cried, laughed and shouted aloud for the victory that had come into my life!

In the same meeting the Sunday afternoon after I was restored I went to the altar again. After making

the consecration, burning the bridges, and cutting loose the shore lines, I received a mighty spiritual baptism of the Holy Ghost and with Fire. You can call it whatever you may, but I know no better name to give it than some of the terms the Methodists used. They called it a strange heart warming, or the baptism of the Holy Ghost and with Fire... But, I know no better term for this rich experience than 1 Thess. 4:3, "For this is the will of God even your sanctification." You may call this experience whatever you may, we will not fall out about that, but God did something for my heart that afternoon that I did not receive in conversion, and I have enjoyed this rich experience for many, many years. Oh! The inexpressible joy that attended my soul! I have preached it as best I could with my limited education.

Source: "Victory Out Of Defeat" by Lovick Pierce Driscoll



## J. T. DRYE

I would like to bring you some of my own experiences of how God delivered me from a life of sin. We know that it is no great thing to look back upon our past life, how mean we were, how filthy and low down we were, how black our heart was. We say these words with an humble heart and an humble spirit when we refer back to that old sinful life back there, four or five years. We remember how we used to run from coast to coast all times of the day and night. I'll tell you friends, I was looking for something to satisfy my hungry heart. I was looking for something to fill up that empty gap there in my heart. I'll tell you I couldn't find it in fine clothes, couldn't find it in automobiles, houses or lands. I'll tell you, it was nothing but the Love of Jesus Christ that could satisfy my heart. Oh, Oh, I was miserable, I was so miserable as I traveled from place to place. I knew that I was looking for something but I didn't know what. I remember on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of September, 1939, as I went out to an old-fashioned prayer meeting, one of my friends there in my home town came by in an old A-model Ford and he had about ten or fifteen I believe in that Ford. I don't see how he could have got another one in it, but somehow or other he knew that I needed God and I piled myself in. We went out to this old-fashioned prayer meeting and I listened to those people testify to something that I had never heard of before, how God wonderfully saved them from a life of sin, how God lifted them up and the joy they were having serving the Lord Jesus Christ. Brother, my heart was heavy and the Holy Ghost began to deal with me more and more. After a while I found great tears streaming down my cheek. Glory to God! As I knelt down at that old chair that night and lifted my voice to God I began to tell God how mean I was. I told God that my heart was as black as the soot walls of hell, that I was unworthy and all that I could think about, I just lifted my hands and my voice to God that night and prayed right out. After a while there was a great glow that came upon my face, I felt the burden of black sin roll from my heart and the sweet love of Jesus came in. I rose to my feet and said, Glory to God Jesus has saved me from a life of sin. I was different than in the old sinful life. It changes a man. Jesus Christ can fix us up until the world won't even know us anymore.

I had a brother older than I. I went in the room and he had already gone to bed. I testified to him of how God had saved me that night. He had already been under conviction and he began to roll in his bed night after night. Soon he was converted. Oh, thank God for that happy hour of September 23<sup>rd</sup> when the Lord saved me.

Many of my old friends that I had been running around with, playing the game with said, "What has happened to Drye?" The world cannot understand it and the world never will understand it. Thank God.

In about a year after God saved me about 2 o'clock in the morning, I was out in the woods with two or three of my friends, good Christian brothers in Christ, praying for an old-fashioned revival. I had been

hungry and I knew that God had something better for me, I knew that God could satisfy my heart still better and I was hungering for second-blessing holiness. I began to lift my voice to God and I meant business with God. I settled it once and for all, time and eternity and I asked God to sanctify me there that night, about that time the fire of the Holy Ghost struck my heart. No one there to see me shout, no one there to see me ride those saplings over in those woods that night, but oh, God blessed me in a marvelous way and I shouted all over those woods that night. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Then my friends said I had gone crazy, but I had just found my right mind when God took the carnal mind out and gave me the mind of Christ. “If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (1 John 1:7). I walked in the light God gave me. I started out after God sanctified me, I would go up on the street corners in my home city and the surrounding cities and testify to what God had done for me. I’ll tell you those old friends I used to run around with would stand by and listen. They would say, “Drye has gone crazy, he has lost his mind, he has gone crazy over religion and he won’t last very long.” But I’m glad to say today, glory be to God, that it is still lasting. I am still going on farther up the road and enjoying old-time salvation today, better than I did in 1939 and 1940.

Source: “Religion in the Foxhole – My Life Story” by J. T. Drye



## JOHN DOUGLAS (J. D.) DRYSDALE

A truly born again soul begins immediately to manifest the fruits of the Spirit; but, before long, he becomes conscious of something in his heart which spoils his testimony and cripples his usefulness; something within him which is aptly described by George Fox as “something which would not keep sweet”...

Under the illumination of the Holy Ghost, I began to consecrate my whole life to Christ who had saved me, for I longed to be truly spiritual. One of the last things to be surrendered to the Lord was my music. For weeks that unmistakable inner voice kept saying, “Will you be a society entertainer or a soul-winner? Will you let Me have that gift entirely for My use and My glory?” I gladly let it go to the Giver. This meant a complete break with my musical friends. From that day to this, my voice has never been used for anything save His work and glory.

The deeper my consecration, the more intense became my hunger for all the fullness of God. I knew, in a very real sense, what my Lord meant when He said, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled” (Matt. 5:6)...I cared not whether I lived or died: I wanted God more than friends or fame or fortune, yea, more even than food; my whole soul was crying out for God as the hart for the water brooks.

Then, suddenly, one day some months after my new birth, on a country road between Blantyre and Uddingston, the Holy Ghost with Fire fell upon me, purging, cleansing, and filling. It was an unforgettable day, when it seemed as if the billows of God’s pure love rolled over my soul. It seemed to come in wave after wave of pure, holy love. I praised and magnified the God of heaven for such unspeakable glory. Love, love, love! I shouted and praised God with my whole being...

After that mighty baptism with His Fire, the language of my heart was, and has been ever since, “Spirit of God, my Teacher be.”

Source: “J. D. Drysdale – Prophet of Holiness”

Edited by Norman Grubb



## MRS. E. S. DUFF

...At twenty-five years of age, my hopes were about to be realized, but I wasn't yet quite ready to yield, and the Lord in His loving kindness and tender mercy laid the hand of affliction on me in August of that year, and I was brought down to the very gates of death. I lay prostrate for months, and I promised the Lord that if He would raise me up I would serve Him anyway, whether I had any experience or not. I had been waiting all these years for a big Christian experience to begin with.

I asked Him to raise me up before all the protracted meetings were over in the fall that I might have another chance to attend a revival service. That was just what the Lord was getting me ready for, but I didn't know it. So by the first of October I was able to be up, and the last of the protracted meetings of the season was announced to be held by the Cumberland Presbyterian church of the town. They had engaged an evangelist to conduct the services; he was of the Moody School, and knew God. He was the first evangelist I ever heard.

I was able to attend the third service that was held, and the Lord certainly gave him the message for me that day. I kept crying "Yes" to God, as I sat quiet in my pew. I counted the cost and accepted Jesus by faith. Hallelujah! I didn't know anything about testimony meetings, but I thought I should like to have the opportunity to make a public statement that would explain my attitude so my worldly associates would know that I had given them up. I thought that taking this stand would be a great help to me in the separation from the world that was to take place; but there was no opportunity to testify.

The evangelist, however, was invited to hold a prayer meeting at my next door neighbor's that afternoon, and I went. He shook hands with everyone and asked them if they were saved. My faith began to waver and I prayed silently, saying, "Now, Lord, help me to know what to say before he comes to me, for I don't want to deceive anybody, and most of all I don't want to be deceived myself."

When he came to me, God enabled me to say, "Yes, by the grace of God I am His child," and with that confession He opened the windows of Heaven on my soul, and I didn't have to wait for an opportunity to tell it, for it just told itself, and everything else had to give place. From that day I walked and talked with God. For six weeks I hardly knew how I lived. Heaven seemed more real than this earth.

I need have had no fear of my worldly companions seeking my society. Redeeming love was my theme from morning till night, and my friends became uneasy about me for fear my mind might become unbalanced, and they sent me away to the country for a period of isolation; but I was not alone. Hallelujah! He was teaching me the deep things of God. He separated me completely from the world. *"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."*

He brought me out that He might bring me in. His plan was to lead me straight through to Canaan by way of Kadesh-barnea, but I was too slow to understand. I thought that consecration meant doing some great and impossible thing, so like the Israelites of old I entered not in on account of unbelief. I did not understand spiritual things as I do now. So the Lord dealt with me according to the light I then had. Now, under the illumination of the Holy Ghost I look back and understand God's dealings with me in a way that I could not then understand.

So, ten years later He again led me up to the crossing of the Jordan, and there was just one thing that had to be left behind that I insisted on taking over to Canaan with me, and that kept me out of the blessing; but ten years later on the last Thursday in May, 1898, about ten o'clock, A. M., I obeyed marching orders. Leaving everything behind and surrendering everything ahead, I followed our Great

High Priest, before Whom the waters parted, and I went over dry shod. Hallelujah!

“Is not this the Land of Beulah,  
Blessed, blessed land of light,  
Where the flowers bloom forever,  
And the sun is always bright?

“I can see far down the mountain,  
Where I wandered weary years;  
Often hindered in my journey,  
By the ghosts of doubts and fears.

“Broken vows and disappointments  
Thickly sprinkled all the way;  
But the Spirit led unerring,  
To the land I hold day.”

My wanderings were spent in the wilderness of affliction, and my prayer was, “Lord make me whole in soul and body.” In some way I had a spiritual intuition that the soul-health must come first and I wished it so, and when the affliction had wrought its work and the Lord saw that I had come to a place of surrender He took me through the period of consecration, which lasted about a week. When I was through everything, I was surrendered to God, and I could say with Job, “The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.” I had given up will, reputation, home, friends, time and the little means He had entrusted to me.

Hallelujah! I had the witness of the Spirit to my consecration. I knew that everything was yielded up to God and the peace that passeth understanding came into my soul. The struggle was over. I did not know enough to ask Him to baptize me with the Holy Ghost, or to sanctify me wholly, or to give me a clean heart; but my prayer was that I might be wholly the Lord’s. He was faithful and showed me what it meant to be wholly His, and what it would cost, and He enabled me to *meet the conditions* and receive the blessing. Praise the Lord!

The following morning at about ten o’clock, while sitting alone in my room and meditating on the wonderful dealing of God with my soul, lost in quiet spiritual communion with God, the wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire came upon me. Words cannot express it. He introduced Himself. I had no doubt in regard to the identity of my Guest, and I was ready to exclaim with Jacob, “Surely, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.” Like Moses in the presence of the burning bush, I realized that I was on holy ground.

Instead of having been ushered suddenly into the presence of God, God came in the person of the Holy Ghost to make my body His temple. “For John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.” (Acts 1:5). I hoped that no one would come into the room to disturb the unbroken communion and the holy quietness of that heavenly atmosphere. I thought I could never condescend to talk of common things again, and that I must devote my whole time to the Bridegroom of my soul.

“Many beauteous names Thou bearest,  
Brother, Shepherd, Friend, and King,  
But they none into my spirit  
Such Divine support can bring.  
Wilt thou have this precious ‘Ishi,’  
Bridegroom of thy soul to be?  
He, the fairest of ten thousand,  
Waits in love to welcome thee.”

He began to teach me from that hour. (John 14:26)...He showed me the condition of the world and of the churches, and the burden was so great that I had to ask for relief. I couldn't bear it. I felt as if I were carrying the whole lost world on my heart. He taught me about Divine healing. The power of God came on my body in the night, and I thought the Lord was about to take me home to Heaven. The spiritual ecstasy was something beyond description, and I thought that condition of soul attended the death of the sanctified; but He spoke to me again, and said, "This is not death. It is Divine healing. Now, your body is healed." And I was healed from that hour. Hallelujah! I have been going for God ever since. At this time I had never come in touch with the holiness people, but the Holy Spirit had been talking to me about my lifework, and I felt that I must have an opportunity to study the Word.

Source: "Redeemed by the Blood" by Mrs. E. S. Duff



## W. C. DUNLAP

"In 1878 -- I never shall forget the day or the place -- after a long season of closet prayer, during which time I thought sure the witness (of sanctification) would come, I went out on my pastoral rounds (it was in the town of Thomson, thirty-seven miles from Augusta). On my return, visiting a widowed sister in Christ, I passed some colored carpenters at work on a house, and stopped and exhorted them on making sure of the 'House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.' About fifty yards beyond, all of a sudden I was filled with the Heaven of love. There was no great shock about it, and yet it permeated, in a second of time my whole being.

"I realized the cleansing and filling of the Holy Ghost and Fire. I knew Jesus was enthroned in my heart as King and Priest, without a rival. All unbelief was gone. I stopped in the center of the court-house square and looked at my hands and feet. I said, 'What is this?' and the Spirit answered as plainly to my spiritual consciousness as ever human voice spoke through my sense of hearing: 'This is the blessing you have been seeking; this is the blessing of perfect love.'

"I did not shout, as I had always done previously under a great baptism of the Spirit; I did not feel like making a noise; I was all dissolved in love. I wanted to put my arms around the whole world of mankind and pass them to the great heart of Jesus. I had an experience of love for every creature of God. I felt I could go into a lion's den without the least fear of harm from the wild beast. I went down to the parsonage; I embraced my wife and all my children. I felt I loved them for the first time with a pure love; I felt that I loved God with all my heart, and my neighbor -- both black and white -- as I loved myself."

Source: "The Better Way" by Beverly Carradine

[from the Enter His Rest website](#)