



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

BENJAMIN HACKNEY

About five o'clock two prayer meetings were started, one in a large Aurora tent, led by Father Coleman, and the other in a St. Charles tent, led by a boy preacher. God came in great power, and many were saved. Among the rest who attended this meeting was the Hon. Benjamin Hackney, of Aurora. He had been converted but a short time, and under the preaching of Father Coleman, had come to see the doctrine of holiness clearly, but had not yet entered into the experience. Sunday evening, just before the preaching service, he was walking back and forth across the grounds in meditation, when he met Father Coleman, and said, “Father Coleman, I've got everything upon the altar; what shall I do next?”

“Oh, just leave it there,” said the old veteran, and passed on.

Mr. Hackney resumed his walk, and his meditations. But to himself he said, “Well; that is a strange way to treat a man! Why did he not try to help me? Perhaps that is the way to do. Well; I'll do that.” He continued his walk, thinking and praying, and waiting upon the Lord. Little by little his faith took hold, and little by little came the peace of believing. The assurance began to spring up in his heart, and at last he was enabled to say:

“Tis done, thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless.
*Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.*”

The next day was a busy one with him uptown in his office, and on the campground, looking after his own tent, and a number of others he had provided for those who could not provide for themselves, and he had no opportunity to testify in public. It was the same on Tuesday, until the meeting broke up. In the afternoon while quite a company was waiting for a train, and he was superintending the removal of the tents under his care, an impromptu service was held in the altar. After awhile Mr. Hackney arose and testified. He said:

“I have dealt in railroad stocks, and canal stocks, and bank stocks, and state stocks, and in all kinds of stocks, but I never got hold of anything that yields such dividends as the stock I have in Jesus.”

Source: “The Life of John Wesley Redfield”



BRO. & SIS. HALLMARK

(Nazarenes)

Rev. Parker Maxey relates this account of a couple that he met in their later years while he was a young pastor. He states:

During pioneer days a young couple of Irish descent was homesteading in the state of Colorado. They had been wonderfully saved, and were full of the joy of the Lord. But, of course they were battling with the carnal nature, and did not know the cure. At times they would get into arguments and lose the joy. At other times, while working on the farm, the horses would step over the traces and snarl the harness.

He would get mad and beat them unmercifully. Then while convicted of his anger, he would turn the horses loose and go in the house to talk to his wife about it. Together they would pray, until he prayed through.

Finally, on one of these occasions, he went in and got his Bible, and said, "I know what God did for me. I'm going to the woods and find out if God has anything better." In the woods he first prayed through and received the joy back. Then he began finding promises in the Bible. God led him to Luke, 1:74, 75 where God promised "...that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life." Then he read in James 3:17: "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Then he turned back to the promise in James 1:5, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

While pleading with God for deliverance, his faith took hold of the promise and wonderful peace came to him. He returned to the house and testified to his wife that he had found the cure. She replied that *she would see* whether he had or not. So sweetly did he live it that in a few weeks she became deeply convicted, and sought and found the same experience.

About two or three years later, a holiness tent revival came to their area. They attended the services and heard holiness preached. He said, "That's what Mom and I got two or three years ago."

Source: "Scriptural Death-Route Holiness" by L. S. Boardman



LEONIDAS L. HAMLIN

1797 – 1???

(One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church)

Leonidas L. Hamline was born May 10, 1797 in Burlington, Connecticut, and he was converted October 5, 1828. Concerning his joining the Methodists, he writes: "Sunday, October 26, 1828, was a day of days. I joined the Methodist society on trial. God blessed me in it."

Bishop Hamline was sanctified wholly in March of 1842. His sanctification came in the height of his labors and his usefulness, and while he was fulfilling all of his known duty to God. He says that he "had been attentive to the means of grace in the closet and in the sanctuary." Still, he felt that he had been too formal in his devotions, lacking in spiritual vitality, lacking in full confidence toward God, and he felt within himself a proneness to wander, tempers not always equally subdued, and the roots of evils in his heart which, springing up, troubled him.

As the perception of his inward, spiritual need became clearer, he increased in prayer and wrestling with God. He said: "I spent several weeks much of the time before God. I felt that without a clean heart I should soon fall." Through his drawing nearer to God, God drew nearer to him and he felt an increase of spiritual power and the fruits of the Spirit. He saw the beauty and desirableness of holiness and the loveliness of God's character. Still he was not satisfied.

In March of 1842, Bishop Hamline went to New Albany, Indiana where he hoped to obtain counsel from Rev. W. V. Daniels, the pastor of the church there, who had the experience of entire sanctification. He reached New Albany on a Saturday and that evening heard a sermon on perfect love. After the sermon, he bowed with others at the altar who were seeking the blessing. On Sunday his deep struggle to obtain a pure heart continued, but still he was not sanctified wholly.

dear pastor and spiritual friend. This gay life was not one of unmixed pleasure, for I keenly felt all the way through that my spiritual life was suffering because of it. After my marriage I gave up dancing to please my husband, who strongly disapproved of that amusement. In 1864 my husband moved to Newark, N. J., and after a few years we came under the ministry of Rev. Dr. William R. Nicholson (now Bishop Nicholson), and under his earnest, spiritual teachings I found my soul greatly quickened. The entire loss of fortune and the death of my first-born son, and also of an elder brother, all within a few short years, served to draw me nearer to the Lord, and my Christian life grew sweeter and deeper.

There came a time, in 1874, when, having become a member of the Reformed Episcopal Church, I attended a ladies prayer-meeting held every week in the vestry-room. Upon one occasion, a very rainy day, I found but one dear woman at the meeting, and she told me how mightily the Lord had blessed her soul, so that she cried out to Him to stay His hand. I was completely captivated by this account. I never before had heard such an experience. The next day I was lying upon my bed resting and thinking over the wonderful story of the day before, when the thought came, "God is no respecter of persons; what He has done for her He can and will do for me." I knelt and prayed, and asked for just what I wanted, and O, how God did pour His Holy Spirit into my soul and give such a love for souls and hunger for work! I have always spoken of that baptism as "my anointing for service." I then consecrated myself fully to the Lord, and especially to the temperance work. In this state I lived an, outwardly consecrated, purified life, having the grace given me to prevent the outward manifestation of anger and kindred sins, so that even some of my most intimate friends, who enjoyed the baptism of the Holy Spirit as a distinct second experience, thought I enjoyed the same blessing. I sometimes agreed with them, but oftener distrusted having had any such experience. Finally a great hunger of soul came upon me. I knew there were in the corners of my heart things known only to myself and God, and I realized that nothing short of the "anointing which abideth" would satisfy my soul and fit me fully as a worker for God.

In July, 1880, the first assembly of the women's Holiness Campmeeting was held at Camp Tabor New Jersey. I went there with the fixed intention to get all the Lord had in reserve for me. I was under deep conviction of soul and for three days I was in an agony of tears, as one friend said, "dying hard." I held out on points which now seem very ridiculous, but then they assumed proportions which appeared serious enough. But all this time the hunger and the aching increased till I could no longer resist the pleadings of the Spirit, and then came my second consecration. I said, "Lord, all I have or all I ever will have; all I am or all I ever may be; all I know or all I ever may know I put now upon the altar." I knew the "altar sanctified the gift," and I bound my offering to the "horns of the altar" and waited for the fire. For hours forgetting all my prejudices I was prostrate in the straw. The meeting broke up, but here I remained, a few friends around awaiting the result. I am glad no one talked to me; my soul was in quiet communion with God. Finally a dear minister of God came upon the ground, and, seeing the unusual gathering, asked what it meant. Some one replied, "An honest soul seeking the blessing," and another added, "She is an Episcopalian." With great heartiness he responded, "Well, He is the God and Father of us all." Then the Fatherhood of God peculiarly struck me, and I raised my head to confirm the thought, when with the action the anointing came. I was shaken as with a violent ague; over and over and over again the shock came, finally leaving me so prostrated that I was helped over to the cottage, where I lay on the lounge for hours bathed in glory. From that hour my Christian life has been victory. I have grown year by year in the depth of experience which becomes richer and deeper and sweeter as the years roll on. I have made mistakes, but they are under the blood; I have had temptations, but early I learned that they were not sin unless yielded to. But O, the delights of a life wholly given up to God!

I have no doubt as to my conversion, that I was "born again"; that, being "dead in trespasses and sins," I was made "alive in God." At the time of my anointing for service by the Holy Spirit I was living a consecrated life of faith and active service. My sanctification was a second actual experience, and from

that time my life has been changed, is deeper, stronger, steadier, sweeter, richer. The life I have lived for the last seven years has been wonderfully free from condemnation. I have more than once done ignorantly that for which I sorrowed afterward, but handed it immediately over to the Lord and felt the blood applied. Praise the Lord! *(oversights or mistakes are not necessarily sins) TP*

ANNA M. HAMMMER, NEWARK, N.J., July 1887

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



MARTHA HANCOCK

(Methodist)

Martha Hancock, wife of J. Hancock, and daughter of Rev. B. King, died near Hancock Chapel, Iowa, April 28, 18__, in the thirty-eighth year of her age. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in her fourteenth year, and soon after experienced justifying grace. She also sought and obtained sanctification. She was confined to her room for six months. Her suffering were severe, but she bore them with Christian patience. The Sabbath morning previous to her departure she observed, "This is the most beautiful morning I ever saw. My work is finished." She talked much of heaven, and exhorted all to meet her there. Just before her departure she asked for some of the friends to be with her, after which she requested her companion to sing the hymn commencing, "Brethren, see my Jesus coming," etc.

When they had sung to the ninth verse she joined them. She then called her family and friends around her, and gave them an affectionate farewell, saying, "Had I the tongue of an angel I would tell to the ends of the earth the goodness of the Lord." When her speech failed her husband asked her to give a sign by raising her hand, if all was well. She raised both hands in token of holy triumph, and then closed her eyes in death.

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



MARY (BEVANS) HANEY

(The Mother of M. L. Haney)

My father, Rev. James Haney, was born in the County of Donegal, Ireland, about the year 1776. He and his brother Thomas came to America in 1782 with my grandfather, John Haney, and settled in Washington County, Pennsylvania. Father was of Scotch descent and reared a Presbyterian, but in boyhood his heart was turned toward the Methodists. He was married to Hanna Freeborn, and from this union there were born twelve children, nine sons and three daughters. In the year 1811, with a small company of adventurers, he removed to Ohio, where, one mile east of where now stands the town of Savannah, in Ashland County, they cut their farms from a dense beech forest.

Father was a self-made man, with less help than can now be well conceived, but he made his mark in those times as a man of unswerving integrity, as a real Christian, and an able minister. He was an ordained local preacher for nearly 50 years. He never belonged to a conference, but traveled and preached much more than pastors now usually do. I think he never received one dollar by way of compensation for his ministry. He was twice in the State Legislature, but I have no recollection of his referring to it but once! Father's natural sense of justice was marked and wonderful. I believe he would have scorned the offer of ten thousand dollars, if made on condition that he would wrong a neighbor out of one cent. I think in fifty years he never intentionally swerved a hair's breadth in business

transactions from what he saw to be right.

In August, 1820, his first wife died at the birth of her twelfth child, and three years afterward he married Mary Bevans, who the 23d day of January, 1825, became my mother...My mother was subsequently converted in her tenth year, about 109 years ago, and joined the Methodist Church under the ministry of Freeborn Garretson. Of this church she was a member eighty-three years.

She was a woman of prayer and attained a wide knowledge of the Scriptures. Private prayer and searching the Scriptures were the strongholds of early Methodists. From the time she reached her majority, till her marriage, her time was largely given to teaching. During these years she was widely recognized as a woman of strength in public prayer and exhortation. To the end of her life she possessed a remarkable interest in soul saving. I think I have never known one who surpassed her in soul travail, taking the years together.

She was always a believer in the Methodist doctrine of holiness, and always a seeker. Mentally she knew it was received by faith, but eighty-three years were put in in getting ready to believe. Practically she could not shake herself loose from the growth theory which has deceived a multitude of millions. She was strong willed and high tempered, and carried a battle of four score years against self-will and unholy anger. The years of fasting and prayer, of struggle and agony to conquer herself are amazing to contemplate. It was not till in the last week of her life, while surrounded by a group of holiness people, that she let go of it all, and allowed the Lord to sanctify her.

Source: "Pentecostal Possibilities or Story of My Life" by M. L. Haney



IRENE HANLEY

(Converted, Sanctified Jewess)

Lovingly do I dedicate this testimony of God's sanctifying grace to Brother and Sister H. Robb French, at whose camp meeting in Florida I came into this precious truth; and to Brother and Sister G. I. Norman through whose invitation and prayers I went to that camp meeting, and through whose instruction, intercession, and persistence at the altar I came into a real "death-route" experience of heart holiness.

Over 20 years ago, Feb. 12, 1954, while doing field work for a Jewish Mission Board, I was invited to a camp meeting in Florida. To my horror and disgust, I found it to be a holiness camp meeting, not "tongues" but a camp full of old-fashioned Wesleyan Methodists. I was ready to leave within one hour after my arrival, but somehow the simplicity and love of those people impressed me.

I was also deeply (and shamefully) impressed with their severe plainness in dress and their honesty with themselves concerning the carnality of the human heart. My first reaction was one of repulsion towards those poor, "deluded" souls who, I thought, were in such bondage and error of doctrine (Arminianism). Staunch Calvinist that I was, I had always felt I was holding a good standard of separated living, and for at least fifteen years I had contended for the truth that God could keep us living above the practice of sin if we were wholly yielded to Him. What I never could have previously accepted was that God could give us an experience whereby we could be free from the presence of sin in the human heart.

The blessed Holy Spirit, knowing my hungry heart and the deep-seated longing for inward purity, did not allow me to leave that camp meeting. I listened to the deep preaching of the Word. I observed the shouts of joy and the outward demonstration. In my heart I was critical although I had heard the shout of new-born souls in my own denomination (Baptist). I saw their great apparent liberty and freedom in

the Spirit, but I said to myself, “cheap exhibitionism – that’s all.”

The more I listened to the exposition of God’s Word, the more it penetrated my heart and created a fierce hunger and longing that I had never before known. My distress became greater as God began to show me the old carnal traits in my heart. He showed me that the “old man of sin” was at constant warfare with the “new man” which I had become in regeneration. I saw the black depths of my unsanctified, uncircumcised heart. I saw my pride! Maybe others did not think I was proud, and neither did I, for I called it something else. Yet only God knew how proud I was.

God showed me my lack of perfect love toward Himself, toward my brethren, and toward sinners. He showed me my haughtiness and my impatience which brought hasty words and quick spurts of temper. He revealed ungodly ambitions, envy, and jealousy. I was getting to the place where I was more anxious to prove that I was a good Baptist than a child of God.

I knew that if I did not walk in this new light from God’s revealed Word, and allow the Holy Ghost to thoroughly cleanse and deliver me from this carnal heart, I would never be a soul-winner again. I knew my missionary days were over, and that continued refusal would bring eternal damnation to my soul.

After five days of struggling, this child of God literally ran to an old-fashioned mourners’ bench. I was almost there when I tripped and fell, and I crawled the rest of the few feet to the altar. “Except a corn of wheat fall” -- but that was not all – Jesus said, “Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit” (John 12:24). This is not speaking of regeneration, for in regeneration we are given new birth. This is speaking of another experience to follow, that is, death to the old self-life. Thus in actual experience, not only in position, do we become identified with Him in crucifixion. After I said Yes to the Lord concerning every avenue of my life, and surrendered my whole heart, body, and soul, He sent a mighty cleansing, purging, baptizing fire through my being that completely altered my life and future. For over three hours I lay prostrate before the Lord, unconscious of all human surroundings.

Fanaticism? Ah, nay, for was this not the experience of Moses, David, Isaiah, the disciples, the apostles, and Paul? No, this is as far from fanaticism as Calvinism is from Arminianism. I do not believe that “tongues” is the evidence of the baptism with the Holy Ghost and Fire. Nor do I believe in sinless perfection, angelic, or absolute perfection, as holiness people are accused of believing, but I do believe in sanctification – for He sanctified me wholly.

I used to think holiness people were proud Pharisees, a people who were always patting themselves on the back and in essence saying, “Look how good I am; look how holy I am; by my own spiritual achievements and attainments God is obligated to take me to Heaven.” But I found that the reverse is true. This experience of entire sanctification has brought me to the depths of my utter nothingness. God shows me that only by my constant decreasing can He become preeminent in my life. More and more do I realize the preciousness of His shed blood, realize that apart from His mercy, His grace, His atoning, sanctifying blood, I cannot stand for one moment. He has multiplied my fruitfulness, stabilized my joy, and completed my victory. He has brought me into an experience that I had always been taught could not be mine until I died. Well, it’s true – it could not have been mine until I “died” -- but when I did die two years ago I entered into the experience of Hebrews 4:9, “There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.” Oh, the preciousness of this! Canaan rest! Oh, the sweetness of ceasing from inward strife and struggling! Oh, the satisfaction of being inwardly clean and free! The past 20 years have been the most abundant and rich in all the 41 years I have known the Lord.

I praise Him for leading me into this “old-fashioned” way. The modern, glamorous, Hollywood type of popular holiness would never have appealed to me. God had given me convictions when He saved me that helped me then to live higher than the majority of “professing” holiness people do today. I thank Him for the precious saints like the Frenches, the Normans, the Allegheny Conference saints, and many

others, who have held to the “old paths.” Without their examples, we younger ones in the movement could never have known what the “old-fashioned” way of sanctification was like.

Remember me in prayer as I witness, first, to my own – the Jewish fold – and then to the Gentiles.

Source: “How a Jewess was Called Unto Holiness” by Mrs. Irene Hanley



RICHARD HARGRAVE

(Methodist)

Salvation is the same in all ages and in all hearts. Under impulses of devotion, the Psalmist demands, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?” Many Zion travelers, on reviewing the journey of past life, feel their gratitude (like that of David) welling up into songs and utterances of praise “to Him who died for them and arose again.”

Thus memory leads me back near forty-seven years, when first I felt the pulses of divine life thrill through my being, and “a live coal” from off the altar of God’s grace touched my tongue to praise; and I said, “God hath forgiven all my iniquities.” Then “the humble heard thereof, and were glad.” Who expects the justified soul to live in the enjoyment of the blessing without professing it? It is just as delusive for us to expect the sanctified to live in the continuous enjoyment of that richer blessing without professing it. If it was my duty, in youthful days, to tell that the Lord had done for my soul, surely it is both my privilege and duty, in age, to tell -- “in meekness and fear” -- the story of riches and increasing love.

More than three years ago, the subject of holiness became the absorbing thought of my mind. I read much upon the subject, and prayed in agonies of untold desire for the blessing of a clean heart. My convictions for inbred sin were deep and painful, and still increased the more I prayed. “The beauties of holiness” were all the time attracting me on to their attainment and enjoyment. I was conscious during the time that I was growing in grace, and different times I did in substance receive the blessing of a clean heart; but I did not rest in it, and “commit my way to the Lord.”

The 9th of July, 1866, the struggles of my poor soul subsided into an implicit resting in God for a full salvation. On that memorable night, I had renewed my consecration-vows before God in all things and for all things pertaining to holiness. A sense of my need of divine aid took all self-dependence out of my soul. A strange tenderness and contrition filled me. Tears flowed more sweetly than ever before in my life. I seemed to be little,--about the size of Samuel, when he said, “Speak Lord: thy servant heareth.” And I was in a like state of expectancy with Samuel, intensely looking for the blessing of a clean heart from the Lord. Suddenly faith seemed to grow massive and strong; and I said, “I will never give up my confidence in God.” There was a power in that resolve more than mine: but all my soul was in it; and my weakness consciously joined itself to the divine strength, and an aspiration went up equal to the attainment of the blessing. Coincidentally, *a current of heavenly love streamed through my whole being; like fire, it permeated soul and body. My rapture was unutterable. A weight of glory came on me, and I felt as if my physical powers would be entirely prostrated under it. I sank to the floor; and the unearthly emotions gradually merged into “the peace of God that passeth all understanding,” “keeping my heart and mind through Christ Jesus.” “Thanks be to God for the unspeakable gift.”*

Then a light rested upon the promises of God; this one especially: “That ye may be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man.” “To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.” These also: “Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass.” “Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.” I looked anxiously toward results, as Moses did when imploringly he cried, “Oh,

send me not up unless Thy presence go with me!” How tender the response that comes, “My presence shall go with thee, and give thee rest!” Again God says, “On all my glory there shall be a defense.” Enough: this is all that my soul needs. With an unyielding grasp, my faith shall ever cling to these divine vouchers. “What am I, and what is my father’s house,” that, although I have lingered threescore and two years, I should find such favor in the soul-cleansing blood of Christ? “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

Lord, spread this salvation abroad
Till all shall acknowledge thy sway.
And join thy salvation to laud, –
The Life and the Truth and the Way;
Till nations and isles of the sea
Shall hail the millennium of peace:
From erring idolatry free,
Then discord and envy shall cease.

The wolf shall repose with the lamb,
The kid by the leopard recline,
Appeased through Emanuel’s name,
United in friendship divine:
One song shall be carolled all around
This earth, robed in vestals of peace;
To Christ all the glory redound,
While man shares the Eden of bliss.

Source: “Pioneer Experiences”



GEORGE R. HARRIS

(Wesleyan)

[At the time this testimony was written, George R. Harris was superintendent of the Penn-Jersey District of The Wesleyan Church.]

While still in my teens God, in a way unique to His wonderful grace, brought me into contact with persons and circumstances which were to become instruments of salvation to me.

With a “holiness oriented” background I was a forced conformist rather than a free convert. During a Sunday evening revival service, the Spirit of God reached me during a message from Rev. 20:11-15. As I bowed before the “opened books,” I found a clear and beautiful witness that my name had been written in the book of life.

Amid a desire for all of God’s will I began reading, praying, fasting, loving, and witnessing in a way which produced the fruit of conversion among some who had been my friends in a life of sin.

Following a period of exciting growth while walking in complete obedience, on a memorable afternoon in our old barn, *God came in what was my personal assurance of cleansing and confirmation of His call into His service.*

Shortly thereafter I was again kneeling at the altar of a “name” evangelist – this time, however, with a young friend whom I was assisting in coming to Christ. The evangelist, knowing nothing of God’s dealings with me, immediately – assumed I was seeking holiness, for this had been his subject.

When I told him how the Lord had met my need previously and that I had brought my friend to find the

Saviour, he was most reluctant to accept this and began insisting upon the necessity of my knowing that I was sanctified.

One sentence could not describe the darkness this evangelist's "unbelief" created for me. His system, it seemed, could accommodate only what God did according to its own rule. His gospel had formulated its own law of seeking and that was the public altar. (the evangelist dogmatically

Fortunately, once again the witness came clearly through the gloom. That early encounter with the letter which killeth, perhaps more than any other thing, brought alive to me the fact that life is in the Son rather than the system....

Source: "And They Shall Prophecy" Compiled by George E. Failing



JOHN WILLIAM HARRIS

Early in the spring, 1899, I began my second revival at Mount Nebo. In various ways I had been greatly tried, and more and more felt the need of a deeper work of grace. At times I believed that I was sanctified because I preached with the unction of the Holy Spirit, but doubts would arise. I could not point definitely to any time or place that I had received, by a clear witness of the Spirit this second work of grace. Although at times, I would have a great spiritual uplift and encouragement, and though I still preached with liberty, yet spiritual darkness hung over me as a great pall at times, and my soul longed to be filled with the perfect love of God, so I began to seek it definitely, promising the Lord I would do anything he showed me. I was strongly impressed that I should go to the altar and seek it with others. At first I protested that it would cause the people, especially the new converts, to lose faith in me and so make abortive all my spiritual work in the church inasmuch as I had definitely preached it. *Now the spiritual gloom settled over me like midnight.* Then I said, "I will go to the altar though my name be cast out as evil." After I had preached, I went to the altar. I was there only a few moments in silent prayer when I was prompted of the Spirit to stand up and tell what I was seeking. I now cared nothing for what men should say, only that I might be wholly sanctified. Arising and facing the large audience, I said, "Men and Brethren----" but *at that moment a great peace filled my soul, and I could say no more.* It was the peace of God. Although at the time I did not comprehend what had happened and thought the darkness would return. But it did not, for the presence of the Holy Spirit abode, filling my heart with joy and gladness.

Source: "Tears And Triumphs" by John William Harris



JAMES HARRIS

(Of Canada)

"I thank God that I was wholly sanctified nearly fifty years ago in a little village in Canada. I had no idea I would meet with any opposition, but sometimes during that time, I have had to stand almost alone along these lines.

"You have given me a big territory about which to speak, everything above your Northern boundary, except Alaska. I want to tell you that holiness is there. We are spreading holiness throughout that country, and God is blessing us."

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



EDWARD PAYSON HART

(Second Bishop of the Free Methodist Church)

Mother Cobb was instrumental in the sanctification of Edward Payson Hart. Concerning his second crisis experience, Hart wrote:

“...About three weeks after my conversion I went one day to an afternoon meeting, feeling all through my soul, I had lived up to the grace I had received; but something more must be done for me. In speaking, I told the brethren and sisters just how I felt. Mother Cobb, one of God’s D. D.’s jumped to her feet and exclaimed, ‘The young man needs the experience of entire sanctification.’”

Hart had seen how some others during the meetings of Dr. Redfield had seemingly been sanctified through earnest groaning and tears. He fell to his knees and began in such a manner to implore the Lord to sanctify him. This, however, in his case, was not how God meant to deal with him, and it was only after the Holy Spirit managed to get his attention and his positive answers to some probing questions that he was sanctified wholly:

“...As these tests were brought to bear on my heart I saw God was not to be put off with strong crying and tears, but demanded unconditional surrender. I cried, ‘Yes, Lord, I’ll go anywhere, be anything, or do anything, only cleanse me.’ Just then the faith took hold in appropriating power and ‘the peace of God which passeth all understanding’ took possession of my soul ... Three days after I went to an afternoon meeting. They were having a season of prayer. I knelt at a front seat. The suggestion came that I should pray. Then the thought came, ‘If you do, the people sitting in the back of the church will look you right in the face’; but I said, ‘*I am God’s man, and opened my mouth to pray; but before I could utter a word down came the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire ... and for several hours I could do nothing but shout the praises of God.*’”

Source: “Master Workman” by Richard R. Blews



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

(Church of England)

One day Frances received in a letter a tiny book with the title, “All for Jesus.” She read it carefully. Its contents arrested her attention. It set forth a fullness of Christian experience and blessing exceeding that to which she had yet attained. She was gratefully conscious of having for many years loved the Lord and delighted in His service; but there was in her experience a falling short of the standard, not so much of a holy walk and conversation as of uniform brightness and continuous enjoyment of the divine life. “All for Jesus” she found went straight to this point of the need and longing of her soul. Writing in reply to the author of the little book she said: “I do so long for deeper and fuller teaching in my own heart; ‘All for Jesus’ has touched me very much. I know I love Jesus, and there are times when I feel such intensity of love to Him that I have not words to describe it. I rejoice, too, in Him as my ‘Master’ and ‘Sovereign,’ but I want to come nearer still, to have the full realization of John 14:21, and to know ‘the power of his resurrection’ even if it be with the fellowship of His sufferings. And all this, not exactly for my own joy alone, but for others. So I want Jesus to speak to me, to say ‘many things’ to me, that I may speak for Him to others with real power. It is not knowing doctrine, but being with Him, which will give this.”

God did not leave her long in this state of mind. He Himself had shown her that there were “regions beyond” of blessed experience and service; had kindled in her very soul the intense desire to go forward and possess them; and now, in His own grace and love, He took her by the hand and led her into the goodly land. A few words from her correspondent on the power of Jesus to keep those who abide in Him from falling, and on the continually present power of His blood (“the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin”) were used by the Master in effecting this. Very joyously she replied: “I see it all, and I have the blessing.”

The “sunless ravines” were now forever passed, and henceforth her peace and joy flowed onward, deepening and widening under the teaching of God the Holy Ghost. The blessing she had received had (to use her own words) “lifted her whole life into sunshine, and all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April merely gleams, compared with the brilliance of summer glory.”

The practical effect of this was most evident in her daily, true-hearted, whole-hearted service for her King, and also in the increased joyousness of the unswerving obedience of her home life, the surest test of all.

To the reality of this I do most willingly and fully testify. Some time afterward, in answer to my question, when we were talking quietly together, Frances said: “Yes, it was on Advent Sunday, Dec. 2, 1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you see you can never unsee. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other. He Himself showed me all this most clearly. You know how singularly I have been withheld from attending all conventions and conferences; man’s teaching has consequently had but little to do with it. First, I was shown that ‘the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,’ and then it was made plain to me that He who had thus cleansed me had power to keep me clean; so I just utterly yielded myself to Him and utterly trusted Him to keep me.”

I replied that it seemed to me if we did thus yield ourselves to the Lord we *could not take ourselves back again*, any more than the Levitical sacrifices, once accepted by the priest, were returned by him to the offerer.

“Yes,” she rejoined, “just so. Still, I see there can be renewal of the surrender, as in our communion service, where we say: ‘And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies.’ And there may also be a fuller surrender, even long after a surrender has once, or many times before, been made. He has brought me into the ‘highway of holiness,’ up which I trust every day to progress, continually pressing forward, led by the Spirit of God. And I do indeed find that with it comes a happy trusting, not only in all great matters, but in all the little things also, so that I cannot say ‘so and so worries me.’

“I would distinctly state, that it is only as and while a soul is under the full power of the blood of Christ that it can be cleansed from all sin; that one moment’s withdrawal from that power, and it is again actively because really sinning; and that it is only as, and while, kept by the power of God Himself that we are not sinning against Him; one instant of standing alone brings a certain fall! But (premising that) have we not been limiting the cleansing power of the precious blood when applied by the Holy Spirit, and also the keeping power of our God? Have we not been limiting 1 John 1:7, by practically making it refer only to the ‘remission of sins that are past’ instead of taking the grand simplicity of ‘cleanseth us from all sin? ‘All’ is all; and as we may trust Him to cleanse from the stain of past sins so we may trust Him to cleanse from all present defilement; yes, all! If not, we take away from this most precious promise, and, by refusing to take it in its fullness, lose the fullness of its application and power. Then we limit God’s power to ‘keep’; we look at our frailty more than at His omnipotence. Where is the line to be drawn beyond which He is not able? The very keeping implies total helplessness without it, and the very cleansing most distinctly *implies defilement without it*. It was that one word cleanseth which

opened the door of a very glory of hope and joy to me. I had never seen the force of the tense before, a continual present, always a present tense, not a present which the next moment becomes a past. It goes on cleansing, and I have no words to tell how my heart rejoices in it. Not a coming to be cleansed in the fountain only, but a remaining in the fountain, so that it may and can go on cleansing.

“Why should we pare down the commands and promises of God to the level of what we have hitherto experienced of what God is able to do, or even of what we have thought He might be able to do for us? Why not receive Gods promises, nothing doubting, just as they stand? Take the shield of faith, whereby ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; He is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things”; and so on, through whole constellations of promises, which surely mean really and fully what they say.

“One arrives at the same thing, starting almost from anywhere. Take Philippians 4:19, ‘your need’: well, what is my great need and craving of soul? Surely it is now (having been justified by faith, and having assurance of salvation,) to be made holy by the continual sanctifying power of God’s Spirit; to be kept from grieving the Lord Jesus; to be kept from thinking or doing whatever is not in accord with his holy will.”

“Oh what a need is this! And it is said ‘He shall supply all need;’ now shall we turn around and say all does not mean quite all? Both as to the commands and the promises, it seems to me that anything short of believing them as they stand is but another form of ‘Yea, hath God said?’

“Thus accepting, in simple and unquestioning faith, Gods commands and promises, one seems to be at once brought into intensified views of everything. Never, O never before, did sin seem so hateful, so really intolerable, nor watchfulness so necessary, and a keenness and faithful constancy of watchfulness too, beyond what one ever thought of, only somehow different, not a distressed sort but a happy sort. It is the watchfulness of a sentinel when his captain is standing by him on the watchtower, when his eye is more than ever on the alert for any sign of the approaching enemy, because he knows they can only approach to be defeated. Then, too, the all for Jesus comes in; one sees there is no half way; it must be absolutely all yielded up, because the least unyielded or doubtful point is sin, let alone the great fact of owing all to Him. And one cannot, dare not, be evasive with sin. I know and have found that even a momentary hesitation about yielding, or obeying, or trusting and believing, spoils the effectiveness all; the communion is broken, the joy vanished; only, thank God, this never need continue even five minutes; faith may plunge instantly into the fountain that is open for sin and uncleanness,’ and again find its power to cleanse and restore. Then one wants to have more and more light; one does not shrink from painful discoveries of evil, because one so wants to have the unknown depths of it cleansed as well as what come to the surface. ‘Cleansed me thoroughly from my sins’; and one prays to be shown this. But so far as one does see one must ‘put away sin’ and obey entirely; and here again His power is our resource, enabling us to do what without it we could not do.

“One of the intensest moments of my life was when I saw the force of that word ‘cleanseth.’ The utterly unexpected and altogether unimagined sense of its fulfillment to me, on simply believing it in its fullness, was just indescribable. I expected nothing like it short of heaven. I am so thankful that, in the whole matter, there was as little human instrumentality as well could be, for certainly two sentences in letters from a total stranger were little. I am so conscious of His direct teaching and guidance through His Word and Spirit in the matter that I cannot think I can ever unsee it again. I have waited many months before writing this, so it is no new and untested theory to me; in fact, experience came before theory and is more to me than any theory.”

From a tract published by James H. Earle, Boston, written by the sister of Miss Havergal, and entitled “F.R.H.’s Experience.”

Source: “Forty Witnesses” by S. Olin Garrison



EMMA HILLMON HAVILAND

(Free Methodist)

...The first winter after my conversion, I knew something of the joy of sins forgiven. But beyond that, following the example of older members, I made many “crooked paths.”...When I was about the age of eighteen, I was converted over again in a Methodist protracted meeting, and shortly after attended a series of holiness meetings at a schoolhouse two miles from the one in which I was teaching, walking the distance every evening after school. This was my earliest teaching on holiness. The more I heard, the more convinced I became that this is a Bible doctrine; but former teaching and deep-rooted prejudice, not only on my own part, but also in family and friends, kept me for some time from seeking the experience.

At last all social barriers were swept away, in my intense longing for the experience. In the deep conviction which now came upon me, I seemed suddenly to have lost all the religion which I possessed. Instead of feeling better, as a result of attending these meetings, I felt worse and worse, and, not understanding at the time the nature of conviction for holiness, I was much alarmed about my condition. In sheer desperation, I “flung myself recklessly out” on the promises of God, still much in doubt as to whether they would sustain me. But, thank God, I found solid rock beneath my feet. Every promise is “yea and amen to every one that believeth.” The great transaction was wrought in my inmost soul!

My school teaching thereafter took a new coloring, combining with my former ambition for the mental improvement of my pupils, a deep interest in their spiritual welfare. At school functions, also, I felt called upon to stand out as a witness for Christ, at least by my plain, unassuming dress, which the Spirit now led me to adopt. I was not, for some months, a member of the Free Methodist Church, but was mistaken for one everywhere I went.

Source: “Under The Southern Cross” by Emma Hillmon Haviland



DR. HAVILY

If sanctification is by growth, then we must have time to grow, which would necessitate a guarantee of life for the period that it takes to grow into the experience. If it takes forty years to grow into the blessing, then we must have a guarantee that we will live forty years after we are converted. Suppose it should take forty years to grow into holiness, and one is converted and lives only thirty years and dies, then he would miss the blessing by ten years. And if holiness is an absolute necessity to get to heaven, or to see God, which the Bible says, then what? He has missed heaven by ten years, has he not? We have heard of and read of people getting converted on their death bed. If it is by growth, what about them? My dear reader, the growth theory is a subtle theory and is void of Scripture, or good reasoning, or human experience to sustain it. We remember an old Methodist minister, once a pastor and then a flaming evangelist in Ohio and through the East, who won for himself quite a reputation. His name was Dr. Havily. After he had been an ordained minister for sixty years and had worn himself out in the work of the Lord, he attended one of my meetings near Lawrence, Texas, and was sanctified by consecration and faith, *and testified that he got in one second what he had tried to grow into for sixty years.* He died a year after in the fullness of the blessing. Bless God, you can have it when you pay the price and believe. Growth is too slow a process for the Lord to work by. He speaks and things are brought to pass; He is able to sanctify in a lightning flash. The Psalmist says: “Create within me a clean heart.”

Psa. 51:10.

Source: "Christ In You, The Hope Of Glory" by J. B. McBride



R. W. HAWKINS

(Methodist)

The influence of the Holy Spirit, and the conviction that I was called to preach the Gospel, are among the earliest recollections of my life. Receiving the truth from my parents in infancy, I had a consciousness of acceptance with God during all the years of my childhood, except at short interval, when convinced of sin and reprov'd by the Spirit; which, being followed by repentance of faith, restored me to favor again.

At the age of thirteen, I made a public profession of religion, by uniting with the Church, and, from that time, until my seventeenth year, maintained a Christian character before the world, but was sometimes under condemnation, from departures both in spirit and in practice. I always desired to be released from the work of the ministry; but, being then more urgently pressed in spirit, I vowed, that, when the fullness of time should come, I would obey the call. About the same time, I began to go into society, and, during the following year, gradually yielded to temptation, withdrew from the Church, and for two years indulged in the follies and vices of the world. The Spirit appeared to be so entirely withdrawn, that, while I sinned against light and knowledge, it was without remorse. In considering this, it became evident that I should never again be moved by the Holy Ghost, until from a conviction of duty only, I returned to do my first works. I began, at once, but coming out from the world, and being separate, and touching not the unclean thing, believing, the promise, "I will receive you;" but, for two years subsequently, I found neither delight in the things of God, nor communion with Him. For many months, I endured the most terrible spiritual conflict of my life, being so frequently overcome that I loathed myself in dust and ashes; but God, who is rich in mercy, had compassion upon me, and rebuked the adversary.

On one occasion, while enjoying sweet communion with Him, the thought arose, "Why might not this be my continual experience?" I had no previous knowledge of a higher state of grace, or the name by which it was called; yet I longed for purity of heart with an intense longing. Then came an almost overwhelming revelation of my deep depravity. Compared with past experience, I saw, as with microscopic vision, the exceeding sinfulness of sin I could not contemplate my greater sins; and what had once been considered trifles appeared in their true light. These trifles were the idols which prevented a perfect consummation; but one by one they fell, till the sacrifice was complete. In reading "Faith and its Effects," the declaration, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin," was presented, that I began to believe. Simultaneously a little ray of bright light descended from above, and rested upon me; and I felt the witness of the Spirit that I had believed unto the saving of the soul. I continued to read; and the thought was suggested, that so simple an occurrence would soon pass away, and be forgotten; but my faith failed not, and I was enabled to witness a good confession before many witnesses.

My vow to preach the Gospel had ever been held sacred; the fullness of time had come, and having, obtained help of God, I continue to this day. Greater conflicts came with greater power, and my faith was tried "as gold tried with fire," "as silver tried in the furnace of earth, purified seven times."

Having lived for a season, without the slightest cause of condemnation, I began to rest with satisfaction in the fact that touching the law, I was blameless; and when it is difficult to judge whether the spirit had yielded, in any degree, to temptation, the tendency was to establish my own righteousness; but the Spirit taught me to say, with Paul, when speaking of his own righteousness, "Those things which were

me.” And the Spirit said, “What did God call you to?” The Judge said, “He called me not unto uncleanness but unto holiness.” And the spirit said, “Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it,” and Judge Hay, with his face looking like a full moon, sprang to his feet saying, “He does it! He does it!” and the Holy Ghost came in to take the throne, and he was sanctified in a flash. In fifteen days more than one hundred souls plunged into the fountain of salvation, and many were sanctified. I have never known a more devoted, holy and faithful soul than this man. He was an inspiration to all the saints. He often got blessed and shouted aloud to the glory of God. Five years after that, as we were boarding the train in Des Arc, his home town, he put his arms around my neck and said to me, “I have a premonition that I will never see you again, but if I do not I will be at the Eastern Gate to bid you welcome home.” About a month after that, while we were in another state in a meeting, we received a message saying, “Judge died in the triumph of faith, saying, ‘Holiness is not only good to live by, but gives one a passport into heaven’. And after a brief conversation with his wife, he went home to God.” In Brother Hay the Holiness Movement had one of the best friends it has ever known. In the preceding meeting at Des Arc, Missouri, we had one hundred and fifty souls saved and sanctified just as definitely and as instantaneously as that of Judge Hay, as Brother Clark will remember, and thus began the holiness work in Southeast Missouri that is still sweeping on.

Source: “Christ In You, The Hope Of Glory” by J. B. McBride



BRADFORD HENSHAW

(Bible Missionary Church)

I finally came to the place where the only trouble I was having getting sanctified was faith. Evangelist E. E. Michael was preaching a revival in Davenport, my home church, and I had been at the altar every night; but the praying was all prayed and the death-route was behind me. I was consecrated, on the altar, and dead as far as a man could die. But the “route” does not sanctify. Crucifixion of the carnal nature is an act of God. I had to trust God to sanctify me through His truth: I had to take Him at His word. (See: “Death-Route Holiness” on the “Ichabod” page)

Besides preaching in the Davenport church every night, Brother Michael was also preaching in chapel every day at school. One morning, I walked into chapel and something unusual was happening; everybody was standing in silence and awe. None of the faculty nor Brother Michael had come in yet, but God was on the scene so mightily that no one could sit down. The hallway outside the chapel was a rush of hubbub and chaos with the changing of class; but as the students stepped into the chapel, each was immediately impressed with holy reverence. All was silent and glorious. The piano and organ began softly. Someone in the congregation started to sing and we all joined the song of praise and adoration. Soon the staff arrived and the college president, B. M. Loftin, stepped to the pulpit. All went quiet. “We don’t need to go any further this morning. God is here,” he smiled. “If you have a need in your heart, this would be a good time to pray it through.”

The chapel seats began to empty as the students moved to the aisles and toward the front. A full thirty percent of the student body was trying to find room around the altar area to pray. By the time I reached the front, the platform and altar were filled with seekers. The first two rows of chairs were filled and every available space was occupied by a kneeling student. I decided I would have to lie down under the piano as that was the only empty space I could find.

“Lord,” I said, “I’m here to be sanctified.” And that was it. Any other praying would have been redundant. I was all on the altar and now it was up to God. I waited.

God was on the scene mightily, but after a few moments, I was aware that He was under the piano in a

special way. He had come down to where I was and was encamped upon my very soul.

“It’s the Holy Ghost,” I said to myself. When I acknowledged Him, He settled right on me. “It’s the Holy Ghost! He is right here over me.”

“NO!” screamed the devil. “It’s not the Holy Ghost!”

“It is the Holy Ghost,” I resisted, and with that the Spirit of God came even closer. “It’s the Holy Ghost, and He has come to sanctify me.”

“NO! NO!” Satan yelled. “IT’S NOT HIM. HE’S NOT GOING TO SANCTIFY YOU!”

“Of course it’s Him,” I countered. I would have been lying to have said otherwise.

“He’s not going to sanctify you!” shouted the adversary.

“Well, sure He is,” I was positive. “That’s what He’s here for.” And in that moment the Spirit of God slipped silently into my heart.

Satan murmured something unintelligible and left.

I lay there for a long minute and finally God asked, “Did I sanctify you?”

“Yes, Lord.”

“You’re sure, now?” He asked sweetly.

“Yes, Lord, I’m sure.”

“Well,” He seemed to say, “Why don’t you get out from under the piano?”

I started to get up, but before I found my feet, the glory struck my soul, and I had to hold on to the corners of the piano for fear I would bounce off through the crowded altar area. I could never describe how I felt, but how I felt is not so important as the actual work that was done. My heart was cleansed from inbred sin. In an instant, under that piano, my nature was changed by the incoming of God’s Holy Fire. The body of sin was eradicated and the Holy Ghost took up residence in my heart. In the vessel which had once echoed (in emptiness?) for the filling of God, there was now a resounding harmony as creature and Creator came together in one.

Source: “Scriptural Death-Route Holiness” by Rev. L. S. Boardman quoting from “The Rocks Cry Out” by Brad Henshaw



NOAH BENJAMIN HERRELL

(Nazarene)

Noah Benjamin Herrell -- “Man of Perpetual Youth” -- was born at Miami, Indiana, March 8, 1877. He came from sturdy Virginian stock and was educated in public schools. As a youth he found Christ as his Saviour and Sanctifier. Very early in life he answered the call to the ministry. His wife, Lillian, who had been ordained by Dr. R. T. Williams, in 1917, was a worthy helpmate and able preacher. They worked together as a blessed team. Their youthful, enthusiastic spirit fit wonderfully into soul-winning promotion.

As an author, N. B. Herrell wrote two books, Christ at the Controls and The Way of Christian Prosperity. Both volumes had wide sale.

Brother Herrell will be remembered as, a strong pulpiteer on all Bible themes, mostly on holiness, and

stewardship. He was a valued counselor and friend. But perhaps his, songs will be used and remain with the church more than any other portion of his spirited ministry.

Most of the sixty-one songs written by N. B. Herrell, listed at the Nazarene Publishing House, were born in the heat of the battle as he fought for the worthy cause in his pioneer ministry. Among the outstanding of these are: “The Unveiled Christ,” “My Ivory Palace Home,” “God Bridged Death’s Stream,” “Sweeter than Them All,” “Jesus Will Stand by Me Then,” “Steal Away with Jesus,” “It’s So,” “Forward, Ever Forward,” “Jesus the Nazarene,” and “The Grand Excursion.”

Brother Herrell suffered a heart attack when he was pastor at Arlington, Virginia; this caused his retirement. He departed to his “Ivory Palace Home” from Pasadena, California, on Mother’s Day, May 10, 1953. Songs of his, composing were sung at the funeral. He was laid to rest near Bud Robinson, C. E. Cornell, A. M. Hills, J. W. Goodwin, and O. J. Nease, fellow ministers.

Dr. S. T. Ludwig said of him:

“Brother Herrell was, amenable to authority. He believed in the leadership of the church, sought its counsels, and promoted the whole program of the Church of the Nazarene. He was one of the most loyal men I have ever known. He was not afraid to tackle hard tasks. In his later years, at the request of the church, he undertook problems beyond the limit of his strength, yet under God was eminently successful.”

Source: “Our Pioneer Nazarenes” by C. T. Corbett



LAWRENCE B. HICKS

(Nazarene)

I well remember that after God saved me, about six months later, there came a historic picture to the Franklin theater. I was approached to drive the automobile for friends to see that historic picture. They were all aware that I had distinct scruples against the theater. I walked the floor that afternoon and fought one of the hardest battles of my life. Satan informed me of my love for English history. The arguments arose that this picture was different. The enemy said, “You’ve read a lot of English history, and this is a story of an English king, you can go sit through the show and commit no sin whatever!” After some hours I was almost convinced to give in and go. Even at that early date in my experience in the way of Christ, the enemy did not fail to suggest that I was becoming too narrow. I decided that I would not go, then changed my mind and decided I would go, then was soon back on the negative side of the question and so on. Satan wants nothing better than to confuse the young child of God. But, somehow, thank God, that will within me sat on the bench of the tribune and rapped its gavel and said, “You have been born of God, you may ruin your influence if you yield and go to this show.” About an hour or so before time to leave I made a final decision, an emphatic “No!” O that awful battle of those long hours!

Now, may I show you what will and can take place if you are still having such battles as my “historic picture show battle.” I was not sanctified when I fought that hard inner battle with temptation and by the help of God, won. The exterior temptation, a very real temptation to compromise the convictions the Lord had implanted in me when He had justified me six months prior, was present. That temptation was to see that historic English picture. Within my justified heart was a strong longing to see it. That longing would either overcome my conviction, subject my will and force me to yield and go to the theater or my convictions would stand, my will stand remain sovereign and I would not go. Will won, and I refused to yield. “Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.” I now clearly see it though I

was much perplexed then. A converted soul that is yet unsanctified, battles on two fronts in its warfare not to commit sin. The outward front of temptation; the inner front of motive and desire.

Now it seems to me that if there is another work of grace after conversion, called sanctification, when the Holy Spirit comes in all His fullness, it ought to do something with that inward warfare. That brings us to the plane where sanctification works, from the exterior to the interior. It brings it out of the action life to the motive life of the Christian. Brings it out of the outside down into the heart. Then we can say, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If the heart be clean, if the fountainhead be pure, every little rivulet that boils over the rim of the fountain will be clean and pure, like that that comes out of the fountain itself. There will not be that battle and that contention and warfare going on in the inside!

I remember after He sanctified me wholly at a quarter to eleven o'clock the 27th day of July, 1937, about six months after my "historic picture battle," He cleansed my desire life, my motive life, my "drive" life. From that day until this very moment anything may be spread on the marquee of any theater, they can bring any historical show out they wish, Satan can say "Don't you want to see this, that or the other?" On the inside of my heart there has been and is something making my desire as dead as a coffin nail, there is no response, there is no desire! There has been cleansed out something down on the inside until I can say, "I am sanctified!" Blessed be God, forever.

Source: "Holiness, The Pride of God" by Laurence B. Hicks



A. HILL

(Methodist)

At a camp-meeting, held at Northport, A.D. 1850, I was deeply under the power of the Holy Spirit. The past and the future were before me. My mind was marvelously illumined. I saw my position -- I saw what was duty, and what it would cost to do that duty, and this occasioned a wonderful struggle. Duty -- stern, inexorable duty, stood before me, like the angel of the Lord before the dumb best of the old prophet. And there was no more head-way in that direction, until I should yield to its high and imperious claims. On the other hand, I thought of my position, social, religious, and professional. Schemes of cherished ambition were before me. The loss of social status -the opinions of men -- the humiliation -- the crucifixion.

I hesitated -- I struggled -- I wept -- I prayed. The word of God was ringing in my ears, "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." New light, more effulgent than I had ever had before, was now shining upon my spirit; and, now, to draw back, was to lose, even my evidence of justification. I was conscious that I could not retain my sense of adoption before God, unless I moved forward whither the pillar of fire would lead me.

But, still my timid nature stood palsied before the conviction, that, if I went forward, it would become my duty to preach, and this was the point of crucifixion. To do this was seeming death, to all my cherished plans, and I shrunk back from it, as from a frightful spectre. And, thus, my agonized spirit vibrated between these conflicting emotions. Those, only, who have passed through similar experiences, can imagine the fierceness of such conflict. In this state of unrest I continued for some hours, while a voice seemed to be speaking to me interrogatively, "Will you?" -- "will you?" Subsequently, while this struggle was pending, and before I could achieve a decision, my good friends, Dr. and Mrs. P____, whose sympathies were deeply enlisted in my behalf, were frequently present, affording me most valuable aid and assistance. But with a spiritual perception, which greatly astonished me at the time, Sister P____ seemed to comprehend the whole matter, and without any utterance on my part, as to the real difficulty in the case, she seemed to perceive it, and to my great astonishment,

suggested her conviction, that I was contending against my duty to preach the Gospel. This seemed to me the more remarkable, as I was an entire stranger to her, and she could not have known my previous history. Was it not an illustration of the words, "For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

That it was a time of great spiritual illumination with me, is true, beyond all question. For I felt that "the Spirit of the Lord God as upon me." Visions of God were open before me – and I saw what subsequent experience has verified, as, in a dark and cloudy night a man sees the whole landscape before him in the light of a vivid flash of lightning. My soul was stirred to its profoundest depths. I as passing through agonizing throes preparatory to an entire crucifixion to the world, flesh and sin. And blessed be the Lord God of Israel, I was subsequently ushered into a new world, of light and beauty.

It was a memorable crisis in my religious history – a new era was opening upon me. And I felt assured that my destiny, for the future, was swinging upon this strongly marked pivotal period of my life. I was to come forth from this furnace purged of the "old leaven," and enter upon a new, and more glorious phase of spiritual life, or lapse back under the displeasure of God, with the midnight of darkness upon my soul. And, thus, for hours I swung between these startling, alternations, unable to decide the case, or resolve the question, "Will you yield and preach the Gospel?"

After hours of fruitless struggling and most painful indecision, as if in marvelous condescension to my weakness, the blessed Christ seemed to speak to me thus, "*Twenty-one years ago, you gave yourself to me, and I have kept you. Now, will you not consecrate yourself, in a higher sense, to be forever, and unconditionally, the Lord's; and I will keep you unto life eternal?*" I recognized the voice of the Beloved – my soul melted – my opposition gave way – tremblingly, and with a full heart, I responded, "*Yes, Lord. I must have Thee at all hazards.*" And the great conflict was over.

In all this I saw no form – but I knew that Jesus spoke to me. I felt that my commission was from Him, and that in due time, the Church would conform its action to these requirements, and such has been the fact. I arose from this agony with these words impressed upon my mind, "Henceforth reckon ye yourselves to be dead, indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." No joyous transport followed this struggle as an immediate result – no absolute conviction filled my soul, that I had experienced the work of entire sanctification, save only in the sense of entire consecration. But I began to "reckon myself dead, indeed, unto sin, and alive unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And thus, to "know Him, and the power of His resurrection, being made conformable unto His death."

That such is the work of holiness, I have no doubt. The work of the Spirit upon individuals must needs be somewhat peculiar, as it does not destroy individuality. I am not therefore, disposed to doubt that this was a genuine work of holiness, because I was not carried away with unspeakable transports. *My spirit was wonderfully chastened – love – divine, heavenly love, sweet, pure, God-like, -- seemed gradually to sweep my whole being.*

Since that period, "purity" has been invested with a new and delightful significance. It has been to me, also, an endowment of power. Of this I have been as conscious, as of anything pertaining to my spiritual life. It has been "a place of broad rivers and streams," -- a "wealthy place," -- an enlargement of soul, -- an expansion of all the moral powers – clearer perception of God's wonderful revelation to mankind, and a deeper sympathy with Christ in His matchless mission of love to our lost and fallen race. A shrinking back from the touch of sin, and a real love of holiness has marked and characterized this experience. It seems more emphatically, the implantation in the heart of "the Spirit of Truth." Affording an instinctive appreciation of truth, wherever and however presented. And an ardent love for the truth, because it is truth.

Holiness brings the soul into light – clear, beautiful, heavenly light, in which many dark shadows are chased away, and to the advancing one "it shineth more and more to the perfect day." It is not all

transport, but it is peace, serene and heaven-born. It is not exemption from trial, sore, and sometimes perplexing, but it is power to overcome “through the blood of the Lamb.” It is the “sufficient grace.” I have not always retained a clear and satisfactory evidence of “entire sanctification,” since the memorable period referred to, but in the main I have been marvelously sustained by the power of the indwelling Spirit. And still I am pressing forward, with a good hope, under the conscious smiles of my adorable Master.

Source: “Pioneer Experiences”



WILSON THOMAS HOGUE

(Free Methodist Bishop)

On a beautiful September morning long years ago, I alighted at Greenville, Illinois, from an eastern train. Greenville was not a great city, just a cozy community of twenty-five hundred inhabitants with nothing to perturb its repose which is so ideal for a college town. The campus, although attractive, was not large. No great quadrangle with stately halls of Gothic greeted the eye. There was one plain substantial brick building. The material assets were meager, the enrollment was small, the faculty were few in number. But in one particular the newborn institution was great – it was great in the person of its founder – Wilson Thomas Hogue. [18]

Emerson once said in paying a tribute to heredity, “If you wish to produce a gentleman, you must go back to his grandfather.” The subject of this chapter was well born. His father, Thomas Hogg (the spelling was later changed to Hogue), related to James Hogg, the Etrick Shepherd poet, was born in Scotland, home of many illustrious sons. The words uttered by Ulysses in Homer’s *Odyssey* may equally apply to Scotland ... As Ulysses was returning after long absence to his native island of Ithaca, scarred with craggy mountains, he exclaimed “A rugged country but a nurse of noble men.” His mother, Sarah Carpenter, came from sturdy English stock. Although he was raised a Scotch Presbyterian and she a Baptist, they both belonged to the Methodist church in the community. Because they attended a camp meeting held by the Free Methodists, they were read out of (expelled from) the church along with a number of others in those days when such bans were common. They then united with the Free Methodist Church and were staunch defenders of its principles to the day of their death. They were of that stalwart type who “feared God and eschewed evil.”

To bless their home Wilson Thomas made his advent at Lyndon, New York, near Franklinville, March 6, 1852. He had that greatest heritage any child can fall heir to – godly parents and a Christian home where a family altar was established as regularly as the daily meals.

When Wilson was only a week old, his older brother died. After the funeral his father went upstairs to pray in secret. He begged God to spare the life of the newborn boy. As he prayed, God spoke directly to him, “That boy is not yours, he is mine. You can’t have him to spend his life on the farm. You must fit him to be a preacher.” In that upper room, Father Hogue made a secret covenant with God. Later he greatly needed the boy on the farm. Following the Civil War, agriculture was given a heavy blow in the financial hardship that struck the nation; but true to his vow he kept the boy in school.

When nine years old he was taken to camp meeting at Allegheny, N. Y., for the purpose of taking care of the younger children. In a children’s meeting he was deeply convicted of sin, went to the altar and was so clearly saved that he never doubted its genuineness. Sister Matthewson, the local pastor’s wife who had charge of the children’s services, saw that the child at the altar was deeply moved upon. She patted the boy on the head and said, “Wilson, can’t you believe Jesus?” At that moment a light from heaven shone upon him – the same that centuries before shone on Saul of Tarsus.

When eleven years old, the Holy Spirit definitely called him to preach. He said that even the thought of being a minister was repulsive to him. As a consequence he gave up his religion, although he never went into outward sin. During this time he was under constant conviction. When alone in the field or along the streams the Spirit of God would thunder in his ears the call to preach. At the age of sixteen, he again sought the Lord and made his consecration complete. From that time he never wavered in his devotion to Christ-like the Psalmist he could say “My heart is fixed.”

During the years young Wilson was away from God, his father was deeply concerned lest some judgment from heaven should fall upon him or he should fail to carry out the purposes of God; but characteristic of the sturdy Scotchman he was, he never revealed to the boy his vow to God or his deep concern and anxiety until later years when he was a preacher of the gospel. He received his local preacher’s license at the age of nineteen and soon after was baptized with the Holy Spirit and Fire. He united with the Genesee Conference in 1873; was ordained deacon in 1875 by General Superintendent B. T. Roberts; was ordained elder by General Superintendent E. P. Hart in 1877.

Source: “Master Workmen” by Richard R. Blews



WILLIAM C. HOLMQUIST

(Wesleyan)

[At the time this testimony was written, William C. Holmquist was general director of Wesleyan Men.]

The flame within – what a thrilling experience for the born-again Christian to comprehend and then to receive.

Receiving Jesus as my personal Saviour changed my life completely as noted old things passed away and behold, all things became new. But there was still a hunger for something more.

Upon joining The Wesleyan Church, I learned of that something more that God has planned for His children as I sat under the teaching of Wesleyan pastors who preached “entire sanctification” and the power of the Holy Spirit

The Lord moved upon me during a men’s retreat. I was broken and my heart craved to know the reality of the Holy Spirit to empower me in His service with love, compassion, and boldness. I prayed for the Lord to fill me and praise God, the Holy Spirit surged within me. Again in a service at the Anoka Wesleyan Church, Claude Ries speaking about entire sanctification, the Holy Spirit and Fire came upon me with His blessing and assurance that I was sanctified.

Following these fantastic experiences, a new love, a new compassion, and a new boldness brought a new dimension of living. Opportunities to witness for Christ opened before me, and to see others receive Jesus as Saviour brought the most fulfillment I have ever known. The Lord has honored and given me the desires of my heart. Another exciting evidence for me has been the assurance and confidence that Jesus Christ has my life completely under His control. The “roller coaster” life of inconsistent ups and downs is now gone.

Source: “And They Shall Prophecy” Compiled by George E. Failing



WILLIAM HOWARD HOOPLE

(Early Nazarene)

The streams of Moody's life ran out into many directions. They fountained from an insignificant incident, when Moody, a lad of ten, walked into the dark world alone in search of work. His widowed mother could not support the large family, so she farmed little Dwight out for his "sleeps and eats."

On that first outgoing journey an old man gave Dwight a penny, and laying hands on the boy's head, blessed him with a benedictory prayer. "That penny," Moody said fifty years later, "is gone long since, but that blessing lingers still."

Little did the old man know the wide reach of his hand-touch. It went into many avenues, into fast-flowing spiritual life movement, and finally reached another young man who was to be a founder of the Church of the Nazarene – William Howard Hoople!

And it might be that much of our evangelistic fervor burst from Moody's evangelism. At least it is stamped by it. Let me tell you the story.

Won By A Song

Moody the evangelist took New York city by storm. He stormed the gates of hell with his love-message. He wooed and won men, literally loving them into the kingdom. Sankey, at his organ, sang them into the fold. Lifting that golden voice and throwing back his massive head, he would sing "The Ninety and Nine," and men would flock into the Good Shepherd's fold. Thousands came to hear this gospel team – God's greatest soul-winning duo.

And among the hundreds came the eighteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon Hoople. This time Moody's meeting was conducted in the Y.M.C.A. Doubtless it was the singing he came to hear more than the preaching, for young William was blessed with a beautiful voice. The text we do not know – the content of the sermon has passed from notice. But the song lingers in its sweet melody.

"Just as I am without one plea --" came the heaven-freighted words from the golden voice of Sankey, as he led the altar workers in hymns of surrender and consecration. Those words laid down a bridge from earth to heaven.

And on that soul-bridge William H. Hoople walked into the arms of Jesus! The work was done. That glad January night in 1886 was hallowed with the angels' song, for a sinner had come home!

The Business Man At Work

William had been born at Herkimer, New York, on August 6, 1868, but his life-ways were not to fall in small towns. God had planned the sphere of his life to be metropolitan, and his folks took the wee lad to New York city. Here little Willie went to the public schools, and by the time of Moody's revival, he was a student at the Pratt Institute. Finishing at the institute he entered a business college in Brooklyn.

Then he went into business – the leather business, at 50 Terry Street, New York city. Into his business came God as a silent partner, and the firm of Hoople (and God) prospered and before long it had passed from the struggling into the flourishing stage. For the partnership did business on its knees.

At home the young business man held family devotions, and at the office, he held office devotions, praying with his clerks and customers. This practice continued for years, until in 1893, *while reading his Bible and holding office devotions, the Holy Spirit became the sanctifying partner in the firm*, and the leather merchant went home to tell his wife, Victoria, whom he had married two years earlier. Then leather could no longer hold him!

Out of Leather

Quickly he threw off the leather harness, and put on the harness of God, and went to work in helping build the kingdom. He asked God to put the heaviest kingdom harness on him possible. He preached on the streets, in rented halls, and wherever a tiny crack in some mission door appeared.

Came January, 1894, and leather merchant turned holiness preacher decided to open a mission of his own in Brooklyn where he could be free to proclaim the heart-cleansing message, which he had experienced in his shop.

He asked no denomination for its support, for God had called him to holiness evangelism in the heart of that great city.

He asked no church for its seal of ordination, for God had ordained him to be a preacher to the metropolitan multitudes.

Came May of that year, and this city mission preacher, working in God's harness, followed the divine light and organized his partner's (God's) mission into God's Church, called "The Utica Avenue Pentecostal Tabernacle". Yes, the beginnings were small -thirty-two charter members – but God was with the group, and the preacher's dynamic personality, housed in a tremendous body, drew others to him.

Hoople was a mighty man in frame as well as spirit, for he stood six feet and six inches (when he took off his leather shoes) and pushed the scale beam up at 250 pounds.

The Widening Circle

Such a man could not long be bound by a single congregation. He wooed the Spirit diligently and God led to the building of a church edifice on Utica Avenue, Brooklyn, and the congregation voted that God's leather man should become their pastor. The sparks of Hoople's personality struck out over the great city with its millions of inhabitants.

The following February (1895) saw a second church organized from this city preacher's work, the Bedford Avenue Pentecostal Church, and shortly afterward came the Emmanuel Pentecostal Tabernacle.

God granted this city preacher a broad vision of a prosperous work. Though small the beginnings, William Howard Hoople could not be content for the kingdom's work to remain without a lifting horizon. In December, 1895, the three-church affiliation became The Association of the Pentecostal Churches of America, a denomination with three churches!

And Hoople was out under the stars with a denomination which his own spiritual genius had brought into existence. Of course there were other men who helped him, such men as H. B. Hosley, John Norberry, Charles BeVier, and later L. B. Reed, but the dynamo which made the work go was Hoople.

The denomination to which he gave spiritual birth laid its hands in ordination upon their founder! Doubtless in church annals a more unique situation cannot be discovered than this, a church founder ordained by his own spiritual progeny.

In 1895, Howard Hoople, city pastor, welcomed into his infant denomination's fellowship, its first ordained minister to apply for membership – Dr. H. F. Reynolds. In 1896, New England's holiness band, known as Central Evangelical Holiness Association, united with the Hoople movement in New York city, and then God was mightily with the Church of the Nazarene in the East.

When The Rafters Rang

For ten years Hoople pastored his Utica Avenue Church. The growing movement in the West, pioneered by Phineas Bresee reached with its influence across the nation. The growing movement in the East, pioneered by William Hoople, reached with its influence across the nation, and even into India.

In God's plan it was inevitable that the two should come together and form a solid front across America. Hoople's Utica Avenue Church, in April, 1907, was the scene of this uniting. Dr. Bresee was there, and other notables from both coasts were present.

When the marriage agreement was signed and the two churches became one “the rafters shook with the demonstration of joy,” affirms Dr. L. A. Reed, who as a young man was in the audience. “That occasion,” declared Dr. Bresee, “was epochal.”

The movement grew rapidly, but William Hoople could not be pulled out of New York city. He was content to be a city pastor, with a parish of nine million. For a while he did consent to become District Superintendent of the New York District, but that was all.

Pastoring Utica Avenue for ten years, he later assumed the leadership of the “John Wesley Church of the Nazarene”, which he had founded. Here he built a large building, housing what in time became the most flourishing church in the eastern section of the denomination. For thirteen years he led it on from height to height.

His famous Hadley Male Quartet, of which he was a member, spread Hoople’s influence in the city, for it was a victorious group of men. If there were no other way through, the quartet helped Hoople sing his way through. When this quartet sang to an audience of six thousand at a meeting of J. Wilbur Chapman’s revival in New York city there were few dry eyes.

“Over There”

When America entered World War 1, Hoople went to France under the Y.M.C.A., and worked incessantly at the front. Here he won many lads to his Master. With the signing of the Armistice, he was sent to Siberia with the A.E.F. Later this gave him an opportunity to visit his missionary daughter in China, where he widened the circle of his preaching ministry.

On returning home he became the city preacher again, and with incessant labors proclaimed the glad doctrines which Moody had taught him years earlier. After a seven-week illness on September 29, 1922, the preacher laid off God’s harness and walked the throne way to a heavenly mansion.

“Jesus,” he breathed just before passing, “is my best friend.”

Source: “Twelve Early Nazarene Leaders” by Basil Miller



J. W. HOOVER

(Methodist)

In putting on record my humble testimony to the power of redeeming grace, I would state that I was converted to God in my eighteenth year. Shortly after which I felt impressed with the importance of a deeper work of grace, which I sought with diligence and earnestness. Having, however, no very definite idea of what that work comprehended, and hearing, nothing on the subject, I failed to realize the desire of my heart, though I was favored with many seasons of precious communion with God.

I seemed to settle down in the belief that, while it might be the privilege of comparatively few, to enter into a state of entire sanctification in early life, I could not, however, recognize it as mine; yet there were times when I doubted the correctness of this position. When assuming the vows of the ministerial office, and often, in preaching the Gospel, I felt the need of a baptism of power on my soul, but failed to recognize it as a present privilege.

I sometimes would meet with those who, by the purity of their lives and sweetness of their experience, led me to believe in the superiority of their attainment, and awakened the desire within me, that I might be able to ascend to a higher plane of enjoyment.

As years passed on, the lively emotion of joy which attended my early experience disappeared, except

at distant intervals. The light of my justification seemed to be waning, so that often I could only see men as trees walking.

My ministry was not entirely fruitless, but my inner Spiritual life was by no means satisfactory.

I felt the need of inward cleaning, by a conviction as distinct and strongly marked as when first converted to God. But whether this was my present privilege, or whether I must wait until some indefinite period in the future, were question of no ordinary interest. That it was indeed my present privilege, was the conclusion which I finally reached, by the following process:

It is the Spirit alone which has led me to see and feel the necessity of this work. This is presumptive evidence that I may receive it. When God gives a sinner to feel the necessity of pardon that itself is proof of His willingness to pardon. So, also, in relation to the higher attainment of the divine life, then the Holy Spirit inspires the prayer for a clean heart, this may be recorded as evidence that He means to answer that prayer and bestow the favor.

Again, I read the command, "Be ye holy!" "Be ye perfect." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." I read the promise; "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean." "Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

I read the prayer of Jesus, "Sanctify them through thy truth;" and that of the Apostle, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly."

I see no reason why the things here commanded, promised and prayed for, may not be obtained now. I surely need it now; there is nothing in the Scripture opposed to, but much in favor of, present salvation. "Behold, now is the accepted time." I, therefore, reach the conclusion that it is my present privilege.

About this time I read the works of Mrs. Palmer with great interest, in which I saw almost a life picture of my own religious state, and became inspired with a hope of exercising her way to faith which is the shorter way to full salvation. I, therefore, resolved, by the grace of God assisting me, to be sanctified wholly, and henceforth to glorify God in my body and spirit which are His; and accordingly consecrated myself up to the measure of light I then had, to His service, for time and eternity. This was done with but a small measure of faith, and was frequently repeated without realizing the result I expected to reach; and yet I felt a growing interest in the subject of heart purity. The terms, "sanctification," "perfection," and "holiness," were no longer objectionable; but, on the contrary, they seemed to embody the very substance and power of the Gospel, and often, in reading the blessed word, I found myself lingering over them, and endeavoring to extract from them the sweetness of spiritual life. The word HOLINESS, especially, seemed vested with an interest I cannot describe. I wrote it in large letters on paper, and placed it before me in my study, that when I raised my eyes I might look upon its beauty, and be admonished by the lesson it suggested.

Failing to realize the answer to my prayer, after repeated acts of consecration, I was led into deep heart searching before God, to find the difficulty. I soon became impressed that it was my duty to acknowledge, before my people, where I stood, in relation to the work of holiness.

This, however, I felt unwilling to do; it seemed extremely humiliating to confess that I had so long been living below my privilege, and that I was now definitely seeking purity of heart. This I refused to do, for several weeks, but finding that this was the cross God laid upon me, to humble my pride, I finally concluded to bear it, and availed myself of the first opportunity making a clean breast of the exercises through which I had been passing, for months, and requested to be remembered in their prayers. A great load was at once lifted from my mind, and I soon became willing, not only to sit at the feet of Jesus, but to receive instruction in the way to holiness, from His humblest disciples; and yet I could not

appropriate the blood which cleanseth.

The act of faith, which brings full salvation, seemed exceedingly difficult, but with the increasing light of the Spirit on my mind, and with earnest and imploring entreaty for the grace of God to assist me, as under His own immediate eye and the witnessing hosts of Heaven, I gave myself, my family, my property, my time, talent and reputation, in a perpetual covenant, to be the Lord's for ever, as I had not done before. Every power and energy of my being, as described by the poet, seemed to have been enlisted in the act.

“My heartstrings groan with deep complaint,
My flesh lies panting, Lord for Thee;
And every limb and every joint
Stretches for perfect purity.”

With the sacrifice thus placed on the altar I endeavored to trust for its acceptance; unto the power of the enemy withstood me at every effort to believe the promise, “I will receive you.” Instead of sinking down into the simplicity of a little child, and trusting in the cleansing blood now, right now I looked for some great thing to be done, but I found I had done my utmost, and I felt sure that Jesus must do the rest.

In this attitude, with all on the divine altar, I seemed to sink down into proportions so small that it appeared as though all my former self was gone, and all that remained was the consciousness that I was the same person, and with this little all of me that seemed left, resting on Jesus, I said, apparently approaching Him,

Just as I am, thou dost receive,
Dost welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe –
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Nor to be thine, yea thine alone –
O, Lamb of God, I come.”

At this point I entered the Canaan of perfect love, though the transition was so gentle, that I was unable to fix the precise time.

I had expected that God would cleanse me by striking His hand “over the place,” and with considerable pomp and demonstration, I should be exalted to the third Heavens; but there was no great emotion or ecstatic rapture, I simply sank into nothing at the feet of Jesus. The great difficulties which for many months surrounded me were strangely removed out of the way, and a deep peace settled down on my soul, rendering it as perfectly calm and tranquil as a day without a cloud. The evidence of the work wrought within did not seem to come by a direct witness, so much as examining into the ground of my faith, and the fruits of the Spirit in my heart and life. I felt satisfied, however, that the work was done.

Blessed be God -- “He that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine.” Since then I can say with the Apostle Paul, “The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who hath loved me, and given Himself for me.”

At times, like Abraham, I have been called to go out into a “strange land,” a land of dark and mysterious providences, but faith has been to me, the “evidence of things not seen,” in many instances, until the objects of divine providence have been accomplished.

I have found, in uttering a direct testimony to the power of Jesus' blood to save from all sin, a great

benefit to my religious life, and in my pastoral work, I have often been greatly quickened and blessed in urging, this attainment on believers. There is, indeed, no subject so dear and precious to my heart, as the great theme of present and full salvation.

In preaching the word, I often find myself drawn into this subject, when it was not my intention to allude to it. There is, indeed, no subject so dear and precious to my heart, as the great theme of present and full salvation. And I never preach specifically on this subject without having a good time, and approaching, nearer to the blessed Christ.

Since my return from the Vineland Camp-meeting, I have witnessed, in my charge, the sanctification of about seventy souls, and about the same number of conversions.

And now, after thirteen years experience of this grace, I will say to the glory of God, I realize that the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more of the perfect day. I have never had clearer light or brighter skies, than I have enjoyed for months past.

“Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry, in death –
Behold, behold the Lamb!”

Source: “Pioneer Experiences”



MR. W. W. HOPPER

It was a long story which started way back with little Miss MacAfee down in Kentucky, a tollgate keeper full of the Spirit of God. People would fuss and quarrel at her as she collected the toll, but never a bitter word escaped her lips. She kept as sweet as though they had smiled at her and given her friendly words. The news of her heavenly spirit spread. People talked about it, marvelled at it. Finally a reporter from the Louisville Courier heard of the sanctified tollgate keeper and went out to interview her.

“Yes,” she told him, “ I gave my heart to God, and He’s kept me converted ever since. After He converted me, I gave myself to Him, just abandoned everything to Him, and He cleansed my heart and sanctified me wholly!”

The reporter went back to his office, chuckling to himself. He would have a good time writing this up to make people laugh. He wrote it in burlesque, and the paper gave it front-page prominence with glaring headlines. Folk did laugh, some of them, but there was more to the story. A copy of the paper drifted down into Mississippi and into the hands of a Mr. Hopper, hungry for something he did not know how to obtain. He read about Miss MacAfee and was convinced she had what he wanted.

“Wife,” he exclaimed, “I’m going up to see her!”

The next train found him on his way. It was not long until the little tollgate keeper was praying with Mr. Hopper, exhorting him, quoting the promises to him. God met the hunger of his heart and sanctified him wholly.

When he returned to Mississippi, he started preaching holiness, and, as he did so, Dr. Carradine, pastor of the largest church in southern Methodism, but dissatisfied with his own spiritual condition, came under Mr. Hopper’s influence. Soon he too rejoiced in sanctification of heart.

Source: “H. Robb French – Pioneer, Prophet and Prayer Warrior” Compiled by Anna Talbott McPherson



OSCAR HUDSON

(Nazarene Evangelist)

Then, there are those who say they believe in holiness, but they do not believe in “getting the blessing.” They say they believe in sanctification, but it is impossible to get them to an altar of prayer and to dig down until it begins. They believe in rivers, but they do not believe in those rivers having a beginning. There is a sickly, toothless, fireless kind of holiness, about us today, which is wholly intellectual. It consists of a mental ascent to an idea or doctrine, without death to the “old man,” the forsaking of pride and negation of self. It looks with scorn on the processes or methods of the “mourner’s bench,” placing reason above faith. It has no experience and cannot point to a beginning.

Those who have and enjoy the experience described in my text, can point back to an exact time and place where it began. As I travel about and labor in revivals, I hear them testify to it. Some say, “last year,” others say, “five years ago,” and still others, “twenty years ago.” Some place the date on the 10th of December, others, the 25th of July. Some will say it was “ten o’clock in the morning,” others “eleven o’clock in the evening.” They know the very time it began. Some will say it occurred while they were praying out behind the barn. Another says, “I was in the kitchen.” Still another said he was at the altar in the campmeeting. Ah, they know where they were when it began.

No doubt many will read these lines, whose minds, as they read, will wander to one certain spot and you could go to the very place where the rivers of love began to flow from your soul. Forget it? Never! My right hand may forget her cunning, and I may forget my name, but when I have been in heaven a million years, I believe I will still remember clearly the time and place that the streams began to flow.

It has been nearly thirty years since the author was sanctified, but he remembers as well as if it had been yesterday the incidents of that hour. He remembers vividly where he was, what he was doing and what he was thinking about. He had labored under the impression of a call to the ministry, since he was a lad, and when he knelt at the altar that night to seek the blessing of perfect love, the Lord seemed to whisper the oft repeated question, “Will you preach the gospel?” “Yes!” came the quick response. “Will you go anywhere I lead you?” As his mind ran to “Rabbit Vale,” “Brier Branch,” “Cricket School House,” and other remote communities he had known, again he said “yes.” Then as the world began to slip from under him, he was shocked with the thought that if he abandoned himself wholly to the Lord, he might be called upon to preach the gospel in the “regions beyond.” The Holy Spirit whispered, “Will you preach in India if the Lord should call you?” He tried to say yes, but his assent was a sickly thing that became tangled up in the cobwebs of fear and doubt and died. The demons of rebellion began to rage without and a terrible battle in the will followed.

As the struggle proceeded, his mind was turned to a childhood scene. A gentleman of large family purchased an unimproved farm that was covered with a thick undergrowth of oak bushes that filled the surface of the earth with roots. In his efforts to extract the roots from the soil, he prepared a large plow with a perpendicular cutter placed in front of the share, to which he hitched a heavy team. On the beam of the plow was fastened a mattock, and two stout boys were placed in charge of the outfit; one to drive and one to hold the plow. They were given orders not to lift the plow over the roots nor to drag it around a snag. “For,” said the father, “if you do, you will have trouble when you come to that place again. When you strike a snag, go to digging and keep it up until the whole thing gives way and comes out, and you will never have any more trouble at that point.”

So the Holy Spirit whispered, “You have struck your snag; dig until it comes out, root and branch, and you will have no more trouble at that point.” It was a terrible battle, but it was finally turned to Victory

and it became easy to say, "Yes, I will preach in India if you want me to." Like a flash there came another question, "Will you start tomorrow morning, if I want you to?" It was as real to the struggling soul as if he had been at the station purchasing a ticket. His aged father and wrinkled-faced mother were two hundred miles away, and to start the next morning meant to see them no more on this earth. Another struggle ensued, but God was present to give grace, and he finally reached across two hundred miles of space, figuratively speaking, embraced that aged father and kissed that precious mother good-bye and said, "I'll meet you just inside the Eastern Gate." Just about that time there came a downpour and an upspringing and the rivers began to flow.

Source: "Gospel Dynamite" by Oscar Hudson



J. HUGHES

(Methodist)

After being for some time deeply exercised on the subject of Holiness, I one evening took the "Way of Holiness," which had that day fallen into my hands, and went to a my quiet room, when it occurred to me that I might and ought to stay up and make known my request to God, at least till midnight. Nature was averse; but I had no sooner made up my mind to this course than I received new power to seek God. Satan harassed me every now and then with evil thoughts. I solemnly besought God to aid me, and pleaded that, as He had given the desire, it must be His intention to bestow the blessing. I acted on the suggestion of Mrs. Palmer, to lay the sacrifice on the altar, and I had a new and affecting view of the Christian altar covered with the blood of the divine victim. On this altar I placed myself, and besought God to take possession of the offering. I ... pleaded "the precious blood."

I besought God to give me some clear and indubitable manifestation, that there might be no further doubt on my mind. I expressed myself somewhat as follows, -- "Lord, thou knowest that I shall have to testify for thee, and cannot do so confidently if there be a doubt on the mind as to the possession of the blessing. Thou knowest my naturally doubtful frame of mind. Give me such an inward witness that I shall not be able to doubt or mistake." I said a great deal more to the Lord, and I thank God He gave me "to seek Him with my whole heart." I felt fully conscious of this; and the more I prayed the more I was drawn out in prayer. Again and again I laid myself on the altar and appealed to God to take possession of the offering. I was thus engaged when the Holy Ghost came upon me in a gloriously indescribable manner.

Words fail to convey to another mind that I then experienced. My frame trembled; the glory surrounded me. It was not simply like a manifestation of God to the soul, but as if God were visible, present in His glory, and as if the divine light penetrated the physical as well as the moral nature. Not a doubt remained. The Lord suddenly came to His temple. Now I can write most confidently and truthfully, that the visitation was such, that it drove away all possible doubt, as to the communication of the grace which I sought. To doubt was impossible. God, the Holy One, had come and possessed me. I trembled exceedingly, and for some time I could only ceaselessly exclaim, Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory! And the exclamation seemed to be involuntary, as if it proceeded from the Spirit within me, more than from myself. This was near the midnight hour.

I remember also, before this ever-memorable visitation, praying, that God would apply some portion of His own word to my mind, and these words came with power, -- "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." And I said, "What word, Lord?" and the answer was, "I will; be thou clean."

I began to plead for poor sinners, and I hope that God will soon save amongst us by scores and

hundreds. But of this I have no inward assurance, only my cry is, “Lord, increase my faith.” This memorable fact took place in a few days after I arrived at Trowbridge, when appointed by the Conference to labor in the Bradford Wilt Circuit.

Source: “Pioneer Experiences”



JOHN WESLEY HUGHES

(Founder of Asbury and Kingswood Colleges)

I lived an enthusiastic, happy, regenerated life for thirteen years, working constantly in revival and preparing myself for college, and as a college and university student, and a member of the Kentucky Conference. I was always under conviction for what was known then as “a deeper work of grace,” but now known clearly to mean the blessing of entire sanctification. I did not know what my trouble was, for I constantly hungered and thirsted after righteousness. The Holy Spirit, always true to his office work, kept me under constant conviction of the fullness of the Gospel of the grace of God. But the doctrine and experience of holiness, were not taught then, so far as I knew. Hence I remained in constant anxiety as to what my hunger meant.

In the providence of God, Doctor W. B. Godbey wrote me more than once, desiring to hold a meeting for me, but I heard he was a crank, or half crazy, and did not answer his letters. But he came anyway and volunteered his services to hold a meeting, against my own personal wishes. But after much prayer and thought, I concluded to keep him and let the meeting go on.

He preached day and night, almost all the time on “inbred sin and holiness” which I and my people thought was a mistake, but proved in the end that he was God-led. Wife, myself and people gave him a careful hearing as did many of the community, resulting in a gracious revival. Had quite a number of clear conversions, among them was my wife, who had been a constant seeker for about two years.

One night he preached on Pentecost from the text, “And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.” I was not a backslider, but a burdened Christian praying and hoping for a deeper work of grace, and the salvation of my people. The power of the Holy Ghost rested upon the preacher, his message and the people. The altar was filled with penitent sinners, crying to God for mercy and while I was talking to a penitent in the audience, I felt I must talk to the people, and as I began the Holy Ghost and Fire fell on me and took away my consciousness.

I sat down on a bench near by and when I came to consciousness I was saying, “Lord, it is enough. I can bear no more.” I then believed and still believe that the power of God was so great, it was all my nerves could bear. I heard Brother Godbey say, “Glory to God, Brother Hughes is sanctified.” I was thus wholly sanctified at Chaplin, Ky., 9 P. M., Dec. 30, 1882.

Source: “The Autobiography of John Wesley Hughes” with Biographical Contributions by Andrew Johnson



HUGO OF ST. VICTOR

Hugo of St. Victor, who lived in the 12th century, speaks of the purification of the soul in the following manner: “Fire is applied to green wood, it kindles with difficulty; clouds of smoke arise; a flame is seen at intervals, flashing out here and there; as the fire gains strength, it pierces the fuel; presently it leaps and roars in triumph – the nature of the wood is being transformed into the nature of fire. Then, the

struggle over, the crackling ceases, the smoke is gone, there is left a tranquil, friendly brightness, for the master-element has subdued all into itself. So, do sin and grace contend; and the smoke of trouble and anguish hang over the strife. But when grace grows stronger, and the soul's eye clearer, and truth pervades and swallows up the kindling aspiring nature, *then comes the holy calm, and love is all in all. Save God in the heart, nothing of self is left.*"

Source: "Objections to Holiness Considered" by H. A. Baldwin



JERRY MILES HUMPHREY

(Free Methodist)

A Fragment Of Experience

In eighteen hundred seventy-two,
In June, when all the buds were new;
When shrubs and trees were draped in green
And tinted with a golden sheen;
When fields were filled with nectar sweet;
When bees did rove in bliss complete,
And Zephyr's viewless, fragrant hand
Brought many a sweet from sea and land;
One Sabbath morning, just at dawn,
Ere all the gloom of night had gone,
From cabin-hut with rooms but two,
Beneath a willow wet with dew,
Came words of gladness on the air
From earnest hearts assembled there.
A new man-child in time had 'woke!
Such rapture all the silence broke!
They gathered 'round the red-clay hearth
To greet the babe of lowly birth:
The sun arose with glory bright
And looked that way with great delight;
The morning larks sang in the tree,
While all the neighbors came to see.

It is somewhat contrary to the custom of the writer to say anything of himself; however, at this time, I feel impressed by the Spirit to give the reader a fragment of my experience, with the sincere hope that God may in some way make it a blessing.

I will begin by saying, as far as memory serves me, I was under conviction every moment of my life since I was seven years of age. It is true, I was a very wicked lad up until the time of my conversion; notwithstanding that fact, I was under conviction all the time and everywhere I went. Frequently, while in the ballrooms and gambling-dens, the spirit of prayer would come upon me and I could not take part in what was going on, but cried to God in secret to forgive my sins. Everything in nature seemed daily to remind me of God, eternity, heaven and hell. The golden sun, the silver moon and all the twinkling stars seemed to have a resistless message for me; also the musing winds, the murmuring streams, the singing birds, the evergreen trees and the solitary graveyards.

Often when I wanted to do some mischievous act, I had to perform it quickly in order to get ahead of the monitor within. Strange as it may appear, I prayed nearly all the time, and the thought of God and eternity stood before me night and day. I attended almost every revival that was within my reach and

frequently went to the altar as a seeker, but failed to get through for the following reasons: First. I did not utterly renounce sin and the world. Second. The altar workers did not know how to instruct a seeking soul. Almost as soon as I reached the altar, they began telling me first one thing and then another. One said, "Give up," but did not tell me what to give up. Another said, "Believe," but did not tell me how or what to believe. Finally, one night in a popular church in the city of Chicago, after going to the altar for a whole week, I was persuaded by a company of superficial believers to believe I was saved, without ever feeling the burden of sin roll away, without realizing any change of heart or obtaining any witness whatever. They clapped their hands and sang such songs as, "I can, and I will, and I do believe," "He takes me as I am," and "Jesus paid it all," but no fire fell.

My heart was as dark and cold as it was before I ever prayed a single prayer. However, I accepted this for religion and tried to make my heart believe it was; but in spite of all my plausible arguments, my heart looked up into my face and said, "This is not the old-time, heartfelt religion that your father enjoyed and told about." Regardless of my heart's strong protest, I joined the church, was baptized and became a zealous church worker. I attended all of the services, paid my dues, prayed, testified, visited the sick, gave to the poor and was also an assistant classleader, but my soul (from a spiritual standpoint) was dead as a stone. When I saw the older Christians shouting, weeping and praising God, my heart would again say to me, "I told you that you did not have the old-time religion that makes soul and body happy." And so it was, for, notwithstanding the other people's shouting and rejoicing, I did not feel any more of what they felt and enjoyed than a man who had died a hundred years before.

However, by and by, I was fully convinced of the fact that I was not saved, but was simply an empty, dry professor of religion. This caused me to earnestly seek the Lord, day and night. One evening, while in a mission, lifting my voice to God in earnest prayer, the windows of heaven flew open and a landslide of glory dropped into my soul. I was so filled and so thrilled with glory that as I went home I seemed to walk six feet above the ground. A few days later I received such an overwhelming blessing that the room seemed to be on fire. Then the superficial, religious teachers told me that the blessing which I had received was sanctification, so they persuaded me to attend a shallow holiness meeting where I claimed and testified to holiness. Thus I became one of their prominent workers.

About this time it pleased God to put into my hands a copy of "Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection," and also some other books on genuine spiritual holiness. I was also invited by a friend to a little meeting where the people had the genuine article, and while attending this meeting, the light shone upon my heart why I needed holiness. If the people had told me that I needed holiness to make me happy and give me joy, I would have told them that I already had it, for I had all the joy I could handle and was as happy as a man could be and yet live. I got blessed in every kind of meeting I attended, even in official meetings. But I noticed when these people testified they spoke of how God had taken the uprisings of anger, jealousy, impatience, prejudice, pride, etc., out of their hearts, and no matter how things went or how their wills were crossed, they never felt the least stir.

I had joy but I could not say that, for quite frequently, when spoken to sharply by my employer, I would feel something kink up in my soul that made me feel like talking back; also when some brother would be too sociable with my wife, there was something in my soul that did not feel normal but felt tremendously strange. And, whenever I gave a good testimony, prayed a good prayer or gave a good exhortation, I felt something in me that wanted to ask some one if I did well or how it sounded. I was quite anxious to have some one speak about it.

These traits and many others convinced me of the fact that I still had in me the "old man" and was not sanctified; so I began seeking, by earnest prayer, fasting, self-abnegation and faith, for about ten days, when suddenly, one beautiful April day (just seven months from the day of my conversion), a mighty power came upon me from heaven and swept the "old man," root and branch, out of my soul and filled me with the Holy Ghost and Fire.

From that time I resolved, by the grace of God, to be wholly devoted to Him, soul, body and spirit, and walk in the clearest light.

This experience of being cleansed and filled with divine light and glory revealed to me my own nothingness and shallowness, until finally a mighty spirit of prayer came upon me in which I prayed for six months, "Take me down deeper that I may magnify thy grace." During this time I ate nothing except bread and water, and lay prostrate before God in prayer for three months, without going to bed a single time. The blessed Spirit seemed to hold me under such strict discipline and gave me such union with heaven that I found it difficult to live in the world.

It is true, I have made many a blunder and grievous mistake, for all of which I humbly ask the human family to forgive me, but at all times my intentions and purposes were to please God in the highest sense and walk in the narrowest of the narrow way that leads to the gates of pearl.

Source: "Fragments From The King's Table" by Jerry Miles Humphrey



WILLIAM HUNTER

(1728 – 1797)

From a letter by William Hunter written to John Wesley, August 29, 1779:

Concerning the account I gave you at London, as I writ it in haste, I believe it is very imperfect: several things have occurred to my mind since which I should have put in if I had then remembered them.

As touching that greater salvation, being saved from inbred sin, I shall simply relate what I know of the dealings of God with me in this respect.

For some time after I knew the goodness of God to my soul, I was very happy; I sung in His ways for joy of heart, and His consolations were not small in me. I thought, indeed, I should learn war no more. It was then:

I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

But afterward it pleased Infinite Wisdom to open a new scene to me. I began to be exercised with many uncommon temptations, and felt my own heart ready to comply with the same: this brought me into great straits, and I began to call in question the work of grace in my soul. Oh the pain and anguish I felt for weeks together! Yet all this while I was very earnest with the Lord, my soul clave to Him, and I often said, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

Under this exercise I learned several things. As, (1) that my nature was not so much changed as I thought: I found many things in me which opposed the grace of God; so that, without continual

watching and prayer, I was capable of committing the very same sins which I had been guilty of before. (2) I began to be more acquainted with Satan's devices, and found power from God to resist them. (3) I had very affecting views of Christ as my great High-Priest, who was touched with a feeling of all my infirmities. (4) The Scriptures were precious to me, and I found great comfort in reading them. And, lastly, I was conscious of the need of a far greater change in my nature than I had yet experienced. But I then read mostly the Calvinists' writings, who all write that sin must be in believers till death; yet I found my mind at times deeply engaged in prayer to be saved from all sin.

Thus went on for a long time, sometimes up and sometimes down, till it pleased God to bring me to hear you at Newcastle. You preached, I well remember, from the First Epistle of John, 1.9: 'If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' This was a precious time to me. While you were preaching, a divine light shone in upon my heart with the word, and I was clearly convinced of the doctrine of sanctification, and the attainableness of it. I came home with full purpose of heart not to rest till I was made a living witness of it. I had now a clear view (1) Of the holiness of God; and saw that sin could not dwell with Him. (2) I had a clear view of the purity and perfection of His law, which is a transcript of the divine nature. And (3) I felt my great unlikeness to both; and, although I felt no condemnation, yet, in the view of these things, I felt much pain in my spirit, and my soul was humbled in the dust before Him! Oh how I longed to be made like Him; to love Him with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength! I had glorious discoveries of the grand provision made in the new covenant for the complete salvation of the soul; and I went on in joyful expectation, crying to the Lord to put me in possession of all He had purchased for me, and promised to me. Sometimes I seemed to be upon the threshold, just stepping into glorious liberty; but again fear and unbelief prevailed, and I started back. This cast my mind into great perplexity, and I often reasoned concerning the truth of the thing.

It would be tedious to relate the various exercises I went through for several years, without opening my mind to any one. I do not remember that I ever conversed with anyone upon the subject, or ever heard anyone discourse upon it. Only, I think, about eighteen years ago, it pleased God that I heard Mr. Olivers preach a sermon upon the subject. His text was, 'Let us go on unto perfection.' His doctrine was clear and his arguments strong.

My heart consented to the whole truth, and I had clearer views of the way of attaining it, namely, by faith, than ever before. This added new vigour to my spirit, and I seemed to be more on the wing than ever. I prayed and wept at His footstool, that He would show me all His salvation. And He gave me to experience such a measure of His grace as I never knew before; a great measure of heavenly light and divine power spread through all my soul; I found unbelief taken away out of my heart; my soul was filled with such faith as I never felt before; my love to Christ was like fire, and I had such views of Him, as my life, my portion, my all, as swallowed me up; and oh how I longed to be with Him! A change passed upon all the powers of my soul, and I felt a great increase of holy and heavenly tempers. I may say, with humility, it was as though I was emptied of all evil, and filled with heaven and God.

Thus, under the influence of His power and grace, I rode upon the sky. My soul fed on angels' food, and I truly ate the bread of heaven. I had more glorious discoveries than ever of the gospel of God our Saviour, and especially in His saving the soul from all sin. I enjoyed such an evidence of this in my own mind as put me beyond all doubt; and yet I never had such a sense of my own littleness, helplessness, and unworthiness as now. So true it is that only grace can humble the soul.

From the time the Lord gave me to experience this grace, I became an advocate for the glorious doctrine of Christian perfection; according to the gift He has been pleased to give me, I bear a testimony of it wherever I go; and I never find my soul so happy as when I preach most upon the blessed subject.

Thus I have simply related what I know of the work of God in my heart. I desire to give Him all the glory. But I have great cause to be ashamed before him for my own unfaithfulness. I feel I need his grace every moment: I stand by faith: I have as much need of Christ as ever; I may truly say,--

Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

Glory be to his name, I find my soul united to him, and my heart cries, None but Christ! I am kept by his power: I enjoy salvation: my heart is fixed, my anchor is sure and steadfast: I believe nothing shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.

I conclude with saying, though the whole of our salvation is from the Lord, yet he deals with us as rational creatures. He gives us light and conviction of our lost state; then the heart is humbled, and the soul bows before him. He then speaks peace. This is done in a moment, and faith in the soul is the instrumental root of all Christian holiness. Thus the work of sanctification is begun in the heart, and the person is in a capacity of living to God, and growing in grace. If he finds us faithful in a little, he shows us there is a state of greater liberty provided for us. The soul being open to the Divine teaching, he shows us our want of this. We seek it with our whole heart, and he is pleased to put us in possession of it. This too is generally given in a moment, and perfectly frees the mind from all evil tempers, and enables us to “love the Lord with all our hearts, and our neighbours as ourselves.” Being thus perfected in love, we are much more qualified to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, than ever. O precious salvation! Let me ever be a witness of it! W. H.

Source: “The EXPERIENCE of several eminent Methodist Preachers with an account of their Call to and Success in the Ministry in a series of letters written by themselves to the Rev. John Wesley” J. Collard, Printer, New York 1837



LADY HUNTINGDON

“My whole heart has not one single grain, this moment, of thirst after approbation (approval). I feel alone with God; He fills the void; I have not one wish, one will, one desire, but in Him; He hath set my feet in a large room. I have wondered and stood amazed that God should make a conquest of all within me by love.” -- Lady Huntington.

Source: “A Holiness Manifesto” by C. W. Butler

[The Enter His Rest website.](#)