



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

ALBERT JACOBS

I was after the spiritual not the physical. I knew that night special meetings were being held in Brother Murray’s church so I suggested that we go to church. We started and found the doors closed for we were half an hour too early.

We sat on the door step for a while, then walked up and down the street until time for the meeting. My soul was so hungry I could hardly wait. When the service commenced I was disappointed to learn that Brother Murray had gone away for that night, and a man had charge in whom I had no confidence as a child of God. The crowd kept coming in and among the number was a sister by the name of Felmlee. Before this my wife had drawn my attention to her as being a woman busy with many works, and who thought the church would fail if she were not there. She had not a very sweet look at times, but this night wife said, “Just look at Sister Felmlee. Something has happened to her for sure. Where she once had a long face she now has smiles.” It was all explained when she testified to the people that she had received a clean heart, and God had sanctified her soul. She told how the Lord had directed her to leave her washing in the boiler on the stove, that afternoon, and go to the All day Holiness meeting, which was held not far from there that Friday. I could see she had this blessing for it shone on her face and of course it made me more hungry.

All I could say or do, while this man in charge was reading and expounding the Scripture in his way was, “O, Lord stop him and give me a chance to pray.” At last he gave the invitation. I made a rush for the altar. While I knelt there, how my heart did go out to God asking him for more but the Spirit dealt with me and brought to my remembrance the weights that should be laid aside and the inbred sin which had so easily upset me, which I had inherited from my forefathers. Paul commanded us to present our bodies “a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God which is our reasonable service,” which I could not do at the time of my conversion because I was dead in trespasses and sins and in rebellion against God, but having been born again or made a new creature in Christ Jesus by a new and living way, I now could obey the command and present my body a living sacrifice by consecration, providing I, was willing to die out to the things of the world, “for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh and pride of life is not of the Father.” The Scripture further tells us not to be “conformed to this world but be transformed by the renewing of our minds” and put on the new man which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created us in righteousness and true holiness, in order that we may prove what is the acceptable and perfect will of God. Paul says, “This is the will of God even your sanctification.” I heard some one say give up home but I had done that in my conversion. I had other things to give up and my Heavenly Father through the agency of the Holy Spirit led me to give up until all was on the altar, as I thought. But I did not get relief. I cried out, “What else Lord?” he answered “What about self?” I must say it was hard to put Jacobs on the altar but it was Holiness or Hell for me.

After a hard struggle I cried out again, “Lord take self to be what you want me to be; to go where you want me to go; or to lay as clay in the hands of the potter.” *As I cried “Take self,” the heavens opened; a joy unspeakable and full of glory came into my soul and surged through me from head to foot; it seemed as if a ton weight let go of my feet and I bounced up into the air with a jump, shouted with victory in my soul. This promise came to my mind and was fulfilled in my case, “Being ye all the tithes and offerings into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now, herewith,*

saith the Lord of host, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

He gave me a good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, hallelujah! It seemed the whole church was filled with the glory of God. When I read that the disciples were noisy at the day of Pentecost, I said no wonder.

That night I was lost to my surroundings and did not know my wife was 'kneeling by my side seeking this blessed experience until I jumped up from the altar with victory in my soul when I was too full of the joy of the Lord to help her. I ran down one aisle and up the other. When I passed wife she caught me by the coat saying, "Albert, take me home, I feel so empty. My reply was, "O, no. I am full and must get some poor sinner saved." Praise the Lord, she too, got the victory and the blood cleansed her from all sin. Dear reader, this was the first time I ever shouted in church as I always thought a man or woman was crazy who said Amen, out of place but Amen or anything else was all right with me that night.

I had to give vent and testify to the fact that I was sanctified wholly and received the Holy Ghost. I felt like taking every one in my arms and carrying them to the throne of grace. My heart went out to the unsaved and I loved them as I never loved them before. It seemed to me that every person would be delighted to know I had this wonderful experience and they would want it too, but I found it was not so. The very persons who ought to have helped me along with gladness withdrew themselves from me and I became one of the despised little ones. I was pleading with sinners until twelve o'clock that night, when the last-sinner in the church fell down before the Lord and cried out for mercy. I know not how I reached home but I know wife was on one side of me and Mrs. O. E. Murray, "the pastor's wife," on the other, guiding me as I shouted and jumped all the way home. Mrs. Jacobs made the statement that something had happened to me for she had never seen me act that way before. Surely something had happened for my Heavenly Father had accepted this body which I presented a living sacrifice as commanded by Paul. Obedience brought joy in the Holy Ghost, "Bless His name forever!"

While I am writing, joy is flowing like a river, Jesus said I speak this unto you that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full. Christians do not know the real joy of salvation in its fullness until all is laid on the altar with hands off and obey the leading of the Spirit. O, glory! The joy bells are now ringing in my soul. Praise the Lord for present and full salvation! Everything the Lord has given me is on the altar and His word declares that the altar sanctifies the gift. I enjoy the whole will of God; his will is my will. I am ready to go or stay; do or be; just what he would have me be; with an upward gaze in my soul, hallelujah. "I've no thirsting for life's pleasures, nor adorning rich and gay for I have found a richer treasure, one that fadeth not away." I have a deep determination to go through to the end with Jesus at any cost. The blessed Holy Spirit is abiding in my soul and I am comfortable in his kingdom and inspired in the faith. I praise God for present, perfect, complete, overcoming, unspeakable, unquestionable, victory in my soul.

Source: "God's Guiding Hand" by Albert Jacobs



MRS. MARY D. JAMES

(Methodist)

This account was prepared for this volume by the son and biographer of Mrs. James. As far as possible the narration is given in her own words, as indicated by quotation marks, the passages in the third person having been so written as a matter of her taste.

Born in Trenton, New Jersey, August 7, 1810, died in New York City, October 4, 1883. She was reared in a Christian home and was an unusually thoughtful, conscientious child. She was clearly converted at a little more than ten years of age, February 18, 1821. Of her early experience she wrote:

“My peace and joy in the Lord abounded, and for some weeks I felt nothing contrary to perfect love.” Afterward she “felt the rising of depraved nature, which, though subdued, still remained, and was *constantly striving to gain the ascendancy* and the throne of which the adorable Redeemer had possession. To prevent sin from having dominion over me was my unceasing effort, and my soul was pained and grieved exceedingly to feel the workings of this vile enemy within.”

A few months after her entrance upon the Christian life the Rev. Joseph Lybrand became her pastor, and “most clearly, forcibly and constantly preached the doctrine of a full salvation as the privilege of all the children of God.” He also took pains to explain this experience to “little Mary,” the youngest lamb of his flock. She writes:

“From the hour in which it was first presented as my privilege I sought it with unremitting diligence. I presented myself to God ‘a living sacrifice,’ in the bonds of an everlasting covenant, and began to reckon myself to be ‘dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.’ This, I think, was about six months after my conversion. I did not at that time receive the evidence that the work was fully wrought.”

In her diary she wrote, January 3, 1823: “I thirst for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb. O Jesus, give me power to lay hold of Thy promise by faith. I cannot rest till I am wholly sanctified.”

Two days later she attended a prayer-meeting in which she was called upon to pray, but “was tempted to refuse.” “As the leader of the meeting said the second time, ‘Pray, Sister Mary, God will help you,’ *she looked up to Jesus, casting herself upon Him, and began her supplication. Having uttered only a sentence or two her spirit was caught up into the infinite presence, and, for more than an hour, she was talking with Jesus face to face, unconscious of all earthly things. Her body was prostrated as if lifeless. It was during that memorable hour that the all-cleansing blood was applied and her heart was made pure.*”

January 10, 1823, this child, then less than thirteen years of age, wrote in her diary: “Glory to God in the highest! He has heard my prayers, and this night my soul rejoiced in that ‘perfect love’ which casteth out fear.’ O how happy I am! Where shall I begin to praise my Saviour for His goodness to me? It is now more than a year since I enlisted under the banner of Jesus, and He has kept me by His power until this time. I have had many temptations and trials, and sometimes have not lived as near to God as I ought to have done, but, blessed be His dear name, He has upheld me by His gracious hand, and I am at this moment a witness that His precious blood cleanseth from all sin.”

While yet a young woman, Mary Yard wrote in a letter to a friend: “To describe the difference between my feelings at the time of my justification and sanctification would be impossible. Indeed, I believe that sanctification is but the extension or fullness of the former blessing, the brightness of meridian splendor compared to the dawn ... But the figure will not hold good any further than the sun’s meridian, for the Christian having the fullness of perfect love still goes onward. ‘Higher mounts his soul and higher.’ His capacities enlarge, and he abounds in love yet more and more.”

Twice the brightness of the evidence of this experience was dimmed. While yet a little child she listened to the advice of older persons and ceased to speak definitely of the grace given her, and “had a season of spiritual darkness, which, however, was of short duration.” Again in 1835, upon her removal to Mount Holly, N. J., as the wife of Mr. Henry B. James she ceased to bear testimony specifically in regard to full redemption.” She sincerely believed herself justifiable in withholding her testimony to the power of the blood that cleanseth. For a long time she pursued this course without compunctions of

conscience, but wondering why she was shorn of strength when she attempted to speak or pray, and why she felt that there seemed an intervening mist, half concealing the brightness of her Saviour's face, while she felt the same ardent love to Him and devotion to the interests of His kingdom. The consciousness that His presence was a less vivid realization caused her deep sorrow." This sorrow was increased when Mrs. James learned that her course in this regard had hindered others.

In 1840, during a visit to the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Palmer, in New York, this matter was set forever at rest." From this visit she returned to her home full of holy energy and strong purpose to work for God. Her glowing soul longed to show forth His praise who so gloriously revealed Himself to her. "She at once began to speak in unmistakable terms of the doctrine and experience--a course from which she never deviated during the forty-three years that remained to her on earth. She never professed to be "sinless," or "perfect," or "holy," but loved, on all occasions when she thought it would honor her Master, to confess that Jesus saved her completely and filled her with His perfect love.

In a letter to a friend she wrote: "In the retrospect of sixty-two years it gives me unspeakable pleasure to know that my entire life has been consecrated to His blessed service. O, if I had served Him more faithfully, more acceptably! It is the sweetest joy of my heart to look up to my Saviour and say:

Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify,
I wrap it round my soul;
In it I live and die."

After threescore years of useful, happy living in the consciousness of this full salvation, she sat one morning talking with those "of like precious faith," in regard to the great salvation, when she "was not, for God took Her."

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



HARRY E. JESSOP

Dr. Harry Jessop was editor of the Heart and Life publication, and he was also president of the Chicago Evangelistic Institute.

For some reason or other, details concerning another's experience, spiritual or otherwise, are always of interest. It is therefore a joy for me to tell what happened in this deeper relationship with God, and what it has meant to me.

It happened a long time ago; but the memory of it is so fresh and the results have been so lasting that it is still gloriously up-to-date, affecting my entire Christian life past, present, and future.

From that first moment of the realization of saving grace, I wanted all that God could give me, and soon found myself yearning for a deeper life in Him. It was not long before I began to feel that, glorious as my new experience in conversion had been, God was now holding before me something of a deeper nature than that which I already enjoyed.

While my love for Christ was such that it pained me to know that I had grieved Him, my spiritual life was far from constant, and my communion was not sustained. Frequently, the conflicts into which I came did not end in such a manner as to bring glory to the Lord. I was conscious of a lack of power in service, and of a strange inward conflict which did not seem to be consistent with New Testament standards.

One day, however, an unexpected thing happened: I met a man whose face shone with something I had never seen before. It was a heavenly radiance betokening a real soul satisfaction and suggesting a deep

inward rest. As I looked at him, my heart was filled with an unspeakable longing to have what he possessed; but the longer I looked, the more puzzled I became. As he looked at me, he evidently read the longing of my hungry heart, for he startled me with a strange question:

“Brother,” said he, “have you been baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire?”

My reply must have sounded simple, but it came from my heart as I answered:

“I don’t know what you mean by being baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire; but if that is it that shines out of your face, I want it.”

He was not long in telling me that the radiance on his countenance was the result of a definite spiritual experience, a cleansing by the Holy Spirit. Wesley called it The Second Blessing; and this, said my new-found friend, is for you, and for every child of God who will seek it today. He began to give me some simple instructions as to how I might receive it, showing me the need of a complete consecration, my entire life with all its reaches being demanded as a living sacrifice to God. When that consecration was complete, a simple act of faith would bring the Blessing.

It is a joy to testify that the consecration was made and the faith exercised; and, blessed be God, the Blessing came!

Source: “Living Flames of Fire” by Bernie Smith



JIM, A DELIVERED ALCOHOLIC

In a Kansas town there was a revival in a Methodist church. Among the converts were “Drunken Jim” and his two daughters. They all joined the church on probation. The saloon men would get around Jim and get him drunk. He would cry and repent and beg the church to hold on to him. He would promise to be a man, but he seemingly could not stand. His two beautiful daughters graduated from the high school and were called “Drunken Jim’s daughters.” He drank on, wasted his fortune and was on the edge of getting of “delirium tremens”.

Brother Rhodes went to the town with a little tent to hold a holiness meeting. One night the meeting had closed and every light was out but one. Poor Jim came forward, half drunk and said: “Mr. Preacher, did you say that God could sanctify a man and take the appetite for sin all out of him?” “Yes sir, brother, it is true.” “Then,” said Jim, “you have got a seeker on your hands right now.” They gathered around him and prayed all night, and prayed him sober and to God. He begged the Christians not to leave him. He was all unstrung and on the borders of delirium, and his nerves were clamoring for drink. The doctor and health officers came and tried to take him away and give him drink. Jim cried, “Go away and leave me with these holiness people. You never helped me.” *They watched him and prayed for him for three days until he was sanctified, (this is called “prevailing prayer” They prayed until....) and the vile appetites were gone. He became a miracle of grace, and a mighty Christian worker, and an ornament to the community.*

This is the kind of salvation this poor world needs, and a million people can testify that “Christ can Save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.” *(These are also the kind of prayer warriors that the world needs.)*

Source: “Nazarene Preacher’s Magazine, August, 1927”



ANDREW JOHNSON

(Methodist)

Andrew Johnson was an unique preacher and writer. His alliterations and wisdom made his writings and sermons interesting to his hearers and readers.

“Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!” I am requested to relate my experience of holiness. I am glad to do this for many reasons: first, to give God all the glory; second, I desire to help others to see this great gospel truth, and I would like to inspire Christians everywhere to see the promised experience of the Canaan of Perfect Love...

I attended, while yet in my teens, a great revival meeting at Stanford, Lincoln County, Kentucky. The late Dr. H. C. Morrison, editor of the Pentecostal Herald and president of Asbury College, was conducting the revival. The meeting continued for several weeks. The town and community were deeply stirred...The writer was captured, convicted, caught up, and carried on the spiritual currents of an old-time, soul-saving revival...I sat over against the wall on the third row of seats. The evangelistic message roared and re-echoed with the Sinai thunders of convicting truth.

When the invitation was given, the writer was the first one to respond to the call and go forward for prayer. Dr. Morrison shouted, “God bless this boy!” I fell at the front bench and believed every word the pastor, Dr. W. E. Arnold, said to me in the way of instruction and encouragement. There was no resentment or resistance in my heart and not a thing on earth that I was unwilling to surrender. Yet I did not receive the witness to my salvation until I was three miles away from the church on my way home. I was looking up to the skies with the songs of the service resounding in my soul when suddenly I came in direct contact with the Holy Spirit and a filial, friendly communication was opened between my soul and heaven. I came mysteriously into a new world of light and love. My attitude was changed; my condition was changed; my relationship was changed. In a word, I was a new creature in Christ Jesus (II Cor. 5:17).

Four days later I went to the altar as a definite seeker for the further experience of entire sanctification. Dr. J. W. Hughes, the founder of Asbury College, preached a powerful sermon that morning on Bible holiness and invited Christians to come to the altar and consecrate their lives to God for service and seek the blessing of holiness. He called upon a good sister, Mrs. J. E. Lynn, who had been a member of the church for twenty years, to pray. She refused to pray out in an audible voice. Then he called in ringing tones as a general in an army: “Andrew Johnson, lead us in prayer.”

Up to this time, I had never prayed in public, had been converted only four days. But as an obedient seeker, I turned the willows loose by the water's edge and immediately launched out into the deep, calling in earnest upon God to cleanse my heart. The fire fell and the power struck me like a galvanic battery. “In the twinkling of an eye, Jesus' blood can sanctify!” It seemed as though every wheel in the machinery of the universe for the moment stood stock-still. I was blessed and filled with the infinite calm of a profound peace that passeth all understanding. My heart was purified instantly from all the dross of sin and carnality. The very essence of heaven, it seemed, was in my redeemed soul.

The preacher then shouted: “Testify!” I boldly walked up into the pulpit and uttered these five words: “I believe I am sanctified.” Dr. Morrison laid his hands on my head and exclaimed: “I believe this boy will make a preacher.” How well I remember that hallowed and sacred moment!

If I have ever amounted to anything in the world for God in having preached His word these fifty-four years, traveling here and there in forty-five states, Canada, and Mexico, it dates from the identical moment the sanctifying fire swept through my entire being during that holy and ever memorable altar service. Hallelujah! The blood is all my plea! To God be all the glory!

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



JENNIE A. JOLLEY

After conversion, I discovered the old carnal nature that I was born with (as is everyone else): the depths of pride, self-will and hell. Self-pity pled for dear life, but, being part of the carnal unit; it must be crucified rather than humored. I welcomed the illumination of the Holy Ghost, as I examined and confessed its movements, especially in times of temptation or trial; and O, what a hidden nest I found as heaven's light shone in: the stirrings of anger, self-love, inordinate affection, carnal ambition, the love of praise, evil thoughts, lust, self-will, fear of man, jealousy, deceit, unbelief, "ad-infinitum, ad-nauseum."

David prayed, "Purge me with hyssop (bitter confession of sin or carnality) and I shall be clean." Psalm 51:7. It is remarkable how quickly confession brings relief. I had previously repented of my own sins, receiving forgiveness and regeneration: something I never had before; now I repented of Adam's sin, exposing to view the inward corruption that I felt like attempting to hide instead, dying out to sin and the old self-life, something I always had and now wanted to be rid of; unlike the man who knelt at the altar for holiness, and folding his hands pretty, prayed, "Now, Lord, please put the frosting on." No, this crucifixion process was anything but pleasant, -- rather a death instead. As my soul cried out:

"Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans,
My flesh may writhe and make its moans,
But this the way, and this alone--
I must die."

The hour arrived which brought the inner consciousness that I had done my part. Faith sprang up spontaneously, as I quietly looked up saying, "Lord, I believe you will sanctify me." Immediately it seemed that a big hand reached down and pulled right out of me the big carnal stump with all its roots of the various evil traits. I felt them going, then seemed so empty and hollow, I thought I should sink to the floor, unable to hold up; but here came a stream of liquid love pouring into the vacancy, which filled me so full I could only weep.

This occurred at Carlock, Illinois, June 21, 1896, about 8 o'clock Sunday morning at family worship, and with still time to get ready for church. Everyone may not have the same manifestation and emotion I had; some may feel like shouting, or laughing; or they might leap for joy, but what matter -- just so the heart is cleansed -- let the Holy Ghost come as He will.

This is what Jesus died for: "Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate." Heb. 13:12. This is what the disciples received at Pentecost, and it is that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Heb. 12:14.

Earnestly Seeking

I am coming to Mount Calvary,
Where the Savior died for me;
Sinful, burdened, I am coming,
Crucify me, Lord, with Thee.

Chorus:

I am thirsting, I am dying,
As I to Mount Calvary go;
For the fullness I am crying,
Wash me whiter than the snow.

Oh! the vileness and the darkness,
Of this sinful heart of mine;
With the light upon me shining,
Make, oh! Make my heart like thine.

Oh! the pangs of hell within me,
Oh! the strivings to be free;
But the strong man, stronger dying,
Rends my heart, opposing thee.

Let me die, oh cross of Calvary,
Nails and spear are welcome now,
As with agony unspoken,
To thy death I gladly bow.

Hallelujah! It is finished,
Crucified with Christ I am;
Now I'm cleansed from all defilement
Through the all-atoning Lamb.

2nd Chorus:

I am filled, Oh! Hallelujah!
As I from Mount Calvary go;
And my heart the blood now cleanses
Whiter than the driven snow.

Pentecost with all its glory,
Power divine upon my soul;
On to victory, full of praises,
While eternal ages roll.

--T. H. Nelson

Source: "A Child Of Hell Made Over For Heaven" by Jennie A. Jollie



BURTON RENSSELAER JONES

(Free Methodist Bishop)

In the winter of 1853 a far-reaching providence entered into the history of the Jones family. That remarkable man of God, Rev. William C. Kendall, held a revival in Greigsville. Although honest and upright, the Jones family were not religious. When the fearless Kendall came to the circuit as a far-famed exponent of the doctrine of "holiness" he faced great opposition, but in spite of obstacles he continued his heroic gospel until the community was stirred for miles around. The work went deep and thorough. In this revival Father and Mother Jones were converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Later in this meeting Burton was clearly converted. As he knelt at the altar, that holy man of God placing his hand upon the head of the penitent said, "The Lord bless the boy." Afterwards he expressed the conviction that some day he would preach the gospel. This made a lasting impression upon the boy's young heart.

Mr. Jones gives this account of his early days: "I ran well for a season. Prayer was the delight of my soul. I thought the Lord lived in the sky and to look in that direction seemed to inspire my heart. I would call my classmates together at the noon hour, sing and pray, relate my experience and exhort them to seek the Savior. A number were thus led to Christ. After a season, however, I yielded to the influence of my associates and the allurements of Satan, neglected duty, and fell a prey to the enemy."

In company with his parents, he attended a number of the camp meetings on the old Bergen camp ground which was the rallying place for the holiness people of western New York in those days. Here he heard the gospel preached by such giants as Asa Abel, B. T. Roberts, Loren Stiles, Doctor Redfield, Levi Wood, and Benjamin Pomeroy. The type of gospel he heard from these holy men and the demonstrations of divine power which he witnessed made a profound and lasting impression upon him.

Meantime the great upheaval took place in the Genesee Conference resulting in the expulsion of these strong exponents of Christian perfection and the organization of the Free Methodist Church. A revival of primitive Methodism was sweeping over western New York and was breaking out in Illinois and Michigan. In 1864 a Free Methodist society was organized in Greigsville by Rev. Asa Abel. In the following year, Rev. J. A. Wilson, assisted by Rev. G. W. Coleman, held a revival which again swept over the whole countryside in great power. At this time young Jones, twenty years of age, was attending the academy at Geneseo, New York, five miles distant. Although a backslider, the spirit of God came upon him in strong conviction. As he passed the door of the church one evening the voice of prayer fell on his ear and strangely wrought upon him. Unable to pursue his studies on account of the moving of his conscience, he decided to return home and attend the meetings. A strange sensation crept over him whenever sinners were invited to seek the Lord. The great struggle for his soul was at its height. Every night he moved a seat nearer the front of the church. One night his mother entreated him – as only a mother can – amid tears to get right with God. Then and there he sought the Lord. As his emotions subsided, the fury of Satan was turned upon him presenting the separation from the world, the reproach of the cross, and the cost of taking the narrow way.

For several days he was in this distressed state of mind. One night after church, sorely tempted and discouraged, he knelt at the family altar. Resolved on victory or death, he settled every controversy and made a complete surrender. As his faith was reaching out, those about him sang:

"My sins are washed away
Through the blood of the Lamb."

Only a few lines had been sung when the clouds broke and the clear witness came at his father's altar about midnight, March 10, 1865. The struggling penitent passed from death unto life. In his own words, "The smiles of a reconciled God decorated the heart which but a few moments before was a dungeon of woe ... I was inexpressibly joyous. That night was the most blessed night I have ever known. The greater part of it I remained awake praising the Lord."

Having been reared under the ministry of men "mighty in the Scriptures," he had a clear understanding of the theory of Bible holiness. He believed in sanctification as a second work of grace. *Since his highest ambition was to be wholly the Lord's, he responded to the invitation to seek a clean heart three days after his conversion. After making a complete self-dedication to God, he received the witness of the spirit that his heart was cleansed. "My own experience," says Bishop Jones, "confirms me in the belief that it is God's will that young converts should be made perfect in love soon after conversion."* He immediately cast in his lot with the recently organized Free Methodist Church of which some day he was destined to become one of its bishops.

Source: "Master Workmen" by Richard R. Blews



C. WARREN JONES

(Nazarene)

Apart from the Board of General Superintendents, it can be safely said that Dr. and Mrs. C. Warren Jones have visited more mission fields, spoken through more interpreters, looked in at more foreign mission activities about the globe than any other Nazarenes of their time. Without question they are “missionaries at large.”

This moving, roving blood in C. Warren Jones -- “Man of World-wide Missions” -- comes honestly. His father, Edward W. Jones, crossed the plains with his parents from Warsaw, Missouri, and landed in the spot where Portland, Oregon, now stands. That was at the close of the Civil War and Edward was, only eight years old. Brother Jones’s mother was born in San Jose, California, after her parents had made their crossing from Indiana in the “gold rush days” of 1849.

C. Warren Jones was born on a farm near Garfield, Washington, on March 2, 1882. As a lad he found Christ in a crossroads schoolhouse revival meeting. Upon finishing high school he proceeded to Puget Sound College, Tacoma, Washington, where he received his A.B. Degree. He then taught one year in public schools and five years in a business, college.

Two major events took place in the life of Mr. Jones at this period. He met the girl of his choice and they were united in marriage on June 30, 1909, and God called him to preach the gospel. This he endeavored to do in a few Methodist churches. But days of discouragement came and, giving up the work of the ministry, the C. Warren Jones couple traveled to Illinois, where he planned to work on his master’s degree at the University of Chicago.

The Joneses were strangers in the great city, but Mrs. Jones remembered a minister who had preached at their town of Garfield. So they sought the guidance of Rev. I. G. Martin, then pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene, Chicago. He readily assisted them in a place of lodging. *Martin saw the spiritual need of the couple. He therefore made it his business, to make their salvation full and complete. Almost immediately they were both reclaimed and sanctified.* Then early in September, 1913, he received both of them into the Church of the Nazarene.

With the call to preach returning afresh to Brother Jones, Pastor Martin assisted the Jones couple in being placed as pastors of the newly organized church at Chicago Heights. There they began to work for the Lord with their seven members. In less than thirty days the annual assembly met at Olivet, Illinois. Since Brother Jones had three years’ experience in the Methodist ministry and was up on his studies except the Manual, which he promised to complete, he was presented to Dr. E. F. Walker for ordination. And on October 5, 1913, the general superintendent extended Nazarene elder’s orders to C. Warren Jones.

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



E. STANLEY JONES

I came to Christ bankrupt. My capacity to blunder drove me to His feet, and to my astonishment he took me, forgave me, and sent my happy soul singing its way down the years. By grace was I saved, through faith, and that not of myself – it was the gift of God.

I walked in the joy of that for months and then the clouds began to gather. There was something within me not redeemed, something else down in the cellar that seemed to be sullenly at war with this new life. I was at war with myself!

I think I can see what happened. We live in two minds – the conscious and the subconscious...

Into the conscious mind there is introduced at conversion a new life, a new loyalty, a new love. But the subconscious mind does not obey this new life. Its driving instincts drive for fulfillment apart from any morality built up in the conscious mind. There ensues a clash between the new life in the conscious mind and the instinct of the subconscious. The house of man's soul becomes a house divided against itself.

I wondered if this was the best that Christianity could do – to leave one in this divided condition? I found to my glad surprise the teaching concerning the Holy Spirit, and I found the area of the work of the Holy Spirit largely, if not entirely, in the subconscious. *I found that if I would surrender to the Holy Spirit this conscious mind – all I knew and all I did not know – he would cleanse at these depths I could not control. I surrendered and accepted the gift by faith. He did cleanse as a refining fire. In that cleansing there was a unifying. Conscious and subconscious minds were brought under a single control and redemption. That control was the Holy Spirit. I was no longer at war with myself. Life was on a permanently higher level. It was no longer up and down. The soul had caught its stride. I went on my way singing a new song.* That song has continued. It is fresher today than then.

Source: “The Meaning of Sanctification”

by Charles Ewing Brown



WILLIAM JONES

(Methodist)

I was converted when only twelve years of age, and, after one year on probation, by no fault of my own I found myself outside of the Church. My sensitive soul was wounded and I gave up my hope in Christ, and after years of moral darkness, the contemplation of which is yet painful, at the age of nineteen years I was graciously reclaimed. But I spent only a brief period in conscious fellowship with God.

Realizing fully that if I became a Christian indeed I should have to preach the Gospel, and conscious of my inability to meet the demands of the sacred office, I was disobedient to the heavenly calling.

I put away the conviction of duty from my mind, and sought by severe application to study to dissipate all sense of religious obligation. I passed through an academic course of study, took up the science of medicine, and in the excitement of professional life sought a relief from the convictions of duty. But there came a time when the Spirit of God came with great power to my heart, the whole tide of my life was turned, my entire being was arrested and held in suspense by the presence of God, my past failures and future possibilities possessed me by day and by night. At this time I realized in some degree the danger of further disobedience; it appeared to me that I must submit to God or utterly perish; and after a severe struggle that lasted many days I yielded, and at a late hour in the night of August 11, 1857, alone in my office, I bowed in prayer to God, gave myself to Him, and accepted Jesus as my personal Saviour.

There came into my soul a sense of peace, a calm, quiet assurance of the divine favor; but it was not like my former experience; there was no bubbling of joy. There was a cold, sullen sense of submission from necessity, a spirit of subjugation, and the Father seemed far off, as if I were received on probation, and it was not until the following November that I received by the Spirit the knowledge of complete reconciliation through Jesus Christ. Floods of light and joy came into my soul. I was possessed of a new manhood; “old things” had passed entirely away. I united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the path of ministerial duty was at once made plain; it flashed with celestial brightness and glowed

with a radiance almost inconceivable, and as soon as my probation expired I began to preach, but almost immediately renewed the controversy in my own mind, and for five years kept up my quarrel with God.

“Clouds and darkness were round about me,” weak and undecided; I was vacillating and “unstable as water.” But there came a crisis, and I united with the Conference, and after two successful pastorates of two years each, in which many were converted, *in the fifth year of my ministry I became greatly interested in the subject of holiness. I sought earnestly for a clean heart. The fiery baptism came upon me and I was “made every whit whole.”*

For a little more than one year I enjoyed this precious experience, quietly and alone, but without interruption. No one preached on the subject that I knew of; no one testified to it in my hearing, and I cautiously kept still *and remained quiescent until the brightness of it passed away, and I found myself without the witness of purity and not always clear in my experience of sonship.*

About this time the first National Campmeeting at Urbana, Ohio, occurred, and the whole country was aroused on the subject of holiness. But both the doctrine and experience were misrepresented by its friends and caricatured by its foes.

The old heresy of the imputed holiness (coming as part of salvation) and the impeccability (false angelic perfection) of the sanctified were vigorously advocated by a large class of adherents.

These and other forms of error were prevalent in my congregation, and I began a careful examination of the doctrinal and philosophical aspects of the subject. That I might have opportunity to hear their experiences and know their teachings I attended the special holiness meetings. I was also present at the second National Campmeeting at Urbana, and listened carefully to the sermons and teachings of the members of that association. I heard the thrilling testimonies of the newly sanctified and the enrapturing experiences of those who had been years in the way, and found the teachings of the association and the experience of the people to be in accord with my own former experiences and the standards of the Church. I there committed myself publicly to the cause of holiness, and declared my faith in the all-cleansing blood.

After my return home I began to study the different phases of the experience as manifested in the various temperaments and idiosyncrasies of those who enjoyed the blessing. I resolved not only to be correct theologically, but I was determined to be experientially and practically so. I gave myself wholly to God; I utterly abandoned every thing that was doubtful; I put entirely away the very appearance of evil, and resolved to know and to please God.

I knew that I could not reason myself into a clean heart; but I also knew that my heavenly Father required me “To sanctify the Lord God in my heart, and be ready to give an answer to every man that asked, a reason for the hope that is in me, in meekness and in fear.” I soon found that by a careful adjustment of myself to Christ, “the Vine,” and a continuous exercise of my will to keep this relation unembarrassed, I grew in grace daily. My strength was enlarged, the witness of the Spirit to my cleansing became very distinct, and my soul was exceedingly sensitive to the approach of evil in any form. About ten months of this continuous life of obedience (*conscious fear of God*) brought me out into a large place. And in April, 1874, while assisting Rev. I. N. Smith, of the Central Ohio Conference, in a holiness meeting, *I received a special manifestation of the Spirit that far exceeded all my former experiences. My whole being was permeated with the divine presence. My soul was sublimated (changed in nature), and Christ in His divine personality was revealed in wondrous power by the Holy Ghost. He appeared visibly before my consciousness, and for months He was “The man from glory standing by my right side.”*

Thirteen years have passed away since then, years of intense labor and glorious victory; years of severe

trial and gracious deliverance. I have frequently encountered the same spirit that consigned John Huss to the flames; have gone over on my knees where “There was a sharp rock on that side and a sharp rock on this side”; but have been enabled to say with the apostle, “Now thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place.”

There have been periods of fluctuation; there have been two periods of short duration of hesitancy, in which I swerved, in which I lost ground to some extent. I did not incur guilt, did not contract any moral pollution, but was conscious that I had in some degree lost my aggressive power.

The causes that led to these weaknesses may be all embraced in the term carelessness. My will lost something of its tenacity of purpose; my faith relinquished its positive grasp on Jesus, and selfism, in one form or another, began to assume dominion. But these periods were of short duration. For nearly fifteen years I have been a loyal citizen of the “Land of Beulah.” During these years my soul has grown strong in fellowship with Jesus. I am still in the land, far out toward the interior. I ascend the mountain heights of this wonderful land. I wander through its valleys; I breathe its perfumed and exhilarating atmosphere; I feed upon its grains and fruits; I inhale the fragrance that floats down from its “Mountain of Myrrh.” And some day from one of its purple-clouded hills I shall step through the misty veil into the upper temple.

WILLIAM JONES, KANSAS CITY, MO., SEPT. 6, 1887.

Source: “Forty Witnesses” by S. Olin Garrison



ADONIRAM JUDSON

That distinguished and saintly missionary, the Rev. Adoniram Judson, says: “Renounce the world, renounce thyself, and flee into his loving arms, which are open to receive thee. Angels will rejoice over thy second conversion as they did over thy first. Thou wilt begin to live in a new world, to breathe a new atmosphere, and behold the light of heaven shining upon thee; and thou wilt begin to love the Lord thy God in a new manner.”

Here the condition and results of this second work, this “second experience,” the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire, which Dr. Judson calls a “second conversion,” are strikingly stated. 1. Full surrender and consecration. “Renounce the world, renounce thyself. 2. Faith: “Flee to his loving arms, which are open to receive thee.” 3. Results: “Thy second conversion” a deeper work of grace – followed by a “new world,” a “new atmosphere,” a “new light, and a “new man” of love.

Source: “Scriptural Sanctification” by John R. Brooks



JUSTIN MARTYR

(AD 100–165) was an early Christian apologist and saint. His works represent the earliest surviving Christian "apologies" of notable size.

Tertullian in his *Adversus Valentinianos*, calls Justin a philosopher and martyr, and the earliest antagonist of heretics. He was flogged and beheaded with six other Christians in Rome for his beliefs. Justin Martyr, a philosopher, converted to Christianity after vainly searching the philosophies of the ancients, and who finally sealed his testimony with his blood, wrote as follows: “For our own Ruler, the divine Word, who even now constantly aids us, does not desire strength of body and beauty of feature, nor yet the high spirit of earth’s nobility, but a pure soul, fortified by holiness, and the

watchwords of our King, holy actions, for through the Word power passes into the soul. O trumpet of peace to the soul that is at war! O weapon that putteth to flight terrible passions! These instructions that quench the innate fires of the soul! These have conquered me – the divinity of the instruction, and the power of the Word: for as a skilled serpent charmer lures the terrible reptile from his den and causes it to flee, so the Word drives the fearful passions of our sensual nature from the very recesses of the soul; first driving forth lust, through which every ill is begotten – hatreds, strife, envy, emulations, anger, and such like. Lust being once banished, the soul becomes calm and serene. And being set free from the ills in which it was sunk up to the neck, it returns to him which made it.”

Source: “Objections to Holiness Considered”

by H. A. Baldwin



ELIZABETH FISHER KEELEY

(Methodist)

Elizabeth Fisher Keeley, wife of Rev. G. W. Keeley, M. D., was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, February 20, 1811, and died August 18, 1847. She was married June 27, 1837, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1827. In the winter of 1846 she was clearly convinced of the necessity of holiness of heart, and began immediately, and in earnest, to seek for the blessing. Her comforts greatly increased, and thus she became prepared for the long-protracted suffering to which she was soon called.

On July 17, 1847, she was made the happy subject of sanctifying grace. The blessing was overwhelming, and her evidence was clear. She exclaimed, “Glory to God! Jesus reigns in my heart without a rival. I have laid all on the altar, and God has accepted the sacrifice, and

“Never will I remove out of his hands my cause,
But rest in his redeeming love, and hang upon the cross.”

From that time to the day of her death the power of the grace of God was fully and signally illustrated in the tranquil and joyful state in which her mind was kept. Jesus, the cross, and holiness were her constant theme. To her class leader she said, “Seek holiness; exhort your members to be holy. Jesus is mine. My soul clings to Jesus, who bore my sins on the cross.”

I never witnessed a more triumphant death. During the last seven days of her life I penciled on the fly-leaves of my pocket-Bible some of her language as it fell from her lips:

August 11 she said, “Jesus is mine. My soul clings to the blessed Savior who bore my sins on the cross. But I want a clearer sight of him. Perhaps I want too much. Jesus loves me. What for? What have I done to merit his love?” In the evening she said to her husband, “I pray that you may have grace to support you. I believe you will be faithful, and we shall meet in heaven. Preach holiness; preach Christ and him crucified; and never stop preaching so long as you have strength of body or mind.” To the question, “Is your mind composed?” she replied, “Yes, and if I die I am the Lord’s. Living or dying, I am the Lord’s; remember that. ‘Christ in me the hope of glory.’”

Father Quinn called to see her; and as she took him by the hand she said, “Father Quinn, I am almost home.” At another time she exclaimed, “Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Jesus reigns in my poor heart. Things this morning seem to have an unusual brightness, When I close my eyes to the world I feel that all is heaven. Glory to God!” The last words she was heard to utter in reference to her enjoyment were, “Glory to God!” A few minutes after she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

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



JOHN KIRN

“I am saved of God. When I got converted, I want to say that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. I swung out into a new realm. Some time after my conversion, I sought for cleansing of heart – for this purity the Bible speaks about. When the blessing came, I knew it. I was naturally timid, but God took the timidity all out and I long to face the world and tell what Christ will do for sinners. It was the 14th day of January, about 15 years ago, that I got this blessing, and, by the help of God, I will press on, through thick and thin to the end.” (“Amen!”)

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



MARTIN WELLS KNAPP

(Founder of God’s Bible School)

Brother Knapp, ever reaching out for a full salvation and for an “uttermost” Savior, at last had the longing of his heart satisfied. He gives the following account of it:

“Fourteen years have I passed since I crossed the Red Sea, and I have never for a moment felt like returning to Egyptian bondage. Glory to God in the highest for such wonderful deliverance!

“For nine years I tarried in the Sinai Wilderness experience. I was converted, and knew it, loved God and His people, worked for Him as well as I could, saw many souls converted, and grew in knowledge and experience; but my temper, which was quick often made me conscious that I was not possessed with all the mind of Christ. I was hampered with selfish ambitions, joking and teasing tendencies, and the movements of the carnal mind. Inbred sin sought to expel the holy power that bound it, and there were frequent struggles within between the two contending principles. I needed the blessing mentioned in the following song-prayer of a well-known poet:

“Savior of the sin-sick soul,
Give me grace to make me whole;
Finish Thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

Speak the second time, ‘Be clean;’
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove,
Cast it out by perfect love.”

I had read much on the subject of heart-purity, but never heard a sermon on it. I knew that the Bible clearly taught cleansing from inbred sin and the fullness of the Spirit as the privilege of every believer. I reasoned: “God does not do things by halves. I know that He converted me and that I am His child; therefore I must be saved from inbred sin.” The fact, however, that it was in my heart, and that I often was painfully conscious of it, was stronger than my argument, and confused me. I said, “I’ll keep it down;” but instead of that, it kept me down. Then I said, “It must be a growth; I’ll grow into it.” I did grow into the knowledge of self and Christian privilege, but made little progress in the grace of perfect love. How it pains me that in my dullness I tarried so long in the shallow waters, but the great deep of God’s love was continually inviting!

In November, 1882, I permitted the Lord to lead me to Kadesh-Barnea, on the borders of the promised land. By His grace I then and there entered the land, receiving the blessed baptism of the Spirit and Fire that cleanses from inbred sinfulness and fills with perfect love. In June I had appointed a three days' special service for myself and people to seek this longed-for experience. Rev. William Taylor and wife, two noble workers who had this fullness of the Spirit, were invited. It was a time of heart-searching. Their testimonies and teachings were clear and given in all humility, and convinced me all the deeper of my great need and privilege. I received great help at that time, but not the consciousness that the great work; was wrought.

In November the crisis came. I had been preaching full salvation, but could lead my people no further than I had gone myself. I set apart a time to settle the matter. God met me and gave me the promise: "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." The blessed Holy Spirit explained it to my heart, and helped me to take hold of it right then and there. He suggested, "Why not believe on the authority of His Word that God is doing just what He agrees to do just now?" I was conscious that the conditions upon which the promise was based were being met, and could see no reason why I should not, and replied, "Lord, I do." In an instant I was made conscious of my cleansing. The giants fled, the "walled towns" crumbled, and Canaan, through Christ, was possessed. To God be all the glory!

The "fullness" soon followed. I saw then where my trouble had been. I had not dared to venture on the promise and trust in the present tense. I thanked God for the victory given, and asked that, in order with greater confidence I might publicly proclaim and urge the experience, that He would give me still further unmistakable evidence of its reality. I retired looking for something more. I was not disappointed. Instead of some thing, some One came – the One altogether lovely, even Christ Himself. I had slept about an hour when I was suddenly awakened by what sounded like three distinct knocks on the front door. In an instant I was made just as conscious of the Divine presence as ever man was of the company of an earthly friend. I felt the presence of a gentle, unseen power upon my head. Then a wave of Divine power and love, causing a sensation something like an electric shock, only inexpressibly pleasurable, rolled over my entire being. Then three impressions were made just as vividly as if uttered by an audible voice:

1. "This is the added evidence you prayed for."
2. "You are healed of your disease."
3. "A definite call to especial evangelistic work."

A few days after my wife received a call to the same work. Since then she has triumphantly passed to brighter realms above.

For years I have been suffering from the effects of a sunstroke. It had taken me from my studies, and threatened to prostrate me completely. Every year of my preaching, some had thought, would be my last. Physicians said my only hope was to stop and rest. The physical cure wrought was perfect. Both the spiritual and physical blessings stand the test of toil and time. Great and gratifying as the physical healing is, I count it a mere shadow compared with the spiritual uplift then received. My wife says I have been a changed man. My members said there was a marked improvement in my preaching. The Divine Plowman rooted out teasing, foolish jesting, and selfishness and the Spirit's graces implanted in their stead...

Source: the "Life of Rev. M. W. Knapp" by A. M. Hills



CARROLL P. LANPHER

(Nazarene)

October, 1907, stands out as an historical date in Nazarene circles. It is the occasion of the union, giving the church national strength. The Church of the Nazarene in the West (California, Oregon, and Washington) had been in touch with the Pentecostal Church of America on the East Coast (New England, New York, and Pennsylvania) relevant to the union of the two bodies. They met in Chicago.

Fifty years have now passed since that memorable occasion. Who could be found among those present who was an eyewitness of that gracious gathering? Rev. C. P. Lanpher was the answer. He was one of the youngest present there. Though now past eighty, he would like to make a statement.

We met in the Church of the Nazarene, 64th and Eggleston Streets, Chicago, Illinois. It was once a vacant church, discovered by Brother Jack Berry when his horse stopped in front of it. Rev. C. E. Cornell, a prince among preachers, was the pastor. It was no time at all until the brethren were as one in fellowship and spirit.

“The East and the West melted together that notable October day in 1907. Dr. Bresee’s fiery preaching and great leadership quickly took with those assembled in that holy gathering. Truly the Lord put His seal on the union. Dr. Bresee and Rev. H. F. Reynolds were easily elected as general superintendents and the name of the church was called Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. In 1919 it was changed back to Church of the Nazarene.

“Dr. Bresee would preach from the text, ‘The path of the just is as the shining light,’ (Prov. 4:18) until he tore all the colors out of the rainbow. He was an outstanding pulpiteer, people would grab the seats in front of them, they would be so wrapped in holy interest ... as he spoke one and one half hours ... and time wasn’t long when Bresee took his flights among the stars ... he was brilliance on fire.”

Carroll P. Lanpher points out West Berkshire, Vermont, as the place of his birth, June 11, 1876. His parents were old-time Methodists and raised their children in that faith – rock-ribbed New Englanders to the core. A schoolteacher and a Sabbath school teacher brought conviction to young Carroll’s heart as he sat in their classes.

While he was attending high school at Swanton, Vermont, an event took place that involved young Lanpher’s salvation. He had been keeping company with Miss Lois Lampson, whom he hoped to marry. Together they attended the Methodist church, where Rev. Elmer Reynolds, a fiery man like his brother, H. F. Reynolds, was pastor. Miss Lampson was clear in her experience of sanctification. It was while Carroll was taking her home that she stopped and said, “Carroll, we can never be married. I am a Christian and you are not.”

“Pray for me,” was his cry as he fell on his, knees.

“Pray for yourself,” she told him. And this, he did with all his soul, until he found the Redeemer in the parlor of his sweetheart.

For over two years timidity and pride held him back. But one day at Silver Lake Camp Meeting, near Brandon, Vermont, he cried, “I must be satisfied or die.”

In a morning service he stepped out in the aisle and began to shout like an old-time Methodist. The frost melted, the skies opened, and God’s, blessing fell like a meteor in his soul. Lanpher was sanctified at last.

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



JOHN LAWLEY

(Salvation Army Commissioner)

Conversion had brought so real and radical a change to Lawley and Irons, and they were so entirely devoted to the service of God, that, for a while, no second work of grace seemed necessary for them. Surely, they had Full Salvation!

A sense of lack came first to Ted. His quick, alert mind was allied to a generous, fiery nature, which, upon occasion, developed to fierce resentfulness... Anger and resentment were not Johnny's difficulty. He was never known to be "out of temper"; but when Dowdle sang "None of self, but all of Thee," Johnny knew that he had not reached that experience except in desire...After a Holiness Meeting, in which Dowdle had spoken on the changing of Jacob's character, he found Johnny and Ted still on their knees. "Here, you boys! What seek ye?" he inquired. "Full deliverance, and we won't leave the Hall till we get it," Johnny replied. "God is not far away. It is His will to cleanse you. Surrender yourself entirely. Stretch out your hand of faith, believe, and accept."

...Looking back on this experience forty-five years later, he said: *"We prayed, and light came. We stood up, and claimed the blessing...From that night these lads were conscious of a wondrous power in their lives. Ted could take insults with a smile since there was no fire of anger in his heart, and his life of meekness preached more loudly than his fiery eloquence.*

Johnny ceased from his own words in which self-gratification had hitherto shared, and henceforth worked the works of Him who had called, and cleansed, and sanctified his soul.

Source: "Commissioner John Lawley" by Mrs. Colonel Carpenter



R. V. LAWRENCE

(Methodist)

I am now trying to preach the gospel of the Son of God, and am very thankful for the privilege. I was converted in January, 1852, and began to preach about a year afterward. My conversion was very satisfactory, not a doubt being left upon my mind: and, though I have been tempted to doubt many things since, the enemy has never tempted me that I was not converted.

From my earliest religious experience, I believed in the doctrine of entire sanctification since it seemed most reasonable. During four years as a local preacher, and for half a year as an itinerant, before I enjoyed it, and as I look over the skeletons of those sermons, I discover no departure from Wesley in theology, though I do not know that they produced much fruit.

All this time I enjoyed daily the witness of the Spirit that I was a child of God, and tried to keep myself "unspotted from the world." I had many precious seasons, and, I think, always felt that the enjoyments of religion were an ample compensation for all that I had lost in giving up the world; but I did not enjoy the blessing of perfect love. I was much interested about it at times, but would allow other religious questions to push it aside.

At a camp-meeting at Titusville, N. J., in August, 1847, I was, on Tuesday evening about six o'clock, suddenly awakened again to the vast importance of being entirely holy. In company with another minister of this (N. J.) Conference, *I knelt in a secluded spot in the grove, and prayed for a pure heart. This prayer was on my lips and in my heart: –*

"Wash me, and make me thus thine own;

*Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My heart, my hands, my heart."*

I believed in Jesus; and, in about an half an hour, I felt that the work was done. I preached the next morning, and remember, the sweet, unspeakable peace that filled my soul. I went home full of it. I remember, when I went to look after my horse, I spoke to him in my usual way, and immediately asked myself, "Is that the tone of perfect love?" It seemed to me that perfect love should not only dwell in the heart, but be heard in the voice, be seen in the look, soften every gesture, and beautify every act. He who is in the enjoyment of the highest order of holiness held out to man, should oftener speak in the persuasive tone of love, than in the commanding voice of justice. It is now nearly ten years since I received this grace. I have had to watch and pray; but Jesus' blood has been all-availing the last ten years, and will to the end.

It is apparent to me that I might easily get sour. In this age of pride and worldly display in the church, and no less in the pulpit than in the pew; but I must not. Perfect love keeps the heart sweet. I feel, too, that I might drift with the Church in the worldly current. To the insidious fallacies about refinements in church architecture, refinement in preaching, &c, I might easily yield, especially when urged from such high places, in the name of progress; but I must not. Perfect love lives only in the bosom of simplicity; for, according to the example of Christ and the apostles, true religion is severe in simplicity.

The precious Saviour blesses me in preaching this doctrine. I find many, very many, who hear this pure gospel "gladly," and are rising up to stand as monuments of Jesus' power to save from all sin. And yet I find that every new success in the blessed work imposes the necessity of a fresh baptism of holy fire to keep me down in my place at the foot of, the cross.

I am content to go through life in an humble pathway, if I may enjoy this perfect peace. Will the faithful pray that I may be kept in this blessed state, and that God will help me lead many others into this pleasant pathway? There is to be a great "review" ere long, and I have a desire to lead a white-robed band before the CAPTAIN of our salvation.

Rise! Clothed in strength, assert right,
Thou of the first born sons of light,
Christ is thy strength, and in His might
Go forth and His salvation see!

O! great shall thy rejoicings be;
Ceaseless, thy boasts of victory,
Till thou thy King in glory see,
Through whom thou wast omnipotent.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



ELEANOR LEE

(Early Methodist)

"I returned to London, and Sunday, 11th, buried the remains of Eleanor Lee. I believe she received the great promise of God – entire sanctification – fifteen or sixteen years ago, and that she never lost it for an hour. I conversed intimately with her ever since, and never saw her do any action, little or great, nor heard her speak any word, which I could reprove. Thou wast indeed 'a mother in Israel.' " (Journal, Oct., 1778.)

Source: John Wesley's Journal

(as quoted in "The Better Way" by Beverly Carradine)



JESSE LEE

(Early M. E. Church Itinerant)

Jesse Lee was born in Prince George County, Va., March 12, 1758. His parents, Nathaniel and Elizabeth Lee, were respectable, well-to-do country folk, who lived on their own farm about fifteen miles south of Petersburg. The elder Lee was a moral man, a good citizen, and brought his family up in the church. About 1772 he became very much concerned for the salvation of his soul, and before long he and his wife were happily converted. Jesse says: "When I was about fifteen years of age I was awakened by hearing my father tell about his conversion." This all happened about the time Robert Williams, the first Methodist preacher to come to Virginia, began preaching in Mr. Lee's neighborhood.

Born during the French and Indian War, Jesse Lee was only seventeen years old when the first gun of the Revolutionary War was fired. The agitation and excitement caused by war and rumors of war must have hindered young men of Mr. Lee's talents. The schools to which he had to look for his education were poor and indifferent. He attended the singing schools of his time taught by roving singing masters and from them received one of the needed preparations for an itinerant preacher. In after years when he stood on the street corner or mounted a table under the elm tree on Boston Common to preach, he knew that his song leader was present and ready.

Robert Williams, mentioned above, organized the first Methodist society in the community of the elder Lee, who joined the Church with his wife, eldest son, and Jesse; and in the summer the first circuit, called Brunswick, was formed. In 1775 this circuit was traveled by George Shadford, Edward Drumgoole, and William Glendenning. Under their ministry was held the greatest revival ever known in that part of the country. "I had never seen anything like it," says Jesse in his journal. "Some would be seized with a trembling and in a few moments drop on the floor, as if they were dead; while others were embracing each other, with streaming eyes, and all lost in wonder, love, and praise." From the time of this revival he was very happy, and in the following spring attended a Quarterly Conference in which the Spirit of God was poured out in a remarkable manner. *Of this meeting Lee writes: "Many souls were brought into favor with God, and a number professed sanctification." And he went from this Conference determined never to cease seeking for the blessing of perfect love until he felt that his heart was cleansed from all sin.*

As this great awakening advanced in 1775, he says, *"I felt a sweet distress in my soul for holiness of heart and life. I sensibly felt, while I was seeking purity of heart, that I grew in grace and in the knowledge of God. This concern of soul lasted some time, till at length I could say, I have nothing but the love of Christ in my heart. My soul was continually happy in God. The world with all its charms was crucified to me, and I crucified to the world."*

Thus endued with power from on high, while yet in. His eighteenth year, he was maturing for the great work before him.

"A Short History of the Methodists" by Jesse Lee -and "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," Vol. I, by Abel Stevens



H. LE ROY

Dear Brother King:-- Permit me, for the encouragement of all who are seeking for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb, to declare through the medium of the Guide, what God has done for my soul. The love of Christ constrains me to speak forth his praises, and to talk of his power – his power to save from all sin.

Sixteen years ago, through the divine mercy, my sins were pardoned, and I received the spirit of adoption, whereby I could cry Abba, Father. Immediately I connected myself with the M. E. Church, and resolved to be a Christian all my days. I was then young, and surrounded by the snares and allurements of a vain world. I had not proceeded far in the heavenly journey, before I discovered that my spiritual foes within were not destroyed. I read in the word of God, that Jesus came to save his people from their sins. “That if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, *and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*” Again I read, “*this is the will of God, even your sanctification.*” *I saw that holiness was infinitely desirable in itself, and also that without it I could not meet the claims of the divine being upon me. I sought for this blessing then with all my heart. Earnestly did I plead for purity of spirit, that I might love God supremely, and be fitted fully for his service.*

Various were the spiritual conflicts through which I passed. For awhile Satan opposed my purpose, and unbelief kept me from the fountain of life. *But when I fully resigned my all into the hands of Christ, he saved me from all my sins, and I rejoiced in the fullness of his love.* For quite a length of time I retained this great salvation, and was filled with unspeakable joy. But being young in years as well as in experience, I did not understand the devices of the adversary. In seasons of spiritual conflict and trial I was often tempted to believe that I had sinned against my heavenly Father, and thereby forfeited this salvation. Painful indeed were these seasons of doubt and fear through which I passed.

At length, sad to relate, I quit my hold on Jesus as my sanctifier. How deeply do I now regret that I have not always, from my first setting out in the way of holiness, walked therein. Since that time I have lived in the possession of justifying grace, having no other desire than to be a Christian and make my way to heaven. But ah! There has been an aching void within my soul, a painful sense of a want of conformity to the image of God, and of victory over the world. But glory be to the name of the Lord, “If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.”

About four months ago I came to the conclusion that I could live no longer without holiness of heart. I had such a view of the corruptions of my fallen nature, and the sinfulness and desert of sin, that I felt that in all probability, if I did not then receive the sanctifying grace of God, I should miss out on heaven. That after having experienced so much of the love of Christ, I should at last be obliged to take up the heart-rending lamentation, “The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and” I am “not saved.”

Being thus awakened by the divine spirit, I immediately began to seek the Lord, that he would come and “create in me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me.” I confessed my backslidings. I pled the merit of the crucified, his dying groans on Calvary for my poor soul.

What an hour was that: I felt that I must prevail, or perish by the hands of my enemies. But thanks be to my adorable Redeemer, when I let go of every other trust, and consecrated my whole being to his service, and became willing to be his, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, he gave me the desire of my heart. I was enabled to exclaim with a glad heart, “thanks be unto God, who giveth” me “the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

How great the change then wrought in my heart. Since that hour I have been enabled to realize and declare that the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanses us from all sin. The plague of sin has been removed, the leprosy of my fallen nature has been washed away, and as did Naaman of old, I rejoice in the mighty change. When I contemplate the greatness and freedom of this salvation, my soul is filled

with indescribable emotions, and the language of my heart is

“O that the world might taste and see,
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love, that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.”

How much the faithful ministers of Jesus Christ need the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire, to be enabled to declare the whole counsel of God! How can they successfully point the inquiring soul to the cleansing blood of Christ, who do not feel its sanctifying power in their own. O Lord, sanctify thy ministers, and make them all flaming heralds of the Cross!

Permit me, in conclusion, to entreat all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and are panting after that perfect conformity to the image and will of God which his word requires, not to be disheartened, but, in the strength of grace, continue to plead for purity, and while you ask, believe that you are receiving, through Jesus, the desire of your heart. “This is the will of God, even your sanctification.” The apostle John declares: “And this is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us. And if we know he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petition we desired of him.” Why, then, should we doubt? Lord forgive us that we are so unbelieving.

H. Le Roy, August 25th, 1849

Source: Guide to Holiness Articles, Vol. 15, Part 4 (HDM Collection)

FORMAN LINCICOME

(Free Methodist)

Forman Lincicome was a revered Free Methodist evangelist, and often wrote for some of the outstanding holiness publications.

The first time my Saviour knocked at my heart's door was at a funeral. The pastor who had charge asked me to assist in the singing at that funeral; and while I was singing those old songs, something spoke to me to make a change in my way of living, and I did start to live differently. Two weeks later, under deep conviction, I found an interdenominational mission where they believed in praying through. The third night I went, they gave an invitation for seekers; and while they were singing, a Christian man saw me weeping and came to me and called me by my first name: “Forman, give your heart to God.” The first man that ever asked me got me. I had lived nearly seventeen years, and this was the first conviction and the first invitation I ever had to seek the Lord. I took my first opportunity there for taking my best opportunity...With the help of my friend, I walked out and bowed at the altar. I had never prayed before, and well do I remember the prayer I made: “O God, give me a new heart.” I said it over and over, every time with a greater degree of earnestness. In less than four minutes, I felt the burden of sin roll from me, and the peace of God came into my soul, and a new name was written down in heaven. I was born again – made a new creature in Christ Jesus!..

It was while I was in school studying for the ministry that I was made to see and face my need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit and Fire. It was on Sunday morning that the pastor of the church read John Wesley's sermon on pride, and I saw the impurity of my heart. Pride was my besetting sin. Some are proud of one thing, some of another. Some are proud of their face, others of their lace, others of their race, others of their place, while still others are actually proud of their grace; and of all the most abominable forms of pride in the sight of God, it is a man who is proud of his grace.

I had gone for nearly five years from the time I was born of the Spirit until I felt my need of the baptism of the Spirit...So just as soon as I saw and felt my need of it, I sought it at the altar; and when I

told God of my need, I made a real confession. Real confessions are always made in the singular and never in the plural. *When I said, "O God, come and cleanse me and fill me" (and not us), He sent an angel with a live coal and touched me, and I was cleansed and filled at the same moment.*

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



ELIZABETH LONGMORE

(Early Methodist)

"In the evening I preached, in the house at Wednesbury, a funeral sermon for Elizabeth Longmore, I think the first witness of Christian perfection whom God raised up in these parts. I gave some account of her experience many years ago. From that time her whole life was answerable to her profession, every way holy and unblamable. Frequently she had not bread to eat, but that did not hinder her 'rejoicing evermore.' " (Journal, March, 1770.)

Source: John Wesley's Journal

(as quoted in "The Better Way" by Beverly Carradine)



B. H. LUCAS

I was saved about six months before I was sanctified. I was so happy and blessed, I went to the altar some 20 odd times, but didn't get through. They prayed for me and got blessed and told me I had it and the pastor would tell me I was living a sanctified life, but I was one of them that had to know. One Sunday afternoon in June 1914, I felt the assurance that He had come, so I got up and said I was sanctified and the pastor got up and said, "He says he got sanctified."...

In June 1917, I settled something else. Rev. Warren Posey had tried to get me to get license to preach before I left Maysville. I felt I was called, but felt I was not able to do the job, but after feeling it was preach or lose out with the Lord, at the camp meeting in Cincinnati I went to the altar. L. E. Williams came and knelt down in front of me and asked me what was my trouble. He said, "Do you want to be saved?" and I said no. He said, "Do you want to be sanctified?" I said no again. He said, "Look up here." I did, and he said, "Get up from here and go to preaching." I knew it was the Lord showing that to him, so I promised the Lord there at the altar I would do anything from that time on that he wanted me to do.

My wife, at that time, was against me preaching, in a way. She said every Tom, Dick and Harry that gets saved says they are called to preach. I knew she was right in a way, for there were a lot and still are, that say they saw a big GPC standing in front of them and they thought it meant Go Preach Christ, when it meant to them Go Plow Corn. But I promised the Lord from that day on that I would preach holiness, home or no home, wife or no wife. I would preach if I had to wear overalls and brogan shoes, drink buttermilk and eat corn bread. The Devil also said I would end up in the poor house. I said I'd start a prayer meeting as soon as I got there if I went, but I can say from that day until now, He has supplied my needs, Praise His Name forever! I went home from camp, sat down and wrote Rev. Posey a letter saying I had decided to preach. He sent me state license to preach the gospel...

I went into the evangelistic field in the fall of the year of 1928. I went from conference to Beulah Heights, Kentucky, for my first meeting. That is where M. G. Standley was sanctified. I prayed about every day in the pine thicket where he got sanctified.

Source: “My Life Story as a Mountain Boy and Preacher” by B. H. Lucas



MACARIUS

300 – 390 A. D.

While perhaps nothing is known about how Macarius came into the experience of entire sanctification, “The Fifty Spiritual Homilies of Macarius the Egyptian,” dating back to about 300 – 390 A. D. seem to indicate that the writer was experientially acquainted with heart purity.

Writing of one who yearns “to be filled with the Spirit and Fire,” and of what the Lord does for such, he says:

“He [the Lord] delivers him from his enemies and from indwelling sin, filling him by the Holy Spirit. So, afterward, he does all of the Lord’s commandments with authenticity, without compulsion or drudgery. Or, rather, the Lord does his own commandments in him, and then the man bears purely the fruits of the Spirit.”

In another place Macarius writes:

“If God has done such a marvelous work in rescuing us from the grasp of unrighteousness in our conversion, how much more firmly may we believe him to deliver us from the power of sin completely, in this life.”

Wesley was especially influenced by Macarius and included a portion of the Homilies in his Christian Library, vol. 18.

Source: “Exploring Christian Holiness” by Paul M. Bassett and William M. Greathouse



JOHN SAMUEL MACGEARY

(Free Methodist Bishop)

The Hills of Pennsylvania not only produce fine coal and oil; but they also have brought forth many “men to match her mountains.” Among these illustrious men from a rugged state may be numbered the subject of this chapter, who was born near Pittsburgh, February 13, 1853. His rugged environment was matched by an equally rugged ancestry going back to the Scotch Covenanters and farther back still to the French Huguenots. His father was a soldier in the Mexican War and later in the Civil War, having been a prisoner in Libby Prison. Liberty was as dear to him as his life.

At the tender age of eight years Mr. MacGeary’s home was broken up and he was compelled to shift for himself. Being of a studious turn of mind, he succeeded in fitting himself for teaching, which occupation he followed for a short time. He never formed any bad habits, nevertheless he felt himself a sinner in need of God. When about twenty-two years of age he found his way to a meeting in the neighborhood, where the people were so spiritually dead that they did not pray for him, although he requested prayer. On the way home, in the woods by himself, he sought God and was most soundly converted.

He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Later the sainted Rev. S. K. J. Chesbrough and others held a grove meeting in the neighborhood. The young man’s heart responded to the truth and he cast in his lot among them.

[The following is part of a tribute to John Samuel MacGeary by Bishop Zahniser.]

Little did that unsaved lad of eighteen years, who sat in the congregation, dream that he would some day be associated with the preacher of this occasion in the ministry of the same denomination and write a tribute as a meager expression of his high appreciation of this good and great man at the close of his life's labors. This was the youth's first introduction to Free Methodism and his first time to see Rev. John S. MacGeary.

The subject of this inadequate tribute had much to overcome in the beginning of his career. He was compelled to rely exclusively on his own resources. He was naturally bashful and retiring. Nature had endowed him with a strong physique, fine personal appearance, a bright and inquiring mind, a tender conscience and strong will.

This ambitious youth capitalized on the obstacles that confronted him, making them stepping-stones to a useful and successful career. Converted and sanctified in his teens, he took the Word of God as his counsel, the life of Christ as his pattern, and the Holy Spirit as his inspiration and guide. He united with the Free Methodist Church as a matter of clear conviction, and responded to a definite, divine call to the ministry of the gospel and became an outstanding figure in her history; a strong and able defender of her principles and doctrines.

Source: "Master Workmen" by Richard R. Blews



WALTER MARSHALL

Lived in the 1600s

(Presbyterian)

Walter Marshall, another Presbyterian, was a fellow of New College, Oxford, and later a fellow of Winchester. In 1644, he published a book entitled "The Gospel Mystery of Sanctification Opened." Marshall writes, "Be sure to seek for holiness of heart and life only in its due order, where God hath placed it – after union with Christ, justification, and the gift of the Holy Ghost; and in that order seek it earnestly, by faith, as a very necessary part of your salvation."

Source: "The March of Holiness Through The Centuries" by William S. Deal, quoting from the Herald of Holiness, May 25, 1932



LESLIE R. MARSTON

(Free Methodist)

Leslie R. Marston became a general leader of the Free Methodist church. He wrote concerning his conversion and sanctification:

The writer was converted in his eleventh year in a children's meeting of a Michigan camp. That experience of childhood conversion was clear and definite, but was followed by severe testing of faith which drove the mere lad to the secret place again and again to maintain victory over doubt. In time, the freshness of the experience dulled under boyish carelessness and disobedience, but I continued in the Christian way with no outward break.

I recall asking my preacher-father about entire sanctification when about twelve years of age; and later

in my father's church I sought the experience, but later came to realize that the deliverance which came to me then was deliverance from a measure of backsliding. I soon discontinued the profession of entire sanctification.

When fourteen, in a camp meeting, again I sought the experience of entire sanctification and in the midst of my seeking there came to me a relief and a blessing so similar to the earlier experience that I knew it was only the clearing of the rubbish in preparation for my seeking God's cleansing of my nature. Accordingly, I resumed prayer without leaving the altar, and came through to remarkable deliverance from the principle of sin with an overwhelming sense of cleanness... How important that a sky-clear justified state be the footing upon which one presses his way toward full cleansing!..

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



ALEXANDER MATHER

1733 – 1801

(Methodist)

After reading and considering the foregoing [the first account sent by Alexander Mather to John Wesley] account I observed to Mr. Mather that he had wholly omitted one considerable branch of his experience, touching what is properly termed, The great salvation. He wrote me a full and particular answer, the substance of which I have enclosed. -- John Wesley

I answer, 1. With regard to the time and place, it was at Rotherham, in the year 1757 ... What I had experienced in my own soul was an instantaneous deliverance from all those wrong tempers and affections which I had long and sensibly groaned under; an entire disengagement from every creature, with an entire devotedness to God; and from that moment I found an unspeakable pleasure in doing the will of God in all things. I had also a power to do it, and the constant approbation both of my own conscience and of God. I had simplicity of heart, and a single eye to God, at all times and in all places, with such a fervent zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls as swallowed up every other care and consideration. Above all, I had uninterrupted communion with God, whether sleeping or waking ... May it never be retarded, but press into the glorious liberty which is equally free for all the sons of God.

“As to the manner wherein this work was wrought, 1. After I was clearly justified, I was soon made sensible of my want of it. For although I was enabled to be very circumspect, and had a continual power over outward and inward sin, yet I felt in me what I knew was contrary to the mind which was in Christ, and what hindered me from enjoying and glorifying him, as I saw it was the privilege of a child of God to do. And such I knew myself to be; both from the fruit and the witness of his Spirit, which I felt in a strong degree, supporting me in conflicts of a very close and particular nature. 2. My conviction of the need of a farther change was abundantly increased by the searching preaching of Mr. Walsh, of blessed memory. This kept my conscience very tender, even to a degree of scrupulosity; and helped me to be much in private prayer, and kept me watching thereunto. 3. When I saw my call to preach, the difficulties attending that office showed me more and more the need of such a change, that I might bear all things: and by searching the Scriptures I saw the possibility of it more clearly, and was stirred up to seek it more earnestly. 4. When I began travelling I had, no end, aim, or design, but to spend and be spent for God: not counting my life, or any thing dear, so I might finish my course with joy, which indeed I expected would be very short as “ I dealt my life at ever blow.” I saw as clearly as I do now, that nothing furthers that end so much as a heart and life wholly devoted to God.

This made me neglect the advantage I had in my youth, of a tolerable acquaintance with Latin, which I could easily have recovered; but this and every other gain I counted but loss, that I might win that intimacy with God which I still think to be the life of preaching. Therefore I husbanded all the time that I could save from company, from eating, or sleeping, to lay out in wrestling with God for myself and the flock: so I devoted to God some part of every leisure hour, over and above the hour from eleven to twelve in the forenoon, and from four to five in the afternoon. Herein I was sweetly drawn after God, and had many and large views of that salvation which I wanted, and which he had provided in his Son. The exceeding great and precious promises were clearly opened to me. And having a full assurance of the power and faithfulness of the promiser, my soul often tasted of their sweetness. And, though unbelief prevented my immediate possession, yet I had a blessed foretaste of them. This made me desire the full enjoyment more and more. I abhorred whatever seemed to keep me from it. I sought out every obstruction. I was willing to offer up every Isaac, and inflamed with great ardour in wrestling with God; determined not to let him go till he had emptied me of all sin and filled me with himself.

This I believe he did when I ventured upon Jesus as sufficient to save to the uttermost. He wrought in me what I cannot express; what I judge it is impossible to utter. Yet I was not long without reasoning; not concerning the work; of this I was absolutely sure; but whether such and such things as I soon discovered in myself were consistent with it. And this had its use, as it qualified me to advise others, who, though saved from sin, were tried in the same way.

Upon this topic I consulted Mr. Walsh, and his advice helped me in some degree. But God helped me much more in private prayer: herein I was clearly satisfied, 1. That deliverance from sin does not imply deliverance from human infirmities. 2. That neither is it inconsistent with feeling our natural appetites, or with the regular gratification of them: and 3. That salvation from sin is not inconsistent with temptations of various kinds. And all this you have clearly and fully declared in the Plain Account of Christian Perfection.

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



H. C. MCBRIDE

Bro. H. C. McBride of New York: "I became a minister when I was seventeen years of age, starting in at a school house on the corner of my father's farm, and had one hundred and fifty souls converted in nine weeks. Praise God! A number of them entered the ministry, and a good many have gone to heaven. Soon after that, I entered the Philadelphia Conference, and Alfred Cookman took me under his wing. In Spring Garden St. Church I was gloriously sanctified, and I am going through on that line. ("Amen!") I have no family but my wife, and she being in sympathy with my work, sings with me, as Sister Harris does with her husband. For twelve years I have been doing evangelistic work from Canada to Chicago, and God has wonderfully blessed me in this work. I am glad to be here. I have enjoyed this convention very much. Pray for me that the Lord will keep me humble, and make me more useful in His cause."

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



J. B. MCBRIDE

(Methodist)

I had heard of holiness a few years before I received the light on the doctrine or knew how to get the experience. A year after my happy conversion, I married. My wife's eldest brother was called a holiness man; but as we did not have much opportunity to associate with him and his wife, who was also sanctified, we never had him explain holiness to us. We who knew those two dear people had to acknowledge that they were the best and most devout people in the whole community where they lived. Once when Mrs. McBride and I were visiting them over a Sabbath, they asked us to go and hear the minister who was reputed to be a holiness man. We enjoyed the sermon very much, but received no definite light; in fact, we were not expecting any. At this time I was a local preacher and, of course being recognized as a minister, naturally thought that the message was for unsaved people. After the service we incidentally told him that we would like to see him in our community sometime. It was a matter of courtesy that we thus spoke to him; but, like all holiness ministers who are pioneers in the work, he did not need a pressing invitation. Some weeks, perhaps two months, passed by, and we had forgotten about him; but he had not forgotten about us. He came the latter part of the week and secured a large schoolhouse in which to hold a meeting, and sent word to everybody to come. Among others, we were invited. Being a special friend of my brother-in-law, he fully expected to be invited to stay with us. But he only made his headquarters with us, and visited among the people. We went out to hear him and to investigate the doctrine that he was to preach. We shall never forget the people who came to hear this strange preacher, for many thought that he was a strange kind of man if he professed to be sanctified. In the first sermon the Lord showed us that sanctification is a Bible doctrine, and convinced us that it is a Christian experience to be had in this life. This man was a mighty preacher of the Gospel, and he made it so plain that we could not get around it. Wife and I were among the first to go to the altar; we put ourselves on record as seekers for holiness, and of course it spread like fire; but we, were determined to have the experience. Our pastor came to see us and to remonstrate with us, and to use every means possible to get us to give up seeking. But all of his efforts with the efforts of some of the officials and many members of the church and the presiding elder, whom, they called upon to stop us in our attempts, failed. They were too late; the Holy Ghost had us in hand, and we were in for the experience. Many were seeking and some finding pardon and purity; but we had not been able to plunge in. But we kept going until I had made eighteen trips to the altar, still I failed to receive the Blessing.

On the second Sunday of the revival, I had to leave the meeting and go to fill an appointment for my pastor, six miles away. It was just about three miles from my home, as I was riding through a skirt of woodland, that the Lord met me. As truly as He ever met Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus, He met me that day. He said to me, "Where are you going?" My reply was, "To preach the Gospel." Then He said to me, "Have you ever read, 'If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work?'" My reply was, "Lord, that is all that I have heard for ten days; that is Second Timothy 2:21." He said to me, "*Are you going to persist in the ministry without the Divine preparation for service?*" *Oh, what a question! I said, "Lord, I will not make another attempt, nor go another step, unless Thou dost sanctify me."* *And there and then, on horseback, I said one eternal "Yes" to all the will of God, never to take it back. Everything seemed to go--pastor, elder, officials, laymen, my relatives who had opposed us in seeking holiness, and as Mrs. McBride had not yet received the experience, she was put on the altar; future prospects and possibilities all went, and I was left in darkness all alone with Christ, to be "crucified with him."*

*"Drive the nails, or heed the groans;
The flesh may writhe and make its moans;
Let me die, let me die!"*

Suddenly, something like a bucket of hot water struck me on the head, and went all through me until billows of fire and waves of glory swept over my soul, and burned to my being's extremity; and the

Holy Ghost came in and was a “witness also” that the work was done. Thank God, I got in under the Old Constitution! Strange as it may seem, all of this transpired in a few moments, and I reached my appointment on time, and took for the text: “For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren.”

Source: “Knowing God” by J. B. McBride



CHARLES A. McCONNELL

(Nazarene)

I realized that, while I was a truly regenerated Christian, there was in my nature a dangerous foe. My very dear friend, the Baptist pastor, explained that this was the condition of all believers – this was the “Christian warfare.” I was not satisfied. I argued that if God could change an utterly hardened infidel into a lover of His Christ, He could fix up a Christian so that he would be a Christian all the time. I had no one to teach me, to show me the way, but I began, definitely and earnestly, to pray that God would give me a clean heart-take out of me that thing which had exploded -to my shame, in the courtroom.

On the night of June 18, 1897, my wife being away from home nursing a neighbor’s sick baby, I determined to put God to the test. I knew nothing of the doctrine or terminology of sanctification, but I was facing the cleansing baptism with the Spirit and Fire -or a relapse into my old atheism. How wonderfully God led me as I prayed throughout the long night, even as the enemy contested every inch of the way!

The enemy: “Does not your Bible warn against being too religious? Don’t be a fanatic. You will lose what you have.”

The seeker: “I want more of God. I want to be like Him all the time.”

The enemy: “Your friends will all despise you and leave you.”

The seeker: “If God will only give me the desire of my heart, I’ll be willing to walk alone.”

(One time the devil told the truth. It came to pass later, as my sister came home from the University, she cried, “Charlie has disgraced the family forever.” My artist brother wrote me from France, “Never write me again;” and for sixteen years he cut me off. But just before his death he wrote me, “Charlie, you chose the better way. I have received the highest recognition that can be accorded an American painter, but it is as dead sea apples in my mouth.” My father declared publicly that his son had gone insane. The county paper gave my case a whole column, saying that this editor had gone crazy over a fad called holiness, and was on the way to the state asylum. My pastor turned me out of the church without trial.)

The enemy: “You are ambitious. Your feet are on the ladder. You have every opportunity for political honor. Do you want to lose all that, and never be known outside the county?”

The seeker: “Oh God, I am willing to be nothing, if only you will make me like yourself all the time.”

In college I had found it so difficult to earn all my expenses while carrying a full classical course, that I had vowed if I should ever have children I would do my part in helping them to get an education.

The enemy: “If you go this way, your children will never have an education. Are you willing for that? How about your wife? Her deprivations on the frontier will be as nothing compared with what she will find.”

One may accept any degree of privation or suffering for himself, but it is another thing to condemn

one's wife and children to martyrdom.

The seeker, finally: "Even that, even that, O God, if you'll give me a clean heart."

The long night of struggle was over. I was stripped of every plan, every ambition, choosing only the full will of God. Then, He came in! His coming was not in a flood of ecstasy (I have known that experience since), but in a peace that passeth understanding, and a sense of utter cleanness. As I looked out upon the rising sun, it seemed that God had created the world afresh.

Source: "The Potter's Vessel" by C. A. McConnell



GEORGE A. MCCULLOCH

Through reading *The Banner of Holiness*, the name of Rev. W. B. Colt was seen as a holiness evangelist, and he was invited to come to Texas for some meetings, the first one was at Ennis, September 20, 1877, where the Wallace Band were put out of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. At this meeting Rev. George A. McCulloch was sanctified, that mighty Scotchman who for years was presiding elder, and a mighty campmeeting preacher in the Free Methodist church. Here holiness took a firm root, and there were gathered about these despised people a few men who knew no defeat and would preach their convictions if the stars fell. This kind of men pushed the battle for God and holiness until Texas became the battle field for holiness for the next ten years; while the fight was strong, and great persecution waged, dozens of great campmeetings were established, and were attended by thousands of people; while at almost every camp there were not less than one hundred, and often several hundred, people swept into the experience at one of these campmeetings.

Source: "Pioneer Days In The Holiness Movement In The Southwest" by C. B. Jernigan



MAY TIDWELL McKAY

(Nazarene)

May Tidwell was born near Chattanooga, Tennessee, of earnest Christian parents who reared her carefully in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Looking back over her early life years later she said, "I do not remember a time when God did not talk to my heart, even in the earliest years of my childhood." When she was only five years old she was converted so clearly and definitely that the influence of that early experience held through all her girlhood years, though at times she lost the joy of the Lord through childish disobedience.

When she was fourteen the Lord spoke to her again, this time with the unexpected question, "Will you go to India for me?" Her first reaction was the practical question, "What could I do there?" Since she had never felt any special urge or call toward preaching or teaching or even medical work and could not think of anything else in the way of missionary endeavor, she reached the apparently logical but mistaken conclusion, "No, Lord, I can't go, for what could I do for Thee in India even if I did go?" There she made the same mistake as have hundreds of older and wiser persons: the mistake of relying on her own necessarily limited judgment and wisdom instead of trusting God's infinite wisdom and love to direct her.

For the next five years she tried to push the whole matter of her call out of her mind. But in order to do this she had to banish as well all thoughts of Him who had called her and this of necessity resulted in spiritual darkness and misery and condemnation.

At last, when she was nineteen the Lord sent one of His children to her help. Mrs. Olive Rife, a Nazarene evangelist (now church missionary in Rev. W. M. Tidwell's church in Chattanooga, Tennessee) came to hold a meeting in Liberty Methodist Church in Chattanooga to which May Tidwell and her parents then belonged. May was away from home at the time and knew nothing of the meetings. One day, to her surprise, she had the sudden strong impression that she must go home at once. She went – and found revival meetings just beginning. This profoundly moved her: she felt that the Lord had called her home expressly to talk to her and she had better listen.

Within a few days she had renewed her vows to God, and at once began to seek the blessing of entire sanctification. She went to the altar time after time but failed to “get through.” At last it became plain that two things stood in her way: the first was the unsaved young man she had started “going with” while trying to get away from her call. The second was the same old question that had turned her aside five years before: what could she do for the Lord if she did go to India? She struggled on and finally disposed of the first obstacle, the young man; she gave him up. That left the second question, and here we surely see an illustration of the fact that the devil is the father of lies. May Tidwell McKay became one of the most effective missionaries we ever had in India – she preached with burning zeal, and worked in all directions incessantly till other missionaries were almost worn out trying to keep up with her, and yet the devil held her in bondage for years over the question of what she would find to do if she went to India!

But the time of her deliverance was now at hand, and the Lord accomplished it once and for all through a simple illustration Mrs. Rife was led to use. Mrs. Rife was staying with May's parents half a mile out in the country and every night Mr. Tidwell lighted their way to the church with his lantern. One evening in preaching on the work of the Holy Spirit, Mrs. Rife used this illustration of the guidance of the Spirit:

Now here is Brother Tidwell who so faithfully lights our way to church every night with his lantern. But suppose he held it up one night and said, “Wife, I can't see the church a half a mile away with this lantern, so what shall we do? We might as well stay at home. For this will never light us there.” No, you would all laugh at that; you know that Brother Tidwell fills, polishes and lights his little lantern every night, takes it in his hand and it lights our way to the church, not in one blinding flare of light, but step by step till the half mile is covered and we are safe at church.

With that simple, homely illustration the light broke into May's heart, and she saw that that was what the Holy Spirit was waiting to do for her – light her way in India not in one dazzling flash, but step by step. She yielded her heart to the Spirit's guidance in absolute confidence..

Source: “Hazarded Lives” by Edith P. Goodnow



WILLIAM McKENDREE

(Co-laborer with, and successor to, Francis Asbury, and the first native American Bishop of the Methodist Church)

His Conversion

Young McKendree bore his part in the Revolution, and was at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered. In 1820 he passed over the ground with a friend and showed him where his camp was. A spell of sickness brought him into the jaws of death. He prayed as sinners pray, when great fear is upon them, and vowed as they vow. But his confidence in his own sincerity was shaken by the startling question, suggested he knew not how: “If the Lord would raise you up and convert your soul, would you be

willing to go and preach the gospel?" He shrunk from the answer, and trembled at this test of obedience. With returning strength and health, he went back to the vain world with lessened confidence in promises of amendment made under fear:

In this situation I continued until the great revival of religion took place in Brunswick Circuit, under Mr. John Easter, in 1787. On a certain Sabbath I visited a gentleman who lived in the neighborhood; he and his lady were going to church, to hear a Mr. Gibson, a local Methodist preacher. The church was open to any occupant – the clergy having abandoned their flocks and the country and fled home to England. (any Englishman was under threat of the lynch mob) My friend declined going to church, sent a servant with his wife, and we spent the time in reading a comedy and drinking wine. Mrs. _____ stayed late at church, but at last, when we were impatient for dinner, she returned, and brought strange things to our ears. With astonishment flushing her countenance she began to tell whom she left "in a flood of tears," who were "down on the floor," who were "converted," what an "uproar" was going on among the people – cries for mercy and shouts for joy, etc. She also informed us that Mr. John Easter was to preach at that place on the following Tuesday. My heart was touched at her representation. I resolved to seek religion, and began in good earnest to pray for it that evening.

Tuesday I went to church, fasting and praying. Mr. Easter preached from John iii. 19-22, "And this is the condemnation, that light has come into the world," etc. The word reached my heart. From this time I had no peace of mind; I was completely miserable. My heart was broken up. A view of God's forbearance, and of the debasing sin of ingratitude, of which I had been guilty in grieving the Spirit, overwhelmed me with confusion. Now my conscience roared like a lion. "The pains of hell got hold of me." I concluded that I had committed the "unpardonable sin," and had thoughts of giving up all for lost. For three days I might have said, "My bed shall comfort me, then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions, so that my soul chooseth strangling and death rather than life." But in the evening of the third day deliverance came. While Mr. Easter was preaching I was praying as well as I could, for I was almost ready to despair of mercy. Suddenly doubts and fears fled, hope sprung up in my soul, and the burden was removed. I knew that God was love, that there was mercy even for me, and I rejoiced in silence.

Mr. Easter confidently asserted that God had converted my soul, but I did not believe it, for I had formed to myself an idea of conversion – how it would come, and what must follow; and what I then felt did not answer to my idea; therefore I did not believe that I was converted, but I knew there was mercy for me, and I greatly rejoiced in that. However, I soon found myself in an uncomfortable condition, for I immediately began to seek and to expect a burden of sin answerable to my idea, in order to get converted. But the burden was gone, and I could not recover it. With desire I sought rest, but I thought that greater distress than I had felt must precede that blessing, and therefore refused to be comforted. And thus for several weeks I experienced all the anguish of grasping at an object of the greatest importance, and missing my aim – of laying hold of life and salvation, then falling back into the vortex of disappointment and distress. But deliverance was at hand.

Mr. Easter came round, and his Master came with him, and in the time of meeting the Lord, who is merciful and kind, blessed me with the witness of the Spirit; and then I could rejoice indeed--yes, with joy unspeakable and full of glory! Within twenty-four hours after this I was twice tempted to think my conversion was delusive, and not genuine, because I did not receive the witness of the Spirit at the same time. But I instantly applied to the throne of grace, and, in the duty of prayer, the Lord delivered me from the enemy; and from that day to this I have never doubted my conversion. I have pitied, and do still pity, those who, under the influence of certain doctrines, are led to give the preference to a doubting experience, and therefore can only say, "If I ever was converted," "I hope I am converted," "I fear I never was converted," etc., but can never say, "We know that we have passed from death unto life."

His Sanctification

The same preacher by whom he had believed followed, “not long after,” with a sermon on sanctification. McKendree examined the doctrine, and found it true; examined himself, and “found remaining corruption, and diligently sought the blessing held forth.” In its pursuit he says, “My soul grew in grace and in the faith that overcomes the world;” and he thus concludes the description of this phase of his experience: “One morning I walked into the field, and while I was musing, such an overwhelming power of the Divine Being overshadowed me as I had never experienced before. Unable to stand, I sunk to the ground more than filled with transport. My cup ran over, and I shouted aloud. Had it not been for a new set of painful exercises which now came upon me, I might have rejoiced ‘evermore;’ but my heart was enlarged, and I saw more clearly than ever before the danger of those in an unconverted state. For such persons I prayed with anxious care. At times, when called upon to pray in public my soul would get into an agony, and the Lord would in great compassion pour out his Spirit. Souls were convicted and converted, and Zion rejoiced abundantly in those days.”

Source: “The History of Methodism” by Holland McTyeire



JOHN A. MCKINNEY

Rev. John A. McKinney, who had read the Guide to Holiness, the original holiness journal of America, then published by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, in New York City, grew hungry for the blessing and attended the holiness meeting at Calvert, was sanctified, and invited Rev. Hardin Wallace and his band of workers to come to Ennis, Texas, for a meeting, which they did before returning to Illinois. Rev. Mr. Wallace was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church at the time of the Calvert meeting, but at its close united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as it was more congenial while working in the South. At the Calvert revival a Rev. Mr. Ellis, a Methodist pastor, was sanctified and became a very zealous worker.

In March, 1877, the Wallace Band began a meeting in the Cumberland Presbyterian church in Ennis, Texas. They preached so hard against tobacco and worldliness that the ruling elders had a session and ordered Cyrus Hogan, who was then an elder in the church to lock the doors, but on his way to do so he met John A. McKinney, who told him he need not do so as they would vacate without the doors being locked, and the meeting was finished out under the trees in McKinney’s yard. This caused great division in the town, while many tobacco-soaked church members fought holiness, the sinners in town contended for the holiness meeting to run on. At every place they held meetings they organized holiness bands, started Tuesday night holiness prayer meetings, and took subscribers for The Banner of Holiness, a paper published in Illinois. At the Ennis meeting some Baptists were sanctified, and at the next regular church meeting they were excluded from the church, their pastor telling them that they had accepted the Methodist faith by being sanctified, and were no longer Baptists. That same night a tremendous storm struck the town, utterly demolishing the Baptist church, the only building that was seriously damaged in the town. A company of Texas toughs waited on the deacons the next day and told them that it was the curse of God, for turning out these holy people. Before leaving Texas they had a great meeting at Lawrence, in the Methodist Episcopal church.

Source: “Pioneer Days In The Holiness Movement In The Southwest” by C. B. Jernigan (See the “History” page of this website)



GEORGE ASBURY MCLAUGHLIN

(Methodist, Editor of The Christian Witness 45 Years)

The term limit of pastorates was three years. My term had expired and I must leave my delightful associations of Littleton. I was sent to the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Haverhill, Massachusetts. It was the largest membership (save one) in the conference. In it were some of the old-fashioned Methodists. The neighboring Methodist Church was about a stone's throw distant. It had swarmed from the first church. The pastor, Rev. Frank Stratton, and myself, started what we called a Union Consecration Meeting, held every fortnight. No one thought of calling it a holiness meeting, for holiness was not being preached anywhere in the conference. In this meeting holiness was not definitely mentioned.

At the annual camp meeting at Epping, New Hampshire, where we had already visited the National Holiness Meeting years before, as we have described, at the close of the four-day camp meeting an altar service was held for "consecration." As I knelt at the altar (I can see the place in my mind now), as I was kneeling it flashed into my mind, "God can save you from that disposition that is giving you so much trouble, if you trust him." As soon as I saw it, I did that very thing.

I had read the experiences of some people in that magazine The Guide to Holiness, and from those experiences I had got the impression that the experience of holiness was simply a great emotional experience. I had no idea that it meant deliverance from the carnal mind. I began to tell my brother ministers what the Lord had done for my disposition. One brother said, "I do not believe it; ask your wife." He did, and she testified for me that it had been done as I said. It led her to seek the experience.

Then I got home, I said (still in a measure in the dark), "Since the Lord has so saved me from my disposition, I believe I will seek the experience of holiness." So I prayed for an emotional experience, but did not get ahead any. Finally someone lent me the book, "The Scriptural Way of Holiness", by Phoebe Palmer. In reading that book I got the idea to seek an experience of my own and not pattern after any one else. I said: "I will do it." I have no doubt but that I had the experience of holiness, but did not know it by name (like a man eating honey in the dark). But I said, "I trust the blood to cleanse me from all sin if I never get blessed." I have looked in that book since and can not find any such teaching. I believe the Lord showed me between the lines.

Thus I went for several days. One afternoon, as I was leaving the house, at the corner of Cedar and Harvard streets in the city of Haverhill, Massachusetts, the whole matter cleared up to me, as clear as the sunlight that was at that time shining through the trees on that corner. I cannot describe it any more than I could describe the light of the sun to one who is blind. But the experience of a clean heart became clear and satisfactory.

In the meantime I had been ordained and had joined the New Hampshire conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I had taken all the ordination vows required. I had answered the usual questions in the affirmative. Those questions were as follows:

"Have you saving faith in Christ?"

"Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?"

"Are you groaning after it?"

I meant all this, but did not understand what it implied or how to obtain it. But I meant to be just as good a Christian as I could be. I did not know that there was any objection by any one to having a second work of grace whereby the believer is made perfect in love. If any one had told me at that time that any one could be a Christian and not want all the Lord had for him, I would have been amazed. How can anyone that has the experience of salvation object to receiving more? I can not understand it,

and how any real Christian can oppose others in their attempt to get all that the Lord has for them is still a mystery to me. I look upon it this way: He who does not hunger and thirst for all God has for him is a stranger to divine grace. If what he has is good, how can he fail to want all he can get? Those people who do not want all the grace God has show that they do not like what they now have. We do not blame *them* for not wanting more. It shows that they do not have real salvation. *I got it before I found out that many churchmen did not consider it the thing to have.*

Source: "George Asbury McLaughlin Autobiography"



MARY E. MCLAUGHLIN

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification." -- Thess 4:3

"What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

I wait till he shall touch me clean
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And 'Lo,' he said, 'I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.'

Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin
My heart would now receive thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in."

So sang Charles Wesley and so do all genuine Methodists feel. If we were to omit in this sketch, the narration of her experience of entire sanctification we should be doing her memory an injustice as well as doing violence to the truth. This experience was the secret of her life of sweetness and usefulness. It was the great theme of her life and it was her great delight to seek to advance the cause of holiness. For this she labored beyond her strength many times. It was an experience that flooded her whole being and made it luminous.

It is one the great manifestations of Satanic strategy to make this central doctrine of the Bible and culmination of salvation, unpopular and distasteful to the majority of Christians. In this Satan shows profound wisdom. For this experience makes its possessor at his best for the glorifying of God. Hence the Enemy pushes some whom he can not restrain into fanaticism, in order to frighten away others. He frightens others by the opposition and persecution that they meet, and makes this pearl of Great price very unpopular in this world. Nevertheless it is possible to obtain this grace and besides it will be at a premium when the world is on fire.

While in their pastorate at Littleton, N. H., in 1880 sister McLaughlin was brought very near death's door, by a sickness whose effects followed her the rest of her days and brought her much suffering all through her later life. But God, who always does the best for us, raised her up for nearly thirty years of service in the vineyard. How we thank God for those thirty years!

At this time she came down close to the borderland of the other world and she never forgot the lessons of that hour. She had time to think and to examine her Christian life and she said, that she found many defects there. She saw that she had but little fruitage in her Christian life, compared with what she should have. This developed a seriousness of purpose that never left her, but grew more intense up to her dying day, and made her life a blessing to others and a factor in the upbuilding of the kingdom of Jesus.

Their next field was Haverhill, Mass., in the pastorate of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, an appointment within the bounds of the New Hampshire Conference.

Here her husband, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit came into, professed and began to preach the doctrine and experience of Entire Sanctification, the fundamental, much neglected doctrine of Methodism. The work began to develop in this and also the neighboring Methodist church, making these two churches like a well watered garden. Sinners were constantly being saved and believers sanctified.

In January, 1885, her husband called a holiness convention in their church for four days. The Holy Spirit was so wonderfully poured out in those four days that the meeting ran on, for eleven weeks. It was impossible in those first 4 days to do much preaching, because the power of God was so upon the people. In that convention one hundred and fifty of the membership professed the experience of entire sanctification and fifty of the adjoining church with their pastor Rev. C. J. Fowler, now president of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness.

She discovered at this time that the lack in her experience, which she had felt on her sick bed could be supplied by the grace of entire sanctification. She now saw her need and the remedy. She was not backslidden, but she saw in her inner nature that which was not in harmony with the will of God. She had shrunk from duty. When in after years the one who knew her best said, "I cannot see that you needed anything more", she replied, "But I knew what was in my heart." As pastor's wife, she was dissatisfied with her timidity in the performance of duty. Now she sought to consecrate herself entirely to the Lord.

But how could she, a pastor's wife, go to the altar? It was revolting to her pride. How could she admit that she was not all right, as she was? The old nature asserted itself. She also faced the question of public prayer in the social meetings. She felt it to be her duty, but it seemed impossible and so the battle raged for a whole day. Her husband was distressed. It seemed to him as that she would die. He said, "I do not see why you should feel so badly." The old nature was dying.

As the day closed the victory was won. The consecration was made complete. All was laid upon the altar. The fire fell, and the quiet little woman was ready for duty, and we do not know that she ever flinched from that hour onward. From that day under the rays of the Sun of Righteousness that spiritual nature unfolded like a bud of June under the rays of the natural sun. She grew sweeter and sweeter every year. No one could deny it. Her experience of perfect love to God, reached out to every body and became perfect love to man indeed. From house to house in Chicago: in the mission work, in camp-meetings, on the streetcars, she improved her opportunities to win souls for Jesus, and to hold him up as a complete Saviour from all sin.

She maintained an uncompromising testimony to the efficacy of the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin, up to the day of her death. The last Sunday of her life in the class meeting she testified that God had years before cleansed her heart from all sin as a definite second work of grace.

Source: "The Beauty of Holiness – as exemplified in the Life of Mrs. Mary E. Maclaughlin" by Rev. G. A. McLaughlin



CLARA MCLEISTER

In the Stoneboro camp meeting of August, 1903, Clara was present as an earnest seeker. She had looked forward to this camp meeting with the full purpose of getting the blessing of holiness. As usual, the preaching was plain, searching, scriptural and in the power of the Spirit, and she took it all to heart seriously. Day after day she went to the altar and there remained in prayer, mainly in silent prayer. Workers would come to direct her in her quest, and to assist her by prayer and exhortation. She welcomed assistance, but convictions of duty were going so deeply into her life that it took time to understand fully what a holy life required of her. With the thoroughness that marked all of her life she engaged in this time of getting the foundation of a Spirit-filled experience.

Days and nights passed by, and when Sunday morning came, she had the assurance that this would be her Day of Pentecost, and so it proved to be. The morning meeting closed with many bowed at the altar, Clara among them in her familiar place. Others prayed through and left, but she remained, closed in with close attention to the Divine Voice by which she was led and instructed in her long seasons of prayer. Then at noontime – high noon for her – the Holy Comforter came into her soul to abide. The joy and peace and rest of soul made Sunday for her truly a Day of Pentecost.

Source: “The Life and Work of Rev. Mrs. Clara McLeister” by I. F. McLeister



J. C. MCPHEETERS

(Methodist)

J. C. McPheeters served as editor of the Pentecostal Herald and was president of Asbury Seminary in Wilmore, Kentucky.

It was at the early age of five years that my heart was strangely warmed by the regenerating grace of God. It was at the little village Methodist church of Fairdealing, Missouri, at a regular Sunday morning monthly preaching service, that my heart was touched as a small lad by the Spirit of God, and I turned my steps toward the entrance gate to the blessed way of salvation...I enjoyed a Christian experience throughout my childhood. There were variations in the degrees of my fellowship with Christ throughout this period, but there were no lapses in my faith over any considerable period of time...

After graduating from high school, I entered Marvin College, a small Methodist church college serving southeast Missouri. It was during my first year in this institution that I came in contact with a young man who had been a student at Asbury College. He had a student pastorate, and we were in a number of classes together, and he also roomed in the same home where I roomed. He bore witness to the experience of sanctification. The students generally regarded him as a bit extreme and somewhat lacking in true balance in his Christian testimony.

The fall revival for the college and the Methodist church of the town was conducted by Dr. Marvin T. Hall, pastor of the Methodist church at Jackson, Missouri. While this revival was in progress, the young man who had formerly been a student at Asbury College returned from his student pastorate one Monday afternoon with a glowing report about a very unusual woman with whom he had ridden on the train. He said she was coming down from old Centenary Methodist Church in St. Louis to conduct prayer meetings for the revival meeting then in progress in Fredericktown. He also announced to myself and my roommate that he had arranged for us to meet her that evening in the home where she was being entertained, only a short distance away.

There were three ministerial students that found their way to what proved to be an Upper Room in a lower room in that home. The name of the woman that we were to interview was Mrs. Margaret Skinner, who was the first deaconess ever appointed by the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South. She served for many years at Centenary Methodist Church, St. Louis.

When we came into her presence, I realized immediately that she had something in Christian experience which I did not have. Her face was fairly aglow with spiritual radiance. Early in our interview, she asked me the question, "Do you believe in sanctification?" It was a bit puzzling at first, and my answer was, "You will have to tell me what you mean by sanctification." She set about to explain the wondrous simplicity, power, and triumph of the sanctified life through the atoning blood of Christ. Before she finished, the prejudice which had been in my heart, which had in some measure been engendered by persons who had not always been samples of this grace, was broken down. *When she had finished her explanation, my reply was, "If that is sanctification, I believe in sanctification." She then replied, "Are you willing to accept Christ as your Sanctifier?" To which I replied in the affirmative. In that one swift second in which I took this step of faith, my soul was flooded with glory divine. I broke into laughter; and Mrs. Skinner arose from her chair, walked across the room, and extended her hand to me, saying, "Do you believe that Jesus sanctifies?" To which I replied, "Yes, thank God, I know that He sanctifies even me."*

My testimony was followed by a season of prayer in which heaven and earth truly met together in the power of the blessed Holy Spirit. At the close of the prayer, my two ministerial friends were rejoicing alike with me in the floodtide of glory that had come to our souls.

Some of my fellow ministerial students expressed their conviction to me at that time that the experience into which I had come was only a temporary emotional manifestation which would soon pass away. I rejoice that these friends were absolutely mistaken in their interpretation. The glory and the victory still abide. I rejoice in the new strength that has come with the passing of the years.

If I had a thousand lives to give, I would gladly give them all in the proclamation of the glorious truth that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." It was a pivotal point of destiny for me when I came to my personal Pentecost. Whatever I have achieved in life, or whatever measure of success that may have come to me along the way, may be attributed to this "more excellent way" which I found during my first year in college, more than to all things else. To Him who shed His blood that He might sanctify the Church, and "present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing" be the praise and glory now and forevermore. Amen.

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



A. D. MERRILL

(Methodist)

In the year 1820, I was suddenly and powerfully awakened to a sense of guilt and sin, and that day, at seven o'clock in the evening, I was as powerfully regenerated; my evidence of acceptance was without a doubt. I was careful to obey every impulse of duty, and in a few months became deeply impressed, that I must surrender the balance of my life to the work of the Gospel Ministry. These impressions ultimately ripened into a satisfactory conviction of positive duty. I went about the town of my residence visiting the sick and dying, and several sick and appointed unto death were happily converted to God, and died in great peace.

I was invited, at length, to hold a religious meeting on the Sabbath, and to take a text. I moved forward

at every opening door that was presented, without my own agency, and from this beginning was constantly prompt to preach, and acquiesced in all that I could. As I looked forward to a life of toil in the great and sacred calling, I was constantly thrown upon myself to investigate the motives which impelled me to action. And the more severe the scrutiny, the more vividly were evident the remains of depravity. My pride of heart was discovered by the opposite effects resulting from a discharge of religious duties. If greatly assisted I was exalted, if otherwise I was severely mortified. This, with various other discoveries of inbred corruption produced painful and deep searching of heart.

These views, together with the sacredness of the calling before me, wrought powerfully upon my mind. I was in actual distress of spirit, and thus brought into a state of "Hungering and thirsting after Righteousness." I saw God to be holy, Heavens to be holy, angels to be holy, the spirits of just men to be holy, and that I must be so myself, or never secure a lot and part with those holy ones. And O, how much I needed this grace in order to understand myself, and to preach a holy Gospel. And especially did I need this, as I was so very deficient in all the outward and literary qualifications for the Gospel ministry.

The idea seemed preposterous for me to engaged in reforming others, without being fully reformed myself. About this time I went to Boston and spent a Sabbath in the city, heard good and excellent preaching. But, what interested me most was, to be permitted to attend a general Band meeting, at the Broomfield Street Church. I could not have been introduced into a more welcome, though to me new scene --the influence of that meeting was greatly encouraging to my panting and longing heart. Such manifest depths of devotion, such simplicity of spirit, and strength of confidence in God, I had, up to that hour, been a stranger to.

I soon after was induced by my presiding elder to attend a Camp Meeting about to be held at Sandwich, N. H.; this was the first instance of my attendance upon such an occasion. At first the scene was novel, and I was too much under the influence of curiosity. But, after a day or two, *I heard a sermon on the subject of Purity of heart, which was as balm to my longing spirit. I wept, I sighed. I panted after God, as the heart panteth after the cooling water-brook. I felt most perfectly subdued in heart, and the presence of God was so manifest, that I did not wish to move or speak, lest I should disturb that awful sense of God's renovating presence and power to save from all sin.*

Under the gracious and overwhelming influence the Saviour was presented to the eye of faith, suspended upon the cross; He looked upon me and smiled, that instant I yielded my soul, body and spirit up to Him, to live, to obey, to suffer, or to reign with Him forever. Christ was my only hope, my righteousness, my all in all. With that smile I felt a renovating influence pervading soul and body, and thus felt cleansed from all unrighteousness, the assurance then given that I was wholly the Lord's surpasses all description, language is too poor to set it forth, and with the poet I could exclaim!

*"The promise stands forever sure,
And we shall in Thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine,
In spirit join'd to Thee, the son,
As Thou art with the Father, one."*

My will was lost in His when the Blood of the Lamb was applied to my heart. I could say and feel, to live, to die, to suffer, to reign, despised, poor or supplied, I could leave all to His Sovereign sway to choose and to command. I could never adopt such language before, and yet it was so reasonable, so perfectly proper to place my entire being, destiny, whatever I had or was, or ever should be, at the supreme disposal of unerring wisdom and superlative goodness. O, the union with the infinite Father, Son, and Holy Spirit – the altogether lovely – a heaven below to go to Heaven above from. I felt as docile as a lamb; my peace was steady, my hope full of immortality.

From this blessed epoch, preaching, praying, believing was easy, the burden was light. Nothing so pleasant, so desirable as to abide in Christ as the branch is in the vine. Moreover, from this period my usefulness became greatly augmented, and great was the gathering of the people unto our blessed Redeemer.

This Divine Power has been my constant attendant for forty-five years; it has given character to my whole subsequent history, and bless God it does not forsake me in old age. An incident occurred as soon as this grace was mine; I asked my blessed Saviour what He had for me to do at that Camp Meeting? I felt instantly directed to a neighboring tent, where there was something to be done. I went, and on reaching the place there were two persons there. I at first felt a check, and thought my impression was from the enemy. But I resolved to know if it was the Spirit of the Lord, or from the evil spirit. So I asked the two (they both were young ladies) whether they enjoyed religion? I found them under awakenings, so I collected a few Christians to join me in a prayer for their salvation. I took the case of one of them to the Lord in faith, and in less than a moment I became so convinced of her freedom from guilt, that I exclaimed at the top of my voice, the work is done! The work is done! She broke forth in shouts of praise to God for delivering grace.

Instantly, the other asked imploringly, can you beg for me in faith? Yes, I replied. We bowed, and in precisely the same manner of the first, she came out praising God. After this short but thorough work I listened with great delight to their developments of experience; they were both school teachers. I never saw them before then, nor have I ever since.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



STEPHEN MERRITT

Samuel Morris was a Kru boy. He was an African of the Africans, a pure Negro. When I first knew him he was probably twenty years old. He was a resident of Liberia, where he was employed among English speaking people as a house painter, and where he first met the Lord. A missionary girl came from the far west to go out under Bishop Taylor, and, as I was secretary for the Bishop, I received her. I had become intimately acquainted with the Holy Ghost, and of course never tired of speaking of Him.

I talked from the abundance of my heart to her of Him. I told her if she would receive Him she would be a success in Africa, and would not be sick or lonesome nor wearied. He would be her strength, wisdom and comfort, and her life would be a continued psalm of praise in that dark continent. She hearkened – desired – consented – asked – and He came, an abiding presence. She departed, filled with the Spirit. Her companion missionaries thought she would be a failure, as she kept herself aloof and would sit alone, and talk and cry and laugh; they thought she had left a lover behind, and therefore her actions. She had reached her station, sat down to her work – contented, blessed and happy.

This Kru boy, Samuel Morris, heard of her arrival, and walked miles to see her and talk about Jesus. She was filled and overflowed with the Holy Spirit, and was glad to pour out of Him on Samuel. He became enthused, and he desired and was determined to know the Comforter Divine. Journey after journey was made; hour after hour was spent in conversation on the theme; when she, wearied with a constant repetition, said, "If you want to know any more you must go to Stephen Merritt, of New York; he told me all I know of the Holy Ghost." "I am going – where is he?" She laughingly answered, "In New York." She missed him; he had started. Weary miles he traversed before he reached the place where he hoped to embark. As he arrived on the shore a sailing vessel dropped her anchor in the offing and a small boat put ashore. Samuel stepped up and asked the captain to take him to New York. He was refused with curses and a kick, but he answered, "Oh, yes, you will." He slept on the sand that night,

and was again refused. The next morning, nothing daunted, he made the request again the third time, and was asked by the captain, "What can you do?" and he answered, "Anything." Thinking he was an able-bodied seaman, and, as two men had deserted and he was short-handed, he asked, "What do you want?" meaning pay. Samuel said, "I want to see Stephen Merritt." "Take this boy aboard," ordered the captain.

He reached the ship, but knew nothing of a vessel or of the sea. The anchor was raised and he was off. His ignorance brought much trouble; cuffs, curses and kicks were his in abundance; but his peace was as a river, his confidence unbounded, and his assurance sweet. He went into the cabin to clean up, and the captain was convicted and converted; the fire ran through the ship, and half or more of the crew were saved. The ship became a Bethel, the songs and shouts of praise resounded, and nothing was too good for the uncouth and ungainly Kru boy.

They landed at the foot of Pike Street, East River, and after the farewells were said, Samuel, with a bag of clothing furnished by the crew (for he went aboard with only a jumper and overalls, with no shoes) stepped on the dock, and, stepping up to the first man he met, said, "Where's Stephen Merritt?" It was three or four miles from my place, in a part of the city where I would be utterly unknown, but the Holy Spirit arranged that. A member of the "Travelers' Club" was the man accosted, and he said. "I know him; he lives away over on Eighth Avenue – on the other side of the town. I'll take you to him for a dollar." "All right," said Samuel, though he had not one cent. They reached the store just as I was leaving for prayer meeting, and the tramp said, "There he is." Samuel stepped up and said, "Stephen Merritt?" "Yes." "I am Samuel Morris; I've just come from Africa to talk with you about the Holy Ghost." "Have you any letters of introduction?" "No; had no time to wait." "Well, all right; I am going to Jane Street prayer meeting. Will you go into the mission next door? On my return I will see about your entertainment." "All right" "Say, young fellow," said the tramp, "where is my dollar?" "Oh, Stephen Merritt pays all my bills now," said Samuel. "Oh, certainly," said I, as I passed the dollar over.

I went to the prayer meeting, he to the mission. I forgot him until just as I put my key in the door about 10:30, when Samuel Morris flashed upon my remembrance. I hastened over, found him on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him; he had just pointed them to Jesus, and they were rejoicing in His pardoning favor. I had never seen just such a sight. The Holy Ghost in this figure of ebony, with all its surroundings, was, indeed, a picture.

Think, an uncultured, uncouth, uncultivated, but endowed, imbued and infilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the first night in America winning souls for Immanuel – nearly a score. No trouble now to take care of him. He was one of God's anointed ones. This was Friday. Saturday he stayed around. Sunday I said, "Samuel, I would like you to accompany me to Sunday School. I am the superintendent, and may ask you to speak." He answered, "I never was in Sunday School, but all right." I smilingly introduced him as one Samuel Morris, who had come from Africa to talk to their superintendent about the Holy Spirit. I know not what he said. The school laughed, and as he commenced my attention was called to another matter and I turned aside for a few moments; when I looked, lo the altar was full of our young people, weeping and sobbing. I never could find out what he said, but the presence and manifested power of the Holy Spirit were so sensible that the entire place was filled with His glory.

The young people formed a "Samuel Morris Missionary Society," and secured money, clothes and everything requisite to send him off to Taylor University at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The days that passed while waiting to go were wonderful days. I took him in a coach, with a prancing team of horses, as I was going to Harlem to officiate at a funeral. I said, "Samuel, I would like to show you something of our city and Central Park." He had never been behind horses nor in a coach and the effect seemed laughable to me. I said, "Samuel, this is the Grand Opera House," and began to explain, when he said, "Stephen Merritt, do you ever pray in a coach?" I answered, "Oh, yes; I very frequently have very

blessed times while riding about.” He placed his great black hand on mine, and, turning me around on my knees, said, “We will pray;” and for the first time I knelt in a coach to pray. He told the Holy Spirit he had come from Africa to talk to me about Him, and I talked about everything else, and wanted to show him the church, the city, and the people, when he was so desirous of hearing and knowing about Him, and he asked Him if He would take out of my heart things, *and so fill me with Himself that I would write, preach, or talk only of Him*. There were three of us in that coach that day. Never have I known such a day – we were filled with the Holy Ghost, and He made him the channel by which I became instructed and then endued as never before.

Bishops have placed their hands upon my head, once and again, and joined with elders of the church in ordaining services, but no power came in comparison. James Caughey placed his holy hands on my head and on the head of dear Thomas Harrison as he prayed that the mantle of Elijah might fall upon the Elishas – and the fire fell and the power came, but the abiding of the Comforter was received in the coach with Sammy Morris – for since then I have not written a line or spoken a word, only for or in the Holy Ghost.

Source: “Sammy Morris” by Stephen Merritt



ELMER E. MICHAEL

In the year 1930 one of the last of the old-time holiness bands pitched a tent on a vacant lot two blocks above the Nazarene Church (the Collier Band). I attended that revival regularly and on the last Saturday night of the meeting I answered the call of God to be saved and was gloriously converted. The next morning, by the old kitchen stove, I witnessed to my mother what God had done for me. My father heard my testimony from the next room and came in and we had a rejoicing time together. *Two months later I answered the call to Holiness, went to the altar, consecrated my all to Him who saved me, and God in sanctifying power cleansed my heart from inbred sin and filled me with His indwelling Presence, which holds good to this present day. All glory to His holy name!*

God called me to preach shortly after, and I preached my first message at the invitation of my pastor on a Sunday night, preaching from Proverbs 28:1-13. I was nervous and scared, but the first verse gave me strong support: “The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.” To add to my encouragement, three souls were saved that night.

I had been sickly all my life, due to a fall I had when a baby just learning to walk. In the Spring of 1931 God miraculously healed my body and to this day I have never had a recurrence of that trouble. I owe Him much, but can pay so little; but my all is in His hands. I was appointed supply pastor of my home church in the Fall of 1931, and in that term of service for my Master my three brothers were saved and sanctified, and in a Sunday afternoon baptismal service I had the privilege of baptizing my brothers and sister, my mother and grandmother, along with about ten others. ALL GLORY AND PRAISE BE TO GOD, FOR HE IS WORTHY!

Source: “My Testimony” By Elmer E. Michael, From the August, 1988 Missionary Revivalist

J. MILLER

(Methodist)

My parents were very strict with regard to family government. I was required to go to school and to church and to Sabbath-school. From my earliest recollection the FAMILY ALTAR was never permitted to go down; HERE I received my first convictions of sin, and desired to be a Christian, and even

resolved I would be, when old enough. I attended protracted meetings from time to time, and would feel the power of the truths preached; WISH SOME ONE WOULD NOTICE ME and INVITE me to seek religion; but none seemed to observe me, although the great deep of my heart was broken up, and my eyes were a “fountain of tears.”

I lived unsaved until the nineteenth year of my age, when, under the labors of Rev. W. R. Irvine, I was awakened and converted to God. Very soon I was urged to seek purity of heart, consequently saw and felt the need of having the remains of the carnal mind, all in-being sin, taken out of my heart. I sought and obtained the blessing. For some time I lived a holy life. Unfortunately for me I fell from this state, and thus dishonored, the cause of Christ. Like thousands of others I was considered a member in good standing, held a local preacher’s license, and had traveled for some months under the elder. When I saw my condition -I was very far from God.

A camp-meeting was held in the place where I was boarding, which I attended. The light shone upon my heart; I saw my state, and had no rest in my mind until I resolved to get right. I sought an opportunity to make my confession and when this was done. I felt God smiled approval, and I was justified by faith. I again saw if would retain the favor of God I must seek purity; I resolved never to eat, drink, or sleep until I was fully saved. It pleased God to cut the work short, and again my heart was washed by the “blood of Jesus.”

For two years I have been preaching in connection with His Church. I would not boast, but I have today a better understanding concerning the way and plan of salvation than ever. Light shines, and Jesus gives me grace to walk in it. For two years I have enjoyed this blessing, have had a clear witness that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. HALLELUJAH! I am trying to preach, EXPLICITLY, the doctrine of holiness as taught in the Bible, and by our standard authors.* God blesses me in presenting the truth as it is in Jesus. I take the whole Bible; the promises are all mine. Hallelujah! God helps me to prosecute an aggressive war against the enemy of all unrighteousness. Souls are being converted and sanctified, and I have resolved in Jesus’ name never to leave a circuit without fruit.

**Says Wesley, “You can never speak too strongly or explicitly upon the topic of Christian perfection. If you speak only faintly and indirectly, none will be offended and none will profit. But, if you speak out, although some will probably be angry, yet others, will soon find the power of God unto salvation.”*

Source: “Pioneer Experiences” by Phoebe Palmer



NETTIE A. MILLER

As time went on my salvation got better and better, for I told it daily to those whom I met, black and white, rich and poor, educated and illiterate. However, to my surprise one day I found that something did not get salvation when I got it, for I “got mad” all over. I did not mean to; honestly, I was sorry immediately. I went out in the back yard and prayed earnestly, fearful lest I had lost all that I had. The Lord assured me that there was something else for me. I ceased praying and believed that I had not lost everything but really had something coming to me. A few days later, at the Church of the Nazarene, I heard a sermon on “The Clay in the Potter’s Hands.” In the course of the message the preacher said, “How many of you know that the Lord has saved you but since that time you have got mad, discovering something still there causing you trouble?” (I thought, “Someone has told him about me.”) He went on to say, “If you have been converted, there is something else for you. Present yourself to the Lord as the clay in the potter’s hands, saying ‘I will go where you want me to go, do what you want me to do, be what you want me to be,’ and place everything on the altar (God is the altar), and the altar sanctifies the gift.” The Lord quickly convinced me that this was exactly what I needed. That old carnality, the root of evil had to be removed. *I saw Him as the great Physician and myself as the*

patient, with the root of evil as the cancer. The Physician put me on His operating table and began to cut. One by one He removed my little vanities and worldly ambitions; one by one I gave them up, even to the last. When the last "Yes" was said, the cancer came out, roots and all. Glory! From that time on, I have never been bothered with it any more. How grateful I am that I do not have to suppress it, but know that it has been eradicated! I do not have to "sit on the lid" and be afraid of an explosion. It works! It works! I never say that the operation does not hurt, for it does, but it certainly feels good when it quits hurting.

Source: "My Satisfied Quest" by Nettie A. Miller



A. MILLIKEN

(Methodist)

While reading the Bible on my knees, the chapter for the day was Exodus the twenty-ninth. When I came to the thirty-seventh verse, my attention became unusually arrested: especially did the words, "And it shall be an altar most holy: whatsoever TOUCHETH the altar shall be holy," enter in my heart, and with them a power I do not remember to have felt before, when trying to believe "the altar sanctifieth the gift." I saw, and I still see, a peculiar force in the words, "toucheth the altar."

Many a time, during these years past, I have consecrated my whole being to the Lord, and felt very happy in doing so for a time; but then my heart would grow cold again, and would relapse into doubt, and fear, and sin. *I now see that the fault has been, not in the imperfection of my consecration, but in the imperfection, or rather misdirection, of my faith; looking more to myself, my feelings, &c., than to the virtue of the "altar." Now I see, I feel, praise the Lord! The "altar," not my feelings, but the altar sanctifieth the gift. Yes, the altar, Jesus Christ, He is now my sanctification, my all-in-all. Hallelujah, hallelujah! I believe, I feel, His precious blood "cleanseth from all sin."*

Twelve years ago, on my way to see my friends in Ireland, I called on the author of the "Way of Holiness", and she told me to look for and hold this great "salvation by faith;" but never, never did I see or feel the scriptural propriety of her kind instructions as I now do. Praise the Lord that He has spared me through all my wanderings, up and down, to see this glad day, when Jesus does take all my sin and fear away, by believing His word. "The altar sanctifieth the gift," -- the poor, unworthy gift. I feel as if I could fill this whole sheet, and many more, by writing this blessed word of the Lord, "The altar sanctifieth the gift." Glory forever to the Lord for this simple way, ... the glorious way, of salvation! Surely all may come; for the merit of Jesus, the blood of Jesus, can save all, can cleanse all.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



F. S. MINTZER

(Methodist)

Believing that in more than one sense it is true, that there is that which scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth more than is meat, and it tendeth to poverty; I write my Christian experience.

I was converted in the year 1842, when I was but seventeen years of age. Soon after, I felt called to preach, but refused – positively – persistently – refused, for many years, to obey the call. My natural timidity, together with my PRIDE prevented me from obeying God in this direction.

None of my family or relatives of any kind, save an uncle, whom I never saw but once – were Methodists. All of my old associates, neighbors and friends, were in sympathy, or association, with other branches of the Christian Church. I had given my name to the M. E. Church, lived a tolerable consistent life, and to “come out” and separate myself from the world more fully – aye – to be a Methodist Preacher, seemed to be a duty which, I had not the gracious disposition, or sufficient amount of grace to perform. What now! In the midst of my rebellion against God, I was afflicted. (“Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power.”) In my affliction I consented to do my duty. And soon after, in the Providence of God, I was licensed to preach. I felt now, greatly, my want of fitness for the work assigned me by the Church. And the cry, Oh, my leanness! Oh, my unworthiness! Oh, for power! Power! Was constantly on my lips.

At this juncture of my religious experience – while an old friend and sister in Christ, in a public prayer-meeting, was pleading with God for the blessing of a clean heart, or “Perfect love,” the Spirit of God convinced me that I ought not to rest satisfied short of this blessing. I wept, prayed, and “Fasted often,” until at length, in answer to the prayer of faith, the blessing came to my heart – gentle as the morning light – peaceful as a dove. My mind became as calm as a “summer evening;” and I could exclaim! –

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

Soon after, in a love-feast, while the congregation were singing, “Am I a soldier of the cross, &c.,”

I was induced to arise, and for the first time to make profession of the blessing received. I did so amid the shouts of my brethren and sisters in Christ. That was about twenty years ago, and the way has been growing brighter ever since. I can say truly, “His way are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.”

Source: “Pioneer Experiences” by Phoebe Palmer



ELEANOR M. MITCHELL

(Methodist)

Eleanor M. Mitchell, daughter of Col. Francis and Grace Thomas, was born in Frederick City, Maryland, February 24, 1780. About the year 1802 her father removed to Botetourt County, Virginia. Up to this period the family had moved in the gay and pleasure-taking circles of life, having never learned that the human soul is capable of any higher enjoyment than is found at the festive party and in the ball-room. True, they had attended the forms of the religious observance on the Sabbath, but the minister who officiated there gave proof that in his estimation religious pleasures were small, by associating with the youth of his congregation in worldly amusements. How powerless do the sublime truths of the gospel fall upon the ear, when he who utters them connects with their delivery such an example. In that part of Virginia where Colonel Thomas fixed his residence, the Methodist and Presbyterian churches were, at that time, enjoying spiritual prosperity; and under their influence several members of the family were converted to God, and united with the Presbyterian Church.

In the year 1804 the subject of this sketch was united in marriage with Rev. Samuel Mitchell, a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Shortly after her marriage she united with the same church, as well from a full conviction of the truth of the doctrines and admiration of the economy of Methodism, as from a desire to occupy a position best suited for the discharge of the weighty and important duties connected with her station as the wife of a gospel minister. The responsibilities of a

preacher's wife she ever after regarded as only inferior to his who is called of God to the care of souls, and her whole religious character was formed under this conviction. In her dress she conformed to the simplicity and plainness of the early Methodists, from which she never departed. In works of piety and mercy she was ever ready to share; and to encourage the despondant, to comfort the mourner, and to point the conscience-stricken sinner to Christ, were labors of love for which she was peculiarly adapted.

Her house was the home of the toilworn itinerant, where an Asbury, a McKendree, and many others, less noted, but not less beloved, for their sacrifices and labors, were cherished as angel visitants. Though her husband was a local preacher, all his sympathies were with those men of God who literally left all for the privilege of carrying the gospel to the destitute; and all his feelings on this subject were heartily seconded by his companion. Hence, it is not surprising that her sons, when they felt that God had called them to this work, were cheerfully laid upon this altar, and encouraged to make sacrifices from which a mother's tenderness would gladly have reserved them. But this refers to a later period. In the year 1817 the family removed to Illinois, then a territory, and comparatively a wilderness.

But one consideration induced this exchange of all the advantages and pleasant associations of cultivated and refined society for the toils and privations connected with a residence on the frontier of civilization. It was the desire of the parents to bring up their children apart from the institution of domestic slavery. In early life her husband had emancipated his slaves, of which he had a number. Mrs. Mitchell was one with him in sentiment on this subject; and that her children might be trained to habits of honorable labor, in circumstances free from poverty and from temptation, she was content to leave kindred and friends, conveniencies and luxuries, and encounter what was then a long and fatiguing journey to a far-off and primitive region for a future home.

When they arrived at their new home important changes were made in their domestic arrangements. Mrs. Mitchell's father was the owner of slaves, and consequently his daughters had never been suffered, much less required, to perform what was regarded as servile labor. During her residence in Virginia the supervising of her household slaves had been the extent of her domestic cares. But she now deemed it important that her daughters, who might not in after life be able always to obtain hired domestics, should learn all that is necessary in conducting the business of a family – in a word, all kinds of kitchen and house work. In order to teach her daughters, the mother proposed to learn herself and set them the example; and thenceforward the labors of the house and kitchen were performed by mother and daughters, the reproach and fatigue of labor being forgotten in the delightful consciousness of duty and independence.

Though subjected to many privations incident to a new country, Mrs. Mitchell and her family were not without the institutions of religion and the means of grace. The Methodist itinerants appear to have made it a rule to keep pace with the tide of emigration to the West. A Walker, a Thompson, a Drew, and others, who still survive, were heard lifting up their voices in the wilderness, and thrice welcome were they to the best comforts her cabin, and afterward her mansion, could afford. Societies were organized, and under the faithful labors of these men of God Mrs. Mitchell had the joy to see her children brought into the fold of Christ.

Several members of the family having married and settled in Platteville, Wisconsin, in 1838, Mrs. Mitchell removed thither with her husband. Though this removal was still toward the extended frontier, so rapid has been the progress of improvement in the West within the last few years that Mrs. Mitchell found a state of society there far more congenial than upon her arrival in Illinois. Here she finished her course, on the 21st of May, 1842, in the sixty-third, year of her age. Her disease, bronchitis, was of long and painful continuance, but with fortitude and patience; nay, with a tranquil and cheerful spirit she endured months of deep affliction. Often while nature was sinking, her soul rose above all pain and weakness, and the shout of joy and praise ascended to God her Savior; and when no longer able to

she speak, she raised her hand in token of final victory. Thus ended the earthly pilgrimage of one whose character is worthy an enduring record.

As a Christian, her profession was nobly sustained by the whole tenor of a well-spent life. Her manners were dignified without ostentation. Truth formed the substance of her character, courtesy its graceful adornment. *At a comparatively early period in her religious history she sought and found the blessing of “a clean heart” -- the grace of “perfect love;” and her life, rather than verbal profession, demonstrated the reality of this attainment.*

Eleanor M. Mitchell lived to see her five daughters and three sons united with her in the fellowship of the church, and in the adoption of the children of God. The sons were all members of one annual conference, as itinerant preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, two of whom have since died. One daughter preceded the mother to the heavenly rest. May they all meet in that world of light and love!

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



J. S. MITCHELL

(Methodist)

For many years I have been entirely satisfied, from a most blessed experience, that the atoning blood can cleanse from all sin. It is many years since I received the gracious fullness of the Saviour's merits. I was about eighteen years old, having then been a member a little more than four years, and a class leader between two and three. I had for some time belonged to a band, fasted every Friday, met regularly, and enjoyed much of the divine favor, still often feeling that native defilement which I am fully convinced remains in every heart after justification. It was a season of great spiritual interest. Many were finding peace with God – many the blessing of perfect love. My own soul was constantly thirsting for entire deliverance. I went to a quarterly meeting – witnessed much of the power of God – felt much myself – but did not receive the witness of the removal of the native corruption of the heart. Sunday evening went to a prayer meeting in my own class; several were awakened, some converted, and one made of perfect in love. My thirst after God greatly increased, but not satiated. I got into the carriage to return home, about six miles, with my brother and his wife, and a young woman who was about to spend some time in my brother's family, with whom I was conversing relative to the meeting we had just left. *I was saying to her that my soul had been greatly blessed: and while in the act of expressing my obligation of gratitude to God for His abundant blessing, I received a shock which extended throughout the system, as though a quantity of ice water had been thrown upon me. This shock was as new as unexpected, and I did not know but I was about to be summoned suddenly into the present of God. I said to the sister by my side, I felt as never before, and did not know what would be the issue, but desired to say to her that my soul was happy in God. Immediately upon saying this, I felt another shock of divine power; which at once prostrated me helpless and nearly speechless till we arrived at my brother's house. I gained a little strength when near home, and my brother and his wife succeeded in getting me into the house, and placing me in an arm chair; where for a moment or two I feebly praised God, when I was again, by the power of God, stricken to the floor. This was about ten o'clock in the evening; and from this time till two o'clock in the morning I was lost to all below, and completely absorbed in contemplations of the divine glory. My friends who stood by me informed me that I said nothing, except at intervals of about half-an-hour I repeated the word eternity with great solemnity. I then felt that*

“Christ was all in all to me

And my soul was love."

About two o'clock in the morning I regained my strength. And, being under the influence of

"The speechless awe that dares not move,"

And filled

"With all the silent heavens of love,"

I retired to my bed, but not to sleep, but to lie in the bosom of my all sufficient Saviour. I felt as if basking in the presence of God, as if bathing sweetly in the ocean of perfect love. For many weeks, night and day, whenever awake, the same indescribable peace, the same hallowed fullness, continued without abatement. Mine was a cloudless sky. It was not so much rapture, as the fullness of the divine favor. I realized that I "dwelt in God, and God in me." My whole soul was calm as the opening morning, and so continued without a moment's interruption for many weeks. I was young and timid, and feared to confess all my feelings and assurances.

I have given this imperfect narration of an event which occurred nearly fifty years ago, to show some of my obligations to divine grace, and to indicate that point, and that fact in my brief history, which are at the foundation of whatever of usefulness or Christian decision have marked my course. I secured an unction and power with God then, which I had not possessed before, and which, though, even for a day, wholly lost. My soul is now solemnly and sweetly fixed on God.

I will conclude by saying that, after an uninterrupted membership in the M. E. Church of over fifty-eight years; traveling preacher over forty-four years; having come into the rest of perfect love forty-eight years last Spring, I never loved the Church so well, -- nor delighted so much to preach Christ to saints and sinners, as able to save to the uttermost, as now.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



REBECCA L. MOFFITT

(Methodist)

Rebecca L. Moffitt, wife of Rev. Allen S. Moffitt of the North Ohio Conference, died in the parsonage at Crestline, August 9, 1873, in the forty-fifth year of her age. She was born in Bloomfield, Morrow County, Ohio, of Christian parents. She experienced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in her thirteenth year. From that period she continued a consistent Christian and a punctual attendant upon the means of grace.

She was united in marriage to her surviving husband October 31, 1866. During the last two years of her life she was a great sufferer; but she bore her affliction with Christian fortitude. Her experience was deep, full, and oftentimes overflowing. She felt that the blood of Christ had been freely applied to her heart, to the cleansing of all sin. Grace and the assurance of a blessed immortality caused her heart to rejoice in the midst of her affliction.

As she came down into the valley she trembled not; for she felt her Savior was with her. When the cloud of death was settling down upon her she was asked by her husband how it looked, to which she remarked, with emphasis, "All is bright!" At a later period, as she neared the river, she exclaimed, "Oh, this can not be death!" Her husband replied, "No; it is only walking through the valley of the shadow of death. Light is breaking on the mountain-tops." Thus passed away the spirit of a noble woman, one who had done her part in the itinerant field laboring for Jesus. Could mortal ears have caught the sound they might have heard the voice of redeemed spirits, saying, "Sister spirit, come away." Hence her spirit is home at last, "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

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



DWIGHT L. MOODY

(Congregational)

At the summer school for Bible study, held at Mount Hermon, Moody addressed the boys' class and answered questions.

The subject of "Enduement of Power" was before the class; the necessity of it for service was urged. Moody said, "No need to stop your work in order to wait for this enduement of power, but do not be satisfied until you get it.

"Let it be the cry of your heart day and night ... young men, you will get this blessing when you seek it above all else. There will be no trouble about knowing when you have got it.

"We should not have to wait long for this baptism of the Spirit and Fire if we did not have to come to the end of ourselves. This sometimes is a long road.

"If God were to endue us with power when we were full of conceit we should become vain as peacocks, and there would be no living near us." Mr. Moody then told his experience – a thing which he is not greatly given to do.

"This blessing came upon me," he said, "suddenly, like a flash of lightning. For months I had been hungering and thirsting for power in service. I had come to that point that I think I would have died if I had not got it. I remember I was walking the streets of New York. I had no more heart in the business I was about than if I had not belonged to this world at all. Right there, on the street, the power of God seemed to come upon me so wonderfully that I had to ask God to stay His hand. I was filled with a sense of God's goodness, and felt as though I could take the whole world to my heart. I took the old sermon that I had preached before without any power; it was the same old truth, but there was a new power. Many were impressed and converted. This happened years after I was converted myself.

"It was in the fall of 1871. I had been very anxious to have a large Sunday school and a large congregation, but there were few conversions. I remember I used to take a pride in having the largest congregation in Chicago on a Sunday night. Two godly women used to come and hear me. One of them came to me one night after I had preached very satisfactorily, as I thought. I fancied she was going to congratulate me on my success; but she said, 'We are praying for you.' I wondered if I had made some blunder, that they talked in that way.

"Next Sunday night they were there again, evidently in prayer while I was preaching. One of them said, 'We are still praying for you.' I could not understand it, and said, 'Praying for me! Why don't you pray for the people? I am all right. *'Ah' they said, 'you are not all right; you have not got power; there is something lacking, but God can qualify you.'* I did not like it at first, but I got to thinking it over, and after a little time I began to feel a desire to have what they were praying for.

"They continued to pray for me, and the result was that at the end of three months God sent this blessing on me. I want to tell you this: I would not for the whole world go back to where I was before 1871. Since then I have never lost the assurance that I am walking in communion with God and I have a joy in His service that sustains me and makes it easy work. I believe I was an older man then than I am now I have been growing younger ever since. I used to be very tired when preaching three times a week; now I can preach five times a day and never get tired at all. I have done three times the work I did before, and it gets better and better every year. It is so easy to do a thing when love prompts you. It

would be better, it seems to me, to go and break stone than to take to preaching in a professional spirit.”
Taken from “The Christian,” LONDON, ENGLAND, Aug., 26, 1886.

Source: “Forty Witnesses” by S. Oline Garrison

MR. MOODY’S PENTECOST

At this time Mr. D. L. Moody was a very active worker in the Young Men’s Christian Association. Living quite near the rooms, I soon became deeply interested in their work. At their Yoke-Fellows’ meetings, temperance, noon and other meetings, women of God were heartily welcomed. Mr. Moody was an earnest, whole-souled worker; but ever to me there seemed such a lack in his words. It seemed more the human, the natural energy and force of character of the man, than anything spiritual. I felt he lacked what the apostles received on the day of Pentecost.

Dear Sister Hawxhurst and myself (almost always together) would after the evening meetings talk with him about it. At first he seemed surprised, then convicted; then asked us to meet with him on Friday afternoon for prayer. At every meeting he would get more in earnest, in an agony of desire for this fullness of the Spirit while the travail of the soul for him, which came on me once on the St. Charles camp-ground, I shall never forget.

He has often told, himself, as to when and how the mighty baptism of Fire fell on him in Wall Street, New York, and of its blessed results. Few have watched that life with a deeper interest than I. The continual prayer of my heart has been, “Lord, keep him humble as a little child at Thy feet.”

After that wonderful work in England and Scotland, on his return to Chicago, when it was announced that he would be in Farwell Hall, what a gathering to welcome him back again! Was he the same? Had all this wonderful success and popularity not puffed him up or exalted him? No, he was just the same simple-hearted man, and as intensely in earnest as ever. I thanked God and took courage.

O what are any of us but the cloud on which the Sun of Righteousness can shed some of the beams of His glory? All, all from Him; and to Him for every one of His workmen we would ascribe the praise and the glory forever.

Source: “The Handmaiden of the Lord or Wayside Sketches” by Mrs. Sarah A. Cooke



H. H. MOORE

A few months after my conversion, which was clear and decided, the memoirs of Carvosso and Wesley were put into my hands, which were read with much care, and the impression was indelibly made upon my mind, that a deeper work of grace – destroying the remains of indwelling sin – should be immediately effected in my heart. To this end, much time was spent in prayer, for a number of days, and many efforts were made to believe, till meeting with our minister, my heart, without any reservation, was laid open to him. He replied that he did not enjoy the blessing; but told me not to be discouraged, for our quarterly meeting was near at hand, and that our presiding elder enjoyed the blessing, and would probably preach on the subject. I was much surprised that our preacher was not a sanctified man, but, for the moment, I was determined not to give the matter up; and now, looking back to that period, it seems the blessing was near my heart. Soon, however, it was suggested that holiness was only for a “favored few”, peculiarly constituted; and if our preacher did not enjoy it, I was foolish and presumptuous to think about it. Nevertheless, the conviction that I ought to be holy, was not taken off from my conscience.

Upwards of nine years passed away, (during which time I was licensed to exhort, afterwards to preach, and entered the traveling connection in August, 1846;) and, although I had an abiding conviction of duty, offered many prayers, and formed many resolutions, yet my heart and holiness were strangers.

With a strong desire to promote the glory of God, and the good of souls, I entered upon the duties of my first appointment. But few were converted. I was far from being satisfied, but could find no greater reason for it than what existed in my own heart. With unutterable feelings, I saw I was not what a gospel minister ought to be. The idea of being at an appointment to preach as a useless thing, when it might be filled with the useful and holy, was not to be endured; and I determined to quit the field, and give up my hope of heaven, or seek for entire conformity to the will of God.

I did not hesitate long. The conviction was so irresistible that I must be holy, or nothing, that it was not difficult to enter upon the work; but many and cruel were the suggestions that such was my peculiar constitution, that I could not attain and enjoy the blessing. These I vigorously resisted. The point at which I aimed was the expulsion of sin from my heart, so that I should have no more conflicts with it from within. I began to search the scriptures for myself, to see if there were really unqualified promises of holiness in it. I found many, and was enabled to take hold of them as made to me. I was now engaged in the duties of my second appointment, but this subject was all-absorbing.

After a few days, my resolve to be holy was found to be steady, and was daily becoming more deeply set. The work of grace was going on perceptibly in my heart, the world was receding, and I was drawing nearer to God. I found myself with increased zeal, engaged in the work of the Lord, and more than ever enabled to keep his commandments; but was not, as I had supposed I should be, under any particular condemnation, or guilt, more than a general but deep impression of my past unfaithfulness, and my present worthlessness.

Two weeks at my new appointment had now passed, and I had been so much taken up with my resolution to do the commandments of God, that I had thought of but little else. Indeed, my mind was so taken up with consecration, that I had hardly thought of any other branch of the doctrine of holiness at all. In great condescension, God gave me to see clearly that my resolution was fixed, *but that by resolving I could not make myself holy*. My attention was immediately devoted to Christ. His death, and his intercessions for me, soon absorbed my mind. I said but little, only as some favorable opportunity presented itself, for the honor of Christ – read the Bible much, and was enabled to see that blessings were there for my poor, unworthy self. There was a life in the words of Christ. Two days thus passed, with my mind fixed on Christ, as my atoning and mighty Savior. I then had the victory over sin, but I desired that the whole body of sin should be destroyed.

Now, I had but one desire – my prayer was nearly unceasing – and I was constantly watching for the blessing; I believed it would soon be morning in my soul. The bright Morning Star shone with a mellow luster, and grey streaks of light appeared in the east. At family worship that evening, I knelt before the throne of grace, not knowing what I should pray for; but the Spirit helped my infirmities, and gave me such views of the atonement, and of God, as I never had before. This clear apprehension of them was either faith in them, or was followed by instantaneous faith. The Spirit made intercessions with groanings that could not be uttered, and my prayer was short. I arose, feeling that something had been wrought in my heart. Of this I had no doubt but what to call it, I did not know. I thought it must be holiness, but knew it was God's prerogative to let me know.

I went immediately to my room – read Paul's letter to the Philippans, and spent some time in prayer. I still thought it would be dishonoring God, to try to determine myself what it was he had done for me. This was God's work; but how can he do it? Probably, thought I, by applying by his Spirit to my heart some striking and unfamiliar passage of scripture – for a familiar passage cannot be made to bear forcibly enough to convince me. Like Thomas, I was resolved to believe only on the most conclusive

testimony. I was now looking with the greatest interest for God to testify to what he had done, *and the following old, familiar text, clothed with new life and power, came to my mind and heart, with such a divine evidence and conviction; that not a doubt was left in my heart: "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit of God, that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God."* -- 1 Cor. 2:12.

The question was settled: I was at rest. It seemed that I was in Christ with God. I did not know before that a mortal could realize so much of the presence of God. Contrary to my expectations, I had no desire to say anything about it, at the time. My soul was filled with all that sacred awe that "dares not move and all the silent heaven of love." I had no boisterous feelings, but a heavenly calm; no overflowing joy, but a solemn stillness – a sweet repose. I felt no longer the motions of sin within, and when it came from without against my heart, it was like a ball of iron thrown against a wall of brass. God was the wall of fire round about me, and the glory in the midst. -- H. H. Moore, Jamestown, Dec. 14, 1847

Source: "Guide to Holiness," Vol. 14, Part 1



JOSIAH ERBEN MOORE, SR.

(Nazarene)

The subject of this biography claims a background of humble parents, who grew up with poor educational advantages during the aftermath of the Civil War. They were southerners, and children of homesteaders of the raw and pioneering state of Arkansas.

The subject's father, John Lafayette Moore, was an orphan, second to the youngest of a large family; so a sister acted as his mother. At the age of sixteen he was picked up by General Steele's forces in the Union army, where he drove a team until the close of the war. His mother, Roxie Daniels, was of sturdy stock, the daughter of a strict Primitive Baptist – Josiah Daniels – who presided over his household with firm but loving discipline.

Josiah Erben Moore was the ninth child, born 1889, in the Lafayette Moore family. As a child his training and teaching were such that he grew up a clean, moral boy having religious tendencies. At the age of nine he came in contact with a "second blessing" camp meeting at old Main Springs Camp, Prescott, Arkansas. Uncle Billy Moore was one of the founders of the camp. It was here that Erben sat beside his father and heard such men as Dr. H. C. Morrison, Will Huff, Sam Frank, Ed Ferguson, and Mrs. Rutherford.

Seemingly great effort was not expended on youth, but with the passing of the years several young men who became Nazarene ministers were the fruits of this camp. Among them were Joseph N. Speakes, G. H. Waddle, and M. J. Jobe. Still later there were J. Erben Moore, Harvey and George Galloway, Milton Smith, Thurman White, and many others.

A visitor of the 1908 camp was Professor C. L. Hawkins, president of the Arkansas Holiness College, Vilonia, Arkansas. It was largely through his influence in this camp that eight young people responded to the call to attend the school. Erben was one of them. It was almost like planning a foreign voyage as far as he was concerned. *In order to attend college, young Erben sold his, earthly possessions -his horse, saddle, and gun.*

It was in Arkansas Holiness College that nineteen-year-old J. Erben Moore prayed through to a definite Christian experience. This was on October 18, 1908, after he had been seeking daily and persistently for over a month. He was sanctified a few days later.

About this time Rev. J. B. Chapman became the pastor of the Vilonia Church of the Nazarene. Before the 1908 Pilot Point General Assembly this group was called the Holiness Church of Christ. The pastor encouraged and continued the revival atmosphere and one Sunday night in November, 1908, he “opened the doors of the church” and received a group of new members. One of them was J. Erben Moore.

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



C. HELEN MOOSHIAN

I was growing in grace daily and was thoroughly enjoying my new life in Christ. Though I had been baptized as an infant, I felt my need of baptism by immersion. With twenty-five other candidates I was baptized in the Mystic pond in Methuen, Massachusetts. Over 1,000 spectators were present for this momentous occasion.

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire was taught as a definite work of grace, wrought in the heart of a believer, subsequent to the New Birth, through faith in Christ. *After hearing a number of messages on this vital subject, I yielded my life with an unconditional surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ and was sanctified wholly (1 Thessalonians 5:23).* I renounced popularity, fame and selfish ambition to become His love-slave forever. At conversion, through the efficacy of the Blood of Christ, I became a citizen of heaven and was delivered from the guilt of sin. When I dedicated my life to be a soldier of the cross, involving death if necessary, I was delivered from the power and pollution of sin. In Heaven, I shall be delivered from the presence of sin. Praise God!

Source: “His Ambassador” by C. Helen Mooshian



A. C. MOREHOUSE

Brother A. C. Morehouse: “Sixty-four years ago, this month, I was converted. *Fifteen years after I was converted, God sanctified me. I found I was where the Israelites were, and that I would perish unless I got into my Promised Land. God so filled me with His blessed, perfect love that I could hardly eat or work for months, and He has been leading me all the way.*”

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



GEORGE M. MORSE

I met a gentleman (who may be within the hearing of my voice now,) on the sidewalk last evening who said he received all that anybody ever receives, at conversion. I didn’t argue with him. I don’t believe in too much argument. But I didn’t happen to get sanctification in that way. I was three days and three nights – seventy-two hours under the power of Holy Ghost conviction, and God converted me through and through. I had no living sacrifice to offer to God. I was dead in trespasses and sin, and no good thing was in me, and I cried to God for mercy. I could neither eat nor sleep. I was driven to the wall. I cried unto God to have mercy upon me a poor sinner. God heard my cry and regenerated me with the power of the Holy Ghost, and made me alive from the dead.

I then ran about everywhere, so to speak, thirty, forty or sixty miles from home, telling everybody what

a dear Savior I had found. I never came to the point of offering a living sacrifice to God for thirteen years. Phoebe Palmer and the Guide to Holiness had a great deal to do with my sanctification. Somehow a copy of this magazine came into my hands, and it gave me instruction in the way of Holiness. Then I heard Sister Phoebe Palmer deliver a prayer at a camp meeting at Martha's Vineyard away back in 59 or 60, and I never got rid of the impression that prayer made until God sanctified me wholly. I was brought up, strange to say, under this character of instruction: that we were sanctified at death, and that we were sanctified by reading the Bible through and through, are sanctified by the truth. Another teaching was, that we were sanctified at conversion and regeneration. The above was the character of teaching I sat under for thirteen years in my own denomination, and to a great extent the above teaching is very prevalent today among us as a denomination.

I saw a notice of a three days convention for the promotion of Holiness, at New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 14, 15, and 16, 1870. I attended the meetings. They were under the leadership of W. T. Harlow, a godly Methodist minister. *Under his clear teaching of the way of faith in offering a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, I saw my privilege, made the offering, believed, and entered in, and God sanctified the offering and illuminated my entire being, filled me with the Holy Ghost and love, and gave me a revelation of the plan of salvation such as I never had before, and from love's constraining power I have been a worker for Jesus in this line ever since. All glory and praise to His holy name. We are living witnesses to the fact that God did, subsequent to our conversion, sanctify us wholly to Himself.*

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



C. O. MOULTON

The exhortation that came from James is to "let patience have her perfect work that ye may be perfect and entire wanting nothing." While Peter says: "But as he which has called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation. Because it is written, Be ye holy for I am holy." In writing to the Ephesians Paul said: "According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." And that this might be the experience of their lives, God "gave some apostles and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints." God's purpose for us is that "we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." In writing to the Philippians he urged those that were perfect in love, to forget the things that were behind and to press on to the perfection of the glorified state. Paul knew that the standard that had been raised up for God's people was Perfection, and knowing this he urged the early church and the exhortation comes to every justified soul today, to leave "the principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on to perfection; not laying again the foundation, of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God."

People today want to go on to almost everything else but perfection. As a convert, instead of being urged an to perfection, I was urged on to be Sunday School Superintendent, President of Epworth League and a local preacher; *but when God, through a few humble saints, urged me on to perfection and I received the blessing of Holiness, I was not wanted in the above named positions.*

Some people never go on, they seem to be satisfied to remain infants in swaddling bands and in a great many cases they have to be tended on a pillow; they have to have rattles and rubber rings to amuse them. While others have to be fed with milk continually.

When first entering the ministry and while in charge of a work in a town in New York state, I was advised by an old preacher "if I found anyone with a nursing bottle to smash it." In the congregation

was a sister who had failed to go on, and was always being slighted. Sister So-and-So did not shake hands with her, or the Preacher called on someone more times than on her, and so it went, first one thing and then another, and the more she was noticed the worse she got. I finally paid no attention to her, and one day she “died out, put away her childish things,” and went on to Perfection.

Source: “Bread From The King’s Table” by C. O. Moulton



JAMES MUDGE

(Methodist)

I was born at West Springfield, Mass., April 5, 1844, my father – also James – being a member of the New England Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Having been baptized in infancy, and brought up piously inside the fold from the beginning, in accordance with the ideas implied in that ordinance, I was always accounted a very good boy, and my conversion, which took place at the age of twelve, in a quiet revival in the little village of South Harwich, Mass., September, 1856, was not attended by any violent emotions. It was simply a determination, under the gentle stimulus of the special interest attending the revival, to take up publicly the position and perform the duties of an openly avowed Christian believer. Such I became. I joined in full the old Common Street Church of Lynn, Mass. (whither I had gone to prepare for college), on my thirteenth birthday, April 5, 1857.

I faithfully attended to all Christian duties, speaking and praying in class and prayer meetings, from which I was never absent, and serving as librarian in the Sunday School. I did not falter for a day, or so much as once think of turning back, and my joy in Jesus steadily increased as I came to know Him more.

Before long, however, as I continued my school life and church life, I began to find that there were certain things hard to do, and for the doing of which involved in talking personally about religion with my classmates, and I fell into the indulgence of a few doubtful practices in reference to which my conscience was not wholly at ease. I found myself sliding into a state of halfway service, a state wherein I was conscious of being only partially consecrated to God.

Happily I took alarm, after a little, and seeing clearly that there was no permanent peace or power to be had except in being decisively one thing or another, my mind became greatly exercised on the subject of full salvation. From reading a good deal about this, and hearing it much spoken of at my home and elsewhere, I came to have a strong desire for its attainment. So when I went, in August, 1860, to the annual campmeeting at Eastham, on Cape Cod, as I was accustomed to do from year to year, it was with the earnest hope that I might receive this great blessing.

But Monday evening, August 13, the last night of the meeting, came without my having reached anything very definite. *I had consecrated all, to the best of my ability, but had failed to apprehend that further necessity, the simple step of appropriating faith. The Rev. Charles Nichols, in a private conversation, made this matter plain, and so broke the last link that bound me to the old life. Silently and alone, as I bowed in prayer under the oak trees, I firmly made up my mind to take God at His Word. I determined that for the future, relying entirely upon His strength, I would bear every cross and be a whole-souled Christian. In a prayer meeting at the tent, between nine and ten that night, I made open avowal that the blessing I had sought was now obtained, claimed by simple faith. I felt no sudden, overpowering bliss, but a deep peace as of the conflict over and the harbor gained.*

It was certainly a turning-point in my life from which dates a distinct and decided change in my

experience. I returned to school a different individual. There was no more shirking of duty. I implicitly obeyed whatever I felt to be the orders of God. I bore clear and frequent testimony to the full salvation with which God had so wonderfully enriched my soul. At college (Middletown, Conn.), whither I soon went, 1861, I took a leading part in aggressive religious work and in promoting the highest type of spirituality.

My steps have been forward from that day in August, 1880, to this. Each year, without exception, has been an improvement on its predecessors. There has never been anything that could be called a period of lapse or backsliding. Nevertheless, after a time, both while in college and subsequently, I gradually became aware that the work performed upon me at the second blessing above described, was not so deep and thorough as I had supposed. I was conscious of feelings which looked so suspiciously like ambition, envy, jealousy, impatience, pride, discontent, and selfishness that I could not feel perfectly at ease about the matter.

The theory in which I had been trained taught that all these things had been entirely removed at the aforesaid second blessing, and that what I felt now were only infirmities and temptations. I tried to think them so, but when I was most candid and honest with myself the explanation failed to fully satisfy me. In short, I grew more and more convinced as the years went on, that in my case at least (and it seemed to me also in the case of nearly if not quite all others I met), after the second blessing there was need of further consecrations from time to time, deepening, extending, and perfecting the work. In other words, I felt and saw that the sanctification wrought at conversion and at the second blessing was in both cases entire up to the light then given, and no further. Perfect light was not given either at one time or at the other, and hence as the light subsequently is increased a subsequent corresponding work in the heart remained to be done.

It is on this line that my experience has steadily and gloriously progressed for the last twenty years. There has been no year when it has not gone forward, but there have been some years of unusually marked advance, some seasons of very rich revelations of God's presence and power. One such year was that in which I went as a missionary to India, 1873, laying upon the altar all the fond ambitious dreams and hopes of life, all the delights of home and friends and native land, in a far more thorough way than ever before; a way not possible to me before, because the actual pinch and stress of the practical test had not previously been brought within my reach.

Another such season came during my last full year in India, 1882, then, owing to some very bitter trials, a fuller disclosure was made to me than ever before as to some remains of the self-life needing further attention. Sunday, July 9, 1882, alone in my room at Shahjahanpore, God gave me such a baptism of love as I shall never forget to all eternity. The availableness of God and the loveliness of man were manifested to me in a way indescribable, and the effect upon my life ever since has been very marked. During the past six months there has been almost as wonderful a development of faith as there was of love five years ago. Unseen things are now far more real than ever before. There is an intensity and fullness of spiritual life before unknown, *a settling down more thoroughly into Christ and a putting Him on more completely; a greater oneness of will with God and a more exact conformity to His image as well as more simplicity and more humility.* If I am asked whether I consider that all these graces are now perfected in me, and that the self-life is absolutely dead, no minutest trace or smallest particle of it any more visible to the all-penetrating gaze of the great Searcher of hearts, I reply, I cannot tell. I have thought so at various times. But when keener tests were brought to bear I found reason to believe that a little of self still lingered, calling for further purification. Thus it may be now. I know that to me but one thing seems desirable or valuable in heaven or earth, and that is the will of God. And every thing which comes to me I welcome as God's will for me. So far as I am any way conscious, my whole being, without the slightest reservation or hesitation, goes out after Him and abides in Him. Loving only what God loves, and willing only what God wills, I find no room for

disappointment, but only for delight and thanksgiving in all He sends me. This is surely the land of Beulah, if not something more. It is, indeed, heaven begun below. “For to me to live is Christ.”

JAMES MUDGE, EAST PEPPERELL, MASS., April 5, 1887.

Note: the excellent Brother Mudge and I should have had a quiet talk. Becoming sanctified is entering upon a life of “blamelessness” rather than a life of absolute or angelic perfection. While the sanctified please God at every moment, there are still areas that need to be sanded smooth by challenges. This is called “growing in grace”. This occurs both before and after sanctification, but most especially afterward since there is now no resistance to His work. Earnest Seeker

Source: “Forty Witnesses” by Rev. S. Olin Garrison



GEORGE MULLER

Apparently he either had mistaken or no prior teaching about entire sanctification, but was just seeking to have all of the grace that God had available for him. This is what God gave him....

In the life of George Muller of Bristol there was an epoch four years after his conversion, to which he ever after looked back, and of which he often spoke...

In an address given to ministers and workers after his ninetieth birthday, he spoke thus of it himself: “That leads to another thought – the full surrender of the heart to God. I was converted in November 1825, but I only came into the full surrender of the heart four years later in July 1829. The love of money was gone, the love of place was gone, the love of position was gone the love of worldly pleasure and engagements was gone. God, God, God alone became my portion. I found my all in Him; I wanted nothing else. And by the grace of God this has remained, and has made me a happy man, an exceedingly happy man, and it led me to care only about the things of God.

“I ask, affectionately, my beloved brethren, have you fully surrendered the heart to God, or is there this thing or that thing with which you are take up irrespective of God? I read a little of the Scriptures before, but preferred other books, but since that time the revelation He has made of himself has become unspeakably blessed to me, and I can say from my heart, God is a infinitely lovely Being. Oh! Be not satisfied until in your inmost soul you can say, God is an infinitely lovely Being!”

The account he gives of this change in his journal is as follows. He speaks of one whom he had heard preach at Teignmouth, where he had gone for the sake of his health. “Though I did not like all he said, yet I saw a gravity and solemnity in him different from the rest. Through the instrumentality of this brother the Lord bestowed a great blessing upon me, for which I shall have cause to thank Him throughout eternity. God then began to show me that the Word of God alone is to be our standard of judgment in spiritual things; that can only be explained by the Holy Spirit, and that in our day, as well as in former times, He is the Teacher of His people. The office of the Holy Spirit I had not understood through experience before that time. I had not before seen that the Holy Spirit alone can teach us about our natural state, show us our need of a Saviour, help us in preaching, etc.

“It was my beginning to understand this point in particular which had great effect on me: for the Lord enabled me to put it to the test of experience by laying aside commentaries and almost every other book, and simply reading the Word of God and studying it. The result of this was that the first evening that I shut myself into my room to give myself to prayer and meditation over the Scriptures, I learned more in a few hours than I had done during a period of several months previously. But the particular difference was that I received real strength in my soul in doing so.

“In addition to this, it pleased the Lord to lead me to see a higher standard of devotedness than I had seen before. He led me, in a measure, to see what is my glory in this world, even to be despised, to be

poor and mean with Christ...I returned to London much better in body. And as to my soul, the change was so great that it was like a second conversion.”...

A careful perusal of this testimony will show us how the chief points usually insisted upon in connection with the second blessing are all found here. There is the full surrender of the heart to be taught and led alone by the Spirit of God. There is the higher standard of holiness which is at once set up. There is the tender desire in nothing to offend God, but to have at all times a good conscience, that testifies that we are pleasing to God. And there is the faith that where the Holy Spirit reveals to us in the Word the will of God, He give the sufficient strength for the doing of it. “The particular difference,” he says of reading with faith of the Holy Spirit’s teaching, “was that I received real strength in my soul in doing so.” No wonder that he said: “The change was so great, that it was like a second conversion.”

Source: “George Muller’s “Second Conversion” by Andrew Murray in “And They Shall Prophesy” by George E. Failing

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