



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

DAVID NASH

(Methodist)

Through the merciful providence of God, I was blessed with a pious mother, who not only in infancy and childhood taught me the fear of the Lord, but from the hour of my birth, consecrated me, her youngest child, to the Lord, and to the Christian ministry.

Frequent and powerful were the strivings of the Holy Spirit with my young and tender heart while a Sabbath-school scholar and when but a child, was brought under greater concern about religion, through a visit to my native village, and to my father’s house, of the late Rev. John Smith, the great revivalist. Shortly after his transient visit, a great revival commenced in the circuit. I sought the Lord earnestly about four weeks, and at a cottage prayer meeting was happily converted.

Being then in the fourteenth year of my age, my joy, on receiving the evidence of God’s pardoning love, arose almost to ecstasy. I shouted aloud the praises of God and could truly say, “O Lord, I will praise Thee, though thou wast angry with me: thine anger is turned away and Thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid.” I thank God for the clarity with which He then manifested His love to me, so young and inexperienced, it has saved me from many doubts which otherwise I might have had as to the fact of my adoption into the family of God. I was at once received on probation in the Wesleyan Methodist Society, in Sandhurst, Kent County, England.

Soon after my conversion my mind became greatly exercised about working for God, and the impression forced itself upon my heart that after a few more year’s experience, I should be called “to preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.” The superintendent of the Sunday- school in the village, often prevailed upon me to exhort in school, and when in my seventeenth year, the superintendent of the circuit, the Rev. Joseph Wilson, asked me to accompany him to Mountfield. He preached in the morning of the Sabbath, and announced that he would like me to address them in the afternoon. It was a very humble sanctuary, in one of the most rural parts of the County of Sussex. Soon after I began to speak, in the name of the Lord, I became deeply convinced of the necessity of a deeper work of grace in my heart. From the writings of Mr. Wesley, with which I had become familiar, I saw clearly there was a greater salvation to be attained, and about this time Providence favored me with the friendship and society of a few deeply devoted Christians, one of whom presented me with a book on the life of the Rev. W. Bramwell. I became thirsty for full salvation, and perceived clearly from Mr. Bramwell’s life and letters, that the way to its attainment was by simple faith, in the all-atoning, all cleansing blood of the Lamb. To the best of my knowledge, I had consecrated my body with all its members, and my soul with all its powers, to the Lord, for time and eternity; but I could not be satisfied with this. I perceived that heart-purity, or the cleansing of the soul from all sin, was distinct from; though combined with relative consecration, and that it consisted in a greater work wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit of God, by which is produced a moral and spiritual meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light.

While seeking this purity of heart, I used to arise about four o’clock in the morning, and taking Bramwell’s life with me, retired to as very secluded spot in Engley Wood, near the town of Cranbrook, Kent, *and spent about two hours in reading and earnest prayer, before commencing the labors of the*

day. I became in a greater agony for this crowning blessing of the Gospel, than I did when I sought the forgiveness of sins, until one Saturday evening, having concluded my labors of the week, I went into the house of a good local preacher, whose name was Henry Gurr, and found there three Christian friends. We soon went to prayer – got into a holy agony; the overwhelming power of the Spirit came down, and I was enabled to cast my soul, by simple, childlike faith into the “Fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness.” O how mighty we wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant. But blessed be God, the heart-renewing love was given. Every doubt was removed, and the word of God, spoken by the Prophet Zephaniah, being powerfully applied to the mind, confirmed the blessing -- “The Lord hath taken away thy judgment. He hath cast out the enemy. The King of Israel, even the Lord is in the midst of thee, thou shalt not see evil any more.” Oh! This seemed a love sufficient to overwhelm the saints in light. I could do nothing, but, in the spirit of rapturous awe, give glory to God. After this, I felt a heavenly calm within. “The work of righteousness was peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.” The struggling between nature and grace, between the flesh and the spirit had ended, and I was kept in peace through Jesus’ name, supported by His smile; felt emptied of sin and sinfulness, and realized what our poet meant in the following lines:

“All the struggle then is o’er
And wars and fighting cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace.

All his enemies are gone;
Sin in him shall have no part;
Israel then shall dwell alone
With Jesus in his heart.”

After receiving this deep work of grace, my desires increased for usefulness, and felt it a privilege as well as a duty to labor for God and for the salvation of souls. I could share the feelings of the Psalmist, when he said, “Rivers of water run down mine eyes because men keep not Thy law.” Providence opened various doors of usefulness. Upon moving to Berkley, in the Rye Circuit, England, I became the leader of a large class. The Lord gave me many souls. The class had to be divided repeatedly, on account of its numbers. We had in these meetings many seasons of sanctifying power. I was also placed, on the local preacher’s plan, in three different circuits, namely, Rye, Sandhurst, and Tenterden. These were days of incessant, but happy toil. Business required my personal attention during the week. Many of the Sabbath appointments were from ten to sixteen miles from my residence, and for some years these journeys had to be performed on foot. But these were days of peace and happiness. The men in my employ became converted, and often the shop resounded with the song of Zion. Two apprentices and one journeyman became preachers of the Gospel, and frequently we discussed points of theology and Christian experience. Well might Paul say, “God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, that no flesh should glory in His presence,” for by so feeble an instrument He often saved from ten to fifteen souls at a Sabbath service.

When the Rev. Thomas Collins was appointed to the Sandhurst Circuit, in 1832, he came in the fullness of the Gospel of Christ – offered the full salvation of God to every society. The membership in nearly every place began to hunger and thirst for perfect righteousness. The Lord poured out His Holy Spirit in a remarkable manner. Hundreds of souls were soon converted, and the revival spread to all the adjacent circuits. He was a most intimate friend, and though he was in the itinerant ranks and I in the local, yet we labored shoulder to shoulder in this blessed work, and God gave us a day of special power.

Soon after, I became a subject of the saving grace of God, while walking with the superintendent of the circuit, the Rev. William Kaye, a faithful man of God, who said to me, “David, there is one passage of

Scripture which I hope you will adhere to all through life: ‘In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths,’” and praised be the Lord, this has been my guiding star thus far through the pilgrimage of life, and in the year 1850, it appeared to direct me to these United States, and after much deliberation and prayer, I closed up my business, and amidst the tears and affections of a large circle of friends and relatives, bade adieu to the beloved land of my fathers, to tell my fellow-sinners here of a Saviour’s dying love, and to offer to fellow-believers the precious pearl of perfect love. God has been with us; He has prepared our way. Upon landing in this country of my adoption, I was immediately employed by the Rev. Heman Bangs on the New Haven District; joined the New York East Conference in 1851, was ordained deacon at the Conference in New York in 1853, by Bishop Waugh; elected to elder’s orders at the Conference in Danbury in 1855, and ordained by Bishop Janes. Revivals to a greater or less extent have been witnessed in every place where I have been called to labor.

Source: “Pioneer Experiences” by Phoebe Palmer



ORVAL J. NEASE

Orval J. Nease served as a pastor, evangelist, college professor, college president, writer, and as general superintendent in the Church of the Nazarene.

My father, William O. Nease, was converted when a young man at the altars of a revival in an Evangelical church and was called from between the plow handles to preach the gospel. In the early days of his ministry, he fought with an inward foe that often brought him to the verge of despair. Privileged providentially to attend one service of a small camp meeting in western Michigan, he heard a Wesleyan Methodist evangelist by the name of E. T. Jenning preach a message on “A Pure Heart.” Father’s request of the speaker for a book he could take with him that would give him added light resulted in his purchase of “The Better Way”, by Beverly Carradine. (*see the “Entry Directions” page of this website*)

Sitting by the kitchen stove a few mornings later, he suddenly closed his recently purchased book and said, “Mother, I knew there must be a better heart experience than I have known, and I am determined not only to seek until I obtain, but I propose to begin now.”

There beside the kitchen range, Father emptied out the uncleanness of his heart. In telling this experience, I have often heard him say that as the Holy Spirit revealed to him his heart, he confessed the impure tendencies of his nature to God as truly as he had confessed the wrong acts of his life when he came to Christ for pardon.

A kindly neighbor lady, a member of Father’s church, was called in to join in the prayer. When she witnessed the deep struggle of Father’s soul and the accompanying earnestness of physical expression, she became alarmed and said to my mother, “Mrs. Nease, there is something terribly the matter with Brother Nease. I think you should call a doctor.” Mother replied more wisely than she knew, “No, I shall not call a doctor. I really do not understand all this, but God got him into it and God will have to bring him out.”

And God did bring him out! When he had made a complete abandonment of himself to God, the Holy Spirit took possession of his all, and calm assurance reigned within his being.

Father then was deeply concerned that Mother receive this same sanctifying grace that was so abundantly his. Together they attended God’s Revivalist Camp Meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, where the Rev. C. E. Cornell was one of the workers. At the conclusion of an afternoon message preached by Rev. Cornell, Mother knelt at the humble altar with Miss Mary Storey, a returned missionary, the evangelist and Father kneeling with her to encourage with their prayers and guidance.

Mother had not sought long until she lost sight of all about her, so absorbed was she in her heart transaction with the Holy Spirit. It seemed to her that God placed a casket of consecration before her; and as the affairs of life, over which she had control, marched by in solemn review, she placed them one by one in utter commitment into the hands of God. Children, husband, home, family name, future – her all in the hands of Deity. This she did by an act of will as real to her as though by physical act she had relinquished her grasp upon things earthly in death.

She tells of a sense of rest that came to her. Mary Storey, wise altar worker that she was, began to quote scripture to aid Mother's faith. Putting an Old Testament portion with a New Testament selection, she quoted, "Whatsoever toucheth the altar is holy ... the altar that sanctifieth the gift." It was the avenue of assurance Mother needed, and with firm confidence she said, "That being true, on the authority of God's Word, I am sanctified."

Rev. Cornell, quick to sense God's dealing, said, "Mrs. Nease, will you tell everyone you meet between now and the evening service what you have just said to us?" Her reply was, "I will!"

When Mother and Father walked down the aisle to find a seat at the time of the evening service, Rev. Cornell saw them and got to his feet, quieted the audience, and said, "Mrs. Nease, how is it now with your soul?" Mother raised a hand toward heaven and with a clear voice exclaimed, "On the authority of God's Word, I am sanctified." *And Heaven broke in upon her soul. The Holy Spirit had come to abide.*

With such rich heritage of experience and testimony, it is not difficult to understand how my brother Floyd and I came early in our Christian experience to face a similar crisis in consecration. Lads of high school age, we had been graciously converted and gave frequent testimony to the forgiveness of sins; yet within our hearts was waged a warfare between opposing forces, from which conflict we had often sought deliverance. Again and again at private and public altars we sought for the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit. Either our faith faltered or our commitment was incomplete, for we failed to receive Him for whom our hearts craved. Brother and I were the janitors at the little holiness church of which our family were members. It was on Saturday as we were cleaning the church for Sunday that I reminded him that on the next day a revival began. He replied, "Yes, I was just thinking about that." I then suggested to him that the good man who was coming as evangelist would preach holiness and that we were not in a position to feel in harmony with such an emphasis.

I shall never forget his answer. "Well, Orval, I have thought of that too, and I have made up my mind to seek the experience at every opportunity until I obtain it or die in the attempt." The gleam of earnestness in his eyes found a response in my heart, and I exclaimed, "Floyd, I will join you with all there is of me."

The evangelist came, and Brother and I were seekers at the first service but did not meet victory. We sought at the evening service and at every succeeding service for ten days. Not that there was virtue or necessity in our repeated coming, except that it gave expression to the determination of our hearts to know the "fulness of the blessing."

It was on Thursday night of the second week we knelt side by side praying that the Holy Spirit might possess our lives, when I sensed a deepening earnestness and faith in my brother's intercession. I ceased my own praying to listen to him, for I was almost as interested in his receiving the Spirit as I was in obtaining it myself. It was not that he prayed loudly, but that he prayed "deeply."

All at once his praying ceased, his great blue eyes opened, a smile of satisfaction lighted up his face. I knew before he spoke that the Holy Spirit had met his need. Slapping me on the shoulder he shouted, "Pray on, Orval. You can have the Holy Spirit, for He has come to me."

The next morning after the breakfast hour, my father asked me to hurry to the village store for nails that he might do some needed repair work. He instructed me to hurry lest we be late for the morning

service, for the revival in full swing was being conducted with two services a day.

Father felt I consumed more time in the errand than I should and came to meet me, intending to reprimand me for my tardiness. One look at my face and he knew something disturbed me. “Son, what is wrong? Are you ill?” I replied, “No, Father, but I want the Holy Spirit and Fire more than I want anything or anybody else in all the world. It seems I will die if the Holy Spirit does not get to me very soon.”

We sought God that morning rather than driving nails. That night again at the altar, my faithful brother at my side praying for me, I reached the place of total abandonment. Faith became operative, and the faithful Holy Spirit did His appointed work in my heart. Not much of demonstration, but the quiet assurance that I had gotten to the end of myself filled me. The Holy Spirit had taken control.

That initial experience took place more than thirty-five years ago. The way has not always been smooth. I have made many mistakes. The enemy has harassed; but may I testify to the glory of God before three worlds that my heart has never wavered from the commitment of that night and that the Holy Spirit abides in my heart today.

Source: “Living Flames of Fire” by Bernie Smith



OSCAR WILLIAM NEASE

(Nazarene)

(A Memorial Tribute to the Father of Floyd W. Nease)

William Oscar Nease was born in Portage, Ohio, November 26, 1868. His parents, of Scotch and Pennsylvania Dutch descent, raised him under the strictest discipline of hard work and that guardianship of a Christian home. While still a lad they moved to the state of Michigan, where he assisted in establishing the family home on a large farm near Nashville. He was converted as a young man in an Evangelical Church revival. He joined the United Brethren Church soon after, and answering the call of God to preach, entered the ministry of that church. Early in 1891 he was united in marriage with Agnes Eleanora Wotring and together they accepted their first pastorate in central Michigan. Early in his ministry he felt the yearning for a deeper experience than the teachings of his church admitted. Attending a campmeeting near Eaton Rapids, Mich., he heard Rev. E. T. Jennings, a Wesleyan Methodist preacher, deliver one address on holiness. *Taking with him from that service Beverly Carradine's book, "The Better Way," he returned to his pastorate to read and seek. Before the reading had been completed, he called his wife from her morning task and getting down by the stove on the kitchen floor, wrestled and prayed, consecrated and "died out" until he was sanctified wholly. This transformed his entire ministry, brought opposition by church officials and finally church trial and public reprimand, for preaching and testifying to holiness as a second definite work of grace.* The opposition became so strong that he as truly "went out under the stars" (preached outdoors) with his testimony as any of the pioneers of this holy way. He became a leader in what was known as the "Apostolic Holiness Union." He returned to the state of Michigan, and holiness camps, tent meetings and revivals resulted in the organization of the "Apostolic Holiness Church," later the "International Holiness Church." For years he served as state president, and climaxed his labors in this field as the moving spirit in the establishment of Bible Holiness Seminary and campmeeting of Owosso, Mich. He, with others, put money he had into this work, and as the school's first president he served for several years.

He united with the Church of the Nazarene in 1917, serving in later years a pastorate in Sioux City,

Iowa. The major portion of his ministry was spent in the field of his first love, the evangelistic field, winning thousands to Christ in campmeetings, church revivals, tent campaigns and rented halls, in almost every state in the Union and in provinces of Canada. He was forced by failing health to leave the active ministry about two years ago. The last two weeks of his life were occupied with songs, testimony and praise. He died as he lived, passing peacefully to his heavenly home on November 25, 1939, at Pasadena, Calif.

Source: "Floyd William Nease, Man God God" by Hugh C. Benner



H. NEFF

(Methodist)

About three weeks after I was converted, I felt the necessity of holiness. I read the Memoirs of Mrs. Rogers and Carvosso, and the Path of Life, and these books confirmed me in the belief that it was my privilege to be made free from sin. *I prayed earnestly for heart purity, for about one week, when I was able to lay all on the altar, and believe that the offering was accepted. God then gave me such a view of himself and of the power of the gospel, as I never had before. I was overwhelmed with the divine glory. I did not shout aloud, but felt*

"The silent awe that dares not move,"

while the fire of God seemed to be penetrating my being. I felt lifted above the world, above the cares and sorrows of life; peace and joy filled my soul. I felt a power which I never felt before--power to sing and pray, and work for God. I remained in this state of mind for many months, during which time I was much exercised on the subject of preaching the gospel. I resisted this conviction of duty, when almost imperceptibly the witness of holiness was lost. Sometime after this I entered the ministry. Years of affliction and trials came, during which God often blessed me, and showed me the light of His countenance. I passed through powerful revivals, and saw many sinners converted to God. But in the midst of all this I was conscious of a want of holiness. About three years ago I was able to consecrate anew. God met me again in a powerful manner. Since then I have been living holiness and preach entire sanctification as a distinct blessing.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



T. H. NELSON

Bro. T. H. Nelson of Indianapolis, Ind.: "I want to thank God that He saved me. I want to thank God for a religion that costs everything. For years, I worshipped God with a string of beads in my pocket. Sixteen years ago, I took these out of my pocket, to find peace in Jesus. After that though I was not up and down in my experience, and was constantly victorious, I found an involuntary shrinking, an involuntary rebellion, until I became sanctified. I think we ought to be more definite. There are some who think they are sanctified, but are only justified. There is that involuntary rebellion still there. When God sanctified me, He took out that disposition to walk limpingly. Thank God it had to go, and now I have deliverance through the blood of Jesus." ("Amen!")

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



G. NEWTON

(Methodist)

I professed the blessing of holiness, preached it, endeavored to live it, but had lost the clear witness of the Spirit of its present possession; still I would confess it, and testify to its truth, but I felt in my soul a lack of unction that I believed should always attend the possession of this grace, and does, as light to the sun, and, if not obstructed, will make its power known. Late, one night, after retiring from a protracted meeting, in which the conflict was even, and the enemy, at most, only kept at bay, in reviewing, and endeavoring to analyze the effort of the evening, the Spirit of God led me to see that my dimness of light was not sufficient, and others were in the dark on my account. I was led again to approach the mercy-seat with a cold, naked faith, perceiving that I was to be saved by faith, and not by my works, even of good desires, wishes, or resolutions; and, if by faith, now was just as appropriate a time as any other would be. And, without feeling or emotion of any kind, I mentally took a stand. I am now the Lord's, letting go of all past, of neglects, unfaithfulness, etc. I was enabled to stand upon this truth, "Jesus saves me, for I trust Him to save me;" and from that time my witness returned. "To any who have lost the witness, go thou and do likewise."

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



JOHN NEWTON

(Song-writer of "Amazing Grace")

John Newton was a fearful character. All the means of grace had failed to touch him, and so God brewed a special storm at sea to awe his haughty spirit. The clouds and waves knotted themselves together, the thunders crashed in platoons, the lightnings poured down in electric cataracts--the scene was one of horror, and the heart of the bold bad man trembled and sank before the Omnipotent God who was flinging His wrath abroad. Falling on his face on the deck of the ship he called for mercy, and God forgave him then and there. Later on in England, he was sanctified and preached with the courage of Paul and wrote hymns with the sweetness of John. Look into the Methodist Hymn Book and when you read a hymn especially beautiful, tender and pure you will find John Newton's name at the top. I recall a couple of stanzas of one of them:

"I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His dying eyes on me
As near His cross I stood.

Sure never 'till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death
Tho' not a word He spoke."

As you feel the heart melt and eyes fill under these tender and solemn lines do you think that John Newton, whose pinions had been broken by the shots of Satan, was soaring as high again?

Hallelujah! Our Christ is able to save unto the uttermost. He can undo the works of the devil. He found our hearts black, and made them whiter than the snow. He lifted us up from the pit, and will yet place us above the stars. Hallelujah! Glory! Bless the Lord! Amen!

Source: "Revival Sermons" by Beverly Carradine



ROY NICHOLSON

(Wesleyan Methodist)

Roy Nicholson served as an author and a minister in the Wesleyan Methodist church, editor in chief of all Sunday-school publications of his denomination, and in June of 1947 he was elected president of the General Conference.

My acquaintance with the teaching of heart holiness dates to my early childhood. One of my earliest recollections is of attending a tent meeting conducted by an itinerant evangelist whose message of full salvation stressed the twin facts that the truly converted could “know” that they were saved and that it was possible for them to live without willful sin. This positive and spiritual message created a sensation among the religious people of our small county seat town.

My parents were kindly disposed toward the message of this man, who was limited in many ways, but who fearlessly preached his convictions. At that time, my parents were members of a church in the town and were endeavoring to rear their children in a wholesome atmosphere. Grace before meals, Bible reading, and family prayer were daily practices. Attendance at Sunday school and church was compulsory, and our humble home was always open to lodge gospel workers.

This latter thing greatly impressed me as a lad. I heard the preachers at the church and watched them in the home as they read their Bible and wept over the lost. Naturally, each man had his peculiar characteristics, but most of them took time to manifest an interest in the pranks and problems of an inquisitive boy. But the real crisis occurred the summer a gospel team, composed of an evangelist and a singer from a holiness school in the adjoining county, were lodged in our home while they conducted a revival.

During this meeting, Mother was reclaimed and sanctified, and Father was genuinely converted and broke with the old life. Formal religion gave way to vital godliness. God’s outpoured glory rested upon our family devotions. Naturally, my parents sought fellowship in the church to which these workers belonged. As a child, I also sought the Lord. And I distinctly remember when He pardoned my sins. Less attention was paid to nurturing and developing the young converts (especially the children) than they deserved, with the result that for several years my experience was “up and down.” I was, however, unable to forget the fact that God was both able and willing to save from sin; nor did I ever forget the sweet peace that came to me with the knowledge that God had forgiven my sins.

Early in life – even before my childhood conversion -- I manifested interest in the ministry and declared that someday I would preach. In due time, the call to preach was inescapable, but I felt an inward disposition to shrink from what the call involved. Thus I became aware of my need for God to purge from my heart the carnal tendency to pride, prejudice, fear, and anger. There never was any doubt that God had provided for the removal of carnality and that some had been cleansed from it. My problem was how to seek this second blessing intelligently.

Unfortunately, much of my instruction was from those who majored on the blessed results of the experience *instead of how to seek and find a clean heart*. The result was that my seeking was chronic, and my profession was dependent upon my ecstatic feeling.

Pursuant to my call to full-time Christian service, I arranged to attend a church school, and it was most natural that I should choose the school which sent out the workers under whom my parents were converted. It was at this school that I was instructed more intelligently in the matter of heart holiness. The main lesson for me was that it was received by faith – that is, when my faith responded to God’s

promise, He rewarded my faith with the sweet assurance that my heart was clean, purged by the Spirit who filled as He cleansed, and cleansed as He filled.

My epochal experience came during a revival at the college. After several hours of earnest seeking, about mid-afternoon on a Sunday in March, 1923, the Holy Spirit came to abide in His fullness. The twenty-five years since have brought a variety of unusual experiences. Eleven years were spent in pastoral work, and fourteen have gone into the general service of the church in several official capacities. But regardless of the demands these things have made, God's grace has been sufficient, and the Holy Spirit continues to abide and to keep the heart clean. Praise His name!

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith

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



W. E. NOYES

A Pastor in Maine

On the 17th day of March, 1857, the Lord in mercy regenerated my sinful heart. "Being justified by faith, I found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." I soon found "the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; these were contrary the one to the other, so that I could not do the things that I would." Nearly two years passed away, during which time I was constantly struggling (by works, though ignorantly) to overcome the "old man," yet without complete success, all the while groaning and singing:

"When I pray, or sing, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do.
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me – is it so with you?"

Very often crying, as in the seventh chapter of Romans, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver deliver me?"

When I looked to my older brethren (I was then a Congregationalist), I gained no encouragement at all that I should ever be "delivered from this body of death," or the "carnal mind," until death. Then I would pray and long for death to deliver me. But when I looked to Jesus and his gospel, then I saw that there was deliverance while in health and strength, as taught in 1 Thess. 5:23,24; 1 Peter 4:1,2; Romans, 6:2,6,7, and 22. Hence I determined, with the help of the Lord, that I would gain complete victory over carnal nature, and be wholly the Lord's, "wholly sanctified," or would die in the attempt. This determination I made known to my friends just before leaving home for the east, at the call of the Lord, to preach "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

I left Abington, Mass., Feb. 9, 1859 (having laid my beloved wife in the tomb but a few days previously), and a few days after called on some Christian friends at Mechanic Falls, Me., on my way farther east. They invited me in to their (Baptist) conference in the afternoon, which I enjoyed very well. After the meeting closed, and all had departed but my two friends, "they took me (as Aquila and Priscilla did Apollos) and expounded unto me the way of God more perfectly." They exhorted me to believe in Jesus now for sanctification, and instructed me how to believe; not to feel, but BELIEVE.

The devil said "Methodism," -- the Lord said "gospel truth." The Spirit was poured upon us in mighty power, in answer to their prayers. They shouted, and "praised God with a loud voice." I groaned in darkness and unbelief, convicted powerfully, yet un sanctified, because unbelieving: "through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," the work must be done. I could say I will believe;

but to say I do believe was the point to be gained. For two and a half hours did they fasten me there, under the power of God's word and Spirit, which was "sharper (to me then) than any two-edged sword," piercing down into my heart to its very bottom, cutting every thread and fiber that was clinging to any earthly object. Then I knew, as never before, what John the Baptist meant by the promised "baptism of fire."

At length my unbelieving and stubborn will and heart yielded all, and tremblingly did I say: "I do believe that Jesus cleanses me now, and will forever keep me holy," as promised in 1 John, 1:9; 1 Cor., 10:18, etc. We went to our place of abode, and while my two dear friends slept sweetly and soundly all night long, resting in Jesus, *I lay awake most of the night, in a terrible battle with Satan, who was determined to wrest my "shield of faith" from me, and get me into trouble and doubts, telling me that I was still unsanctified and unholy, because (not having received the full witness or evidence of my acceptance) I felt no especial difference in my mind or heart. But the Lord gave me overcoming faith, and in the morning I took the New Testament and asked the Lord to give me proof of my sanctification. I opened, as the Lord directed, to the 5th chapter or Romans, and read to the last of the eighth chapter, and the doctrine of sanctification, crucifixion, and freedom in Christ from sin, never shone into my poor unworthy heart before as then, the Spirit witnessing powerfully that the long-coveted blessing and experience was mine.*

The dear brother who led me to Jesus for justification was Rev. A. B. Earle, the Evangelist, who holds a large place in my heart's affections. The dear brother who led me to Jesus for sanctification was Rev. R. B. Andrews (assisted by Bro. Bumpus), who is still preaching this same glorious faith, and winning many souls, and whom I hold in loving remembrance.

The Lord saves sinners and sanctifies his children through weak instrumentalities, and glory be to his name forever. Amen and Amen.

Source: "Experiences of the Higher Christian Life in the Baptist Denomination" by John Q. Adams, New York: Sheldon & Company, 500 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1870



DALE W. OLDHAM

(Church of God)

Dale Oldham served as pastor of the Park Place Church of God, Anderson, Indiana and as the featured speaker on the National Christian Brotherhood Hour.

Conversion came to me at the age of sixteen, after having been born and reared in a thoroughly Christian home. My father had been in the ministry for six years at the time I was born.

I was reared in a "holiness" atmosphere, and was scarcely acquainted with any other group until I was in my early teens. I was born in Oklahoma; lived in Clinton, Iowa, from 1906 until 1918, moving then to Indianapolis, where my father had accepted the pastorate of the First Church of God. My conversion came at the end of an evening spent with a young married man, Carl Struckman, tinkering with his automobile. We knelt in his garage and, following a simple prayer of repentance, forgiveness came.

About two weeks later I attended our great International Camp Meeting of the Church of God, which is held annually in June at Anderson, Indiana. I knew, not only from the teachings of the church, but also from my own experience, that there was something more needed by way of spiritual experience to stabilize my life. Sin had been forgiven, *but there was need for the "old man" to die. I needed a greater strength against temptation, a steadying influence to hold my life on an even keel. Although*

forgiveness had come, I felt impelled to yield myself now as a “holy sacrifice” to God. Before regeneration, I had come to Him as a sinful sacrifice. With my full and complete surrender to Him for service, including ambitions, talents, and all else, there came into my heart a new serenity and sense of conquest. I really believe there was as great a difference as there had been in my conversion experience.

His grace has been sufficient from that hour. Jesus’ promise is true: “Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.” The power has been to overcome, to witness, to dare. Let every man know that “the promise is unto you, and to your children.”

Source: “Living Flames of Fire” by Bernie Smith



STEPHEN OLIN

(Methodist)

We next give the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Olin, of both Northern and Southern Methodism. Dr. Daniel Steele, who knew Dr. Olin well, very truly says:

“Stephen Olin stands forth with commanding prominence in the history of the American pulpit. It is thought by many that he was intrinsically the greatest man, taken all in all, that American Methodism has produced. It could be said of him as Rowland Hill said of Chalmers, ‘The most astonishing thing about him was his humility.’ He was the best example we have personally known – the writer was with him for six years – of that childlike simplicity which Christ taught as the essential condition for entering the kingdom of heaven, and which Bacon declared to be equally necessary to those who would enter the kingdom of knowledge. Like Dr. Wilbur Fisk, he was a personal example of St. Paul’s doctrine of Christian perfection as expounded by Wesley. At first he entertained doubts respecting it; but as he advanced in life, and especially under the chastening influence of affliction, it became developed in his own experience.

In giving his experience, Dr. Steele says:

“To the writer he said: *‘My wife I had recently buried in Italy; my children were dead, my health undermined. My entire earthly prospect was gloomy indeed. God only remained. I lost myself, as it were, in him; I was hid in him with Christ. Then I found, when wandering on the banks of the Nile in quest of health, without any process of logic, but by an experimental demonstration, “the perfect love that casteth out fear.”’*”

In commenting on the foregoing experience, Dr. Steele says:

“The marvelous grace that glorified his greatness with unsurpassed humility, in great measure was the effect of this experience on a certain day in Egypt, and the result of the constancy of his faith in this crowning gift of God to believers in this world when they most need it. From the hour of that memorable spiritual transfiguration in the land of the pyramids, the doctrine of full redemption through the sanctifying office of the Holy Spirit was very precious to him, and he looked with painful feelings upon anything designed to bring it into disrepute, or lower the standard of piety which it implies. This colossal mind had no difficulty with the question whether consciousness of inner purity is a sufficient proof of entire sanctification.”

All the marks of the Wesleyan type of “perfect love” are seen in this experience of Dr. Olin. It came after conversion, was reached instantaneously, was recognized when it came, and was abiding in its results, as his subsequent experience and life show. Besides, it came after he had reached mature

manhood, if not old age, and after his wrestling with doubts concerning the possibility of such experience. The testimony of this majestic but most humble servant of God ought to have weight with all thoughtful doubters of the scripturalness of this doctrine, and of the propriety of a good and humble Christian's testifying to this grace.

Source: "Scriptural Sanctification" by John R. Brooks



JOHN OLIVER

To The Rev. John Wesley

Rev. and Dear Sir -- I was born at Stockport, in Cheshire, in the year 1732. My father was fond of me to excess. I went to school till I was thirteen, and there made friends that led me into every kind of folly, dancing, plays, races, cock-fighting, and the like; which laid a foundation or all the vices incident to youth. Indeed, the Spirit of God was daily striving with me; but my companions made all his strivings ineffectual. My father designed to give me a liberal education, and accordingly put me to the grammar school; but, being reduced in means, he soon took me from school into the shop, where I remained some years.

The Methodists then coming to Stockport, I was greatly prejudiced against them; and, knowing one of them, called upon him, and laboured much to convince him they were of a bad religion, and were enemies to the Church. But he soon convinced me that I had no religion at all: so I came near him no more. But I began to feel myself a sinner, and resolved to drop all my acquaintances and diversions, and to keep close to the Church, and to repeat the prayers and collects every day. Accordingly I dropped them at once, notwithstanding all the arguments and expostulations of my companions. I read, prayed, fasted, went to church, and seemed more and more resolved, till, after a few months, several young men of my acquaintance came from Manchester, on the Lord's day, to an inn just opposite to our house, and sent over for me. My father pressing me to go, I went; only resolving not to stay long. But I soon forgot this, and all my good resolutions. When I came home at night, I was in agony. I did not dare to pray. My conscience stared me in the face, and the terror I felt was inconceivable.

It was soon spread abroad that I was melancholy. A neighbour, who was a hearer of the Methodists, sent me word there was to be preaching that night. My father declared, "if I went he would knock my brains out, though he should be hanged for it." However, I stole away. The preacher was John Appleton, who invited all that were weary and heavy laden to come to Jesus. It was balm to my soul. I drank it in with all my heart, and began to seek God as I had not done before. Till now I thought of saving myself. My cry now was "Lord, save, or I perish." Yet I knew not how to go on, till one sent me word there was a person at her house who would be glad to see me. It was Miss Simpson. She told me the manner of her conversion to God. She sung a hymn, and went to prayer. I was all in a flame to know these things for myself. As soon as I got home I went to prayer, and pleaded the merits of Christ. Suddenly, I thought I heard a clear voice, saying, "Son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." I cried out, "Lord, if this be from the Spirit, let the words be applied with power." Instantly I heard a second time, "Son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee." In that instant all my load was gone, and I felt such a change as cannot be expressed. I loved God: I loved all mankind. I could not tell whether I was in the body or out of it. Prayer as turned into wonder, love, and praise.

In this happy state I remained for several months, feeling nothing in my heart but love. Yet I wanted some agreeable companions; and I thought over all the people I knew. I could not recollect any of our Church that were such as I wanted: no, nor any among the Dissenters or Quakers. The last people I thought of were the Methodists: I found my soul united to them: I took an opportunity of asking one of

them, Robert Anderson, what were the terms of admission among them.” He told me, “These:” putting the rules of the society into my hands, and desiring me to read and consider them. Having done this, I told him there was one rule which I was afraid I could not keep: “meeting every week:” but I would meet as often as I could. So I joined the society in the year 1748...

Our society was now much united together, and did indeed love as brethren. Some of them had just begun to meet in band, and invited me to meet with them. -- Here, one of them speaking of the wickedness of the heart, I was greatly surprised; telling them I felt no such things; my heart being kept in peace and love all the day. But it was not a week before I felt the swelling of pride, and the storms of anger and self-will: so when I met again I could speak the same language with them. We sympathized with each other, prayed for each other, and believed God was both able and willing to purify our hearts from all sin...

In the spring of 1762, I went to Canterbury ... This summer there was a great pouring out of the Spirit in London, and many were athirst for the whole Christian salvation: so was I. I loved the very name of it. I loved to hear it spoken of. I loved all the people that were in pursuit of it, and was never so happy as in their company and conversation ... My soul was sweetly united to them. I caught their spirit, and felt such zeal for preaching a present and full salvation, that wherever I was, I preached it to all believers in the best manner I could. This soon had its use, both upon the people and upon my own soul. I was convinced more deeply than ever of inbred sin, and of the promise of God to save me from it. And never did man at a bar plead harder for life, than I pleaded with God for this salvation.

Mr. Perk, of Lincoln’s Inn, then a sober, rational Christian, desired me one day to call and dine with him. I there unexpectedly met with Messrs. Colley, Jay Coughlan, Bell, Owen, and some others. When dinner was over, one said *“Our Lord has promised, Whatsoever two or three of you shall agree to ask in my name, I will do it. We agree now.”* A hymn was sung. *It seemed as if the glory of the Lord filled the place. We went to prayer. A general cry arose, but without any confusion. The Lord was moved by our instant prayer, and we had the petition we asked of him. I was baptized as with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and felt that “perfect love casteth out fear.” Great was our fellowship with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. After an hour spent in supplication and thanksgiving, we sung from the ground of our hearts, –*

*Hang our new-born souls on Thee
Kept from all idolatry;
Nothing want, beneath, above!
Happy, happy in Thy love.*

If ever I had access to the throne of grace, it was on this memorable day. Our Lord was inexpressibly near: it seemed we might ask and have whatever we wanted. And we were exceedingly drawn out in prayer for you, your sons in the Gospel, and the people under your care, feeling the communion of saints, both on earth below and in heaven above. But in all this there was nothing wild; but all calmness, meekness, love, and peace. -- From this time I went forth in the power and spirit of love: I felt nothing but love, and desired nothing but more love. And so I continued, without any intermission, all the time I remained in London.

I could now understand that objection commonly made against those who long to be all devoted to God, that they do not love to converse with other people, with many but those of their own sort.” How little spiritual conversation is to be found among other people! Among any that are not “going on to perfection!” Generally the tenor of their conversation is dry, lifeless, and useless. But those who are earnestly going on, hardly care to talk of any thing else. And whatever conversation has no savour of this is dull and insipid to them. From that day to this, I have not lost my sight of, nor my affection for, Christian perfection. But I have been so pressed down by the exercises of every kind which I have passed through since that time. I fear some of them were purposely laid in my way by those who were

no friends to this doctrine, and who were not greatly pleased with me for enforcing it in every place. But I willingly leave this and all my affairs to the disposal of a wise and gracious providence.

The next year I was at Bristol, with Mr. Oddie, and was happy both with him and with the people. My heart was given up: I was all athirst for God, and wanted every thought to be holiness to the Lord. Jesus was the first beauty to my soul; he reigned alone in my heart. I was entirely and constantly happy in God: he was my all in all...

I am, Rev. sir, your affectionate son in the Gospel.

John Oliver

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



ORPHA, ONE RESCUED BY CHRIST

It would seem that God is going out of His way, in these last days, to lift up and save poor, lost, wrecked, and ruined lives. He has always loved the fallen, but the truly observing can hardly fail to notice that the Holy Ghost is giving special attention to the neglected and submerged classes. It would be wise as well as pious for us to give more attention to those to whom the Lord is showing special attention.

Christ was a traveling Saviour; He journeyed from city to city, from village to village and from hamlet to hamlet. When He was rejected at one place, He went to another; and He commanded His followers to do the same. He is just the same today. Educational and ecclesiastical seminaries of the world have had their opportunity and in the early part of the last century great revivals of Bible salvation broke out in many of the colleges and universities of America; and many of the churches enjoyed great outpourings of grace, but having been rejected and often insulted, the blessed Spirit seems to have gone outside of the city walls, under the hedges, through the valleys, and to the grimy lanes of life to seek the fallen, and they seem much more anxious to have Him than those Scribes and Pharisees or doctors of the law.

Orpha, the subject of this sketch, was born in Ohio. Her father was a wicked man; her mother, a godly, praying woman, went to heaven when Orpha was fifteen years old just at the time when she most needed the protection and counsel of a mother. A stepmother soon turned her father against his children and the poor girl was homeless. She worked in a shoe factory, the pay was not large and she had a hard time.

O, how my heart breaks over the thousands of friendless. Girls in mills, shops, and cotton factories, struggling for food and clothes and exposed to awful temptation to sin and ruin! These girls feel keenly the need of someone to love and care for them. Thousands of women are bestowing their affections on a poodle dog or a sleepy old cat, who ought to rise up and take these girls into their homes and hearts.

Orpha's first break into sin was not until she was twenty years old and then under promise of marriage. How shall the daughters of our land be warned against the scoundrels who with good clothes and fair promises are ruining whole regiments of girls? When deserted by the one who had sworn to support her, there seemed nothing to open before her but a life of shame. She went to church, but they did not have salvation to save her; the saloon and brothel were wide open to her. A well-dressed man, a demon in human form, came to the country village and under promise of good clothes and a nice home with light work, he allured the tired girl to Cincinnati and sold her to a house of shame. Her cries and groans

were unanswered; she was lost to the world and womanhood and there was nobody to care. The man was a professional procurer, and in this case received only two dollars each for the girls above their traveling expenses...

This slave-driver, the villain that he was, told Orpha afterward that he would give anything in the world if he had never brought her to this place of shame; withered, blighted, paralyzed as his soul was it still seemed awful to him to see her in that horrid bondage where her midnight cries were never answered and where there was not a ray of hope of escaping. How then, must it seem to a pure, sensitive nature? When all was lost, she went lower and lower, smoking and drinking until she was a perfect sot. From one sporting house to a lower class house and to another and another, down and down until she often wished she was dead and really felt that hell could be no worse. She secured a revolver and was just about to kill herself when someone learned of the plan and broke down the door of her room and took the gun from her just in time to save her life.

It was in this forlorn, hopeless condition that a voice spoke to her in the night and said, "Get up and pray, there is coming a change in your life." The voice was so plain and so oft repeated that she obeyed, and while she did not know how to pray or how to get salvation, from that hour she was seized with conviction and could never get rid of it; and although she was not converted, the conviction was so strong that she quit smoking and the desire for cigarettes was all taken away. She told the madam of the house that she could not smoke any more, and although she did not quit sin and, of course, was not converted, she would weep by the hour and talk about Jesus in the brothel and many times would get down and pray right among the girls and with the keeper of the house, and they would weep with her, but they did not know how to get saved. Then she would drink and drink for weeks and drown her conviction and as soon as she would sober off, she would pray and weep and preach Jesus to those in the house, until the conviction was so great that they told her she would have to leave if she did not stop it, but she could not stop and they could do nothing with her.

She was arrested eight times in the month of April, and served five weeks in the workhouse and all this time she was weeping and praying and struggling to find the light of God.

When she heard music which reminded her of her mother and her mother's warnings, she would weep and weep, and almost went wild. Again she attempted suicide, but her plans were thwarted, and she was brought to Hope Cottage, where she heard that Jesus could save her from all sin, and keep her true to God always.

As soon as she was told how -the poor, tired, heartbroken girl gave her heart to God, and He wonderfully saved her from sin, and all desire for sin. Her conversion was so wonderful that she declared that she was sanctified wholly, and would listen to nothing else, until God showed her remaining sinfulness, and then she sought with all her heart to obtain the second blessing, and was sanctified wholly. She feels called to do mission work among those of her own kind. Before she was saved she would not work; now she is delighted to engage in honest labor; will wash and iron all day, and give of her means to spread the Gospel. She says, "I am free from all passions and sinful desires: I am settled and established, and no one can make me doubt it. If all the sanctified people were to go back on the Lord, I know He has sanctified me, and I want to do missionary work for Him."

Source: "Miracle In The Slums" by Seth Cook Rees



ALBERT ORSBORN

General Albert Orsborn served as the international leader of The Salvation Army in London, England.

My sanctification was a sweet and gracious experience. The work was accomplished in me, by God's Holy Spirit, when in my early teens. Through the influence of a Salvation Army officer's home life, together with the formative effects of the meetings I attended, I was quite susceptible to religious appeals, from a tender age. I cannot remember the time when I did not earnestly covet goodness; yet all the while, evil had a tempting relish for me, and perhaps this was even accentuated by my closely guarded innocence of the world's ways.

God very clearly and convincingly revealed how perilously easy it had become for me to be insincere, and I became careful not to testify beyond my actual experience. This occasioned me many and bitter revelations and not a few confessions, for I failed again and again, in my secret heart experience. Consequently, my testimony was a very guarded and incomplete thing, "sometimes joyful, sometimes sad."

One day, in a flood of light, I saw myself and the "way of holiness," and God sanctified me for Christ's sake – body, soul, and spirit. With this experience came a new vision of Christ, and power to serve Him...

When I laid aside sin and self and pride, the change was immediate. In my religion came sincerity; in my character, the discovery of weaknesses and the victory to conquer them; in my service, a delight.

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



A. OSBURN

Seward, N. Y., February 25th, 1848

My conversion to God dates back to the beginning of 1830; nothing special being said on the subject of sanctification at that time, four or five years elapsed before I was excited and led to seek for its attainment. At this time it pleased God to make an example of his sanctifying grace in the case of one of the members of our class; a sister sought and obtained the blessing. The change was so great -its evidences so strong, and her testimony so convincing, that none could resist a conviction of its reality and its blessedness. To this day, I feel thankful to God for this instance of his grace, and cannot help remarking how much good one sanctified soul may do by letting this light shine, and exhorting others to seek for the same blessing. But, alas! How many conceal the light, and hence either soon lose it, or entirely fail to be any special example or blessing to others.

Had this sister done so, I might for years longer have remained satisfied with a merely justified state, but the light now broke in upon my mind; conviction fastened upon my heart; I saw the beauty of holiness -- I felt its necessity. Immediately, the purpose was formed to seek after this blessing, and as soon put it into practice.

Endeavoring to carry out the newly-formed purpose, I found that a new era had commenced in my religious career; my former and present enjoyments were obscured by the greater ones in prospect; a discovery of my remaining depravity surprised and humbled me; a second repentance ensued -more distressing than the first. I abhorred myself in the dust and ashes, and groaned under the painful and apparently increasing burden of inbred sin. I sought for deliverance; sought as well as I knew how for some length of time; but failing of success, I became discouraged and relaxed my efforts.

It was not long, however, before I was again induced to seek for the desire of my heart; but again I failed, and gave the matter up for the present. Thus, for two years, I continued alternately to seek and to neglect, to hope and to despair. At times my anxiety and struggle of mind became intense and all-absorbing. I spent hours in secret, earnest prayer, but at the very height of my exercises it would be

suggested to me as follows:

“You have sought for sanctification a long time, sought it with all your heart, and yet failed; you can never seek any harder or more earnestly; how can you then expect to succeed? Yours is a hopeless case – you might as well give it up.”

This reasoning appeared to me then (but not now) sound and conclusive; the temptation was almost irresistible; for a time the enemy triumphed, but the spirit of conviction did not subside; the excellence, the loveliness of the desired blessing was still before me, and again I was on the track, “faint, yet pursuing.” The Lord, however, did not leave me without some encouragement in this long struggle for redemption; several passages of Scripture were forcibly impressed on my mind, as also was the following quotation from one of Mr. Wesley’s sermons:

“Look for it (sanctification) every day, every hour, every moment, why not this hour? This moment? Certainly you may look for it now, if you believe it is by faith. And by this token you may surely know whether you seek it by faith or by works: If by works, you want something to be done first, before you are sanctified. You think, I must be, or do, thus or thus. Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. If you seek it by faith, you may expect it as you are, and if as you are, then expect it now. It is of importance to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points. Expect it by faith, expect it as you are, and expect it now.”

I now took fresh courage; I clearly saw, that though I had sought and failed so many times, yet it was possible for me to have it the next time I asked for it. Soon after this, the following passage from the Christian Manual struck my mind with peculiar force: “Some who believe that sanctification is to be obtained by faith, and yet hold that faith in the Antinomian or Solifidian way, and do not rightly balance faith and works. While some seek by works alone, they seek by faith alone. They ask as though they expected God would infuse sanctification into them, instead of working it in them, through their own exertions. It is true that sanctification is obtained by faith; but then it is a faith which is accompanied by earnest efforts to overcome all sin, and to possess and practice all righteousness.”

Here I distinctly saw how I had so long failed. I had sought it by faith without suitable or sufficient works; the earnest, agonizing spirit of the closet, was not followed by a constant watchfulness, and a rigid self-denial of everything opposed to holiness. It evaporated during the intervals of devotion. Seeing, and endeavoring to avoid the rock upon which I split, it was not long before my prayers were answered. This event, never to be forgotten, occurred under the following circumstances:

Making a visit one day to a sick brother, (husband of the sister above referred to,) prayer was proposed; during its exercise, a wonderful spirit of agonizing, believing prayer was felt; all hearts seemed to melt into tenderness; God was present; the cloud of the Divine glory rested there, and after continuing for sometime in this attitude, I felt that a change was effected; the long-felt burden of inbred sin gave place to the most delightful ease and quietness of heart; an inexpressible simplicity and sweetness of spirit pervaded the soul; God seemed to be all around me; prayer appeared like simply talking to him, face to face. I had often been blest, and melted down before God, but this instance was more deep and abiding than any before.

I returned home exceeding happy; my joy was full – my peace like a river; no tongue can tell the heaven of love that filled my soul; God had taken up his abode there; every desire and inclination were brought into subjection to his will; to pray without ceasing was easy -- “rejoice evermore, natural; death had lost its sting, the grave its gloom. O, what a blessed state of union and communion with God that was; what a triumph of soul over every thing; what a life hid with Christ in God!

Nearly ten years had now elapsed since the blessing of sanctification was first received, and though I cannot say that I had always walked in the light of it, yet has it always been kept prominently before

my mind, and made the great personal object of my life.

Several times it has been renewed powerfully and lastingly; once, when engaged in a protracted meeting in Berne, Albany Co. (Rev. Aaron Rogers, of the N. Y. conference was present.) At that time the power of God prostrated me upon the altar floor, and so deepened and established his work in my heart, that for nearly twelve months the evidence and fruit of it were as constant as the breath of life, and as satisfactory as the fact of my own existence.

But time would fail me to give a full account of the past; I can only speak a little of the present. I am thankful to be able to say that the present evidences of this blessing are as clear and satisfactory as they ever were, and the fruits of it more abundant. God's will appears so infinitely good and blessed, that it not only absorbs my own, but leads to an ardent desire and effort to do and suffer it to my utmost capacity. His Word is open to my understanding in a peculiar sense, and its truths and promises come home to my heart with as much force (seemingly) as though spoken directly from heaven. His providences – every event in life – reflect light, and disclose an everywhere present God, overruling all things for good. Faith opens the most glorious prospects beyond the grave, and gives an insight into the glories of the heavenly world. All – all is on the altar, and it seems to require but little effort to keep it there. O, the peace – the joy – the triumph of a present, free, full salvation. “Now unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen.”

Source: Guide to Holiness Articles, (From Volume 13 Through Volume 16), Part 4 – Edited by Dexter S. King



PHILIP OVERSTREET

I was an alien by birth, a sinner by choice, an heir to the poorhouse, a candidate for the potter's field; but now my name had gone down in the Lamb's Book of Life, and I became an heir to a mansion in the sky.

I took my seat again but I could not be still. Glory to God! It was a happy meeting to me. I could not remember one word the preacher said as he proceeded to deliver the message. I was making quite a lot of noise, and those sitting near me could hardly hear what the minister was saying. After the message he asked for seekers to come forward that wanted to be saved. I knew that didn't mean me, for most all were convinced that my conversion was real, or one could not go through the performance that I had. I saw a man coming toward me and I arose to meet him. I didn't know if he was going to give me my diploma or just shake hands with me, have me sign a card as a member, or unite with them by testifying to the witness of the Spirit. Here is what he said, “Young man, God has forgiven you of all your sins that you were guilty of, but come and get sanctified.” I didn't know what he meant and I said, “Mister, if that is something to make one feel better, I feel good enough.” Bless His name forever! I didn't care who saw my ragged clothes or worn shoes, I had something that far surpassed people's opinions. It was fine, and is working real well just now. *The man explained to me what it meant to get sanctified. He went on to tell me that it is a cleansing from inbred sin. I made for the altar again and fell upon my knees like a bag of salt and raised both hands heavenward. I had forgotten what the man called it, and I cried for God to give me what I had coming to me. In a moment's time I received the cleansing and was filled with His Spirit. I shouted up and down the aisles of the church for fifteen or twenty minutes, then thought of my wife. I took my cap in one hand and ran almost all the way home. I just stopped at the stop signs at each street. I wanted my wife to see me performing like I was, so she would know that I got saved.*

I met a gentleman once who said he believed in growing into sanctification. I told him how I made it from gang-land to Canaan-land by getting a Red Sea experience in the early part of a service, and at the close of the same service crossing over the river Jordan into the promised land that is flowing with milk and honey. That is quicker than Mr. Lindbergh can make it in his airplane.

Source: "From Prison To Pulpit" by Philip Overstreet



E. OWEN

(Methodist)

I am thirty-eight years old, and have labored in the itinerant ranks fourteen years. My preaching was commenced when in the enjoyment of FULL SALVATION. I continued in this state for some years. For a few years last past, I have lived much of the time short of this perfect grace, and at times very short of it. Sometime since, I consecrated my all to God once more. He accepted the offering. GLORY TO HIS NAME! From that time all had been peaceful and happy within. God has guided me in all matters, in a way to astonish me. His hand appears in all that concerns me. His whole guidance can be understood only by those who enjoy "like precious faith." My heart, my life, and my preaching, having undergone a material change, Station E_____ has a new preacher! This being my second year on the charge, it has troubled me to find something new, and interesting for the pulpit, until God brought me into this "large place." Plenty of texts and sermons are now at hand. Indeed, every text to me seems like a sermon in itself. No language can describe my enjoyment for the six weeks past. My faith is unwavering. I can now endure "as seeing Him who is invisible."

An attempt to describe the particular guidings of Providence, would doubtless subject me to the ridicule of some well-meaning people. I will not attempt it. "Acknowledging God in all my ways," I know He "directs my steps." It is no longer a mere theory with me, that "All things work together for good to them that love God." With the apostle I can say, I "Know" this to be so. This is living in earnest. "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!" Amen.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



GRACE PADDY

(Early Methodist)

He [John Wesley] gives, also, the experience of Grace Paddy, as he received it from her lips. It reads thus: "In a short time, all my troubles were gone, and I did believe all my sins were blotted out; but, in the evening, I was thoroughly convinced of the want of a deeper work of grace. I felt the remains of sin in my heart, which I longed to have taken away. I longed to be saved from all sin, and cleansed from all unrighteousness, and, at the time Mr. Rankin was preaching, this desire increased exceedingly. Afterwards, he met the society. During his last prayer, I was quite overwhelmed with the power of God. I felt an inexpressible change in the depths of my heart, and, from that hour, I have felt no anger, no pride, no wrong temper of any kind; nothing contrary to the pure love of God which I feel continually. I desire nothing but Christ, and I have Christ always reigning in my heart. I want nothing; he is my sufficient portion in time and in eternity." -- Vol. iv. p. 128-9.

Mr. Wesley adds: "Such an instance, I never knew before; of such an instance, I never read; a person convinced of sin converted to God, and renewed in love within twelve hours! Yet it is by no means

incredible, seeing with God one day is as a thousand years.”

Source: “Incidental Illustrations of the Economy of Salvation – It’s Doctrines and Duties” by Phoebe Palmer



SARAH A. LANKFORD PALMER

(Methodist)

I was born April 23, 1806, and born again June 21, 1819. Being taught by Christian parents that Jesus loved children, and often feeling a conscious love to Jesus, I seemed to take it for granted that I was a child of God. But in my twelfth year I began to question my adoption. Just after I had passed my thirteenth birthday, on my way to a campmeeting I began to ask the Lord to make me His child and let me know it. Then came the first keen conviction. I was a condemned sinner; I was frightened, and wept aloud. But soon the joy unspeakable was mine. The glory was too great for the feeble frame. Totally unconscious of earthly surrounding I joined the angelic choir in adoring Him who so loved us.

Months passed joyfully, when I was deeply impressed while reading Gen. 17:1. It seemed to be a command, and yet an impossibility. Soon, however, the light came. The Lord had prefaced the command by saying, “I am the Almighty” He had also said, “I will put my Spirit within you and will cause you to keep my statutes and do them.”

Temptations were many, and my views were not clear, but I felt that I must have a clean heart. We were going to a camp-meeting. I thought, “Surely I will get the blessing there.”

On the first day of the meeting I went forward as a seeker of sanctification, and continued to do so through the whole week. Jacob-like, the whole of the last night I wrestled. Dear ones said again and again, “Believe, believe, the blood cleanseth.” My reply was, “I do believe, but I want to feel.” The day dawned; my dear mother said, “Daughter, you must leave this place,” as she raised me from my knees.

Finding I could struggle no longer I said, “I will believe.” At that moment, as I opened my eyes and caught the first crimson ray of the rising sun, filled with rapture, I exclaimed, “The Sun of Righteousness has risen with healing in his wings.”

For months my comfort and confidence continued. Temptations came. My numerous young associates could not understand me. They said I was “supercilious” or “sanctimonious.” I did not then, nor do I now, in my eighty-second year, think I made the way too narrow.

The tempter, no doubt, took advantage of me, and often brought me under painful fear lest I had grieved the good Spirit. Sometimes I prayed my heavenly Father to take me from this world of temptations. I even told the Lord I could see no reason why I could not go and live where there was no danger of falling.

But the crisis came. The family had returned from a funeral. As I entered the hall-door, and placed my hand on the rail of the steps, I breathed a sigh and said, “O, if they had only laid me away instead of that one!” Instantly it seemed as if a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder accompanied by a severe reproof. The voice said, “How ungrateful! God has put you here for a purpose, and you are struggling to get away.” Never did I so cower under an earthly parent’s reproof. It was God my Father, and I had offended Him by my impatience. Bursting into tears I cried, “Lord, forgive me, and I will never ask this again.”

Another temptation was a fear that I might live to be old and useless. An ardently-loved relative seemed to be set aside as old and useless. Passing her house, on the opposite side of the street, one day, I looked

up to her window to catch the affectionate recognition. But the loved one did not appear. I drew a sigh, and was on the point of saying, "Please, dear Lord, don't let me live to be old and useless." Then the thought came, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." Rejoicingly I said, "That is written in the Bible, and if I live to be sixty years old I will claim that promise." I was near fifteen when this precious promise was given, and I have held it fast, calling it mine, ever since.

Tests came. The yielding of my will became painful that my consecration was questioned, perplexity followed, and the consciousness of purity was dimmed, then lost. Not until 1823 was the veil lifted.

One evening I resolved not to rise from my knees without the clear witness of holiness. Several times the promise was presented, "The blood cleanseth." Trembling, I would say, "I do believe," but, impatient for further manifestations, would again resume pleading. About one o'clock in the morning I opened the precious Bible on "Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith." I felt the reproof and also the encouragement, and calmly said, "Lord, I will believe; I am wholly Thine; help me to abide in Thee." I then retired, resolving the Lord to confirm my faith by directing my eye to some special passage in the Bible. I opened to "Now the just shall live by faith, but if any man draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in him."

I was thrilled. I felt to "draw back" would be death, and cried, "Lord, keep me!" Throughout the day a most profound solemnity rested on my mind. Holiness seemed written on every object. On Monday the enemy said, "It is possible you may yet be deceived; you have not received this blessing as you expected." But my soul sweetly rested in the precious promise. On Tuesday morning a very powerful temptation was presented. I hastened to the closet, and, pleading my youth and inexperience, felt encouraged to ask another and a still more powerful assurance of purity. The answer was instantly given by a most powerful application of "Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you."

It was enough. I was now permitted, in a manner unknown before, to walk and talk with God.

I went to my class almost impatient to declare the loving-kindness of God. At the commencement our leader prayed, "Lord, sanctify us wholly; let it not be a think so, a hope so, or a BELIEVE so." It went as an arrow to my heart. "You have evidence only as connected with believing." It was a fatal dart from the adversary. My only hope seemed wrested from me. Unconscious of all about me I seemed intent on having the question decided, "Is it a reality or not?" When rising to leave the classroom the decision came to give up my intense interest on the subject of holiness. Others seemed to enjoy the factor of God without the witness, and I thought I would try to do so too. I little thought of its impossibility. I was instantly hurled into darkness and despair, with nothing before me but the awful doom of the fearful and unbelieving.

My senses were almost astounded with, "If any man draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in him." For two weeks my sense of ingratitude was so great that I did not dare to hope for pardon. Then a sweet voice whispered, "This man receiveth sinners." I came as a sinner and was again accepted. But an impression that I had forfeited the close fellowship of former days caused deep humiliation. It seemed just that I should not be trusted. I had "drawn back," and as a naughty child I must be kept at a little distance for a time, but not disinherited. So subtle was this temptation that for months it was not suspected as Satanic. As soon as I detected its true character I got the victory. With new light came new responsibilities. The first duty against which my will rebelled was leading a religious meeting, and, next, more faithfulness in personal warnings. The way in which I supposed the Lord required me to walk I could not expect the dearest loved one to understand. Alone with God this matter must be settled. Death seemed preferable to the divine tenets. But at last I settled it, and I triumphed.

Early in May, 1835, an impression was felt so much like unhallowed emotion that it caused extreme

pain. I then resolved to have a more positive assurance of inward purity. I immediately entered into covenant with God to withdraw my mind from every object that might divert me from this point, and to leave no means unused which He might appoint. Every motive, purpose and practice was required to undergo a renewed investigation. I cried, "O fill me with the Holy Ghost!" All was calm. I had none of the expected emotions. I arose from my knees fully determined to reckon myself dead to sin if I had not a joyous emotion in forty years, when the enemy immediately suggested, "You have no more evidence now than before; you might have believed long since; who ever heard of believing and continuing to believe without evidence?" Immediately the Spirit replied, "Blessed are they that have not seen yet believe." "Presumption" was the constant cry of the enemy. But the "sword of the Spirit" prevailed, though the contest was very severe. To "draw back" I knew was death, and I resolved to endure the conflict while mortal life should last, even if no other evidence was given. Just after forming this resolution the promise came with more power than ever, "blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." For seven days Satan tauntingly suggested, "You believe because you will believe."

Just at that time I met Rev. Timothy Merritt, who said, "Sister, you know something of holiness by experience; do you not?" I was startled, and about to reply, "I am hardly prepared to answer that question," but after a moment's hesitation said, "I have dared to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but it is constantly suggested that it may be presumption, with so little evidence." Said Brother Merritt, "Never fear presumption in believing God; presumption lies in daring to doubt." **All fear now vanished.** *The baptism of the Holy Ghost came in its glorious fullness; it seemed as a baptism of love almost to the overwhelming of the physical frame, accompanied with an inexpressible consciousness of purity, a consciousness only understood by those who have received it.*

Since that blessed day, May 21, 1835, I think there has not been one hour in which my soul has not been sweetly resting in the precious atonement. Though the witness of the Spirit has not been withdrawn for an hour, yet there have been instances when sudden temptation has assumed so much the appearance of sinful emotion as to cause keen pain; but I have been invariably enabled almost instantly to appropriate that blood which cleanseth from all sin. These acts of faith have generally been immediately succeeded by a most joyous assurance. Since I have been enabled to abide in Christ I believe the language of my heart has been:

"No cross, no suffering, I decline, Only let my whole heart be Thine."

The responsibility of being a steward--an agent for God--seems very great. I fear I often love opportunities of acting for want of wisdom. I am, therefore, constrained to cry continually, "Teach me thy way; lead me in a plain path." How precious do I find the promise, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee by mine eye." The word of God is increasingly precious. It is principally through this medium I am permitted to hold converse with Deity. And while His infinite love and faithfulness are unfolded to my enraptured vision I hear Him say, more and still more audibly, "Ye are my witnesses of these things."

After more than seventy-six years of conscious adoption, and fifty-two of dwelling in the peaceful land of perfect love, my heart is singing, "Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest to his people Israel, according to all that he promised; there hath not failed one word of all his good promise which he promised."--1 Kings 8:56.

SARAH A. L. PALMER, 361 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, September 19, 1887.

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



W. B. PALMORE

(Editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate)

There are two men – one now in the Church triumphant, the other in the Church militant – to whom we shall feel indebted throughout the endless or eternal ages. The conversion and life of Dr. Addison P. Brown outweighed all the books, lectures, and sermons we ever read or heard on the evidences of Christianity. He was the human instrument used to lead me to conviction, to a Methodist mourners' bench, and to the blood of atonement – to conscious peace and pardon. The Methodist Church was chosen, and joined, somewhat as we choose a berth and recline in a Pullman sleeping-car.

Not for a moment has the genuineness of my conversion ever been doubted; but my rest has been anything else but perfect or continuous. There were times, through all these years, when “wandering notes from a diviner music” strayed into my spirit; but these experiences came at few and fitful moments. I had no sense of possession in them. They came unannounced, and left without explanation. At times lifted up with the hope that peace was beginning to flow as a river, which was as suddenly lost amid the rush of the rapids and dreadful roar of a possible cataclysm; but over all the cloud of mist was the constant bow of promise and of hope that some day I would attain unto perfect rest.

To the bishop who received me into the Methodist ministry, I expressed the expectation to receive it in this life, and that I was groaning after it. These groans, I fear, have been too much like angels' visits.

After fruitless efforts applying the consecration and the growth theory, I was persuaded to try consecration and faith. In this theory I went to the altar, time and again, for days in succession, asking the prayers and help of all who had found this rest, just as I went to the mourners' bench while seeking pardon years ago. After the battle of full consecration came the battle of faith, to believe the altar – the Divine nature of Christ – cleanses and keeps the gift. After walking for a time by naked faith, the intellect assenting, then came the inner witness, the heart consenting, and entering into rest. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place; so did my soul. And I am persuaded that I can only keep this rest by walking continually down in the valley with Him who made Himself of no reputation,” who is “meek and lowly in heart.”

We do not propose in this writing to open these columns for a debate. I know from personal experience that a man who is unwilling to humble himself, and seek the “hidden manna and the white stone with a new name,” will be but little benefited by such a discussion. Some will doubtless say that I was never before converted; others will say it is only a case of recovery or restoration from a backslidden state. Suppose we admit the truth of both or either, possibly some reader of these lines may be as badly deceived as the writer has been through all these years. If so, we would advise you at once to come to St. Louis, and place yourself under the influence of a marvelous meeting now in progress in Centenary Church. We have not witnessed such manifestations of the presence and power of God for twenty years. Services every morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7:30.

This meeting has been in progress about three weeks, and 130 have professed sanctification, seven of whom are preachers, besides eighty professions of regeneration. “He that doeth the will of my Father shall know the doctrine, whether it be of God.” Come, brother, try the Baconian or experimental method in the discovery of truth. Death to the lower self is the nearest gate and quickest road to life. Some plants are never found in high altitudes. Heart's-ease will only grow down on the level of the ocean of God's love.

As Doctor Brown was to my regeneration, so was Doctor Carradine to my sanctification. His serene life in the midst of a tempestuous criticism and opposition, together with his plain, practical preaching, led me to test his doctrine, whether it be of God; and I am satisfied with the test. Long may he wave, and never waver! (From an editorial in the St. Louis Advocate of May 20, 1891)

“How did I become established?” It is difficult to answer this question. For nothing in my life of consecration supplies me with a starting point for thought. As well ask the obedient and loving child of a wise and devoted parent, “How do you manage to keep from running away from home?” Or the godly and devoted husband, “How do you keep from drift?” Each would say what I want to say, “I never have thought of drift.” Love knows nothing of drift, or vacillation, or weariness, in its constancy. My only answer is, I saw the King and loved Him perfectly, and with my increasing years my Vision of God is enlarged; so is my love. My heart was defiled, even after my thorough conversion. He promised to make me clean and then to put His Holy Spirit within the heart He had cleansed. He did it. He doeth it now. He keeps me satisfied, but O, so hungry. “They that know thy name,” thy perfections, “will put their trust in thee.” I know His name. He deigns to reveal Himself to me every day; and thus I am abased in my own eyes, but exalted in His. He keeps me clean and strong and free.

It takes an all-consuming and separating love to settle and establish heart and mind in the fullness of gospel liberty and rest, and to die to unholy ambition for preeminence or popular favor. God would not trust me with distinction or popular favor or wealth. He has trusted me with His communion and kept me lowly, and I am satisfied. The books I prefer do not suggest doubt; I have enough of that without feeding it. The society I seek does not weaken me by dissipation. The unfriendliness of the average church to the subject gives me pain, but no fear. I have stood alone many, many times; I can do so to the end. I have reached a place in Christian life where my own company is a pleasure to me, for my conscience attests my sincerity and the Holy Spirit attests that I am clean through the blood. There are forty-six years of this life behind me, and an eternity before me. I am established; He has done it. “Rooted and built up in him, established in the faith abounding therein with thanksgiving.” Hallelujah!

JOHN PARKER, HAMDEN, CONNECTICUT, July 11, 1887.

Source: “Forty Witnesses” by S. Olin Garrison



JOHN PAUL

(Served as Associate Editor of the Pentecostal Herald)

The life and works of Dr. John Paul reflect a Christian personality. Like Paul of old, this humble Christian gentleman has never been able to get away from his experiences with God. In speaking of that glad hour when “heaven came down his soul to greet, and glory crowned the mercy seat,” Dr. Paul said the following:

“Let me now take the stand. Our memories slip, no matter how grand may have been certain joys and blessings that have come to our souls. We can’t base our present assurance on memories. Sometimes recall memory breaks down. Even in some lives the mystical, supernatural Voice registers very sparingly, lest we be exalted to feel ourselves of special importance. One consolation, one sure evidence that I was and am cleansed never fails, however much the tides of feeling may slump and heaviness through manifold temptation may follow. I love, and do not hate. I congratulate, and do not envy I have total victory over anger and impatience. I ask for no raise in pay and no bonus; I am saved from covetousness. The Blood cleanseth!”

Source: “Living Flames of Fire” by Bernie Smith



WILLIAM PEARCE

(Free Methodist Bishop)

William Pearce was born in Hayle, Cornwall County, England, October 15, 1862, the youngest of ten children. His parents, John Richard and Ann Thomas Pearce, represented the sturdy, industrious Celtic stock which has made a colorful contribution to English history. In the words of Bishop Fairbairn, “He was Celtic by blood, Cornishman in particular, Britisher by birth, American by adoption, Christian by second birth, and saint by processes of grace and experience.”

He was converted in England in 1882 in a revival that was born of the Holy Spirit, similar to the noted Welsh Revival in which there was no formal preaching by ordained ministers. It was truly a layman’s revival inspired by the Holy Spirit. *Nine months later he was sanctified while working alone in his father’s fields.* Coming to America in 1884, he spent a year working in the iron mines of North Michigan. He then moved to the Pacific coast where he met the Free Methodists in California, whom he joined in 1885 “by instinct and similarity of feeling.”

In the following year he joined the California Conference of the Free Methodist Church and was duly ordained after completing his course of studies. In 1889 he married Alma E. Knoll, who passed away in 1908 only a few days before he was elected bishop. After serving as pastor and district elder in the California Conference until 1901, he transferred to the Oregon Conference. Three years later he came to the Genesee Conference as pastor of the church at Jamestown, New York. In 1905 he was again elected district elder and in October, 1908, he was elected bishop by the Executive Committee. He held this office until his retirement in June 1947 – a period of thirty-nine years.

Source: “Master Workmen” by Richard R. Blews



GEORGE PECK

(Methodist)

The Oneida Conference met at Norwich, August 21, 1839. Bishop Hedding presided. I had previously sent the trustees of the seminary a letter dissolving my connection with the institution. I was appointed presiding elder of the Susquehanna District, and also elected a delegate to the General Conference. The appointments were read Thursday evening, and my first act in my new position was early the next morning to behold the distress and the tears, and hear the protest, of a young man who had been sent down for that same Canaan circuit to which I was sent in 1820, when it was almost a wilderness. Now a railroad ran through the center, and good roads traversed it in every direction; the people were living in comfort, and not a few were becoming rich. Still, the Bishop was so far moved by this young preacher’s anguish of soul that he released him from the unwelcome appointment, and left him in the hands of the presiding elder or another, if any could be found worthy of him. The district over which I was appointed to preside comprised, in 1839, fifteen appointments, twenty preachers, and about four thousand members.

I spent the Sabbath succeeding the Conference at Cazenovia, where I heard Bishop Hedding preach a great sermon, which stirred the depths of my soul; and then, bidding farewell to my many valued friends there, returned to Kingston, the place fixed upon as our residence.

The early part of this year was to me a memorable period on account of certain religious experiences which, not without much reflection and some hesitation, I have concluded to record more at length than has been my custom.

I was not conscious of any spiritual decline, but, on the contrary, felt that I was advancing. The evidence of my acceptance with God was clear. From the time of my conversion, and specially from the time of my entrance into the ministry, I had striven to exercise a constant faith, "to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men," to be obedient to every Divine call, yielding a willing service. Still, I was not at rest. Grateful for all that I had received, I felt that there were better things in store for me. I began more and more to hunger for deeper spirituality, a stronger faith, a prompter and more complete victory over temptation, a new advance into better light and richer joy.

At my first quarterly meeting on the district I preached on the subject of holiness, with no great satisfaction to my own mind, but in pursuance of a determination to seek a deeper work of grace in my own soul and preach it to others. The next week I went to a camp-meeting in McClure's Settlement, on the Lanesborough Circuit, where I preached three times with unusual liberty, my yearning after a clean heart constantly increasing. It was a time of rejoicing and of power. Two brethren were active and useful in the meeting, and attracted my attention. One was Major Dixon, a great and good layman, famous as a leader in the prayer-meetings, which were in his charge throughout the entire week. His control over a crowd was something wonderful. He issued his orders with the air of a general on the field of battle. When he shouted, "Power! Power! On, brethren, on!" it was like the storming of a battery; and when he paused and said, "Hark! Hark! Silence," the stillness of night followed. None of the preachers interfered with his management. There was always unity of design, perfect harmony, and uniform success in his plans. His equal, in his own line of service, I never saw.

The other one referred to was Dayton F. Reed, afterward a member of the Newark Conference, and now, I doubt not, in the home above. He had been for a short time at the Cazenovia Seminary, but could not confine himself to study. He was at this time a young man of about twenty-one years of age, deeply pious, enthusiastic, with a very acute and active mind, and a reputation for eccentricity. He had received license as an exhorter, and on the strength of the authority bestowed was constantly preaching. He came to me on Sunday morning, and said that he thought that God required him to "sound the alarm somewhere" that day. I told him that older men must occupy the stand; but that if he felt like it he might, at the close of the morning sermon, mount a certain wagon that stood a little way off, and preach till the time for the afternoon service to as large a congregation as he could gather.

This seemed to please him, and as soon as the morning service closed he mounted the wagon, and with all the strength of his lungs shouted, "All you who want to hear the crazy boy talk for a while draw near." The whole multitude gathered about him, and he held them for two hours listening to an argumentative and convincing discourse on the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, the certainty of a general judgment, and the eternal doom of the lost. I stayed to hear every word of the sermon. For conclusiveness of argument, originality of illustration, and forcible appeal, I have seldom heard its equal.

The next week I attended another camp-meeting, in South Canaan, during the progress of which I preached four sermons. My spiritual necessities were pressing more heavily than ever upon my heart. We closed Saturday morning with a sacramental service. As I was making some remarks after the sacrament I came, without any previous intention, to speak of my own religious state, and observed that my experience had been somewhat variable, and of too low a grade, but that I expected to be "made perfect in love in this life." This accidental allusion, as it seemed, to a solemn question which I had answered at the time of my ordination and reception into Conference membership, fell upon my own soul with so much weight that I could not refrain from weeping.

Spending a Sunday in my quarterly meetings at Dundaff and Carbondale, I returned home, where I remained several days suffering great mental depression, and feeling an increasing self-aborrence and thirst after God.

The next Sunday, in the love-feast at Gibson, several clear testimonies were given to the enjoyment of perfect love. I began now to feel the blessing near, and was more than ever fixed in my purpose to seek until I attained it. Monday morning, September 30, I woke in the spirit of penitence and prayer. The Rev. William Reddy, one of the preachers on the circuit, led the family devotions in the house where we lodged. As he read the fifty-first psalm the words came home to my mind with new light and power, and pierced my soul like sharp arrows. During his prayer my tears flowed freely, and it was only by strong effort that I refrained from weeping aloud.

As we were traveling in the same direction that morning I took a seat with Mr. Reddy in his carriage, and led my horse. He had told us something the day before of the possession of the blessing, and I wished to converse with him on the subject. His account of his past experience and his present enjoyments was modest, clear, and, as I judged, scriptural. He was much younger than I, but I was ready to be taught by any messenger whom God might send, so I fully opened my mind to him. My hunger and thirst for holiness were increased by our communings, and when our roads diverged and I left this dear brother and rode on alone till night, I prayed with every breath.

Tuesday, October 1, I rose, in the spirit of prayer, and resumed my homeward journey. I crossed the Susquehanna at Tunkhannock, and rode forward in inexpressible anguish. When passing through the forest and solitary places, where there was none but God to hear, I uttered aloud my burning supplication for a clean heart. I came to a stream where the bridge had been swept away in a recent flood, and as I was preparing to ford it these words came with power to my soul, "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

As my horse entered the water, and went in deeper and deeper, the great deep of my soul was broken up, and I wept aloud, with exclamations of self-condemnation and self-abhorrence. My whole being seemed dissolved in a torrent of godly sorrow; but in a moment I caught encouragement from the language of the prophet. It implied a Divine wish that men would hearken. I was most assuredly willing, eager to hear the voice Divine. Quick as lightning I felt that God would bless me and write his commandments on my heart. An indescribable change passed through all the avenue of my spirit. God seemed to be there, in the glory of his grace. I melted like wax in the presence of the Lord. I sank into nothing. Christ was all, elevated upon the throne of his holiness. As my horse gained the shore I felt that I, too, was emerging from troubled waters and gaining the land of rest. In the fullness of my joy I wept aloud and gave glory to God in the highest.

I went on my way exulting in God, the holy and adorable God, whose glory I now saw, as never before, impressed upon mountain and rock, forest and river, and whose presence and favor I felt so powerfully that I seemed almost in heaven. In this inexpressibly happy state of mind I reached my home in the evening, scarcely knowing how I had passed over the road.

This was the way in which God led me, and for his glory, and with devout gratitude, I pen the narrative. I write not for "the wise, the scribe, the disputer of this world." My years are passing, and soon, to me, neither the praise nor the censures of men will possess any value. Still, when my eyes no more behold the light, other eyes may rest upon this page, and the record is made with the humble hope that here and there a reader whose soul thirsts for the living God may be thereby encouraged, and therefrom gain, possibly, a little light.

I would also add, with humble gratitude and giving God all the glory, that the impulse which my religious life then received has helped me ever since, even to this hour. From that day I have had a stronger faith, a deeper joy, a clearer evidence of my acceptance with God, a readier and more thorough victory over temptations of every kind. I have labored to exercise a faith which would enable me to hold my position, and I have never wholly failed. Gloom has gathered about me at times, but the light

has always returned. A faith that constantly appropriates the blood of Christ is able to maintain, in the soul, a constant fellowship with God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

In regard to the duty of relating what God has done for us, one cannot well judge for another. I have seldom felt that I was called to say much in mixed assemblies about this peculiar experience; still there certainly are times and occasions when an unostentatious profession may not only be allowable, but beneficial. When earnest Christians commune one with another in regard to the possibilities of the religious life, and are of one heart and one mind, waiting for the salvation of God, it is certainly right for each to tell all that God has done for him. This question came before me at an early period of my own experience, and I find my conclusions thus set down in a memorandum made at the time:--

“1. God should be acknowledged in his gifts whenever an opportunity occurs which promises good results. 2. The example of eminent Christians, both the living and the dead, encourages us in this course. 3. The help and encouragement which such relations afforded me when I was athirst for full salvation, convince me that they may be of service to others in like circumstances.”

I will here take the liberty of expressing, in regard to another phase of the general subject, an opinion to which I tend. I incline to think that one who has enjoyed a great salvation, does not by unfaithfulness decline back into simple justification, but falls into condemnation, from which new acts of repentance and faith must lift him, if at all, not simply to a justified state, but to something of the condition from which he has declined; though it may be in some cases a shade less joyous, than before.

There were soon indications of a high degree of religious interest throughout the district. There was, in fact, a revival in every charge. Many were converted, and many attained the love which “casteth out fear.” Protracted meetings were everywhere in progress. Wherever I went to attend my quarterly meetings I was importuned to remain and help in the work. Even the few days which I occasionally spent at home were not an exception. Revivals were in progress in the Churches at Wilkesbarre and Forty Fort, and for weeks services were held every evening, and between the two my “rest days” were as busy as any.

Source: “The Life and Times of George Peck” by George Peck and “Holiness Miscellany And Experiences” by John S. Inskip



J. O. PECK

(Methodist)

I was converted in 1856, in Vermont, on a mountain, alone, amid a terrific thunder storm, after only a few minutes' meditation upon the goodness of God.

Shortly afterward I felt clearly a call to the ministry. I went to Newbury Seminary, Vt., but for two years did not join the Church, as I was trying to shake off the duty of the ministry. But in 1858 God so signally revealed Himself to me in gracious power at Lyndonville camp-meeting that I promised Him I would preach the Gospel. I returned to school, prepared a sermon at once, and determined to put the seal to my vow without delay. I told one of the professors my convictions and purposes, and he invited me to go with him to McIndoe's Falls the next Sabbath and preach. I did so, though I was not then a member of the Church, and had no license to preach but the inward call of the Holy Ghost. I forthwith, however, joined the Church in full, without probation, and was given a local preacher's license.

In 1860, while in college at Amherst, Mass., I joined the New England Conference and supplied neighboring churches till I graduated, in 1862, and was appointed to Chelsea, Mass. I was pastor for the next ten years in Chelsea, Lowell, Worcester, and Springfield. While pastor in Springfield, in 1872, a

memorable incident in my experience occurred. I had never, consciously, lost my zeal or devotion to the Gospel ministry, nor the evidence of my assured salvation in Jesus Christ. God never left me a single year without a gracious revival, in which many souls were given as the seals of my ministry. Never had my pastorate been more favored with the divine blessing than at Springfield; but in the summer of 1872 a deep heart-hunger that I had never known began to be realized. I hardly knew how to understand it. I had not lost spirituality, as far as I could judge of my condition. I longed for I scarcely knew what. I examined myself and prayed more earnestly, but the hunger of my soul grew more imperious. I was not plunged in darkness or conscious of condemnation; yet the inward cravings increased. The result of these weeks of heart-throes was a gradual sinking of selfism, a consuming of all selfish ambitions and purposes, and a consciousness of utter emptiness. Then arose an unutterable longing to be filled. I waited upon the Lord, but He delayed His coming.

No matter how or by whom, but I had been prejudiced against the National Camp-meeting Association. I avoided their meetings; but in the midst of my longings of soul their meeting at Round Lake in 1872 occurred. I had not thought of attending, but in the midst of the meeting a conviction was borne in upon me, as clear and unmistakable as my identity, that if I would go to that meeting and confess how I was hungering after more of salvation I would be filled. To my surprise, and as a proof that my sincerity was genuine, I found no prejudice rising up, but a longing to go. I conferred not with flesh and blood, got excused from officiating at an important wedding, and started the next day.

I arrived near evening, and as I had but that night and the next day before returning to my pulpit I resolved to waste no time. At once I told the leaders of the leaders my purpose and errand. I seemed to be near to Peniel, and my soul was impatient. After a sermon (by whom I forget, for men were eclipsed in my yearning to see "Jesus only,") I asked the privilege of saying a few words. Many old friends were present, but I felt no hesitation, *so fully was I possessed by the desire to know "the length, breadth, depth and height" of the love of God. I frankly told my errand there, and sought the prayers of all. I told them I wanted "the fullness;" that night, and felt it was the Divine will to give it that hour. I then descended to the altar and knelt with others before the Lord. I knew what I came for, believed it the will of God to bestow it, and cast myself fully upon the promises of God.*

By simple trust I was enabled to take Christ as my sufficiency to fill and satisfy my hungry soul. The instant I thus received Christ as my "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption," the stillness and emotionlessness of absolute quiet permeated my entire being. I came near being deceived, for I had anticipated being filled with boundless ecstasy and joy. My enthusiastic and highly emotional temperament foretold this, and I had already discounted such rapture. The tempter was by my side instantly, and suggested seductively, "All feeling has left you, the Spirit is withdrawn, and you are doomed to disappointment."

But quick as thought came my reply, "With or without feeling, I here and now take Christ as my all and in all!" I knew that moment He was my complete Saviour! At once the most delicious experience was mine that I can conceive! No joy, no rapture; but something sweeter, deeper than anything before known--"the peace of God that passeth all understanding!" It settled in upon me deeper and deeper, sweeter and sweeter, till I seemed "filled with all the fullness of God." I was ineffably satisfied. I could not shout or speak. Words would have been mockery of that peace I felt,

"That silent awe that dares not move!"

I continued in speechless wonder until the meeting closed, and was wrapped in adoration. The Spirit sealed these words on my heart, which have been ever since the sweetest verse in the Bible to me: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." My soul knew that peace, and was subdued and filled with it. I continued through the night in that silent bliss; but the next morning at the stand I confessed the gracious work that Christ had wrought. As I

testified my soul caught fire and my words burned with love, and yet peace was the supreme consciousness. I returned home that day and, at the first opportunity declared to my own flock the fullness of Christ that had been bestowed.

And this experience I have never lost – not always equally clear and conspicuous, but ever a sacred deposition in my heart. Certain results have followed this experience or attended it in my ministry:

1. My soul has been one with God. I have not had an ambition or plan or purpose that was not formed in the desire to glorify God. Not perfect, nor faultless, nor mistakenless, yet the whole purpose of my life has been to please Him.
2. I have had a greater love for my work. I always loved it intensely, but it has seemed to possess me. The salvation of dying men has been a passion. I love the work with glowing affection.
3. Greater results have followed my ministry. More souls have been converted each year – two or three times more. I have had power unknown before to persuade sinners to come to Christ.
4. My intellectual work was at once vastly stimulated. I have studied twice as much each year. My thought has been clearer and my love for patient thinking more ardent.
5. Perfect love has reigned in my soul. I have not slept a night since that camp-meeting with a bitter or vindictive or unChristian feeling toward a human being. It is easy to love men. I have experienced my share of occasions for the exhibition of unsanctified human nature, but it does not spring up. I judge it is not there.
6. I have had an aversion to argument or controversy on the subject of Christian perfection. I dare not speculate. I dare not mix my little human philosophy with the great divine truth and the divine experience. This instinctive shrinking from polemic or speculative methods of treating this subject has, perhaps, made me misunderstood by reason of my silence. Any movement which has seemed to isolate or differentiate holiness from the traditional teachings of Christianity has not commanded my convictions. I do not condemn others, but obey my own convictions.

“My soul doth magnify the Lord” for this experience which has doubled my joys, and, if I may judge doubled the effectiveness of my imperfect ministry.

J. O. PECK

Taken from “Divine Life” and submitted to Dr. Peck for revision. -- Ed.

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



E. W. PEIRCE

(Methodist)

I am not aware that in my experience there is any thing, peculiar; and from this circumstance it may be of value to thousands of persons whose experience has been like my own up to the eventful hour of my life.

At the age of eighteen, in my native State (New York), through the preaching, of a devoted servant of God, I made a surrender of myself to Christ. For some fourteen years subsequently, seven of which as a traveling, preacher, my course was a variable one. I had no doubt, if I had followed the leadings of the Spirit given to every convert, I might speedily have obtained full salvation; but looking to the waves of untoward circumstance, instead of looking to Him who bade me walk upon them, I fluctuated in my experience.

In the winter of 1861, then resident in Wisconsin, God set me at perfect liberty. We had just closed a delightful class-meeting, on a Tuesday night, at a private house. We were loath to depart. While conversing, incidentally the subject of entire sanctification came up. The leader of the Sunday-noon class, who was present, rather abruptly asked me, "Brother P., do you enjoy the blessing of a clean heart?" "I do not." "Then you are not prepared to preach the Gospel." "As to that, the Lord has owned my labors, in some measure, in the conversion of sinners, the promotion of Sunday schools, the erection of churches, etc. Still, I agree with you, that, without a conscious and continual consecration of my whole self to God, I am not living up to the full measure of my duty and possible usefulness." I inwardly resolved, then and there, that, come what would, "Holiness to the Lord" should be my motto and experience.

Despite the fact that I had met with, and been perplexed by counterfeit claimers of sanctification, and knew that I might have keener trials, graver responsibilities; my mind was fixed. As a means to an end, and with a view to doing others good, I appointed a prayer-meeting, each Friday night, at the parsonage, for the promotion of Holiness. At the first meeting my soul was set free. As the hour of nine o'clock came on, I gave opportunity for any to retire; and then shortly remarked, that, for one, *I felt that I had Satan at a disadvantage; that the house, for the time being, was my own; that the lights need not be extinguished, or the meeting, dismissed, till victory came; that I was resolved to wrestle and pray till the morning's dawn, but that I would come off triumphant. In supplication, I kept such passages as these continually in my mind, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" "If we walk in the light," etc. In an hour God gave me the desire of my heart; others also claimed Jesus as their uttermost Saviour.*

From that time to the present, I have had many serious responsibilities, arduous labors, mental and physical sufferings, but a continual consciousness that I was all the Lord's; glorious victories; large success in doing good. God has given me clearer views of His character; He has enabled me to lay aside habits which, unconsciously to myself, diluted my usefulness. I have been continually learning much in the way of holiness, as well as how to enter it

I wish to say, that the secret of whatever success I have had in pointing souls to Christ as a complete Saviour has been owing, under God, to my insisting, upon holiness as (1) definite object of search; something, specific: not simply "more religion," "more of the Holy Spirit," etc., but a specific blessing, and, therefore, that we are to have the witness of the fact given to us of God. And (2) to be expected of.

I ardently pray for the time to draw near when scriptural life-holiness shall be the accepted belief and practical experience in every denominational branch of the Christian Church.

"High on the raging billows borne,
Or sweetly wafted o'er the deep,
Alike to us the calm or storm,
If Israel's guard our watch shall keep.

When far beyond the billow's roar,
The hidden rock, the treacherous sand,
We furl our sails, and hail the shore,
The verdant shore, of Zion's land, –

Oh! then we'll sing of danger past,
Of toils that made our bliss complete,
That brought our crowns and palms at last
Trophies at the Saviour's feet."

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



ETHEL PERKINS

(Methodist)

(The following experience of a little girl, 12 years old, was written by herself on the request of her friend, the editor, and no one was permitted to make any suggestions to her as regards the punctuation, the choice or the spelling of words, the order of thought, or the forms of expression. She did not know what the experience was wanted for. The experience is given just as she wrote it.)

I was born June 24 1875. I think my Christian experience began when I joined the Presbyterian church in Fredonia, New York.

I thought that I wanted to be good. So I tried but trying did not seem to do any good; I kept trying and breaking down and then making a new resolution and trying again. I asked Jesus to help me but I did not expect him to or look for his help. Sometimes I would give up and then I would think that I would try once more. So it went on.

I joined the church and yet was not sure that I was saved. I prayed Jesus to forgive my sins but I did not understand that I needed to be forgiven and saved.

It did not change while we staid in Fredonia which was about a year and a half. We went to Leavenworth and it went on just the same. We were in Leavenworth four or five months before we came down here. We arrived here the 15th of August. The Methodist preacher came here the first part of October (1886) whose name was Mr. Shiras. The week after Brother Shiras came here we had special meetings every evening and at the first meeting we had I saw my need of a Savior. That night as I lay in the bed thinking and praying I heard a voice as plain as I ever heard any one speak saying "Thy sins are forgiven thee." I think I must have felt a great deal happier than the people were in the olden times when Jesus healed them. After that I sometimes spoke crossly and impatiently and did somethings that were not right. I thought at first that it could not be that I was saved but I was so sure that Jesus had forgiven me that I could not think that long, but I had to keep going to Jesus to be forgiven.

I heard Brother Shiras talk about the blessing of holiness and I wanted that for I did want to live so that I would not have to keep going to Jesus to be forgiven.

I did not want it at first enough to ask anyone how to get it. I waited till I could not wait any longer and then I asked Brother Shiras how to get it and he told me plainly so that I could understand. I went away trusting Jesus to so fill me with his love that I would not want to do anything wrong. Next morning when I woke I was full, heaped up and brimming over with love and happiness. I knew that Jesus was in my heart and that he would keep watch and if any kind of evil should look in he would be sure to see it and tell me about it. I was so happy Oh so very happy. About two weeks after one morning the joy was gone but I tested Jesus and three days after this the joy came back. The peace and love had not been gone at all.

I did not speak in the meetings and the last meeting we had I did not speak in and the morning after I felt all my peace and joy was gone and I asked Jesus to show me what was the matter and that morning the chapter read was the fourteenth of St. Mark, and as Brother Shiras read those words all the joy and peace came back.

SIMONA, FLA., June 26, 1887.

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



G. M. PIERCE

(Methodist)

At the age of eighteen, in my native village, in Central New York, I gave myself to the Saviour. At once, my attention was called, by my class-leader, to the work of entire sanctification. Just then arose an unhappy controversy concerning, this doctrine. This controversy created in me a disrelish for the entire subject. I practically resolved to think no more about it; at least, until the “doctors could agree.”

While pursuing the studies of my college course, I had concluded to embrace the law, as my profession for life. Hence, on graduating, I soon entered on the study of law, which I pursued until I secured my certificate of admission to the bar. God, however, overruled my plans; and in obedience to His will, at the age of twenty-one, I entered on the regular work of Methodist itinerant.

For five years, I gave myself, as far as I knew, unreservedly to the work of God. I everywhere found acceptance with the people. In fact success appeared to be sent of God in all departments of ministerial labor, save in one; the salvation of souls. In this I had but limited success I often lamented my lack of “revival power.” At time I became quite discouraged in view of my limited success in this work.

At the end of five years of labor in the regular work, I was led (as I firmly believe), in the providence of God, to enter on the work of a teacher in one of the academies within the bounds of our conference. My great motive was, increased qualification to be secured thus, for subsequent ministerial efficiency. I have sometimes thought that my comparatively limited success in the work of saving souls may have had some influence in the matter. I remained teaching four years. During this time, I preached frequently; and was instrumental, under God, in the salvation of a number of souls. The Lord gave me success in teaching.

After four years of experience as an instructor, in answer to what I believed was a call of God, I re-engaged in my former work. During, the first four months of my labors on my charge, my experience, personal and ministerial, as not unlike that of former years. We had a church enterprise which engaged our attention, and which God conducted to a successful issue.

From the commencement of my ministerial experience, through a period of nine and a half years, faint glimmerings of something better, and deeper, and sweeter, and more complete in Christian experience than I was possessed of, would occasionally appear; but they were only transient, because unwelcome and unheeded, from my prejudice against the whole subject of so-called “heart-purity.”

In the fall succeeding the time just referred to, I attended the Camp-meeting of our district. My charge had no tent. I was led, in the providence of God, to make my home, during, most of the meeting, in a tent where personal holiness was the great theme. It was urged upon me by friends: I acquiesced in their views, but did not fully give myself up to the work. I returned from the meeting, thinking more and more favorably on the subject than ever before.

On my return, I felt resolved to go to work for the salvation of souls in right good earnest. I worked hard, but yet with only limited success There was evidently a weakness somewhere. I felt all along, during the remainder of the conference year, that I ought to be able to “reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord;” yet my mind as befogged. I had conviction; resolved again and again to be altogether the Lord’s; I prayed often, “Lord, sanctify me, soul and body;” yet no light. I promised, when God would give the needed light, I would walk in it.

I had felt, at the close of the conference year, that, in view of my limited success in “winning, souls,” it would be better for the charge to have a man of more “revival power” sent them the next year. Still, it appeared to be the general wish of the charge that no change was made. During the summer, my convictions for a deeper work of grace in my heart was increased. I felt that a revival was needed, and

resolved that I would not be in the way, and told the Lord I was willing to be anything, or do anything for the furtherance of this object. How often I wished I could "drop in," even but for a few moments, at "23 St. Mark's Place," for advice and counsel concerning, "the higher life!" I still covenanted with God, that when He sent the light, that I might see my way clear, I would walk in the light. I was sincere in this declaration; yet it may be that the covenant, or contract, as the more readily made, that thus I might, for the time being, satisfy my conscience for neglect of doing the work then, and still retain my justification.

This year I resolved that we, as a people, should be well represented at the Camp-meeting. We had a goodly number present at the whole meeting. I there learned to account for my convictions on the subject of entire sanctification, since we last met on the camp-ground. Friends had been wrestling with God during the entire year, that fullness of liberty might be mine. Holiness was the great theme at the Camp-meeting. It was preached from the stand, and was the constant subject of conversation among the more devout. My own convictions on the subject were very strong: still I procrastinated. I purchased the work on "Perfect Love," by Rev. J. A. Wood. I commenced its perusal, and endeavored to satisfy my mind for delay with the thought, "After I read the book, and see my way clearly, I will act." I still renewed my covenant solemnly with God, that, then the light came, I would walk in it.

On Friday morning Rev. Henry Belden, of Brooklyn, preached. His theme was holiness. Its presentation was clear and happy. Darkness and fog were dispelled, in a great measure, from my mind. This sermon was followed by one from Rev. J. A. Wood, on the same subject. Before he had concluded, the last vestige of darkness was gone, and I had no longer even the flimsiest pretext for further delay. Those two sermons were of remarkable clarity and power. Hundreds, to their dying day, will thank God for them.

I now had received what I had long sought and on which I had based my promise to God, that, when I should receive such as this, I would yield. But, strange to say, I still refused to act. I then had reason to believe that I had all along made the promise, conditioned thus, too much as a soother of my conscience for delay. At the close of the prayer meeting, after the preaching before mentioned, all, preachers and people, who were willing, to covenant at that time to wrestle with God to secure full salvation before the Camp-meeting broke up, were invited to manifest it by the uplifted hand. I was unwilling to make the covenant then. I was also unwilling to let the people, especially those of my charge, know that I would not make the consecration. I dared not assume such a responsibility. I therefore sat down behind the seekers on the stand, and, at the close of the meeting, retired to my tent, restless and unhappy, and conscious that I had violated my pledge to God.

At once a prayer meeting was called for in our tent. About the middle of the meeting I could no longer pray or speak, but, under the convicting, and melting power of God, could only sob like a child. My pride was mortified, myself humbled, to be thus exercised in the presence of my people. *After this trial in the crucible for more than an hour, with my pride humbled, myself extremely broken down I could only say, "Lord, only this; and what is thy will?" It seemed at once as if God, by His Spirit's impress, thus addressed me: "My will is your entire sanctification. You promised me, that when the light came, you would walk in it. The light has been supplied; and yet you are ungratefully and criminally allowing your pride of heart, your prejudice and imperfect professors of heart purity, and your fear, lest, if the fullness of the Spirit should be poured upon you, you should be obliged to be exercised in some way that would not be acceptable to the carnal mind, and you should not be popular, -- you are allowing, all this to make you a perjurer in my sight; for you are thus, in the judgment of your solemn pledge. Lying not unto man, but unto God."*

Oh, what a view God then gave me of my folly: ingratitude, and sinfulness, in thus treating my Saviour, when desirous of bestowing a most blessed boon upon me! I was enabled to yield, after quickly and yet thoroughly weighing the matter. I freely gave up all, -- pride, prejudice, regard for man's applause or

worldly popularity as a preacher; -- and simply by faith in His word, took Jesus as my Saviour from all sin. At once was presented to me, as a cross that must be borne, "You must go out to the prayer-meeting before the stand, and make your confession and consecration known to preachers and people, without a moment's hesitation." I responded, "Christ helping me, I will." This was one of the most trying requirements of my ministerial life. The cross was heavy, and burden was removed from my heart; and, during the rest of the meeting, I felt like a prisoner to liberty. How many times since have I blessed God that he held me to the work at that time!

I had no evidence direct from the Spirit, while on the camp-ground, that God had saved me wholly, nor did I have for several days afterward; though the consecration was full, and the faith unwavering. Still the people of my church remarked that there was evidently a great change in the spirit of my preaching, on the Sabbath after my return. The direct Spirit evidence soon fully came; though I cannot say at what particular moment, or in what special mode, except that it seemed to come, like the morning light, gradually. The words which would best express my feelings when deliverance fully came, and which are the best index to my constant Christian standing, since that full deliverance, are ABIDING IN CHRIST.

I now in my life, realize an unrestricted intimacy with the Saviour, a consciousness that whatever is not to the glory of God is distasteful to my heart, the worth of the soul, and the sanctification of the gospel. The privilege of the true believer is a life of faith, limited only by the word of God; which life is one of constant reliance on God, and expectation of fruit from Him. This has been my experience in preaching, in the various means of social grace and in my visiting from house to house; while in the constant panting within for all the fullness of God, and in the unceasing burning of soul for the salvation of others, to which the Lord is abundantly responding, I realize that the spirit of Christ is fully mine.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul! And all that is within me, bless His holy name."

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



L. W. Pilcher

The experience of Dr. L. W. Pilcher, late president of Peking University, and for twenty three years a self-sacrificing missionary in China, who died November 24, 1893, illustrates most beautifully the distinction between partial and perfect salvation, and shows how definite the transition becomes from one to the other under the light and power of the Holy Ghost and Fire. His own record of his spiritual transfiguration, under date of February 2, 1887 – six years preceding his translation to heaven – which was found among his papers, tells impressively his story of the struggle and triumph by which he reached the delectable mount of full salvation. He said:

“It is now twenty one years since I received the assurance that God, for Christ’s sake, forgave my sins. During all these years I have been as one dwelling upon a plateau of comfortable width, well up the mountain sides. Beneath me was the ‘pit from which I was digged.’ Before me was spread out the beautiful landscape, filled with many views of delight to the spiritual sense. But before and above me towered the mountain with its brow bathed in eternal light, and from whose crest the ever-widening view stretched away in every direction clear up to the gates of pearls, through whose open portals streamed the glory that filled the soul of the dwellers upon the mountain-top, and shed some rays down the slope till they reached me, imparting some notion of what was above and beyond.

“Year after year, and day after day, I continued to dwell there. Earnest men and women passed me in their journey toward the light that blazed overhead. They often stopped and urged me to go with them.

With Bible in hand, they pointed out the promises of our God which gave assurance of a loftier experience and a broader vision. I often felt drawn to follow with them, but with decreasing satisfaction and diminishing pleasure continued to dwell upon my chosen terrace, with its beautiful but narrow view. Each time I wished them Godspeed, and each time was left behind.

By and by these passers-by irritated me. I shunned their presence as much as possible. If obliged to listen to their stories of the wonders of the glory that shone above me, I did so with indifference, and looked upon them as visionaries. I put aside all their messages unread. I tried to persuade myself that the towering mountain and its crown of glory was a figment of the imagination, and that where I stood was the true height of spiritual desire. In this delusion I rested.

For seventeen years God has permitted me to preach the gospel of love and salvation. He has placed me upon the outpost in a most responsible position. I have tried to tell men of Christ, and, from my own experience, could point to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Under my ministry men have, from time to time, seemed to yield, but seldom have they given themselves to Christ.

Within the last fortnight, by the kind exhortations of a friend, and because of our intensified desire to help some who are about me, I have been forced to thoroughly review my whole Christian life, and examine into the motives that have inspired what had seemed to be my most praiseworthy acts. Prayerfully and tearfully I undertook the task. I suddenly – and I must say it in justice to myself, for I verily thought during all these years that I was doing God's service – awoke up the fact that I had been striving to glorify self and enjoy God forever!

"Dwelling upon my little mountain terrace, God's face has been hid from me, and only a few rays of his glory have fallen upon the spot where I lived. I have sung, 'Arise, my soul, arise,' and have clung tightly to things below. I have cried out, 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' and then turned my back upon him. I have with my lips said, 'O for a heart to praise my God!' and my heart said to praise myself. I have exclaimed, 'Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!' and have not looked up for the blessing. My private devotions have not been seasons of communion with my Father, but times of formal adherence to habits formed in childhood. My Bible has been read only in a perfunctory way, because a professing Christian is supposed to own a Bible, and read it too. But, alas! Its clean pages and unused condition testifies too truly to my neglect.

Humiliating as this confession is, it is not half of what the Lord showed me, until in self-abasement I could have groveled in the dust in agony of despair.

"For a whole week I sought the path leading up. For some reason it seemed hedged away from me, and I could not make the start. Others about me found the path, and from their altitude of desire attained, beckoned me on, pointing out the path that seemed so plain to them, but hidden from me.

"I tried, with God's help, to remove myself entirely from sight; but at the same time I was inclined to dictate to the Lord just where I ought to discover the way. And just how I wished the blessing. So long as I continued in this spirit, the way was hidden from my view. Once I was almost ready to give up, thinking the blessing was for me, and that the glory of the mountain-top was reserved for others. For a while I tried to rest resigned in this thought; but I found I could live no longer where I had dwelt so long. I must climb higher, or sink lower. *Encouraged by the words and experience of others, I determined to rest in the promises and wait, expecting the answer in God's own time and way.*

"Yesterday, at noon, in our prayer-meeting, the pathway began to open up. The evening before, while exhorting the Chinese who had been seeking salvation, I had used the illustration of the persistency of a beggar in seeking alms. Good old Brother Sun arose soon after, and, dwelling upon the same illustration, spoke of how often it was the case that the beggar became so engrossed in seeking, that he fails to notice the gift that is thrown to him, and allows it to fall unheeded in the dust. I thought, while

others in the noon prayer-meeting were telling their joys, 'Have I not failed to heed the gift already bestowed?' Then the light began to stream in, slowly filling the broken and empty vessel. Higher by faith I climbed, until soon I stood upon the summit, all bathed in light with the joy that overflowed.

"It was no vision or chimera of a disordered mind. I hungered and thirsted, and was filled. O blessed experience! O joy unspeakable! I had asked for a great deal, but the Lord gave me more – exceeding ABUNDANTLY ABOVE ALL than I asked or thought.

"I now stand on the mountain-top. Clouds of doubt cannot rise to this altitude. The light that is all around, streaming forth from the throne of God, is too bright and all-pervading to permit of a shadow."

Source: "Salvation Papers" by S. A. Keen



J. M. PIKE

The truths here presented have been drawn from the Word of God and forged on the anvil of personal experience. I know whereof I affirm, For fourteen years after my conversion I plodded my weary way, in common with many Christians of my acquaintance, with a co-mingling of light and darkness, faith and doubt, joy and sorrow, victory and defeat, success and failure in my Christian experience. But since that blessed day, now twenty years ago, when the Comforter assured me that He had come to abide, religion has been a luxury, the service of God a delight. It grows brighter and sweeter and better every day, and I am full of expectation that this streak of sunshine will issue into the blaze of eternal day.

"Oh, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss."

Source: Message 1, entitled "Holiness," from "The Double Cure, or Echoes from National Camp Meetings," edited by William McDonald



SUSANNA PILSON

(Early Methodist)

"I assisted at the funeral of Susanna Pilson. She was one of the first members of this society, and continued firm in the hottest of the persecution. Upward of twenty years she adorned the gospel, steadily and uniformly walking with God. For a great part of the time she was a living witness that 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.' After a lingering illness, she calmly resigned her soul into the hands of her faithful Creator." (Journal, May, 1771.)

Source: John Wesley's Journal

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



ROSELLE JOHN PLUMB

(Nazarene)

In the Colorado landscape may be seen plains and mountains, valleys and glaciers. Across its lofty fifty-two peaks of over fourteen thousand feet are some of the greatest glaciers of North America, while over the prairies may be found some of the best ranch land in all the West.

To these plains, just east of Colorado Springs, came Williston and Ellen Plumb from Iowa in a caravan of covered wagons and 300 head of cattle in the year 1873. Williston Plumb was a rugged pioneering soul, having fought under General Sherman in the Civil War. Ellen Robinson with her religious ways had been trained for the profession of school teaching under that educator and fiery soul-winning evangelist, Rev. Charles G. Finney. She had met and married Mr. Plumb during her teaching days in Iowa. In Colorado they established their homestead in view of the vast Rocky Mountain range on a ranch which soon grew into sixteen hundred acres of farming and pasture land for their cattle.

On this, homestead, April 7, 1886, their sixth child was born. He was named Roselle John. For him God had a plan. "R. J." attended the nearby one-room country school, then went to Colorado Springs, for high school and business, college. In his seventeenth year he met and became interested in Miss, Bessie H. Cole. The Cole family, also from Iowa, had settled on their ranch near the Plumbs.

About this time there came into the community a United Brethren circuit rider by the name of Rev. J. N. Davis. He launched a revival campaign in the country schoolhouse. Homesteaders for miles, around attended the meetings, including the above-mentioned young couple. Among those finding God were Mr. Plumb and Miss Cole. As their romance flowered forth into marriage, the circuit-riding minister was on hand to perform the ceremony at the Cole homestead on June 19, 1907.

Two months later the Pikes Peak Holiness Camp Meeting was under way led by Rev. W. H. Lee, superintendent of the People's Mission church; and Rev. Seth C. Rees, the fiery evangelist. *It was at this camp, down in the straw, while Plumb was seeking and finding the experience of sanctification, that God very plainly spoke to young Plumb about his life's work, namely, preaching the gospel of Jesus, Christ. It was a momentous, decision indeed for a devoted couple facing the future.*

That autumn the R. J. Plumbs sold out their ranch holdings and entered Western Holiness Bible College, Colorado Springs. His ministerial studies were coupled with practical training at mission work in Fort Collins, Pueblo, and Grand Junction. In proper time Rev. W. H. Lee ordained R. J. Plumb for the work of the ministry.

In August, 1910, Dr. P. F. Bresee, founder of the Church of the Nazarene in the West, came upon invitation to the Pikes Peak Camp Meeting. He received the People's Mission church into the Nazarene denomination. Brother and Sister Plumb were in that happy group. As the Colorado District Assembly convened with Dr. P. F. Bresee presiding, Brother Plumb was among those granted Nazarene elder's orders by the founder. Little did either man know at the time what God had in store for the youth and the movement into which he was to pour his life.

Source: "Our Pioneer Nazarenes" by C. T. Corbett



PETER POIRET

[It may be correctly stated that the material below does not contain an account of the subject's entire sanctification nor a direct testimony to the experience. It is inserted as a matter of interest and evidence that Christians from the earliest times were aware of the need of that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." And, in some cases their written insights on the subject may indeed have originated from personal experience. -- DVM]

Peter Poiret, an early Protestant writer, in his Divine Economy, says: "But when he thinks himself far advanced, and his activity at an end, and as it were quite wearied and spent in this holy employment, which is a true worship of God; then does God strike him with a light so penetrating and so lively, and with motions so internal and powerful, that all the corruption of the inward recesses of his soul, is stirred up from the very bottom. And this discovers to him on one hand so great and so perfect a purity in God, that all his past good works and righteousness seem to him but little in comparison of it; and on

the other hand, the corruption that is at the bottom of his heart which he discerned not before, appears to him so heinous that not daring to do anything more, nor to use any activity so corrupt as he is, despairing of whatever may come from him, he casts himself as dead into God's hands.

“From the time of this perfect resignation, God becomes all in man: he works in him as he pleases and without opposition; and there grace is absolute mistress. 'Tis God that then disposes of the liberty and faculties of man, of his desires, his understandings, and of everything: he moves and penetrates all by the motions of his love and of his divine light; but in such a manner as is at first very dreadful and mortifying to sense; because God's motions investing the inmost recesses of the soul are expelling thence their most central and rooted corruption, which is not alone without great agonies which are extremely acute and desolating to a soul that is by nature of the greatest and tenderest perception imaginable.

“But this perfect operation of purifying grace being finished, the soul comes pure out of this furnace, and lives thence forward in the bright element of reigning grace. She is then a new creature, and her divine faculties, now that they are repaired in their utmost recesses are governed and acted by the Holy Ghost, who uses them as he sees convenient for God's glory and the benefit of other souls.”

Source: “Objections to Holiness Considered” by H. A. Baldwin

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