



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

AURA SMITH

SERMON BY AURA SMITH

Text: Ezekiel 36:25-29. “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.”

That is the kind of sprinkling I believe in! (“Good!” “Glory!”) It would be a big thing if we even stopped there; but He tells us in the next verses the process by which this is brought about: “A new heart I also will give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.” That would be glorious, wouldn’t it, if you just stopped there I will never forget the day when that took place with me, when I found that a new heart had come into me, when I found a new spirit possessed me. But I soon found out there was something else in me and then my trouble began. I shouted in a quiet way, because I was a quiet person at that time. I praised the Lord all that day. But I soon found I had something in me contrary to this new heart and trouble began and kept up for about seven years. Then I found the experience of this text: “And I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people and I will be your God. I will also save you from all your uncleannesses; and I will call for the corn, and will increase it, and lay; no famine upon you.” “And I will multiply the fruit of the tree and the increase of the field, that ye shall receive no more reproach of famine among the heathen. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations.”

I had been converted seven years, but never during that time applied the term “holy” to myself, but the moment I went to the fountain, from the moment I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, people have introduced me as a holiness man, and my denomination have spoken of me as such. I happened to be in a strange town. I went to the depot to take the train. There was a lady and her husband waiting there, and as I came by she said to her husband: “There is one of them now! There is one of those holiness fellows.” I said, “I am. You are correct. I would like to tell you a little of my experience. I told them how God had sanctified me. She turned to her husband and said, I want that washing,” and he said he did too. I didn’t get this until I got the second experience.

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



JENNIE SMITH

June 6, 1871 I had an unusual attack with my limbs. The cramp extended through the whole body, so that it took six persons to keep me in my chair. My shoulders were bruised with the pressure required to keep my body in place, and I suffered some hours from tetanus. For ten days I could only be fed with a spoon. It was a wonder to all that I recovered. I owe much, through the blessing of Providence, to the attentive physicians, the watchful care of loved ones, and many kind friends who came to our assistance. Through this terrible suffering I was wonderfully supported; the Savior was near me, and I could say, “Thy will be done.” I realized as never before that I had not comprehended the breadth and

length and depth and height of that love which it was my privilege to enjoy.

Several incidents occurred during this sickness.

As my chair required repairing, three friends presented me with a lounge, so that my limb might be strapped to it, and I could be moved with more ease. I had a thread-case I used only to keep little valuables in and money that I was collecting to pay bills. The day I was taken worse I had sold more than usual, and laid the case with its contents in my chair. The next day, after recovering from the stupor caused by the pain, I let mother know it was there; but when she looked for it, it was gone, and never could be discovered afterward. It contained fifteen dollars, besides a number of keepsakes. The loss, however, was partly made up to me. After some weeks I improved rapidly, until my general health was better than usual.

July 8th I rested better, but am still weak. This is a lovely morning; the air is vocal with the songs of birds. My thoughts, I find, are too wandering. I want an increase of faith and love, a more zealous interest in the salvation of souls. It is with an eye single to the glory of God that I desire to attend the first national camp-meeting at Urbana, of which there has been much talk of late. He alone knows my need. But I will trust, and if it be his will, he will open my way, so that I shall have the means and strength to go.

July 14th My way was closed up until within a few days of the meeting. Brother and sister J. R. Smith called and told us of the arrangement to have a union tent on the camp-ground. They then presented me with a ready-made cloak. Not long after this, a letter came from Rev. J. F. Conrey, inclosing eight dollars from friends in the Second Charge, with an invitation to come to camp-meeting.

August 1st On receiving a dispatch from our friends we went to the railroad station, where I was carefully lifted, so as not to receive any injury, and placed aboard the train for Urbana. By the time we reached that place I was quite exhausted, but got a refreshing sleep after being placed in the ladies' room. It had been arranged to take us to the camp early. The ride was delightful, a much-needed shower having refreshed all nature, and the scenery and atmosphere were invigorating to both soul and body.

We spent the first day at brother Hitt's tent. They were exceeding kind. I could hear considerable of the service in the square. My feelings at first were so wrought upon that I was homesick. I felt like a child that wanted something and could not tell what. I could not feel in sympathy with the meeting. As sisters Inskip and Shyrhia approached me next morning, I felt at once they had the experience my burdened heart was longing for. After I expressed my feelings, sister Inskip said: "You want a pure heart, filled with love. Nothing but the all-cleansing power of Jesus' blood can give you this. Tears are of no avail. Give all to Jesus; make a complete consecration, simply trusting him, and he will do the work for you." We then went to the great tabernacle, where we heard brother Coleman preach a powerful discourse upon the gracious invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh how I felt the need of the renewing power of the Holy Spirit, and a more perfect consecration to God! Scores thronged the altar of prayer, and at each service souls were delivered from the bondage of sin. I was greatly blessed, and at times very happy, yet the consecration was not complete.

On Thursday, while listening to a sermon by brother Gray, from Hebrews 7 "Therefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them" -- I was able to place all upon the altar, as I had never done before. I laid hold of the promises by naked faith, without any feeling. I took the Lord at his word. I accepted him as my complete Savior and Sanctifier. After a time my peace flowed as a river. I saw the beauty of holiness, and realized how able he was to cleanse my heart from all sin. My unbelief had limited his keeping power by not living more in the present, trusting in him moment by moment.

On Sabbath morning I was deeply impressed with the scene in the great tabernacle. Such a love-feast is

seldom witnessed. I thought, If it is so glorious here, what will heaven be, where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.” How sweet the anticipation of the reunion in heaven; and that, too, with many of the acquaintances formed at this meeting. Rev. Alfred Cookman, who so soon after went “sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb,” said to me: “Dear sister, you are a great sufferer, and almost helpless; yet you may outlive many of us who are on this ground.” How true his words! Numbers have since gone to their long home. Brother Gunn, in a recent letter, says: “That camp-meeting has a history which does not end in this world, but I believe will reach far into eternity, swelling the numbers of the blood-washed throng.”

Many were the incidents of those ten days, but space will not permit my giving them. The last evening, after the Lord’s-supper was administered (which was a feast to the soul), they all fell into rank, and slowly marched three times around the square, singing as they went. I never beheld a sight so solemn, and so suggestive of the world’s march to the judgment, the great day of the final separation, as represented in the Gospel of Matthew. As I looked at the procession, I wondered who of that throng could say of this meeting, as many will be compelled at the last to say, “The harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and we are not saved!” I returned home fatigued, but my health was improved. Our visit to camp was a benefit to both mother and myself, physically as well as spiritually.

We had our last quarterly-meeting August 26th and 27th. The brethren took me down to the church on Saturday afternoon – a privilege I had not enjoyed for years, and one, too, so little appreciated by a majority of our members in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at least it is not attended as it should be; namely, the Saturday sermons of our presiding elders. Rev. J. Wykes preached an excellent discourse from Matthew 5:8 “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” A shower came up, so I was compelled to remain for the evening service, after which it was still raining. I was rejoiced in being thus storm-stayed. The dear friends were solicitous for our welfare, but when convinced of my heart’s desire to remain in our Father’s house all night, they consented, as it was convenient to make it comfortable for mother to sleep. That was one of the happiest nights of my life. During the day I read in Dr. Mahan’s “Baptism of the Holy Ghost” an incident of a Scotch girl who, during the era of deadly persecution in Scotland, when on her way to a religious meeting, was met by a company of murderous marauders and required to give her destination. She could not deny the faith, and would not reveal the place of meeting. At this moment the promise of our Lord to his disciples presented itself to her mind-” It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak.” She lifted a secret prayer that God would give her what she should speak. Instantly these words suggested themselves: “I am going to my Father’s house. My elder Brother has died. His will is to be read today, and I have an interest in it.” The commander bade her go on her way, saying: “I hope you will find a rich portion left to yourself.” This gave me a theme for precious meditation – the power of prayer – and every time I woke my first thought was, I am in my Father’s house, and I sweetly realized I had an interest in the blessed will through the death of the beloved Son

There was a heavy storm at daybreak, but my heart bounded with joy to think I was safe at church for the day’s service. We had a glorious love-feast in the lecture-room, and then went upstairs. Brother Wykes preached from the words, “If any man serveth me, him will my Father honor.” His sermon made clear the path of duty for every Christian. During the lovefeast, the sermon, and sacramental service, it seemed to me that

“Heaven came down our souls to greet,
While glory crowned the mercy-seat.”

Source: “The Valley of Baca” by Jennie Smith



MELVIN H. SNYDER

(Wesleyan)

[At the time this testimony was written, Melvin H. Snyder was general superintendent of The Wesleyan Church.]

The fall of 1931 marked the beginning of an epochal experience in my spiritual pilgrimage – an experience of conscious heart cleansing from all sin. Foundational to that cleansing, however, was a conversion experience in 1928. Having been reared in the Church and in a parsonage, I knew the ethics of the Christian faith as interpreted by the “holiness movement.” I had often knelt an altar of prayer and professed a trust in Christ for salvation only to discover later that I was indeed void of any real assurance.

It was not until early in my 16th year that I walked down a Bible college chapel aisle saying to myself, “If there is any truth in this religion and they can get it through my thick head what I am to do to obtain it, I shall do it.” Though I did not realize it at the time, that resolve obligated God to reveal himself to me, for it is written, “If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine” (John 7:17).

What I had heard all of my life, but not really comprehended, became crystal clear to my heart and mind. I must place the whole weight of my sinful soul upon Christ as my personal Saviour and believe that God for Christ sake, and His sake alone, forgave me of all my sins for no other reason in the world but that I believed Him. I dared to do it. And instantly I received the assurance that I had not believed in vain. I knew my sins were forgiven. It was life from the dead! Immediately I had an overwhelming desire to share the good news with others.

Subsequently, I received a definite call to the ministry and in 1931, at the age of 19, I found myself engaged in a quest for souls wherever God opened doors. However, I had already found that an inner foe still remained in my redeemed soul. Manifestations of the fear of man, pride, self-will, and other unchristlike tempers troubled me at times. I knew I loved the Saviour, but was not a little disturbed that He had a rival and it was within my own breast. Such classics as *Holiness and Power* by A. M. Hills, *Perfect Love* by J. A. Wood, *Wesley’s Plain Account*, and the little book, *Men and Women of Deep Piety* convinced me that the Scriptures clearly taught the possibility of deliverance from this inner foe.

A Sunday afternoon in 1931 marked the moment of deliverance. I entered my room determined never to cross the threshold again, or to enter another pulpit, until I had the assurance of a clean heart. Thinking the battle might last for days, I decided to first think through the prayer of confession of need before I approached the throne of grace. I decided to catalog the carnal traits which had troubled me with all the honesty of which I was capable, and then declare before a holy God that I believed the blood of Christ could cleanse and completely deliver me from this plague of my soul. The Rubicon had been crossed. I determined I would never turn back from my pursuit.

Strangely enough, I was never permitted to pray that prayer. God had been listening in all the while. I was suddenly aware that the heavens had opened over my head and that Calvary’s flow was making me whiter than now. What I had desired with my whole heart had suddenly become a real. Words are utterly inadequate to describe what the eyes of my soul perceived in the atoning work of Christ and perceiving, claimed by faith. This subjective part of that cleansing experience having been settled, instantly my heart was broken with a burden for lost men everywhere and an unquenchable passion to bring them to the Saviour.

The blessing received that day by almost an unconscious faith has been retained across the years by deliberate acts of faith with the rewarding assurance that the cleansing blood is continuously mine. As the sainted David B. Updegraff averred, “We are sanctified by a single act of faith, but we are kept sanctified by the habit of faith.”

Source: "And They Shall Prophesy"

Compiled by George E. Failing



SOLOMON, A SEPHARDIC JEW

At a Southern Florida camp meeting, a young couple came to me and said, "There will be a Jewish man here Friday. He's coming to hear you speak."

"I said, "Is that so? Where's he from?"

The young woman said, "Well, he works in a state hospital about 400 miles from here."

Friday afternoon he did come. He was a man in his forties, I presume. He had lived a very clean life. He worked as a musical therapist in a state institution. He did not major in the rock-and-roll flare, but liked concert music. In fact, he liked all the finer things of life.

The young couple who had prayed for him brought him over to my cottage. I began to deal with him about the claims of Christ upon his soul. He shook his head. He did not want to hear about Jesus. That name to him was an abomination.

"But," he said, "I've come to the end of my rope. I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel. I've gone as long as I can. I can't live this way any longer. I must have something! I want what I see in the life of this young couple. I want what I see in you."

I kept saying, "Solomon, it is only through Yeshua. It is only through Jesus, the Messiah."

"How do you know," he argued, "that maybe through Mohammed, or Krishna, or through... .",

I said, "Look, did you come 400 miles to argue with me about Mohammed or Krishna? If you did, let's quit right now. You might as well have stayed in Georgia. But if you've come here to really learn the truth, you'll have to listen and give a hearing in the name of Jesus."

He listened then. We got on our knees to pray, all of us. Solomon sobbed and sobbed. "O," he said, "I must have this. I must be liberated. I'll go crazy if I'm not. O my sins, my sins. But to ask to be liberated in the name of Jesus! I can't! I can't!"

On Friday night when sinners were being invited to the altar, I saw Solomon sitting a couple rows from the back of the tabernacle. He was bent almost in a U shape over the seat in front of him, under deep, deep conviction.

The Holy Spirit said to me, "Just nudge him a little bit. Maybe he'll go to the altar."

I went to him, touched him with my Bible and said, "Solomon, go to the altar. Go through with God."

He looked at me with tear-blurred eyes and confessed, "I'm not worthy. I'm not worthy."

I did not say more to him then. Saturday afternoon I spoke to a large crowd in the tabernacle. I hope I am not exaggerating to say there were a thousand or more there. Solomon was in the crowd. I mentioned to the audience that there was a Jewish man among us who had come 400 miles to find peace for his soul and that it was only through Jesus that he could find this peace. I asked, "How many will stand to their feet as a promise to God that they will pray for this man that he be saved before he leaves the camp grounds?" People stood all over the tabernacle.

I did not point out Solomon and put him on the spot. Without looking at him, I said, "Now look around, young man, and see all these people who are promising to pray for you."

Saturday night I was sitting a little distance from him. I could not see him at all. When the invitation was given, someone came to me and said, “Solomon is at the altar!”

Immediately, I hurried down one of the aisles so that I could see the whole length of the altar rail. Solomon was not only at the altar, but he was lying flat on his face under the altar, pounding on the floor, crying out to God. My heart was full of joy! I joined a group of women who were gathered to pray. At the same time the men were praying for Solomon.

Finally Rev. French came over to me and said, “Mrs. Hanley, I believe you ought to come and deal with Solomon. After all, I believe he is one of your people and I think you know better than anyone else what is his stumbling block, what he is not being able to hurdle.”

I said, “But, O Brother, I can’t go over there.” (Those around Solomon were all men, and I do not believe in the intermingling of men and women at such times at the altar.) “Brother French,” I repeated, “I can’t. They’re all men.”

Just then Mrs. French, kneeling by me, said, “I’ll go with you, Mrs. Hanley.” So the two of us went over to Solomon.

I said, “Solomon, it has to be Jesus. It has to be Jesus. Only through Jesus can you be liberated.”

Until this time he had not been calling upon Jesus. Gentiles can have no idea how hard it is for some Jews to bring that name to their lips, especially for a Jew who has been raised in the strictest of orthodoxy. Solomon was a Sephardic Jew. His people had come from Spain and were really religious orthodox Jews. His teaching made him feel that for him to let the name of Jesus escape his lips in the form of a petition would be blasphemy. I knew that this was what was holding him back.

All of a sudden he cried out, “Yes, it’s Jesus! You’re my Saviour! You died for me! I believe it. I take You as my Saviour.”

Not only was his hand pounding the floor, but he began to bang the floor with his forehead. It was not long until the peace of God flooded his whole heart, soul, and being.

He stood up, and, as one in a trance, with his hands lifted, he looked over the congregation, then up at Rev. Adcock and said, “You’re beautiful!” He looked up at Rev. Emery and said, “You’re beautiful!” Then he said, “I’ve got to go and tell my parents. My father’s in his eighties. I don’t know what they’re going to do.”

He did tell his brothers and sisters. They said they never wanted to see him again. He was figuratively buried for dead, but they said they would never tell his eighty-four year old father, for they knew it would hasten his death. He was excommunicated from his family and never allowed to go home again. Solomon was sanctified in April, 1972. The Lord gave him a Christian bride; they were married in November. His letters are radiant with the love of God and his desire to serve Him. Both parents died. He was not notified.

Source: “Israel, O My People” by Irene Hanley



LEONARD SPANGENBERG

(Nazarene)

Late in 1928 Dr. Leonard Spangenberg started to work for Mr. Roger W. Babson, starting as Assistant Treasurer of Babson’s Reports. Then in 1934, he was made Managing Editor, and two years later Editor in Chief and Vice-President. He was a man who moved about in the circle of big business but who did

not forget the Christ he found in his youth.

A Christian mother can have more influence on one's life than any other person, place, or thing. I am a proud father of two very fine children, but day in and day out Mother gets a lot closer to the children than Father.

I entered this cold world in the arms of a very devout Christian mother. At that time she did not know about the "way of holiness." If she had, I am sure she would have been walking the "way" at my birth.

My father was at that time a nominal Christian. He attended church as a matter of duty; but moral standards seemed to mean more to him than spirituality as a way of life, or even adherence to the manual of any church.

It was not long after I opened my eyes that I was taken to Sunday school by my mother. In those days the forty-hour work-week was not even a dream. My father would work as a machinist six full days a week and plenty of overtime. Sunday mornings, he liked to catch a little extra sleep; so he would join Mother for the morning worship service perhaps once or twice a month.

Whether it was the influence of my Christian mother, or whether I was born with an unusually tender heart, or both, the church always attracted me greatly. I enjoyed Sunday school and hated to miss it, even on stormy Sundays. Do not forget, forty-odd years ago you did not go out to the garage and get into a comfortable automobile and drive to church. You plowed through snowbanks and waited in the whirling snow for a trolley car.

At the age of nine, under my mother's influence and helped by a very fatherly minister, I expressed a desire to be baptized and join the church. This I did. I still remember the joy which I experienced even in those very early years of my life. Although I was only nine years of age, a peace seemed to come over me that still lingers. It made a tremendously lasting impression upon me.

Soon after, my father received a very attractive offer to become superintendent of a large ordnance plant in Boston. We left my birthplace, Plainfield, New Jersey, and located in Boston during the height of World War I. My father worked night and day to get production out. At times he even slept part of the night on a cot in his office. He was successful financially, but he forgot religion. Meanwhile, my mother's prayers continued for him.

One day, near the end of the war, both my father and mother realized that religion was the only thing that could make our home a consistently happy place. Thus, on one Saturday, although we had been attending a local well-known church, my father consulted the religious page of the morning paper. He was not definitely "down" morally or physically, yet he felt that a mission was a good place for any sinner to find help. The name "Old Shawmut Mission" struck a responsive cord. At no time have I ever discounted divine guidance in this choice. Mother's prayers had been piling up, and here was the answer.

In this mission there were Sunday afternoon services as well as evening services. The very next day, early in the afternoon, my mother, my father, my sister, and I drove into Boston to attend our first mission service. It did not take my father long when the opportunity was given to find rest, peace, and pardon. Although we were dressed much better than some of the poor wayfarers who frequent missions, my father knew he needed Christ just as much as they.

We immediately took an active part in the mission and attended every Sunday. The Christian fellowship of those mission days will never be forgotten. The superintendent was quite a musician; so I learned to play the trombone at the tender age of twelve. I can still remember playing the trombone at street meetings in the winter time. The weather often was really cold, so much so that several times I was forced to go back to the warmth of the mission to thaw out the slide of my trombone.

After attending this mission for some time, we were advised by the superintendent to join some church. The first holiness preaching we ever heard was at this small mission. Naturally, after hearing about such a definite work of grace, we wanted to learn more about holiness. With this in mind the superintendent of the mission recommended a holiness church which at that time was called the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. This particular church was located at Malden, Massachusetts.

Holiness was brand-new to us. The word sanctification had little significance. However, it was not very long before our entire family became very hungry for a second definite work of grace. It seemed to be second nature with us to want to walk in the light as the doctrine of holiness was unfolded to us by the Nazarene pastor. Within a month's time after we started to attend this Nazarene church, we had all received the blessing of entire sanctification. It was the dawn of a beautifully bright day for the Spangenberg family. Not only did it bring an inward satisfaction which we had never experienced before, but it changed the course of our entire lives.

One of the most significant parts of my early life, that is, of my conversion and sanctification, was that, as an entire family--father, mother, sister, brother – we accepted Christ. Since that time we have enjoyed the experience of holiness and have continued to grow in grace as we walk the holy pathways.

The Lord called Father home a few years ago. Father died as he had lived – in the sweet communion of the Lord. My sister has become a well-known professor at Eastern Nazarene College. My mother continues to lead a consecrated life. In the business world, with all its stress and strain, I manage to keep calm and enjoy a living religion.

Not for even a fleeting second have I regretted the moment when I accepted Christ, in my very early teens. The Lord has richly blessed me. With a devoted Christian wife, a son in the full experience, a daughter who, I am sure, will walk in the light when she becomes of age, I have everything that one could desire. I am asked at times: Can one be saved and sanctified and still be in the midst of big business? Absolutely! In fact, I find I am greatly respected for the stand I take. My one aim now is to inherit eternal life when my present life's work here is completed. To me this is absolutely essential; otherwise my whole Life will go down as a failure. Will I fail? God helping me, I refuse to fail.

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



FANNIE J. SPARKES

(Methodist)

I was blessed with Christian parents and the advantages of religious training. At the age of thirteen, during a revival in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Binghamton, N. Y., under the pastorate of Rev. A. P. Mead, I became deeply convicted of sin and sought the Lord earnestly and sincerely. I had an erroneous idea of the witness of the Spirit, and was expecting some wonderful change to be instantaneously wrought in my heart. The sense of condemnation gradually gave place to peace and sometimes joy; yet I could not say I had the witness of the Spirit to my conversion.

On the advice of my parents and pastor, though with many misgivings, I then united with the church. During ten years that followed I was counted a consistent member, and was active in church and Sunday school work. I loved God's written Word, loved secret prayer, and occasionally had remarkable answers to prayer. Much of the time, I know now, I enjoyed communion with God; yet I was constantly anxious, and troubled with doubts of my acceptance, because I could not tell the exact time of my conversion.

In August, 1869, after a severe struggle, I resolved to seek no longer for the witness of the Spirit, but to

trust Jesus as my Saviour through life, without light or joy, should He so will it, and appear before Him, at the last, pleading only His word of promise.

I was led to see that I had made a mistake in looking for great blessings instead of thankfully accepting and acknowledging those given. A few days later "he that believeth hath the witness in himself" came home to me with great power, and from that time I have never doubted my acceptance of the Father, through His Son, nor had a single misgiving in regard to the witness of the Spirit. The struggle of years was ended; I rested joyfully in Christ and was loyally obedient to Him.

I had often earnestly desired the blessing of perfect love and had sought it for a time, but relinquished the search through fear that I was not yet regenerated. Some of my friends thought I had now received this blessing, but the Spirit witnessed clearly to my heart that this was the "washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost" in the "Spirit of adoption."

The following spring I was called by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of our Church to the work of a missionary in India, and God, by His Spirit, so wrought in my heart that I knew with all the certainty I then knew I was His child that it was His call, and I dared not refuse to follow. I sailed for India September 22, 1870.

New experiences, new duties, and peculiar trials brought a new sense of need, and 1871 and 1872 were years of constant reaching out after God. It was my privilege to be associated in 1872 with Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Judd, who encouraged me to seek for perfect love, and greatly helped me in it. As new light was given I saw that my will was not, as I had supposed it to be, in perfect harmony with God's will. I resolved that my consecration should be complete, cost what it might. The Holy Spirit wonderfully helped me in heart searchings as I prayed for light, until everything was, I knew, laid upon the altar, and I could say, "I am prostrate in the dust; I with Christ am crucified." At last, after weary months of seeking, and feeling that I could not take by faith so great a blessing, *I knelt by my bedside one evening in December, with the determination not to leave the room until victory should be mine. While pleading the Spirit whispered, "You have given yourself with all your soul and body's powers unreservedly to God. Why not trust Him now to keep that you have committed unto Him?" I laid hold of the word, "He is able to keep," etc.. I said, "I do trust myself into Thy keeping, and will, by an act of faith, hold myself steadily there until Thou shalt set the Spirit's seal."*

Morning was about dawning. Throughout that day, while engaged in its duties, I kept claiming and realizing from moment to moment perfect keeping power. At our consecration meeting that evening, led by Dr. Scott, although I greatly shrank from so doing, I felt that I must honor God with my testimony. I stated as nearly as possible just my position, and as I ceased speaking my heart was filled with a sense of God's wonderful love and power, and with the assurance that He saved me to the uttermost. During the days that followed I seemed to be living in an atmosphere of heaven. I was lifted out of and above myself and surroundings, and realized that I was wholly saved and sweetly kept, enfolded in the everlasting arms. The desire for the salvation of souls was all-absorbing, so that, impelled by a power within, and yet not of me, I labored incessantly allowing myself hardly time to eat or sleep, but, O, what joy I experienced in labor, what help and what blessing!

After about three weeks of this unvarying experience, I awoke one morning with the consciousness that the Spirit's help was withdrawn. I was as one who had been standing on the top of a high mount, reaching unto Heaven, drinking in fresh beauty and glory at every breath, suddenly let down into a low, shut-in valley, without any knowledge of how, when, or why he came there. I knew the witness of the Spirit to full salvation had been clear when I closed my eyes in sleep. I knew I had not grieved the Spirit. The suggestion came, "You testified too soon and never received the blessing you sought." I refuted the suggestion as best I could, but began the day's duties with a heavy heart. I was examining classes in the orphanage, and from six to ten found it very wearying.

fewer, more simple and more direct, were, I knew, God-given and could not be fruitless. I had learned, at least in a measure, what oneness with Christ meant, and realized such nearness to Him that when I knelt in secret prayer I was in the conscious immediate presence of Christ, and knew my prayer was answered almost before I could call.

The most of the time since then the witness of perfect love has been clear. My experiences have been varied and new tests have been frequently given. The full assurance of faith and the fullness of the Spirit have not always been mine, but I have realized access to God by faith and power in working for Christ, which could not have been mine without this rest of faith.

F. J. SPARKES, BINGHAMTON, N.Y., March 6, 1888

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



JOSEPH NICHOLAS SPEAKES

(Nazarene)

Rev. Joseph N. Speakes has the distinction of being present at all the Nazarene General Assemblies from 1907 to 1956. He has been a familiar figure as either a delegate or a visitor for fourteen consecutive assemblies. It is doubtful if we have any other person alive with that record. Yes, almost everyone who attends general assemblies knows "Uncle Joe" Speakes.

When the delegates of the East and the West met at Chicago in 1907, Rev. C. W. Ruth, the negotiating evangelist who brought the bodies, together, had also invited the brethren of the Southland (Holiness Church of Christ) to attend the historical event. Among the southern visitors were Revs. C. B. Jernigan, J. D. Scott, James Roberts, S. H. Stafford, Mrs. E. J. Sheeks, Mr. T. J. Shingler, and the only one still living [in 1958], J. N. Speakes.

Rev. C. B. Jernigan, leader of the group, testifies as follows:

"There will only be one when we get through. We shall never see two again. This is the biggest live thing we have ever seen. Thank God, holiness is rolling on! We have heard Jesus say, 'You must all be one.' And you can't be one without us, so we are here. This is a big thing, and Texas is not afraid of big things. We are here, and we are here to stay."

At Chicago plans were formulated for an assembly at Pilot Point, Texas, which convened October, 1908. It was at Pilot Point that "the three streams of life met," one from the West, one from the East, and the warm Gulf Stream from the South. Jernigan spoke again, "This, is the greatest day of my life. What we see today, I have hunted for, ever since I got the blessing," as he seconded the motion for the union. Several others spoke to the union midst much gladness and joy, especially when the brethren of the South hugged those of the North.

In putting the motion Dr. Bresee stated, "This is an epoch-making time. This is the answer to Christ's prayer, but it is, only the early dawn and we are going forth to victory." The motion for a union was adopted unanimously at 10:40 a.m., October 13, 1908, by a rising vote, amidst great enthusiasm. In fact the burst of holy joy continued for some time, and God poured out His Spirit on the gathering in divine approval.

This historical occasion marks the official birthday of the Church of the Nazarene as a world-wide organization. Today not many are left who were eyewitnesses to that holy assembly, but J. N. Speakes was there. He, with C. B. Jernigan, J. B. Chapman, and many others of like faith, laid important church foundations for future generations.

Rev. Joseph Nicholas Speakes -- “Man of Perfect Attendance” -- is often referred to as the “witty Irishman from Arkansas.” He was born in the “Bible belt” of that great state on January 12, 1879. The Speakes family came to America before the Revolutionary War and some of them fought for America’s freedom. Other members fought in the Civil War and in the first and second world wars. Joe Speakes was, no less a soldier, but of a different type. He was, called of God to fight in a holy war, promoting holiness against much opposition.

In the glow of an old-fashioned Methodist revival young Joe was converted at the age of twelve. He began preaching at fifteen, and by the time he was eighteen he was conducting revival meetings. Also he taught school, but the divine urge guided his path to the pulpit. Then under the scholarly ministry of Evangelist Will Huff, Speakes was sanctified at the Main Springs Camp Meeting, located near Prescott, Arkansas. His first eleven years in the ministry were spent with the Southern Methodist church, mostly on circuits in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Texas.

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



MR. SPEARS

Some time since while on a southern trip, we encountered a character at the table of a hotel. He possessed a querulous voice, fault-finding nature, and was of course a discontented man. He wore the wearied look belonging to such a spirit. As we studied his case, he seemed to be continually apprehensive that various and sundry personal rights would be taken from or denied him.

One morning at breakfast he called for “aigs,” as he termed them. As the waiter started to leave, he cried out after him,

“I don’t want them aigs hard boiled.”

Then followed several minutes of anxious waiting upon his part. He kept turning his head restlessly toward the door which led to the kitchen. Finally, at the expiration of four or five minutes, he fairly wailed out to the invisible servant,

“I just know them aigs is hard boiled.”

It would be impossible to transcribe in words the look of trouble on the man’s face, and the accent of sorrow, not to say despair, in his voice, as he prophesied and grieved about the eggs.

The air, look and voice perfectly agreed in protestation and lamentation. It was evident to anyone at a glance that at this moment, to this man, the world was a mockery and life itself a failure, and all because “them aigs were hard boiled.”

As we continued to study the bereaved individual before us, we realized again not only the blessedness, but the philosophy of full salvation; that God had a work of grace for the soul, which enables one to rejoice, not only when certain things are not to one’s liking, but even in the loss of all things to be self-contained and happy. The perfectly tranquil life is that, where the man says Amen at the severing of every cord which binds him to earth and earthly things. It is these very terrestrial objects which create such disturbance in the human heart and life, and so that grace of God, which breaks their charm and sweeps away their power, will of necessity bring a reign of unbroken peace and holy gladness to the soul.

Some months after this occurrence we were spending a few days in a large boarding house in a city several hundred miles from the town just mentioned. One morning, while glancing over a newspaper, in the large reading room allotted to the guests, there came in through the open window from the

gallery outside a perfect string of vocal jerking sounds like Bah! Pooh! Pshaw! Bosh! Nonsense! Botheration! These were accompanied by an angry rustling of a newspaper, scraping of the chair, and now and then the fall of a heavy heel on the floor.

The voice with its nasal, whining intonation was masculine and strangely familiar. Rising up and going to the window, we saw, tilted back on two legs of a chair, with his feet high up against a post, our friend who had wailed so over the “hard boiled aigs.”

The lady of the house happened at the time to be passing through the rooms, and we asked her if she knew anything about the gentleman who was reading the paper out on the porch.

At once she began smiling, and taking a seat remote from the window she, with difficulty, straightened her face, and said:

“That’s Mr. Spears. Everybody around here knows him. He is a man of some little property and travels around a good deal. He is too restless to stay anywhere long. He seems to be soured with the whole world and nothing pleases him.”

“Is he a sick man?” we asked.

“No, indeed. There’s nothing the matter with him that way, though he insisted for a long time there was. He went to all the Springs in the country, and every health resort in the mountains or on the sea shore. He has had every physician in his town at one time or another, and discharged them all, saying they didn’t have sense enough to know what was the matter with him. He said it was the doctor’s business to find out the trouble and cure a man, and that they could if they were doctors; but they are all quacks these days, he says.”

Very much interested, I kept silent, while the lady went on.

“The last physician discharged Mr. Spears and told him there was nothing in the world the matter with him, but to follow a pair of plow handles to make his own bread, instead of having it come in to him without a struggle. He told him that any man who ate as much as he did ought never to go to the Springs for an appetite, or say he was sick. Mr. Spears fairly foamed at this speech, but he had to take it, for the doctor was a big man and fully able to stand by what he said.”

“What is the matter with Mr. Spears this morning?” I inquired. “He seems to be all out of sorts.”

“Oh, he’s just reading the newspaper. He allows what he sees there to completely upset him. He believes all that the reporters and editors and correspondents say, and is thrown into a regular fever every time he takes up the paper. He is firmly convinced that everything is going to the dogs; declares there have been no great men since the days of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, no president since Andrew Jackson, and that the nation is on the verge of ruin. He even insists that the corn does not grow as high as it did when he was a boy, and says the Mississippi River is filling up and will soon spread out, cover all the plantations with mud and then dry up.”

Our informant had gotten this far when she was interrupted by a loud, petulant exclamation from Mr. Spears on the gallery, while he dropped both his heels on the floor with a resounding thwack.

“Just as I expected,” he groaned, “What on earth is to become of us?”

“What’s the matter now, husband?” said a good humored voice farther down the gallery.

“Everything’s the matter,” said the worried looking man, referring again to his paper. “Here on the first page is an account of how the big trees in California are being rapidly destroyed, and on the second page an article telling of the rapid and wholesale disappearance of the pine forests in the South by the sawmills and turpentine business. Why, wife, there soon won’t be a tree left.”

“Yes, I read the article before you did,” she replied soothingly, “and when you read farther, you will notice that the writer admits that while what he says is true, yet so vast are these forests that it will take several centuries to entirely denude the land, and you know that you and I will not be here then.”

“That may be so,” replied Mr. Spears, looking a little appeased, “but there is our posterity; what’s to become of them?”

“Oh,” said the cheerful wife, “don’t you worry about your posterity. They will take care of themselves.”

Here Mr. Spears resumed his paper, indulging now and then, as he read, in sudden snorts, and loud pooh-poohs, and grumbling comments, that sounded not very much unlike a dog snarling and worrying over a bone.

Finally the wife said soothingly to him:

“Mr. Spears, lay aside your paper awhile and take a walk down town. It will do you good.”

“I can go,” he replied, “but it won’t do me any good, for the whole town is going to the Old Scratch as fast as it can.”

And so growling and grumbling about ballot boxes being stuffed, and miners not getting their rights, and whitecaps not being put down, and the Chinese and Hawaiians and Pilipinos filling the whole country and no room left for a white man, Mr. Spears got up and stalked down the street, hitting the bricks with his walking cane as if he wanted to break every one of them.

After he left, we were introduced to Mrs. Spears, a good, comfortable soul of fifty years or more.

On expressing our regrets that Mr. Spears had found so much to be worried about in the papers that morning, she laughed a rich, merry laugh, and said:

“It is not just this morning, but every morning with my husband. He has changed his papers twenty times, but still continues to read them; has joined four different churches, and belonged to three different parties, Republican, Democrat and Populist. He is now thinking of going back to the Republican party.”

After a few more words with Mrs. Spears, who had all unconsciously aroused our profoundest sympathy, we said to her:

“Will you deliver a message to your husband from me?”

“Certainly,” she replied.

“Tell him,” we continued, “that what he needs is a good case of regeneration, followed immediately by the blessing of entire sanctification, that if he gets these, he will ever after feel all right, whether the world is right or not.”

Two years from that morning, we met Mr. Spears for the third time. He was at a Holiness Camp Meeting and was standing on his feet testifying. His face was all aglow, his voice rang out with holy fervor, and we scarcely could recognize him as the same man. His wife sat near him as he spoke and she looked to be brimming over with joy. We heard this much of his testimony. He said:

“I was the most miserable man that walked the earth. I worried about everything, and found fault with everybody. I marvel how my dear wife here managed to stand me. I wonder somebody didn’t kill me for being so contrary.

“Well, one day my wife told me that a preacher had left a message for me. I snapped out, ‘What is it?’ She said he requested me to say to you that you needed a good case of regeneration, and then a clear

experience of entire sanctification.

“Somehow that message went into my heart like an arrow. I said, if a stranger sees I need two things, I must be bad off.

“Of course I fussed about it, and called the message a piece of impertinence, but I could not get rid of the words. They put me in the way of salvation thinking, and salvation getting. I made some big mistakes at first, and thought it was water baptism I wanted; but my wife told me I had been sprinkled when I was a baby, that she heard my mother say so. Well, then, I said I wanted to be sprinkled as a man; what does a baby know about baptism? So I was re-baptized. Still I felt no better.

“At last a Baptist preacher met me and told me what I needed was to go UNDER the water. So down I went and came up in the Baptist Church, but still I had this gnawing, worried, restless, unsatisfied feeling here. Then somebody told me that there was a man in Chicago who believed in Triune Immersion, and so I took the train, made application, and went under the water three times, and came up in still another church. Wife there, bless her heart, went with me, not only to Chicago, but under the water, and under three times. I verily believe that woman would have made a didapper duck of herself, a regular mermaid, to have helped me to get right.”

“Here we looked at Mrs. Spears, who was covered with pleased smiles, as with a garment, and was beaming on her husband.

“In spite of all this,” continued Mr. Spears, “I did not feel satisfied. I began to remember that the third time I went under the water my right shoulder was not entirely covered, and was thinking of going up to Chicago and having the whole thing done over, when I heard there was a big Holiness Camp Meeting to take place on this ground. This was a year ago. I came because I was miserable and didn’t know what else to do. Then I had some curiosity, from all the reports I had heard, about the Holiness people.

“Some of you will remember how I came to that altar the very first night for salvation, and how I got it on the third day. Then, you remember, I commenced seeking for entire sanctification. The preacher had said I needed two things, *and now I knew it. Thank God, on the last night of the meeting, after six days’ seeking with prayers, tears, groans and faith in Christ, God gloriously sanctified my soul. You all saw me, and heard me, too, that night.*

“The instant I got it, I felt that that was what I had been wanting all my life. For one year I have lived not only in Canaan, but in Heaven. I feel the glory in my soul all the time. I can hardly keep from hollering on the street. I went to a small town the other day on business, where I didn’t know a soul, but I met an old Negro and took him aside and told him I was sanctified. We both shouted behind a blacksmith shop.

“Ugly as I am, when I look in the glass it seems I am getting good looking. My wife there looks like she is sixteen years old. The crops look better this year than I ever saw them in all my life, and the apples taste sweeter. I believe the world is getting better every day, and I don’t see what there is to keep back the millennium. Glory to God, I am saved, sanctified and satisfied. The blessing in my soul is getting richer, sweeter and bigger every day. I don’t see how I can hold any more. Thank God, Jesus lives in my soul all the time, and I am at last a happy man.”

Source: “Pen Pictures”

(Chapter 20) By Beverly Carradine



D. S. SPENCER

Letter From Drew Theological Seminary By D. S. Spencer

(At the time of the writing of this letter, Rev. Dr. D. S. Spencer was a student in Drew Theological Seminary. After graduation he went to Japan as a missionary. He has been one of the most successful missionaries ever sent to that land, and has done much to establish Christianity in the Empire.)

Madison, N. J.

Mrs. Mary Sparkes Wheeler:

My Dear Sister In Christ: I want to tell you a little news which will cause you to rejoice in the Lord. I came here from our camp-meeting in Dinock, Pa., dissatisfied with my Christian experience, and determined to plead with God till I felt myself saved from all sin. I believed that I was a Christian. I knew I was, and I was just as thoroughly convinced that the Bible teaches that we must get rid of the roots of bitterness, and be saved from inbred sin.

I had, at first, no one to sympathize with me, or help me in any way. *A few days after the opening, there came a brother who had experienced perfect love, and he gave me encouragement and help by telling me his experience, and by pointing out the way.*

I struggled on until October 8, when between ten and twelve o'clock P. M., in this same brother's room, after a day of darkness and much earnest prayer, God let the light of full salvation into my soul, so that I knew it, as well as did the brethren in adjoining rooms. Since then I have had perfect victory. I am in the "land of corn and wine." I know this, for all my night has passed away. I am now enabled to realize what Paul means in Gal. 11-20: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." But this is not all; indeed, it was but the commencement of better days in Drew. It was but a few days before the Lord saw fit to bring some who had laughed at me to experience the same saving power. From one to another the truth ran. But the great victory came last evening.

We have been holding half-hour prayer meetings each evening this term at 6.30 P. M. Last evening we met as usual before the hour for church. The meeting for twenty minutes was nothing unusual, but then the saving power of God began to be manifest. One after another gained the victory. Such praying, such shouting, such singing, I have never before heard. Some were shaken like leaves before a tempest. The tongues of some were unloosed and passages of Scripture seemed to come as if by inspiration. Some lay prostrate, wholly unconscious of surroundings. A brother would begin to plead earnestly with God for the descent of the Holy Spirit upon himself and in perhaps two minutes the victory would be gained.

There were but two exceptions to this rule. One was that of a brother T., who is a Congregationalist – a man of very cool temperament, but when God saved him fully last evening, he stood with hands uplifted toward Heaven, and sang at the top of his voice:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!"

The other was a young brother N____, who had a stubborn will to overcome. He struggled for hours before he could surrender all. I never saw greater agony of soul, but when the victory did come, every one in the building knew it. Every man who came to the meeting stayed all through it, and who had not previously received the blessing was baptized before he left. Ten were added to our number last night;

making, thus far, fifteen whom God hath seen fit to save with full salvation through the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus. For this wonderful outpouring we give God all the glory.

Most of this forenoon has been spent in meetings of prayer and praise. Brother H. is an orphan boy, began his education as a canal driver, became a Roman Catholic and a rum seller. Went to college with scarce money enough to pay for getting the trunk carried to his room. He has worked his way to this point, and when saved last night lifted his only hand toward Heaven and shouted, “Glory To God! Doubting Thomas, the poor orphan boy, the canal hand, the Roman Catholic, the rum seller, has received the Holy Ghost and Fire!”

It seems to me, Sister Wheeler, that this thing has some significance. This is Drew Theological Seminary. These brethren are mostly, or many of them, college-bred men. It has happened on the Sabbath day, when we were in a little upper room, with one accord in one place. Surely this is the Lord’s doings, and it is marvelous in our eyes. We are praying, and trusting, and expecting more of our students to enter into this perfect rest. Pray for Drew, and do not cease to bear before the throne.

Your Brother in Christ,

D. S. Spencer

Source: “Consecration And Purity” by Mary Sparkes Wheeler



SUSANNA SPENCER

(Early Methodist)

“From the very time of her justification, she (Susanna Spencer) clearly saw the necessity of being wholly sanctified, and found an unspeakable hunger and thirst after the full image of God, and, in the year 1772 God answered her desire. The second change was wrought in as strong and distinct a manner as the first had been.” (Journal, Oct., 1774.)

Source: John Wesley’s Journal (as quoted in “The Better Way” by Beverly Carradine)



CHARLES HENRY STALKER

The beautiful thing is about it that anybody can get it if they’ll pay the price. Hallelujah. Well, but you say, “I don’t have the money that Harry had.” No, but you’ve got what you’ve got. Praise God. You give God what you have. I’ll tell you this, nobody has an excuse in not getting the fire – not getting to God. Two men – two of the best friends that I ever had in my life could hardly read their name if they had seen it written down. Really, neither one of them could talk very plain. One of them could hardly talk so that his parents could understand him.

This one fellow got down under a hay-rack out in west Texas – a camp-meeting just off to the side. He prayed clear through, and ran into the tent, and climbed the tent-poles. Struck fire. God saved him and sanctified him in that meeting. He wouldn’t have known [recognized] his name if it had been written in box-car letters, but God got him down on his stomach in the moonlight, and turned to the book of Matthew and taught him his ABCs – from the book of Matthew. When he went to heaven, I suppose he’d preached to the biggest crowds of any preacher in the holiness movement. His name was Bud Robinson. He hardly knew sugar from salt. He had no sockets for his shoulders. All he had was a cud

of [chewing tobacco] in his jaw, and a six-shooter and a deck of cards in his pocket. When he put the tobacco on the other side of the altar and pulled the old six-shooter out, and the cards, and said, "I'm done with them forever," God gave him a title clear to a mansions in the sky, healed his shoulders, Praise God, and sent him around this country preaching the gospel and getting subscriptions for the Herald of Holiness. Hallelujah! If uncle Bud could get it I can get it! There's no excuse for anybody not getting it!

That other gentleman under whom I was converted (his name was Charles Stalker) told me with his own lips, "Brother Griffith, really I believe that I was an idiot – as near an idiot as I could be. Even my folks couldn't understand when I tried to talk to them except because they were so well acquainted with me. The little school marm that we had down in the little red school-house on the corner had old-time religion – she said she was saved and sanctified. That girl got us under conviction. She took an interest in me. I was a great big fellow, nearly six feet tall, and I couldn't learn anything, so they just sent me to school to get me out of the way. All I had to wear was a blue shirt and a blue pair of overalls and an old straw hat, and went barefooted. But that girl had patience with me and did everything that she could do."

He said, "One day I got saved. That girl helped me pray through and I got gloriously saved. And then she wanted me to go on and get sanctified. She said, 'you need to get sanctified.' " He didn't know what the word meant, but he had confidence in that girl. I'll tell you folks if we've got the blessing folks have got confidence in us. Hallelujah. If you've really got it. They may say a lot of things about you, but there's still some folks that just know.

He was out plowing in his dad's corn field, right in the orchard, just a little twenty acre patch I believe he said, between the apple tree rows. *He was out there plowing with his team, cultivating, and he said, "Way out in the middle of that corn field, just about 11:00 o'clock in the morning (somewhere about that time), way out in the middle, just about half way between the ends, the Lord said to me, 'If you'll preach, I'll sanctify you.'*

You can imagine what a mother felt like when a boy like that said he was going out to preach. He didn't have near as much equipment as most of us had. But he said, "God told me to preach, and called me, and I'm going!" She begged with him, and tried to talk him out of it, and felt sorry for her boy. She followed him out through the parlor, and he said, "Aw, but He's called me to preach and I promised him I would, and He sanctified me, and I'm going to preach."

Source: "The Fire of God" by Glenn Griffith



JOHN STANFIELD

On the 16th day of January, 1898, Rev. John Stanfield, an ordained minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian church, was sanctified in the meeting held by Rev. R. L. Averill and the Hudson Band in Sunset, Texas. He at once began to preach holiness as a work subsequent to regeneration. This stirred his brethren in the Cumberland Presbyterian church and they preferred charges against him in the Gregory presbytery, which convened at Bridgeport, Texas, April, 1898. After much discussion a motion

prevailed to suspend him from the church for preaching the second blessing. He, like many others in that day on whom the Holy Ghost had fallen with power, gave no heed to the orders from his church, but “went everywhere preaching the Word”; and great crowds would come to hear this suspended preacher tell of his new experience, and fall into the altar and get the same blessing. The Presbyterians no longer wanted him; but he had calls more than he could fill to preach to the holiness people who had so recently gotten into the experience in the meetings held by the Hudson Band; at Sunset where he received the blessing in his own church while pastor there; at Chico, his home town; at Alvord, Crafton, Park Springs, and other places.

Seeing the need of pastoral oversight, and hearing the call to feed the sheep, he began to organize them into holiness bands, and to give them his entire time as pastor. He formed these bands into a holiness circuit with nine preaching points on it. From this grew other holiness bands in different parts of northwestern Texas. Then came the thought that there ought to be an association of these bands into one body, to keep the unity of the Spirit and to preserve clearness of doctrine. A call was made in the spring of 1899 by Rev. John Stanfield, the pastor of some of these bands, for a general meeting for this purpose in connection with the first campmeeting at Sunset, Texas. Here the first organization among the holiness people as a distinctive body was perfected, with Rev. John Stanfield, president, Rev. A. B. Jones, vice-president, Dr. J. W. Harvey, secretary.

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



ROY V. STARR

(Nazarene)

Michigan is known the world over as the great motor state of America. Also from within her borders have come great sons who in turn made their mark for truth and righteousness. Such we find in the person of Roy V. Starr, who was born on a farm near Argyle, Michigan, October 14, 1885.

This man Starr was a standout in his generation. Had he been in politics he would have been a leading debater on a congressional floor. Had he been an attorney he would have been for the defense, for he loved to plead for men in difficulty. Obviously his debating and pleading described him and he applied both in his ministerial career.

Early in life Miss Louise H. McDonald and Roy V. Starr became sweethearts. This led them to the marriage altar at Cass City, Michigan, August 19, 1908. Their housekeeping began in St. Louis, Missouri, where Roy Starr was employed in a nearby plant. Here he soon rose to the position of foreman; thus at an early age he showed strength of leadership.

In those days the Lighthouse Mission in co-operation with the Holiness Association of St. Louis held evangelistic tent meetings enmassing huge crowds. The 1910 encampment engaged Rev. I. G. Martin and Rev. C. E. Cornell as evangelists. These clergymen had played an important part in the beginnings of First Church of the Nazarene, Chicago, Illinois.

Many gathered to hear these noted speakers and enjoy the spiritual singing. And among those present were Roy and Louise Starr. Mrs. Starr, being a loyal Christian, found the blessing of holiness under the ministry of Brother Cornell as he spoke on “The Two Baptisms.” With her husband it was different. He sought several nights until one hour, under the anointed preaching of Brother Martin, Roy Starr came through to glorious victory. There he stood under the tent on Manchester Road, tall and erect, physically strong, with blazing black eyes and hair as black as a raven’s wing. With his deep bass voice he testified to the new birth and his call to the ministry.

Three weeks later, under the ministry of Rev. J. H. Flower, superintendent of the Lighthouse Mission, Starr was gloriously sanctified. His preaching ministry began immediately. With the light he had received at the altar, he added to the penetrating rays which shone from the Lighthouse Mission to bring hope and cheer to those who needed help, as he became the assistant superintendent and later, upon the death of Mr. Flower in 1914, the superintendent.

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



ANN STEED

(Early Methodist)

"That many of these did not retain the gift of God is no proof that it was not given them. That many do retain it to this day is matter of praise and thanksgiving. And many of them are gone to Him whom they loved, praising Him with their latest breath – just in the spirit of Ann Steed, the first witness in Bristol of the great salvation, who, being worn out with sickness and racking pain, after she had commended to God all that were round her, lifted up her eyes, cried aloud, 'Glory! Hallelujah!' and died." (Journal, Oct., 1762.)

Source: John Wesley's Journal (as quoted in "The Better Way" by Beverly Carradine)



A. M. STEELE

(Methodist)

From the very first of my religious awakenings, I had a desire to be holy. This may not, and probably does not, accord with the experience of others: nevertheless, it is my own. I remember, then but a little boy, being in attendance at a Camp-meeting, here the power of God was evidently manifested; and, as I beheld others falling like dead men, under the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, I earnestly coveted such a blessing, for myself I longed to have someone converse with me, and lead me as a little child to the Saviour of sinners; one of which I felt I was, even then. But no one spoke a word to me on the subject of my soul's salvation; supposing, doubtless, that I was too young to realize anything about the truth of God.

I grew up in sin. The family altar, the Sabbath-school, the social meetings to which I was often led, the faithful preaching, of the Word of God, -- none of these saved me from being a very wicked boy. It was my nature to be sinful. I loved to transgress law. So far as I have my recollection of the matter, I went astray as soon as I was born.

When I was about eleven years old, God took my eldest sister, at about thirteen years of age, to himself. She was the first one I ever saw launch out over the dark river: and I am glad she was; for death has seemed much like a kind friend to me ever since. Her triumphant exit fastened the truth in my soul, -- "God's children die well."

But after a little, except at interval, these serious impressions left me; and, at the age of sixteen, I was a hardened and impenitent sinner. One young man, my most intimate associate, went to the State Penitentiary, convicted of high crime; with whom my association had been providentially broken off only a little while before. While he went to prison, God sent me into the mining district of Lake Superior. While there, away from my companions in sin, my conviction of guilt took a deep hold upon my heart. It was a dreadfully bitter cup I drank of, until one night in December, while bowed at my

mother's side in the log-cabin of a copper miner, a flood of joy overwhelmed me. I praised, I shouted, I laughed, I cried aloud for joy. There seemed to be no bottom to the depth of that well which had sprung up within me. My happiness continued for weeks. It did seem to me then that the angels could know no higher rapture than filled my heart as I sung, –

“But now I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.”

I had great freedom and great comfort in offering salvation through Christ to all I could meet.

Soon after my conversion, I left home again for school. Here, amid the excitements of earnest study, and an unguarded ambition to be first in my class, religion soon became a secondary matter. And thus it continued until the winter of 1855 and 1856, then, while teaching, and I was feeling the necessity of a better qualification for my responsibilities, Mr. Palmer's "Way of Holiness" fell into my hands. It brought me the clearest light I had ever found on the subject that had always, whenever I turned my thoughts towards it, taken so deep a hold upon me. A revival broke out in an adjoining district; and, during, its progress, I entered the way of holiness. God saved me; and I was able to declare all that He had done for my poor soul, even before those who did not believe the truth.

But that divine blessing went away. At the time, I did not know how. I desired, above all things, to retain it. But praying nor fasting nor groaning could hold it. I lacked faith. After the blessing was gone, I drifted loosely for years. I entered the traveling connection; I took the solemn vows of the sacred office; I was examined especially upon this point by devout and godly men; I studied and prayed and preached: but, if I went either way, it was backwards, from God. None were awakened, none converted, under my labors. I feared I had mistaken my calling. In this state of mind, I attended our district Camp-meeting, held near Quincy, where I was laboring in the summer of 1863. My condition at this time really alarmed me. I felt that I was not even in a justified state. My convictions for holiness, at the same time, were never so deep, so clear, so distressing; nor did the way ever seem so dark, so concealed. All I could do was to sit down, and

“Sigh to think of happier days,
When thou O Lord! Wast nigh,
When every heart a tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.”

The powers of darkness were let loose upon me. In spite of myself, my thoughts, at times, were blasphemous. I felt that I must curse God and die. But, oh! How could I die with the memory of those blessed days upon me? Oh, to be damned, when once I had been so completely saved! -- to go to perdition in holy order! A good brother, filled with the Holy Ghost, was giving instruction to several inquiring ones just as I entered a tent of prayer. The Spirit signified that his words were for me by applying them at once to my heart. I felt that my hour had come. He told us of the consecration we must make. I understood that perfectly well, nor was I long in bringing all to the altar. Then he began to speak about faith. How many enter not in because of unbelief, even after they have brought their all to the borders of the promised land! My great struggle was for faith. Could I believe God would trust me with that great blessing again? Presently faith came. Oh, the blissful assurance! Blessed be God! How my soul mounted up! How it sunk down too! When I returned to myself, I found the house swept and furnished. I felt so clean in my heart! The Purifier had passed through me; and He left it written in the chambers of my full soul, "I will; be thou clean."

It is a wonder God saved me; and oh, the treachery of this poor doubting soul! I lost the blessing even then, again I know where I lost it this time. I went home from the camp-ground one night. My wife and little ones were safely in their beds. I never loved them before as I did then. "Now," said the Spirit, "before you sleep, do tell the companion of your joys what God has done for you on the camp-ground." Oh! How could I have halted at so plain a duty? But I stopped, and said, "Thou knowest, Lord, my

good wife is not of this way of thinking. She does not believe in this thing at all. Would it not be better for me first to convince her of the reality of this state of grace by my life? I will confess it in the classroom; I will preach it in the pulpit; I will live it at home, and in a very little while she will acknowledge and embrace it." Just as if I knew better than God! But even then the blessed Spirit bore with me. It revealed my error; but I lost the blessing. Winter came. Revival efforts commenced. I went home from a meeting, where God had been blessing the people, one night, and found my companion weeping. I soon learned the cause of her trouble. "Oh, husband!" said she, "how unfaithful to God I am living! Will you pray for me?" We prayed, and the Lord blessed her. She had heard my witness before the congregation, and as deeply convicted for the blessing of holiness. Could I have borne the cross then, and told her all the Lord had done for me, and urged her to a full consecration to God, who blessed would it have been for us both! At the Coldwater Camp-meeting, last July, I had to go over the same ground again. God again set me at liberty and at rest. I cannot ask to have my own way now: God knows best. If the blessed Spirit impresses me with a sense of duty, I must not stop to parley. I am becoming established. Sinners are being converted; and, bless God! His dear children are being renewed in love. May it never be that I shall again grieve Him by doubting His grace! Thus the long deferred hope of my life is deferred no longer. My sick heart is made well in Jesus.

This perfect love. -- 'tis perfect, perfect bliss.
All is well! All is well!
Oh, what a happy, happiness is this!
All is well! All is well!
My Jesus whispers, thou are mine,
And all in me, my child is thine,
All, these are transports all divine!
All is well! All is well!

Rise! -- Rise my soul, and onward, onward still.
All is well! All is well!
God, will with all, -- with all His fullness fill.
All is well! All is well!
Stronger than death, His love to thee,
And thou to all eternity
A monument of grace shalt be,
All is well! All is well!

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



DANIEL STEELE

(Methodist)

I was born into this world in Windham, N. Y., October 5, 1824; into the kingdom of God in Wilbraham Mass., in the spring of 1842. I could never write the day of my spiritual birth, so gradually did the light dawn upon me and so lightly was the seal of my justification impressed upon my consciousness. This was a source of great trial and seasons of doubt in the first years of my Christian life. I coveted a conversion of the Pauline type. My call to the ministry was more marked and undoubted than my justification. Through a mother's prayers and consecration of her unborn child to the ministry of the Word I may say, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." My early religious experience was variable, and for the most part consisted in "Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears, a howling wilderness."

The personality of the Holy Spirit was rather an article of faith than a joyful realization. He had

breathed into me life, but not the more abundant life. In a sense I was free, but not “free indeed”; free from the guilt and dominion of sin, but not from strong inward tendencies thereto, which seemed to be a part of my nature. In my early ministry, being hereditarily a Methodist in doctrine, I believed in the possibility of entire sanctification in this life instantaneously wrought. How could I doubt it in the light of my mother’s exemplification of its reality? I sought quite earnestly, at times, but failed to find any thing more than transient uplifts from the dead level. One of these, in 1852, was so marked that it delivered me from doubt of the question of regeneration. These uplifts all came while earnestly struggling to obtain entire sanctification as a distinct blessing. But when I embraced the theory that this work is gradual, and not instantaneous, these blessed uplifts ceased. For, seeing no definite line to be crossed, my faith ceased to put forth its strongest energies. In this condition, a period of fifteen years, I became exceedingly dissatisfied and hungry. God had something better for me. He saw that so great was my mental bewilderment, through the conflict of opinion in my own denomination relative to Christian perfection, that I would flounder on, “in endless mazes lost,” and never enter “The land of corn and wine and oil,” unless He, in mercy, should lead me by another road than that which has the fingerboard set up by John Wesley. I was led by the study of the promised Paraclete to see that He signified far more than I had realized in the new birth, and that a personal Pentecost was awaiting me. I sought in downright earnestness. Then the Spirit uncovered to my gaze the evil still lurking in my nature; the mixed motives with which I had preached, often preferring the honor which comes from men to that which comes from God.

I submitted to every test presented by the Holy Spirit and publicly confessed what He had revealed and determined to walk alone with God rather than with the multitude in the world or in the Church. I immediately began to feel a strange freedom, daily increasing, the cause of which I did not distinctly apprehend. I was then led to seek the conscious and joyful presence of the Comforter in my heart. Having settled the question that this was not merely an apostolic blessing, but for all ages -- “He shall abide with you forever” -- I took the promise, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.” The “verily” had to me all the strength of an oath. Out of the “whatsoever” I took all temporal blessings, not because I did not believe them to be included, but because I was not then seeking them. I then wrote my own name in the promise, not to exclude others, but to be sure that I included myself. Then, writing underneath these words, “Today is the day of salvation,” I found that my faith had three points to master – the Comforter, for me, now. Upon the promise I ventured with an act of appropriating faith, claiming the Comforter as my right in the name of Jesus. For several hours I clung by naked faith, praying and repeating Charles Wesley’s hymn

“Jesus, thine all-victorious love shed in my heart abroad.”

I then ran over in my mind the great facts in Christ’s life, especially dwelling upon Gethsemane and Calvary, His ascension, priesthood, and all-atoning sacrifice. Suddenly I became conscious of a mysterious power exerting itself upon my sensibilities. My physical sensations, though not of a nervous temperament, in good health, alone, and calm, were indescribable, as if an electric current were passing through my body with painless shocks, melting my whole being into a fiery stream of love. The Son of God stood before my spiritual eye in all His loveliness. This was November 17, 1870, the day most memorable to me. I now for the first time realized “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” Reputation, friends, family, property, everything disappeared, eclipsed by the brightness of His manifestation. He seemed to say, “I have come to stay.” Yet there was no uttered word, no phantasm or image. It was not a trance or vision. The affections were the sphere of this wonderful phenomenon, best described as “the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. It seemed as if the attraction of Jesus, the loadstone of my soul, was so strong that it would draw the spirit out of the body upward into heaven. How vivid and real was all this to me! I was more certain that God loved me than I was of the existence of the solid earth and of the shining sun. I intuitively apprehended Christ. This certainty has lost none of its strength and sweetness after the lapse of more than seventeen years. Yea, it has become more real

and blissful. Nor is this unphilosophical, for Dr. McCosh teaches that the intuitions are capable of growth.

I did not at first realize that this was entire sanctification. The positive part of my experience had eclipsed the negative, the elimination of the sin principle by the cleansing power of the Paraclete. But it was verily so. Yet it has always seemed to me that this was the inferior part of the great blessing of the incoming and abiding of the whole Trinity. John 14:23.

After seventeen years of life's varied experiences, on seas sometimes very tempestuous, in sickness and in health, at home and abroad, in honor and dishonor, in tests of exceeding severity, there has come up out of the depths of neither my conscious nor unconscious being anything bearing the ugly features of sin, the willful transgression of the known law of God. All this time Satan's fiery darts have been thickly flying, but they have fallen harmless upon the invisible shield of faith in Jesus Christ. As to the future, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep my deposit until that day."

In regard to the process of becoming established in holiness, I find this to be God's open secret -- "to walk by the same rule and to mind the same thing." Phil. 3:16. The rule is, faith in Christ ever increasing in strength; the heart being fertilized with the elements of faith, a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, the conscience being trained to avoid not merely sinful and doubtful acts, but also those whose moral quality is beyond the reach of all ethical rules, and known to be evil only by their effect in dimming the manifestation of Christ within. The rule of life, I find, must be sufficiently delicate to exclude those acts which bring the least blur over the spiritual eye. Heb. 5:14. If any act brings a veil of the thinnest gauze between me and the face of Christ, I henceforth and forever give it a tremendous letting alone. As another indispensable to establishment in that perfect love which casts out all fear I have found the disposition to confess Christ in His uttermost salvation. As no man could long keep in his house sensitive guests of whom he was ashamed before his neighbors, so no man can long have the company of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit in the temple of his heart while ashamed of their presence or their purifying work.

In this respect I follow no man's formula. The words which the Spirit of inspiration teaches in the Holy scriptures, though beclouded with misunderstandings and beslimed with fanaticism, are, after all, the most appropriate vehicle for the expression of the wonderful work of God in perfecting holiness in the human spirit, soul and body.

I testify that it is possible for believers to be so filled with the Holy Ghost that they can live many years on the earth conscious every day of a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, and of no shrinking back, because of a felt need of further inward cleansing, from an instant translation into the society of the holy angels and into the presence of the holy God. This was my daily experience since 1870. I have the John's evidence that my love is pure and unmixed -- that is, perfected in the fact that I have boldness in view of the day of judgment. (1 John 4:17, 18, Dean Alford's Notes.) This joyful boldness is grounded on the assurance of a conformity to the image of the Son of God, and that I am, through the transfiguring power of the Spirit, like Him in purity, and that the Judge will not condemn facsimiles of Himself, "because, even as he is, so are we in this world."

Yet I am conscious of errors, ignorances, infirmities and defects, which, though consistent with perfect loyalty and love to God, need, and by faith receive, every moment, the merit of Christ's death. In other words, the ground of my standing before God is neither perfect rectitude in the past nor a faultless present service, but the divine mercy as administered through Jesus Christ. Hence I daily pray, "Forgive us our debts."

DANIEL STEELE, BOSTON, March, 1888.

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



JOHN H. STEWART

(Methodist)

Forty-three years ago, last December, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins. Twenty-seven years since, I commenced preaching the gospel. I labored more than fifteen years in great weakness, and had some success in my efforts to lead souls to Christ: yet how to lead these on in the divine life, was exceedingly difficult to me.

I knew the gospel proclaimed a free and full salvation. And I tried to preach the whole gospel. Often while thus doing, it would come back to me, "Get saved yourself, then you can save those that hear you." Then I would begin to search my heart, and always found an unwillingness to deny self fully, take the cross daily, and follow Christ.

In the summer of 1846, while preaching from the words, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," in the midst of my discourse, the power of God rested down upon me. I fell prostrate on the floor, and then and there offered a sacrifice acceptable to God, and by faith received the virtue of the atonement; cleansing my heart from all sin, and filling me with love, perfect love to God and man. I arose, and praised God for sanctifying grace. Now selfishness seemed annihilated. I could glory in the cross. And, just so far as I have observed these first principle, I have walked in the light.

Eighteen years have passed away since I obtained the witness of perfect love. I am now sick, and laid aside from labor, yet am holding sweet communion with Jesus, my Saviour. I have no anxiety about worldly things, and am permitted to see God within and all around me. I reckon myself dead, and my life hid with Christ in God.

O blessed Christ! I hear Thy loving voice,
Its tender accents make my soul rejoice,
Soft and more sweet than summer breezes be,
Bidding me walk with Thee –
Alone With Thee.

And now I come! I come! My spirit flies
To meet Thee here, and the bright bending skies
Are canopied above me,
while unfettered, free, I walk and talk with Thee –
Alone with Thee.

The way is bright with footprints saints have trod,
From vale to summit, pressing on to God;
and all the shining track unfold to me
While close I cling to Thee –
Alone with Thee.

I stand on heights, and airs celestial blow,
In valleys green, where whitest lilies grow,
While all the land shows fair and bright to me;
For I am still with Thee –
Alone with Thee.

O'er roughest paths my toilsome way I press,

But joy absorbs all pain and weariness:
For nearer still Thy shining form I see,
And it is rest to be –
Alone with Thee.

Somewhere beyond the hills of beauty rise
The glorious sun-crowned peaks of Paradise,
King of that lovely land, What bliss to be,
In fellowship with Thee –
Alone with Thee!

Source: “Pioneer Experiences” by Phoebe Palmer



J. N. STOCKTON

(Methodist)

In 1843, I was appointed class-leader by the Rev. D. D. Lore, and the following year licensed to exhort. I exercised in the capacity of an exhorter and class-leader until the 12th of December, 1846, when there came another still heavier cross when licensed to preach the glorious Gospel of Christ.

In the year 1852, twenty years after my conversion to God, I was led into a more extended field of labor. I was called upon by the Rev. John K. Shaw who sent me to Englishtown Circuit, New Jersey Conference, as a supply, where I labored pleasantly and successfully during the year. About one hundred souls were converted to God and joined the church. In the spring of 1853, I attended the New Jersey Annual Conference, for the first time, which was held at Bridgeton, Bishop Morris presiding. It was a precious feast to me. I was received on trial the 19th day of April, and appointed to Middlesex Mission at that Conference. It was a hard field, but I was strong and vigorous, able to labor. I went to work in faith. God greatly blessed me, and the people. During the year, one hundred and twenty souls were converted, many of them advanced in life, several over seventy years of age. The following spring I was appointed to the same field.

I have now reached a period in my religious experience of great interest. I have passed over my early religious life, and approached a time when my mind was fully awakened to the necessity of a clean heart. I refer to the morning when I stood before Bishop Waugh, to be addressed before the Conference, previous to being ordained for the solemn work of the ministry. O what a day! O what an address! And during that address, the Bishop put the following searching questions to the class, which fully aroused me to the important qualification for the work of the ministry, and I had heard these same questions put to every candidate for the ministry, previous to being ordained. O Lord help every minister to remember the answers given to these questions

I have always been a reader and believer of Methodist theology and discipline, which contain the theory of Bible holiness and I don't understand how it is that Methodist preachers and people can ignore holiness of heart and life, and call it a “new light” To do so, it seems to me such a person must cut out about one-third of the hymns in our hymn books, deface the discipline, and mutilate the Bible on almost every page. Such a Christian would have a sad looking set of tools to work with in the Lord's vineyard. But it was not so with me, I wanted all the best helps I could get, and when the Bishop asked me, “Have you faith in Christ” I could answer positively in the affirmative. And when he put the next question, “Are you going on to perfection?” I had no difficulty, as I supposed we were to grow on and on, until we reached it, just as some are now contending for a “growth into it” and then came the third

question, “Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?” -- this did not puzzle me, as I supposed the Lord would finish the work before death. But when the following question came, “Are you groaning after it?” *I confess I was confounded. I did not know what to reply.* I was afraid to say no, and I was not prepared to say yes. The good Bishop’s eyes were upon us, and God’s eye was looking at us; a definite answer seemed to be required; my mind had to work quickly, and I think I began at that very moment to groan, and I said yes, faintly, and I groaned on and on, but groaning did not bring the blessing. I prayed for it, I wept for it, I read for it, I consecrated for it, but did not obtain it. *I heard no one talk about it, I heard no one preach it.* Thus I worked along in my on poor crippled way, until August of that same year, when I resolved to attend a Camp-meeting to be held at Titusville. I said nothing to my wife or any one else, but I resolved in my own mind to go to that meeting, in order to seek the blessing of “perfect love.”

As I had no reached a point when I must have it, I could not do any longer without it. Everything seemed dry and unsatisfactory. I had reached a point of necessity. The Spirit brought me just there, and since I have experienced the blessing, I have seen many other led by the Holy Spirit in the same way.

I had that intense thirst for the blessing, that I cannot describe. No sense of guilt or condemnation, such as I had for pardon many years before, but an intense desire for “heart purity,” “perfect love,” “holiness,” or “entire sanctification,” so much so, that it was an immediate necessity. I could not go home without it, I could not preach without it. But I did not obtain it by groaning after it, neither by desiring, thirsting, hungering, praying, tears, or consecration. I was led to go into a tent where a few brethren and sisters were holding a prayer-meeting. I deliberately took up a small Bible, and turned, almost without thinking, to the 36th chapter of Ezekiel 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th verses. I laid my finger on those precious promises, and said, I want all in the tent who are willing to consecrate themselves this moment, entirely to the Lord, and believe these promises as I would read them to kneel. I kept my finger on them as we knelt down on the straw. *I commenced reading and believing. “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to dwell in my statutes, and keep my judgments and do them. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers, and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.”*

I not only read it but I believed it and I sang it for it was at that meeting here I first sang the chorus, which is now sung all over the land to that good old hymn, “Come thou fount of every blessing,” etc., with the chorus,

*“I will sprinkle you with water;
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you Holy:
I will come and dwell within.”*

We sang heartily and believed it. The Lord has blessed hundreds while singing that promise. I don’t know how many received the blessing of “perfect love,” in that meeting, but I do know, that while claiming that sweet promise, my soul entered into perfect rest.

It did not come as I expected it would, with overwhelming, power but a sweet calm, resting down on Christ – fully satisfied. The struggle was over. I had the witness that I was all the Lord’s. I had not been seeking properly before that time. I was trying to get help, instead of resting down on God’s promise, but as soon as I rested my all on God’s Word, something said “That is it, the blood now cleanses.” O what perfect satisfaction I had with Jesus. I returned to my work with new life, new power, new gifts for usefulness. Truly it as the gift of power received by faith. O how light and easy everything seemed to move with me. The Bible was illuminated -- I had heard of such Bibles for sale, but I never saw one before – prayer was easy, preaching was easy, visiting was easy, talking to sinners was easy –

everything was just right. "I lived by faith," which is the only way to live.

I was not so emotional as some are, and yet it has pleased the Lord, at times, to fill me with the Spirit. I have had much more of the Spirit's manifestations since, than when I first received the blessing, of a clean heart. I believe the heart must be cleansed by faith in the blood of Christ, before the baptism of the Spirit and power is given. I often hear our good-brethren pray most earnestly for the baptism, when they have made but little sacrifice or consecration, and not bound their offering on God's altar, nor appropriated the promises. Now, if we understand the promise by which God gives the baptism – or the gift of power – all the tithes must be brought into the storehouse first.

O, if all the Church would do this, including, the ministry, what a baptism of cleansing Fire would fall upon us; the Pentecost would be repeated. That is what the entire Church did on that day when the promise of the Father came. Over twelve years have passed away since I received the blessing of "perfect love," during which time I have not been exempt from trial and temptation, but I have been enabled to say, "The will of the Lord be done." "Faith and its Effect" have been of great service to me, and I have been wonderfully blessed, in helping, others into the fountain of full salvation.

It is my greatest pleasure to do good. I find it exceedingly profitable to the Church, and my own soul, to hold special meetings, one night in the week in my charge, for the promotion of Christian holiness, notwithstanding the outcry against specialties. They are good for me and my people. Those of my members who oppose them, cannot stay away from them long, and finally they experience the blessing of "perfect love," and then they like those meetings in which holiness was taught the most. So, also, in preaching on the subject, some of our fastidious brethren think we are doing harm in preaching Holiness definitely, but when they experience it for themselves, they wonder how we can get along without preaching it, *and how people can live without it.* Many of the members of the church I am now serving have obtained this blessing – the most of my official board – and others are now earnestly seeking. Praise the Lord! When I came to this charge, there was not a single professor of the blessing of "perfect love." To God be all the glory for his wonderful work.

Thy power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at Thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord and in Thy might,
Gladly take up the hallowed cross,
And suffering all things for Thy cause
Beneath thy bloody banner fight

A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cool disdain,
With calmest pity I submit;
Determined nought to know beside
My Jesus and him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.

O God I let all my life declare,
How happy all Thy servant are,
How far above all earthly things;
How pure when washed in Jesus' blood;
To intimately one with God,
A heaven-born race of priests and kings.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



GEORGE STORY

1738 – 1???

(Methodist)

I was born in the year 1738, at Harthill, in the West Riding of Yorkshire ... When I was twenty years old I was glad of the opportunity of seeing London ... I was conscious I had been pursuing a vain shadow; and that God only could direct me into the right path. I therefore applied to him with earnest importunity, entreating him to show me the true way to happiness; which I was determined to follow, however difficult or dangerous.

Just at this time a work of grace broke out in the village where I was born, through the labours of a person remarkably zealous for the cause of God. My mother, in particular, was deeply convinced of the truth, which she soon experienced, and retained the life and power thereof to her dying day. She was much concerned for me, hoping if I could be brought among religious persons I should likewise soon be convinced. She therefore, by an acquaintance, entreated me to converse with the Methodists. I answered, "If my mother desires it, I will visit them with all my heart." The first time I entered a Methodist's house they went to prayer with me and for me for a considerable time. I looked upon them as well meaning, ignorant people, and thought no more about the matter. In a few days they desired I would come and see them again.

Considering it was my mother's request, I went without hesitation. I found four or five persons in the house with whom I disputed about religion for some hours, till I had finally wearied them. They laboured to convince me that I was a sinner, and in danger of eternal death, if I did not repent and return to God. These were subjects I had no kind of idea of; and as their arguments were only supported by Scripture, for which I had very little regard, all they said made not the least impression.

As I was about to withdraw, not a little elevated by my imaginary victory, one of the company desired to ask me a few questions: the first was, "Are you happy?" My countenance instantly fell, and I answered from the dictates of my conscience, "No:" she then inquired if I was not desirous of finding happiness: I replied it had been my pursuit ever since I could remember; that I was willing to obtain it on any terms, and that I had sought for it every way I could think of, but in vain. She then showed me the true way of obtaining the happiness I wanted; answering me if I sought the Lord with all my heart I should certainly find in him that peace and pleasure which the world could not bestow. Every word sunk deep into my mind; and from that moment I never lost my convictions, nor my resolutions to be truly devoted to God.

I immediately broke off all connection with my companions; threw my useless books into the fire; and sought the Lord with all my might ... About this time I heard Mr. Fugil preach: his discourse was suited to one in my state ... I saw the way of justification and full sanctification so clearly that I could trace the path as if it had been a road map ... This was soon followed by a clear manifestation of pardoning mercy, that excluded all doubts, temptations, and fears, accompanied with a joy unspeakable and full of glory ... the enemy suggested to me, "Thou mayest now take thy time; thou art a child of God; and if once in Christ, always in Christ: as for full sanctification, it will be accomplished some time or other; perhaps in the article of death. God has begun the work, and he will finish it; therefore take thy case, and enjoy thy present comfort.

But I saw, whether these were true or false arguments, the conclusions were deadly. Therefore I rejected the suggestions with all my might, and determined to be wholly devoted to God ... Soon after, I entered into the most afflicting dispensation I had ever known, which continued three months. I

gradually sunk into unaccountable anguish of mind, as if the powers of darkness surrounded me without intermission...I still kept cleaving to the Lord and staying my mind upon him; the cloud broke, and my former peace returned. I found something daily dying within me, but what it was I could not tell. When I was at the lowest, I began to rise again, and continued increasing in the life of God for three months more.

I was then one evening meeting my band, when the power of the Lord descended in an uncommon manner, and I believed he had purified my heart. At first I rejected it through a sense of my unworthiness. But the witness again returned. I considered, "What have I either done or suffered that could induce the Lord to show me this great mercy?" And I was upon the point of giving up again, when it occurred to my mind, "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." I was then constrained to acquiesce, and said, Since it is so, I will hold fast if I can.

The next morning I awoke in such power and peace as I had never known, and the promises in the latter part of the 30th chapter of Ezekiel were applied in such a manner as left no doubt but the Lord had wrought that great change in me. Nevertheless, it was not in the manner I expected. I had supposed a soul saved from all sin would be a great, wise, and glorious creature; whereas I found myself infinitely little, and mean, and base; I had such a discovery of my own nothingness as humbled me to the dust continually. I felt myself as ignorant and helpless as an infant, and knew I could not stand a moment without the Divine aid.

Nor did I find such overflowing joys as I expected, but only an even, permanent peace, which kept my heart in the knowledge and love of God. Meantime several scriptures were opened to me at once; and I found a delightful relish for the whole. But still I found knowledge in Divine things was to be acquired gradually through patient labour; and that even this was limited; God giving no more than was necessary, and at such times as he pleased.

I walked in this liberty some months till one day I met with a circumstance which grieved me. I attended too much to the temptation, and was not inwardly watchful; so before I was aware, the temptation took place in my heart, and I found myself angry for a moment or two. As I never expected to feel this evil any more, my distress was inconceivable for three or four hours; the enemy suggesting that I was now an apostate from the pure love of God, and could never be restored. I cried mightily to the Lord, and he discovered the device of the enemy, and healed the wound that had been made. He likewise showed me that as I had received Christ Jesus, so I must walk in him; that the same faith by which I entered into rest must be continued, in order to be established.

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



HARRIETT BEECHER STOWE

Perfect Rest At Last -- (Experience Of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, As Recorded By Herself)

For some three or four years past there has been in my mind a subdued undercurrent of perplexity and unhappiness in regard to myself in my religious experience. I have often thought, when sitting by myself, "Why am I thus restless? Why not at peace? I love God and Jesus Christ with a real and deep devotion; and in general I mean to conform my life to Him. I am as consistent as many Christians – more; then why not satisfied?"

I could conceive of a style of Christian devotion as much higher than my present point as my present

position is above that of the world. I often saw, as by a dart of sunlight, that an entire identity of my will with God's would remove all disquiet, and give joy even to suffering; as says Paul: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

The more I groaned in spirit, and longed and prayed, the more inveterate and determined and unsubdued seemed every opposing desire. The sensitive fear of blame, the ever-luring self-conscious desire of proving to myself and others that I was right, I perceived to be stronger and more powerful in me than the love of Christ, the fear of His opinion, and the desire of His will.

"Am I then not a Christian?" thought I. Then why do I, why have I, loved Christ – loved Him so deeply, as I know I have; nay, as I know I do? I cannot tell. I think I love him above all; yet certainly my will is, at best, only in a small degree subjected to His. "Well, then," I thought, "if you see that entire union and identity of your will with Christ is the thing, why do you not have it? Just submit, give up all these separate interests. Unite your soul to Him in a common interest. Why not?" Ah, why not? Words of deep meaning to every one who tries that vain experiment! Every effort breaks like a wave upon a rock.

We reason, reflect, resolve, and pray, weep, strive, love – love unto despair; and all in vain. In vain I adjured my soul. "Do you not love Christ? Why not, then, cut wholly loose from all these loves and take His will alone? Is it not reasonable, since you can be blessed in no other way? What else can you do?" Something said to me, "You are a Christian, perhaps, but not a full one." "Learn of Me," said Christ, "and ye shall find rest." I do not find rest, consequently I do not learn of Him. I perceive that the New Testament ideal of a Christian was different from the higher than what I ever tried or purposed to be; that I was only trying at parts, and allowed myself in some things to live below. Nor did it comfort me at all to think that other Christians did so, and even good ones, too, for I remembered, "He that shall break one of these least commandments," etc. -- The question was distinctly proposed to me, "Will you undertake and make a solemn and earnest effort to realize the full ideal of Christ's plan, though not one other Christian should?" The obstacles were many. "It will do no good to try. With a lower standard have I striven, wept, prayed, despaired in vain; and shall I undertake this? I shall never do it." This was my discouragement. How can I see God clearer than I have seen Him? Can I ever be searched and penetrated and bowed by a deeper love than I have known, and which yet has been transient, has never wholly subdued me? Can I make deeper, sincerer resolutions? No. Can I have more vivid views? No. What then?" I thought of this passage: "I will love Him, and my Father will love Him; and we will come unto Him, and make our abode with Him." "That is it," I thought. "Christ has been with me by visits and intervals; this permanent abode is what I have not known."

Again, "Abide in Me and I in you" -- steady, ever-present Christ within, who should exert an influence steady as the pulse of my soul. This I needed. I copied that type of scripture verse; I prayed with prayer unceasing that Christ would realize them; I despaired of bending my will; I despaired of all former and all present efforts; but at His word I resolved to begin and go for the whole. As James and John: "He said unto them, 'Launch out now and let down the net.' They said unto Him, 'Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word we will let down the net; and lo! The net break with the multitude of fishes.'"

What was the result? When self-despair was final, and I merely undertook at the word of Christ, then came long-expected and wished-for help. All changed. Whereas once my heart ran with a strong current to the world, now it runs with a current the other way. What once it cost an effort to remember, now it costs an effort to forget. The will of Christ seems to me the steady pulse of my being, and I go because I cannot help it. Skeptical doubt cannot exist. I seem to see the full blaze of the Shekinah everywhere. I am calm but full, everywhere and in all things instructed, and find I can do all things through Christ. -- H. B. S.

While she was in school, and about fourteen years of age, she read Baxter's "Saint's Rest." She was powerfully affected by it, and the impressions then made on her tender and plastic mind were never after removed. God was preparing her for the great work that lay before her.

It was while her father was president of Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati that she married Calvin E. Stowe, a young widower, and one of the professors of the institute. Her husband was, at that time, as she said, "rich in Greek and Hebrew, Latin and Arabic, and alas! Rich in nothing else." One of her friends said, "Life became a hard struggle with poverty and sorrow." Among her writings we find she wrote from her heart "Earthly Care a Heavenly Discipline."

Her trust in God gave her patient endurance. The more the diamond is cut, the brighter it sparkles. Paul not only patiently endured the severe trials that came to him, but he tells us he "glories in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." So Mrs. Stowe gained spiritual strength from these "Earthly Cares" and trials.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" -- which was translated into a score of languages, and produced such tremendous effects -- helping to break the shackles from three millions of human beings, was written in the same spirit of consecration to Christ -- perfect love to God -- and love to all humanity. One writer says, "Most prominent among its characteristics was noted its thoroughly Christian atmosphere. She retained the clear witness of sanctifying grace throughout her entire life."

In the year 1887 she wrote a letter to a friend, containing the following:

"I am coming to that stage of my pilgrimage that is within sight of the river of death, and I feel that now I must have all in readiness, day and night, for the messenger of the King. I have sometimes in my sleep strange perceptions of a vivid spiritual life near to and with Christ and the multitude of holy ones, and the joy of it is like no other joy; it cannot be told in the language of the world. What I have, then, I know with absolute certainty; yet it is so unlike and above anything we conceive of in this world that it is difficult to put it into words.

"The inconceivable loveliness of Christ! It seems that about Him there is a sphere where the enthusiasm of love is the calm habit of the soul, that without words, without the necessity of demonstrations of affection, we respond to the infinite love, and we feel His answer in us, and there is no need of words."

Source: "Consecration And Purity" by Mary Sparkes Wheeler



ANCEL & GRACE SUMMERS

That week seemed a very light and happy week. Rev. John Scobie was holding a camp meeting at Bouk's Hill a few miles South of Winchester, at the time. We went to the meeting the next Sunday. At the evening meeting there was such a large crowd that Mr. Scobie did not give an invitation because there was considerable commotion, as some of the people were pulling on the ropes of the tent and he was afraid they would pull the tent down. He dismissed the meeting as soon as he got through preaching. While he was waiting for the crowd to disperse, the Lord showed Ancel that there was something in his heart that should not be there. He stepped over to Brother Scobie and said, "I want to be sanctified." He said, "Wait till the crowd gets away."

As soon as most of them had gone, they went to the altar where Ancel knelt, and they gathered around him. His father said, "I guess it's on," and began to pray. Minnie, his oldest sister, sat on the platform in front of him and took his hand and put a prayer in his mouth. It was a prayer of consecration which

ended up with, “All I know and all I don’t know I turn over to God.”

When she stopped leading the prayer he also stopped because he knew so little about prayer. The thought went through his mind, “I’ve done all that I know,” and the Holy Spirit whispered to him, “Will not God do His part?,” and he inwardly said, “Yes,” and he knew nothing more until he found himself laughing at the top of his voice, praising the Lord. This was a great surprise to him. He never knew he would ever laugh right out in a religious meeting like that; and his father shouted, “Hallelujah,” twice, which didn’t seem to him to stop in the tent but kept going on right up. This occurred just one week after he was saved, in the year 1904.

Shortly after this he left and went back West to his family. His father and brother, Ward, came with him. After they arrived home the first night, after his father and brother had gone to bed, he took his wife on his knee and told her all that had happened. She sat there with tears running down her cheeks and conviction seized her heart, and she was saved within two weeks after that time, and sanctified wholly about two weeks later, while she was lying in bed. She said when she received the blessing of holiness it was just like electricity snapping off her fingers.

Source: “Sanctified Wholly” by James Cowan



W. L. SURBROOK

(Pilgrim Holiness Church)

W. L. Surbrook was a member of the Pilgrim Holiness Church. He served as an evangelist, teacher, writer, and as president of the Pilgrim Bible College, Kernersville, North Carolina, and also as president of the Owosso Bible Seminary, Owosso, Michigan.

With a background of nearly three generations that were saturated and deeply dyed with the Adventist teaching and stamped by sin, together with gross ignorance of the Scriptures and the way of salvation, there was little or no clear gospel light in my soul.

Having been born on a farm in Michigan, where I remained quite closely until after having passed the eighth grade, I entered the city high school. This kept me away from home much of my time. During my high school days the Holy Spirit sent a very humble farmer preacher into the community to preach the gospel. The revival was held in the country schoolhouse where I had attended grade school.

With plenty of prejudice, conceit, ignorance, and wariness I attended the meeting on my week ends at home. The minister of the Word was very tender, full of tact, sweetness, and grace; and soon the schoolhouse was filled with hungry, inquisitive listeners. His humble, gracious presentation of truth soon won to him the confidence of the people.

On Sunday night, March 17, 1912, the first real break came in the meeting, and I was the first soul that night at the altar. It took the Holy Spirit but a few minutes to tender my soul and lead me to genuine godly sorrow and repentance for sin. About nine-twenty that night God for Christ’s sake pardoned all of my sins, and at a flash I was born again and at once became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

With a background of teaching that the Holy Spirit was merely a divine emanation or influence from the Father and Son, light on His gracious work of cleansing dawned upon me slowly. As the minister preached on the “second rest,” “second work of grace,” the “carnal nature,” and the “old man,” I sat with an open heart, wondering whose father he was talking about. Frankly I did not know who the “old man” was.

There was no disposition however in my heart to resent the truth. The new-found joy, peace, and

victory gave me a hungering thirst for more of what I already possessed. God had given me victory over the world and my soul was filled with a new warmth, fire, and victory I had neither known nor heard of before. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks," so my soul panted after God and righteousness. Except at times of bubbling blessings and spiritual ecstasy my soul thirsted, hungered, yearned, and cried for a "something" I did not possess; yet, I was unable to name scripturally or define clearly my need.

There was a constant eagerness in my heart to please God and to walk in all the light He shed upon my path. The Holy Spirit had sent me back over my path to make restitutions and rectify my wrongs. My whole life was changed, for now I was faithfully attending the Sunday school, prayer meetings, and church. The new-found life of joy and peace was now leading me into praying, testifying, and praising God. I had experienced a complete change of heart and life and was now walking with Him, but was not yet sanctified.

As I walked with Him the best I knew how, He gradually deepened the hunger of my soul To lead me into entire sanctification, He did not bless me more, but rather "unblessed" me or in a measure withheld the blessing, and to that very degree the hunger deepened. Gradually my soul was filled with an insatiable thirst. With the ebb and flow of His blessings, the thirst deepened and the hunger increased.

In response to this hungering and thirsting I was again found at the altar; but this time I was not seeking pardon, but purity. My soul was not in the dark, and neither was there any condemnation upon it. I knew I was saved and walking in all the light while fellowshiping Him and His people, and yet I knew I needed something more. There was no guilt upon my soul, or stain upon my record, but there was inbred sin within my life that needed to be eradicated.

In seeking the fullness of the Spirit in heart cleansing, I knew that the time element did not enter into it. It was not a question of how long I sought but of making a full consecration to God and believing Him to purify my heart. It is very doubtful if I sought at that altar over twenty minutes until every condition was met; and, as faith took hold, the sweet, cleansing Holy Spirit purified my heart. As the quiet, assuring evidence came, a sweet restfulness came over my soul, and at once I knew He had sanctified me.

There was no outward demonstration, but a sweet inward assurance. Since then I have seen many shout and demonstrate quite hilariously when sanctified, and I have shouted "Amen" with them; but it did not work that way with me. Very few people ever experience this groundwork of grace in exactly the same manner, and nobody should try to get it the same way or try to imitate others. God has a sweet, clear, definite second work of grace for every unsanctified soul and when it comes it will fully satisfy.

Some have asked and wondered if it is possible for one to have as clear and as definite an experience in entire sanctification as he received when he was converted. Let me assure you, my friend, that it is possible. You may not act the same, nor act like others, but He can and will give you as clear and as definite an experience when sanctified as you received when you were born again.

To support this fact let us quote from John Wesley when writing on this very subject. He declared that "no one ought to think that the work is done until there is added the witness of the Spirit, testifying to his entire sanctification as clearly as his regeneration."

It is now nearly thirty-seven years since God sanctified me, and may I assure you I would not consider living one hour without His sweet abiding presence in my life, for all these years my soul has been safely anchored.

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



MARY SUTHERLAND

(Methodist)

Mary Sutherland was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, September 8, 1823. In her eighth year she emigrated with her parents to Springfield, Ohio. Here, in April, 1840, under the ministry of Rev. Wm. Young, she was converted and baptized, and joined the old Columbia Street Church. August 28, 1845, she was united, by Rev. W. Herr, in marriage with Rev. Wm. H. Sutherland, now of the Cincinnati Conference. For more than twenty-five years she shared with him the toils, the trials, and the joys of the itineracy. She was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, a faithful friend. Truth, prudence, purity, and benevolence were predominant traits in her character. In all her life she never uttered an untruth. She avoided that outward adorning of putting on apparel, but chose rather the “ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.” Naturally timid, she shrunk from being conspicuous; and few, even of her intimate friends, were fully aware of the saving gift of God which was in her until it was developed in the reception and influence of the blessing of perfect love. This “pearl of great price” she sought and obtained February 19, 1870, at the altar of prayer. Of this “great grace” she was ever a humble, prudent, and yet a courageous confessor. She never offensively pushed the subject on any, and yet never “hid her light under a bushel.” “A godly walk,” “a holy conversation,” a life abounding “in every good word and work,” evinced to all the sincerity of her profession and the divinity of her religion.

Her fatal illness was fibroid tumor of the throat. Her sufferings, which at times were excruciating, were protracted for ten months. During these weary months she was unmurmuring, submissive, serene, and cheerful--willing to live, and yet ready, even desirous, “to depart and be with Christ,” which she was assured would be “far better.” She frequently exclaimed, “I never appreciated so highly as now this blessing of full salvation. What should I, what could I now do without the support and comfort of God’s perfect love?” To the writer she often said, “I am waiting – waiting for the rumbling of his chariot wheels.”

To her husband and relatives it seemed deeply mysterious that one so innocent and so useful should be so great a sufferer. A single remark of hers was sufficient to solve the mystery. Her husband had been reading to her about those white-vestured ones before the throne, who came out of great tribulation, and “who had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,” when she exclaimed, “I know what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb, yet I have had but little tribulation in my life; and I suppose I am now receiving my portion.” Her triumph over death was complete and glorious. Among her dying declarations were these, “Jesus loves me!” “Jesus is precious!” “All is well!” “I see my way clear to glory!” “Not a cloud, not a shadow!” Her last intelligible words, uttered while her features beamed with unearthly radiance, were, “Farewell! Farewell!”

Thus, on Monday morning, October 28, 1873, in the town of Ripley, Drown County, Ohio, passed away from earth to heaven our beloved sister, one of the purest, gentlest, and most unselfish of beings. Her husband, her children, and the large circle of her friends miss her – oh, how sadly! But they sorrow in hope of a happy reunion in the better land.

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



MRS. J. R. SWAUGER

(Wesleyan)

[This testimony was authored by the wife of Dr. J. R. Swauger, Home Missionary Secretary of the former Wesleyan Methodist Church from 1943 to 1955.]

Assurance of sins forgiven was not mine until I was 13, though I was reared in a Christian home, and heard Spirit-inspired testimonies at church. Often the Lord whispered to me concerning my need, and I would ask Him to save me; but no change seemed to come. I began to wonder if I were expecting too much, and that perhaps, since I had prayed, and even with tears, I might be a Christian after all.

During a time of deep concern I began to ask the Lord to sanctify me thinking that what I heard about in testimonies might be what I lacked. But finally, at a point of desperation, feeling I could not go on any longer unsatisfied and unsure, I besought the Lord to do for me whatever needed to be done. In response to that poor, but earnest and desperate prayer, He graciously answered with pardon and peace. Then I knew, for the first time in my life, that I was born again. My name was written in the Book of Life. Where there had been darkness, light had come into my soul. I was right with God. He had dealt with me as tenderly and faithfully as though I were His sole concern!

And now the Spirit began sharpening my desire for a clean heart. The very day of my conversion, while I was rejoicing over forgiveness of sins, I found myself praying for the fulness of the Spirit. Oswald Chambers has well said, "A born-again soul is condemned to holiness ... he is a bondsman to Jesus" ("Still Higher For His Highest", Zondervan, 1971, p. 174). Having been born from above, there was an intense craving to partake of all that was included in this family relationship. Nothing less could satisfy.

For the next several months I listened to Bible studies and testimonies with keen interest. I read *The Christian Witness*, which came regularly to our home. From the family bookcase I began perusing books that had been purchased at the camp meeting bookstand, learning what had been written about the sanctified life by John Wesley, C. W. Ruth, H. C. Morrison, and Bud Robinson.

I became familiar with the great Bible truths: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost" (Matt. 3:16; Mark 1:8; Luke 3:16; John 1:33); "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12); "Be ye holy for I am holy" (Lev. 11:44; I Pet. 1:16); "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly...faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it" (I Thess. 5:23-24).

In my ignorance, at my times of prayer, I would ask the Lord to cleanse my heart from all sin, and fill me with His Spirit. Then I would wait to sense that the work was done. If I did not feel different I would pray on, pause, examine, and pray again. Finally, at the end of nine months, the Spirit gently reminded me of what John Wesley had explained – that this work was done in answer to faith and faith alone, without regard to feeling. But how could I take such a step without testing my feelings to be sure?

The experience of Israel at Jordan came to my mind, how the way did not open until the feet of the priests touched the waters. Would I dare to step in on naked faith? The struggle was very real. My consecration had been complete, as far as I knew, for some months. There was nothing I was withholding, but the Spirit was gently insisting that I step out. Finally, in full abandon to Him, I began saying, "I do believe You cleanse me now. I do believe. I do believe."

If ever I am tempted to look upon teenagers as too young to understand and seek the second work of grace, I have only to recall that I was an eighth-grader when I earnestly sought and blessedly experienced the Spirit's cleansing from inbred sin, and taking possession of my entire being.

In all the eventualities that life has brought through threescore years since that blessed experience, the

adequacy of the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit has been paramount. In reflecting on various events and experiences, the outstanding memory in each instance is that the grace of God has been all-sufficient. He is the God of more than enough.

Source: "And They Shall Prophesy"

Compiled by George E. Failing



ELIZABETH TASKER

(Methodist)

The death of the lovely in character and person and pure in heart, while impoverishing earth, enriches heaven. Their good deeds ascend before God like holy incense, permeating and sanctifying society. This is especially true of those who have lived blamelessly long and beautifully personified "mothers in Israel." They who have truly honored God and the church for over threescore years are indeed the "salt of the earth," and ready for heaven. Few are permitted to remain on earth until they have passed fourscore years; but life is sometimes wonderfully lengthened to illustrate the beauty of holiness in old age, and furnish a type of the perfection that saints may attain to in this life before being transplanted to the bliss of heaven.

Among the more recent deaths our church and society mourn, whose excellences are worthy of the highest portraiture here outlined, was that "elect lady," Mrs. Elizabeth Tasker, the honored and devoted wife of Rev. Thomas T. Tasker, Sr., of Philadelphia. A native of Delaware, married in 1829, and resident in Philadelphia about fifty-four years, she entered heaven in holy triumph, after a pilgrimage on earth of over eighty years. From her early married life she enjoyed the higher graces of the Holy Spirit, sometimes termed the second blessing, -- though her religious deportment was without much outward expression of feeling, but, as she often expressed it, "You know, the Holy Spirit does not operate in all hearts alike; and there is not the same manifestation." From that time forward there was steady growth in the divine likeness until death, and she feasted daily on the manna of heaven.

There was a nobility of mind, as in personal appearance, that impressed others with whom she came in contact; and those who mingled with her in the family circle and society felt her molding power. Her winning ways and gentle manners made her a favorite wherever she went. These elements of character developed in her early womanhood; and to her frugal habits, wise counsels, methodical ways, and consistent Christian life doubtless much is due in helping to lay the foundation for the wonderful career of her honored and successful husband. No sacrifice with her was too great for the comfort and success of her husband. No barrier ever stood in the way of his compliance with the numerous calls of the church through her act. Nothing was allowed to be wasted in her house, and prodigality was avoided; and yet her generosity and labors for the good of others and the glory of God were without stint or measure. With the advance of years and increase of wealth at her command she still was, as she had always been, the meek and loving disciple of the Lord.

In person she was of a fine, majestic appearance. With a countenance radiant and winning, her society was a benediction in every place. Her stalwart sons, like her devoted daughters, thought no gift that money could purchase or labor bring was too great for her to enjoy. No wonder they would rise up while living and call "her blessed;" and now her name and memory to them is like "ointment poured forth."

After she had passed the meridian of life her health became so impaired as to prevent her from enjoying much of the "communion of saints" in the house of God. Seemingly there was but little evidence in her

movements to indicate pain as she moved in her orbit of every-day life; and yet she silently suffered without complaint. Her mission was to make others happy and contented without giving concern for her bodily sufferings. This sweet spirit was maintained to the last; and as she neared her fourscore years the noble structure by degrees began to crumble. First, her sight failed, and suddenly her limbs yielded to the touch of time; and then in helplessness she lay on her couch for the “coming of her Lord.” Under the inspiring watch-care of her devoted husband and family she lingered some time on the edge of Jordan.

Among her last utterances she said, “Home, sweet home! Heavenly home! Glorious home! And my home!” She raised her hands and joined her fingers together, pointing upward, and said, “O Jesus! Precious Jesus! Thou art mine; and always hast been since I first received thy blessing! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!” Thus she triumphed till the chariot of the Lord appeared and transported her to the realms of glory.

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



BRAINERD TAYLOR

Brainerd Taylor was converted at fifteen. Six years afterwards he had a remarkable experience. He says: “The 23d of April, 1882, I was on a visit to Haddain, Coun. Memorable day! The time and place will never be forgotten. *For a long time my desire had been that the Lord would visit me, and fill me with the Holy Spirit – my cry was, ‘Seal my soul forever thine.’ I lifted my heart in prayer that the blessing might descend. I needed something I did not possess. There was a void within which must be filled. My earnest desire was that all love for the world might be destroyed, all selfishness extirpated, pride banished, unbelief removed, all idols dethroned, everything hostile to holiness and opposed to the divine will crucified; that holiness to the Lord might be engraved on my heart, and evermore characterize my conversation. At this juncture I was most delightfully conscious of giving up all to God. I was enabled in my heart to say, ‘Here, Lord, take me, take my whole soul, and seal me Thine, Thine now and Thine forever. If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean.’ Then there ensued such emotions as I never before experienced. All was calm and tranquil and a haven of love pervaded my whole soul. I had a witness of God’s love to me and of mine to Him. Shortly after I was dissolved in tears of love and gratitude to our blessed Lord. The name of Jesus was precious to me; He came as King, and took full possession of my heart; and I was enabled to say, ‘I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.’*”

Source: “Joy and Rejoicing”

by Abbie C. Morrow & C. W. McCrossan



HUDSON TAYLOR

The story of Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission comprises one of the thrilling romances in modern missionary endeavor. In the year 1869, three years after the missionaries had begun their great work in the interior of China, a great advance in spiritual experience came to Hudson Taylor and a number of his missionaries. If any group on earth had entered the fulness of the sanctified life it would seem that this group had. They were living by faith in a missionary field that others had refused to enter. They had had many conversions, and were witnessing remarkable answers to prayer day by day. But the missionaries themselves, including Hudson Taylor, their leader, faced an internal strife in their

own personal Christian experiences. It was about this time that a series of articles was published in a religious journal known as the Revival – later named The Christian – on the subject: “The Way of Holiness.” These articles fell into the hands of the missionaries, and they read them with much interest. A statement in one of the articles said: “Surely the words ‘For me to live is Christ’ cannot mean less than habitual victory over sin.” A testimony in one of these articles said: “ ‘Purifying their hearts by faith’: how my soul leaps up at those words, seeing in a moment the possibility of deliverance! ‘If then it is by faith,’ I exclaim, ‘I will trust Jesus for a pure heart, and now!’ “

It was Mr. McCarthy, a member of the missionary band, who first came to the place in Christian experience where he could give the above testimony. Soon after this he met Hudson Taylor, his leader, and said: “I do wish I could have a talk with you now about the way of holiness.” And Mr. McCarthy did talk to Hudson Taylor about this way. A little later, while absent from Mr. McCarthy in another city, Hudson Taylor was reading a letter he had received from him upon this same subject. The light broke upon his soul, which he describes in these words: “As I read I saw it all. I looked to Jesus; and when I saw, Oh, how joy flowed!” Soon after this, when Hudson Taylor was calling on one of his patients, Mr. Judd, the patient described the meeting as follows: “When I went to welcome him he was so full of joy that he scarcely knew how to speak to me. He did not even say, ‘How do you do?’ Walking up and down the room with his hands behind him he exclaimed: ‘Oh, Mr. Judd, God has made me a new man! God has made me a new man!’” Later, Mr. Judd gave the following description of what had happened to the great missionary leader, who had forsaken home, friends, and had risked his all for the evangelization of inland China. “He was a joyous man now,” added Mr. Judd, “a bright, happy Christian. He had been a toiling, burdened one before, with previously not much rest of soul. It was resting in Jesus now, and letting Him do the work – which makes all the difference! Whenever he spoke in meetings after that, a new power seemed to flow from him, and in the practical things of life a new peace possessed him. Troubles did not worry him as before. He cast everything on God in a new way, and gave more time to prayer. Instead of working late at night, he began to go to bed earlier, rising at five in the morning to give two hours before the work of the day began to Bible study and prayer. Thus his own soul was fed, and from him flowed the living water to others.”

Source: Chapter 17, titled: “A Great Missionary Enters In,” from “The Power That Prevails” by Julian Claudius McPheeters



IRA TAYLOR

Sanctified and Called to Preach

My wife and I were visiting our missionary work in the West Indies and South America. Our steamer had docked at the island of Nevis about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was to leave at eleven that night for the island of Antigua. We had not known our ship was to stop at Nevis so we had not informed our National missionaries there of our coming. They were surprised, but said we must have a service.

By seven-thirty they had an overflow crowd at the church. I preached on Holiness, and the fourteen-year-old son of the national missionary was sanctified. His parents left with us that night to go to the island of Antigua, where I was to hold a conference and a revival. We had been on Antigua for four days when that boy's mother received a letter from him saying, “Mother, the night Brother Flexon was here I was sanctified. I went to bed but could not sleep. I became burdened for the people of our island. The next morning I made some crude posters and put them in the stores and the post office announcing a revival to begin in your church that night, and the people are coming and I am doing the preaching, and God is giving us a revival.”

That boy became one of our great national preachers, and has preached in our large camp in the United States. That was Ira Taylor.

Source: "Illustrations and Experiences" by Richard G. Flexon



JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR

Leaving the experience and testimony of well-known and historic characters, we turn to that of a more youthful disciple. Of him Dr. Gordon says: "James Brainerd Taylor had been converted at the age of fifteen. Six years later he experienced a remarkable blessing from the Spirit. All his subsequent papers refer to this date as the most important era in his Christian life." The following is part of Mr. Taylor's account of this remarkable experience:

"It was on the 23d of April, 1822, when I was on a visit to Haddam in Connecticut. The time and place will never, no, never, be forgotten. I recur to it at this moment with thankful remembrance. For a long time my desire had been that the Lord would visit me and fill me with the Holy Ghost. My cry to him was, Seal my soul forever thine. I lifted up my heart in prayer that the blessing might descend. I felt that I needed something that I did not possess. There was a void within that must be filled or I could not be happy. My earnest desire was then, as it had been ever since I had professed religion, six years before, that all love of the world might be destroyed, all selfishness extirpated, pride banished, unbelief removed, all idols dethroned, everything hostile to holiness and opposed to the divine will crucified, that holiness to the Lord might be engraved on my heart and evermore characterize my conversation. My mind was led to reflect on what would probably be my future situation. It recurred to me, I am to be hereafter a minister of the gospel. But how shall I be able to preach in my present state of mind? I cannot – never, no, never, shall I be able to do it with pleasure without great overturnings in my soul. I felt that I needed that for which I was then, and for a longtime had been, hungering and thirsting. I desired it, not for my benefit only, but for that of the Church and the world.

"At this very juncture I was most delightfully conscious of giving up all to God. I was enabled in my heart to say: 'Here, Lord, take me; take my whole soul and seal me thine – thine now and thine forever. If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' Then there ensued such emotions as I never before experienced. All was calm and tranquil, and a heaven of love pervaded my whole soul. I had a witness of God's love to me and of mine to him. Shortly after I was dissolved in tears of love and gratitude to our blessed Lord, The name of Jesus was precious to me, "'twas music in my ear." He came as King, and took full possession of my heart; and I was enabled to say: 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' Let him, as King of kings and Lord of lords, reign in me, reign without a rival forever."

On the above record of experience Dr. Gordon makes the following comment:

"The invariable accompaniment of such visitations of the Spirit we find throughout the subsequent history of this young man. His communion with God was of the most elevating and transforming character. It seemed literally as though it were Christ for him to live. For wherever he went he exhibited the Lord Jesus so conspicuously in his example, in his words, and in his persuasions, that men could not resist the power with which he lived and spoke. Dying at the age of twenty-eight, his labors had nevertheless been such a blessing to his generation, that many servants of God, living till threescore and ten, might be glad to leave behind them such a record. His college and seminary vacations were spent in evangelistic labors, and during these seasons he toiled like an apostle. Night and day with tears he warned men. Publicly and from house to house he exhorted and entreated and prayed. And wherever he went revivals seemed to break forth as though he carried some resistless divine influence in his

person, and hundreds in a town would be converted during a single visit. His own soul meanwhile lived in the most exultant fellowship with the Father and the Son. He makes the same record that Edwards does, that the one memorable season of divine visitation was followed by many others, in which the tides of heavenly love and delight filled and flooded the soul. The joy of the first baptism and its accompanying power remained unto the end.”

This remarkable experience and testimony most strikingly support the theory of this book – that the sanctifying baptism of the Spirit ordinarily comes after conversion, is instantaneous, is known to the consciousness, and abides with its subject. This young man was certainly the subject of a baptism which clearly involved the “ecstatic,” “ethical,” and “charismatic fullness of the Spirit, all three of which were permanent or abiding. We would most heartily commend the experience and example of this devout young Presbyterian to the close study and conscientious imitation of all theological students and young preachers of the gospel. May they catch his spirit and walk in his footsteps!

Source: “Scriptural Sanctification” by John R. Brooks



PROFESSOR THOLUCK

The well-known Professor Tholuck has been called “The Spiritual Primate of the Established Church of Germany.” We are told that “to his influence, more than to any other cause, must be assigned the reintroduction into the German universities, and into the German mind, of the principles and spirit of the evangelical faith.” The following from a writer in the New York Christian Advocate, published a few years ago, gives the secret of his wonderful success in this most important work:

“It was not simply in the lecture room, the pulpit, and the printed page that he won victories for the Master. Personal intercourse with the student was his marked characteristic. His house was the home of the undergraduates. He was not satisfied unless some were at his table. But how came he to have such a passion for the souls of the young men that he was called the ‘Student Professor,’ the ‘soul-loving Professor Tholuck’? How came he to have a spirit so rare? He began his manhood as an unbeliever, and wrote his oration on leaving the [high school] on ‘The Superiority of Mohammedanism over Christianity.’ Under the influence of Neander he was converted. He afterwards received what he called ‘a baptism of fire’ (the baptism with the Holy Ghost and Fire). When he had been a professor fifty years, he said: ‘Nothing fills me with more adoring wonder than to think how the “Spirit of Fire” has ever been with me since I received the baptism of fire from above.’

Source: “Scriptural Sanctification” by John R. Brooks



DAVID THOMAS

(Founder of the International Holiness Mission)

At times, quite unintentionally, if the young people were not attentive to their duties, or not courteous to customers, they would be called to task in not a very charitable spirit. Not that they were not at fault – they certainly were; but in a moment unkind, cutting words were uttered, and within the young employer’s heart there would come a sense of condemnation of the harsh manner and un-Christlike Spirit. The service of the Master would lose some of its joy, the witness at the open-air stand had not the keen edge as before.

In 1891, Dr. Watson, of Boston, Massachusetts, came to this country conducting holiness meetings in all our large towns. He came to Speke Hall, Battersea, where one Sunday evening he showed from the

Word of God in Rom. 6:6, "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Also from many other passages in Scripture that God could deal with the sin of the heart and make men and women holy in heart and righteous in life...

Under such direct preaching the draper from Wales, always honest in his convictions, had to acknowledge the failure in his Christian life and service. Obedient to the call of God, at the invitation he went forward to the penitent form for prayer, it was a time of confession, of consecration of body, soul, spirit, business, wife, family and all that he knew, henceforth he was to be God's man entirely, God should have first place in his life. The consecration was complete and final, all was on the altar, the fire of the Holy Ghost possessed his being...

The young people of the business house noticed the change, the hasty, unkind words never again came to those lips. Holiness was found to be practical in business as well as in Church life.

Source: "David Thomas"

by those who lived, loved and laboured with him



WILLIAM M. TIDWELL

I love to think of that wonderful verse in the grand old hymn, "Amazing Grace," which says, "'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved; how precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed." Here we have the convicting grace of God and then the saving grace that brings relief. "How precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed." Jonah was right when he said, "Salvation is of the Lord." Praise the Lord for preventing grace, the grace that kept us out of hell before we were saved; for convicting grace; for saving grace; and for keeping grace. "Grace that is boundless and free. Grace that is as fathomless as the sea. Grace enough for you and for me." The old lady, who was very poor and had to stint in everything, saw the ocean for the first time and cried out, "Thank God for one thing there is plenty of!"

I praise the Lord for His faithfulness in conviction for salvation. The Holy Spirit began to strive with me at about the age of six. At that time I saw my first death and funeral. "Aunt Tabbie Fulghum," as she was called, died. After hearing the funeral sermon by the old Methodist preacher, and hearing them sing, "O come, angel band, come and around me stand, O bear me away on your snowy wings to my immortal home," and returning home, in the stillness of the evening, I felt strangely moved upon. I had heard that "Aunt Tabbie" had gone to that heavenly world because she was a Christian. I definitely understood that all must die and in order to reach that good land we must be Christians. I got off alone and cried and prayed. From that day, until I was definitely saved, the Holy Spirit was faithful. When I had done wrong I felt afraid and would weep and ask forgiveness.

At the age of nine, at old "Mount View," I attended a genuine old-fashioned revival. The crowds came. They came early. The men went off in the woods in one place to pray; and women, in another. Such praying! They sang. They prayed, they shouted. They prayed through. Many were saved in these "grove meetings." They came to the church rejoicing, laughing, singing, and shouting; however, some came with heavy hearts. They were under deep conviction. They wept while the man of God preached. When the "call" was made there was no persuading necessary. They were there on their knees praying. They took it by the job. If they did not get through, then they prayed at home, in the field, and "everywhere" *till the victory came*.

I would go to the grove meetings. I would sit toward the back of the church and weep. I was rather

small for my age. I wanted to go forward, but feared they would think me to be too young. How I longed for someone to invite me. Don't neglect the children! But while I did not go forward, I sat there and wept and prayed. One night toward the close of the service, when I had been deeply convicted, I prayed earnestly to the Lord, and the burden rolled away. I was so happy. I was definitely blessed for days, but again Satan beat me out. He suggested that if I told it, they would think me too young. But I still praise God for that experience, but not confessing, of course, I did not live victoriously; however, I did live under constant conviction and the fear of the Lord. I went a few times to the old-fashioned, country play parties, (called a Chatauqua") but was never comfortable. Often while others were having what they called "a good time," I would slip out in the dark and pray and ask God to forgive me for being there. This condition continued till I was about sixteen. Then I became greatly concerned about my soul. I was not victorious. I was thrown among wicked boys. Temptation began to call. I was alarmed. I was afraid to lie down and go to sleep lest I should wake up in hell.

Finally the burden and conviction became about unbearable and I began, in a new way, to seek the Lord. Well, He is faithful. Deliverance came. No revival was on now, just the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost. I was happy. The fear to go to sleep had gone. One morning, about this time, Mother and I were milking the cows. Mother stopped milking, looked up at me and said, "Son, have you not been saved?" I replied, "Yes, Mother, Jesus has saved me." Well, a meeting broke out there immediately. Just the cows, Mother, myself and the Lord there; but that was sufficient for a good meeting. The cows did not seem to fully understand, but they knew something out of the ordinary had taken place. The following Sunday I went to church and gave my first public testimony. As I think of this, though it has been a long time ago, the fire seems to break out anew, and I feel like saying, "Praise the Lord for His faithfulness!"

Then the Lord was faithful in leading me into the experience of holiness. I united with the church immediately after being saved. When I was a little past seventeen they made me a steward in the church. I was so happy in the work of the Lord. I loved the people, the church, the work of the Lord, and above all the Lord. I was in school almost continually from the time I was saved until I heard holiness preached. At the age of about twenty I was teaching school. Some friends came along, where I was teaching, preaching holiness as a second, definite work of grace. They were wonderful people. Old-fashioned Methodists, refined, cultured, and full of the Holy Ghost. I attended regularly, worked at the altar, and helped to pray seekers through. From the time a few years before, when I obtained the victory I was so blessed in the Lord and His service that I scarcely felt any further need. It was my custom to pray each evening until I was conscious of the presence of the Lord. Usually this was up in the old log barn loft. But as the meeting progressed, and the truth on carnality came clear and strong, *I began to feel my need*. I took a few nights off during the meeting, went out into the woods and prayed much of the night. The Lord would bless graciously, but this did not satisfy. I became conscious of the need of a clean heart. I had a new heart, but I longed for a clean heart. I had life, but needed more abundant life. I had love, but I wanted perfect love. I had a clear, definite experience of justification, *but I desired sanctification*.

I think I was just a little prejudiced against going to the altar. Then many of my friends, among them my official church brethren and pastor, were opposed to "second blessing holiness." *However, this heart hunger became so intense that I began to lose sight of these hindrances. Then in an evening service, as I sat on the front seat and knew practically everyone in the crowded church, the Lord spoke to me. Not not audibly, but consciously He seemed to say, "If you will go forward and make the consecration, I will satisfy you." At this moment holiness opposers seemed to vanish, and almost before I knew it, I was at the altar praying, earnestly, for the blessing. This did not take long. The "Comforter came." There was little outward demonstration, but I was satisfied. My heart was clean. I seemed to move into the vestibule of heaven. Christ, His word, and all things spiritual took on new life and*

meaning. It was all indescribable. The witness of the Spirit was clear. That has been many years ago. Much water has gone under the bridge since then. Nights have been long, tunnels dark, and trials sore, but this blessing has held. Yet, justification and sanctification are real, definite, genuine experiences. Jesus is not a sin regulator or suppressor. He is a sin eradicator and exterminator. “He will crucify the old man and electrify the new man.” He can save and keep as long as we will walk in the light and resist the devil. Paul said, “Neither give place to the devil.” Even though we are sanctified we can still do this, and will unless we watch and pray, but the grace of God will keep every moment if we meet conditions.

Source: “The Faithfulness of God” By William M. Tidwell



A. H. TIPTON

A REDEEMED INFIDEL, DRUNKARD AND GAMBLER

You asked me to write my experience, to be published for the glory of God to show how God can save a poor drunkard, so here it is:

I was raised by Christian parents who were old-time Methodists, that knew how to pray. Our house was the preacher’s home from my earliest recollection. I was converted when a boy and tried to live a Christian life for a short time but soon began to look at the inconsistent lives of the church members around me and that got my eyes off of Christ and I found myself in sin as bad as ever. A short time after I was grown, I was deputy United States Marshall for two terms in North Georgia; hunting wild cat whiskey makers in the mountains near my home. I stood well with my home people and the officers of the law; but it was here that I learned the ways of sin as never before. I learned to drink, gamble, and that with officers of the law who were church members. I often heard them swear; I drank whiskey with them, and some times I would gamble with them; and sometimes visit houses of shame with them, and some of them were officers in the church at that.

This sort of association soon drove me into infidelity, and I became an avowed skeptic. I said there are no true Christians, as I had had a chance to see their best ones, and they all proved to be frauds, and would tell a lie in a trade as quick as I would, for I had a chance to try them. I said there was no God, and I went from bad to worse, till I was a confirmed drunkard and a gambler, and so profane that my wife was ashamed of me. I had not been to church for twelve years; had spent most of my life in trading horses and drinking whiskey. I often told my wife that I never wanted to hear another song sung, or another sermon preached, as I was already damned if there was a hell; and that I would make the best of this world that I could.

Four years ago I heard of a holiness meeting at VanAlstyne, and I decided to go just for amusement, and see what kind of people they were, as I had heard so much about them.

On Saturday I promised my wife and children that if they would get a certain piece of work done, that I would let them go to the holiness meeting. I did not want to hear the preaching myself; but thought that I would get my wife and children in the meeting, and then I would have a big time up town with the boys. But praise the dear Lord, when I got there they were singing such songs as I had never heard before in all my life; and they all looked like they felt every word they sang. Then they all turned preachers and commenced to testify, and I had never heard such before. This seemed like the very gate of heaven to me. I heard an old man testify that nearly killed me. He said, “Bless God, I have still got the blessing this morning, and I am saved and sanctified now.” While he talked the big tears rolled down his cheeks, while his face shone like heaven. Then they sang:

“Jesus saves day by day,
Sweetly keeps all the way;
All my burdens He bears – every care;
Soon I’ll lay my armour down,
And at Jesus’ feet sit down.
And receive a starry crown over there.”

Somehow this made me think of my mother, and the songs she used to sing when I was a boy, and the prayers that she so often prayed for me. I soon forgot my infidelity, and thought that I had met some people who really knew God. Then the preacher said he wanted to add his testimony: and told how God could save and sanctify a wood hauler, and call him to preach a full salvation; that was the power of God to save the worst of men, and all that would come to Him. He then read his text, and preached a red hot sermon on repentance; and the Holy Spirit burnt the message in on my heart, until I felt like I hung over hell on a hair, and my doom was sealed if I did not repent.

My sins stood before me like mountains; every old debt that I had sworn that I would not pay, and had outlawed, looked me in the face, and every sharp bargain that I had ever drove stood before me like a hissing viper; and every old doctor’s bill that I had sworn that I would not pay, demanded a settlement, and all the lies that I had told in mule trades rang out in my ears, and even the chickens that I had stolen in drunken sprees began to crow at me until I felt like hell was caving in under my feet. I was the most miserable man alive that day. As the preacher went on he said it was restitution or hell: that to repent meant to straighten up all the past life and to make all your wrongs right so far as it was possible for you to do it.

The devil came up to me and said, “If it means that, you can never get religion, as you have gone too far.” As I sat there on that bench I could almost hear the screams of the damned that night. I heaved a sigh and said, “Lord help me.” I went back to church the next day and sister Jernigan preached, and told how God had actually saved a poor fallen girl, and made a preacher out of her. She told how God could save a fallen man as easy as he could save a fallen woman, and how she had worked with the fallen in the dives of deepest sin, and God had blessed her work.

I looked around and all the congregation was in tears, and I found myself crying like my heart would break for the first time in years. I said I would give the world for a religion like that. As we drove along the road home my wife said, “Harve, what do you think of those people? Do you think we could live without sin as they tell us we must?”

I said, “If we don’t we will all go to hell.”

She said, “Harve, you have always talked that way when you would talk about religion at all; why don’t you get it then, and show people that you can live it.”

I replied, “If I was to get that kind of religion I would have to quit trading like I do, and you and the children would starve to death or go naked; it would break up a rich man to pay back all that I would have to pay.”

Then tears came into her eyes as she looked at me and said, “I had rather go in rags and live on bread and water than for you to be lost.”

I tried to quit studying about the meeting, and was up early the next morning ready for work, but I could not pick cotton; and all that I could hear was that song: “Jesus saves day by day.” It kept ringing in my ears till I sent one of the boys to the house to ask their mother if she wanted to go to church; and she said yes. So I hitched up the mules and off we went to meeting again.

When we reached the tent the meeting had begun and the people were singing and shouting, and that same old fat man was on his feet testifying again, and as I came in he looked at me with tears all over

his face; this made me more miserable than ever. When they called mourners my wife went to the altar; and I was glad of it, for I had heard them say that if she got sanctified it would keep her from getting mad, and I wanted her to get it; and thank God, she did get reclaimed that night and never did stop till she got sanctified.

The meeting closed and left me at the altar still unsaved. I went home determined never to give up till God did save me. I would read the lesson in the Bible and my wife would lead the prayer at home from the first night that she got saved. I went to every meeting that I could hear of, and prayed all the time, until one day all alone in the cotton field, as I prayed between two cotton rows the Lord seemed to whisper into my soul: "What about all those old debts that you owe; will you pay them? And what about those men that you have beat in mule trades; will you make that good?"

I fell on my face and cried to God, and promised to pay back as fast as I could. Then the Spirit began to talk to me about the whiskey and tobacco that I was using, and said, "Will you quit that too?" I sent the children to the house, and began to clean up right. I threw away a box of snuff and a twist of tobacco, and kneeled by the wagon tongue and prayed though, till I knew that God had forgiven all the black past. Praise His holy name.

I confessed and promised God to straighten up all; and thank God, the fire fell and heaven was turned loose in my soul. I went to the house rejoicing, and from that hour I have not touched whiskey or tasted tobacco, or sworn an oath. Instead of the bottle, we have the Bible. Instead of growls we have prayers, instead of tobacco, we have testimonies; instead of rows, we have song; instead of going to gambling hells, I have gone to prayer-meetings; and instead of going to saloons, we have all got into the wagon and gone to prayer-meeting and church. Thank God for a salvation that will clean a man up and make him straighten up all the past, and pay back and sign notes till all is clear. This salvation cost me \$800.

When I got converted my wife said, "Harve, you ought to get sanctified before you stop." I told her that what I had was good enough for field hands. But it was not long till I found the uprisings still in my heart of the old carnal nature, that disturbed my peace, and one night at a prayer-meeting the Lord sanctified me wholly. Praise God!

Then I wanted to go to my old home and tell all my old associates what the Lord had done for me. How He could save an old tough like I had been, and then sanctify him, and so completely destroy all the desires for former things out of my heart; and stop me from fusses and quarrels, and make a decent man out of me. I wanted to go back to Georgia, my old home, and tell my old mother what great things the Lord had done for me, and tell her how God had answered her prayer at last, and saved her drunken boy. I started, but the day before I got there the Lord called her home to live with him.

It seems like I can almost see my Savior meet her, and say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, I have good news to tell you;" and as he sat down with the redeemed saints above, he pointed to earth and said, "Look! That drunken boy of yours has been redeemed at last." Then I can almost hear her shout as she joins the white-robed choir, while they sing, "Redeemed through the blood."

Four years have passed since God saved me. I have had some hard testings, and trials have been hard, but by the grace of God I mean to go through with Him at any cost. May the Lord bless this testimony to the good of some poor struggling soul as I was, and help him to find a Savior that can save, sanctify and keep.

Look up, brother! If Jesus can save a wretch like me, he can save all that come to Him. Let all who read these lines pray at least one earnest prayer to God that I may be saved in heaven at last, where I want to meet Jesus who redeemed me, and mother who prayed for me in childhood days, and while I was in sin, and Bro. Lewis, whose testimony convicted me, and Bro. Jernigan, who so faithfully preached repentance to me, and Sister Jernigan, who first told me that Christ could save the worst of men. A. H.

Tipton, VanAlstyne, Texas, December 16, 1904

Source: "Redeemed Through The Blood," by Mrs. Jonnie Jernigan



W. S. TITUS

(Methodist)

To the praise of Jesus I will give a short testimony of the manner in which I received "the gift of power by faith." I believe I have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire. A brief survey of God's dealings with me from the first, may be necessary for a full view of the manner in which I have been led into this inestimable blessing. Dedicated prayerfully to God, and to the work of the ministry in infancy, by a devoted Christian mother, who fled away, in great triumph, to her home above, on a Sabbath morning, before I was three years old, I was left to grow up almost wholly without religious training. I was powerfully awakened at the age of eighteen, while attending a series of evening meetings, held by the various evangelical denominations in a country school-house. Repeatedly I went to the altar with many tears and cries for salvation, but never felt the deep pollution of my sins till I had prayed many times in secret; then, while laboring in a field alone, God met me, and gave me such horrible views of my sins, that I was seized with the most wretched despair. While crying on my knees for mercy, in that lonely field, and feeling, that God could not forgive so great a sinner, I thought of Jesus Christ a Saviour, and suddenly my great burden of soul was gone and I arose and rejoiced greatly in God. The whole world seemed full of His glory, especially the sun, shining in meridian splendor, seemed an image of my God. In looking back on my terrible agonies and anguish, I have often felt I had a foretaste of the cup of the damned. I prayed for powerful convictions of sin, and God sent an overwhelming flood upon me. I would all could see sin as I saw it. God forgave me, but I have never been able to forgive myself. The remembrance of my sins are still most grievous unto me. For two years I doubted my conversion, on account of my former great wickedness. With much prayer these doubts were made to disappear, while I was a student in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

A few years afterwards I was led, to believe in the doctrine of entire sanctification, while listening to a local preacher. I then sought most earnestly and successfully for this work in my heart, as a qualification for usefulness and heaven. I was a licentiate in the Baptist Church, and supplying, two small churches at this time, when God sanctified my soul. The word seemed clear in its fruits, the change as great, or greater than at conversion, though I was a living Christian before. I felt I had a new Bible, new power in preaching--and I must have a home with the heavenly believers of this doctrine. My Baptist brethren opposed my preaching, the doctrine, regarding me as fanatical. I joined the M. E. Church, and for nearly two years enjoyed this higher life. A deliberately written form of entire consecration, often used, was of great assistance in my efforts to reckon myself all the Lord's. I afterwards spent a part of two years at Union College, and nearly three in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Relying in a good degree for my support on my own exertions, I was always hurried, and often neglected the thorough care of my soul, while strenuously seeking, to fill my mind with knowledge. The last year's course in college, and the first in the seminary, were crowded into one year. While in the seminary I was enabled to regain the lost witness of my entire acceptance, through the precious personal influence of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. I felt then willing to do any work God had for me, even the hardest, and offered myself to our Mission Board for the foreign field. Was accepted for China, but was providentially hindered from entering on a work my heart was much set upon. For some years subsequently I enjoyed only a part of the time this fullness. The greatest hindrance and cause of doubt, as a reluctance to its profession. While at Lowville, my last charge, a weekly meeting, at the

parsonage, for the promotion of entire holiness, greatly strengthened me.

At the Rodman Camp-meeting, in August 1866, the witness of entire holiness was very clearly renewed to me, and great liberty in preaching it afterwards. Still I shrank from a full confession in public. A little band of lovers of entire holiness, on the adjacent Martinsburgh charge, were a great blessing to me, and I hope I was also a blessing to them. A few on my own charge seemed in love with this blessed doctrine. I came to Wolcott, my present charge, longing to be wholly lost in the will of God. I was greatly troubled in view of my lack of that baptism of power which I knew the Holy Spirit alone could confer. I had for a few months attentively read Wesley's sermons for my own spiritual good. My soul grew desperate; I felt I could hardly live longer without a great baptism of fire and power.

On the 25th of August, having started for the Hannibal Camp-Meeting, I was prostrated with erysipelas, in a malignant form, but my soul still agonized for the baptism of the Holy Spirit and Fire. *On the morning of the 31st of August, while many others, and the people at the Hannibal Camp-Meeting, also, were engaged in special prayer for me, the long desired baptism of Fire came sensibly upon me, in such an overwhelming, manner that it seemed I never can doubt again. My wife, engaged at work in another room, felt the same influence at the time. This was especially a baptism of love. My fears were gone, my soul exulted in perfect triumph. My physical sufferings increased, life was despaired of, will was made, presents given, and my funeral and burial arrangements were completed. For days reason fled from its throne – but not my confidence in the Saviour. When reason came again and my health revived, my recovery seemed to me and to others to be miraculous. I thought my tribulation and loss of flesh were that God might give me all things new. The promises of the Gospel now fed and feasted me. Our hymns, especially the 538th and 498th, were all the time wafting my soul heavenward. I felt conscious of being sealed by the Holy Ghost, and of possessing an earnest of my heavenly inheritance. I loved all God's people with indescribable delight. I felt all ambition – except to be useful – was gone. My spirit of hurrying, too, was gone. I now ceased that self-tormenting scrutiny into motives, that looking back on the imperfections of my labors, had been such a snare to me; all anxiety about the future, all – over anxiety about even the cause of God, and felt that I continually gave all, and received all. My peace became as a river, and so it continued. After having suffered a while, God has wonderfully established, strengthened, and settled me. I no longer hoped I was wholly sanctified, I knew it; I know it still. Bless the Lord! The blood of Jesus, that cleanseth perfectly; the baptism of the Spirit, that confers power over all evil, and causeth us to glory in tribulation, I know has come upon me, and I still boldly declare it. I have lost too much to keep silence longer. The whole work of Christ, all the offices of the Spirit, yea the whole realm of truth has a new and ineffable charm to me. I now see Pentecost to be God's pattern of blessing. I felt and believed God was no respecter of persons, the power that came on Benjamin Abbott, William Tennant, Mrs. President Edwards, and so many of our fathers of Methodism, as for me, and now I know this in my own heart, to the everlasting praise of a most gracious God. Now I feel all contentment, all peace, all love, all humility. Am ready to do anything, be anything, live long or for a few days, labor anywhere, and bear all manner of reproach, if only I may remain a habitation of God through the Spirit.*

I suffered during my illness, what seemed many deaths, but I can never be grateful enough for all this, as it cast me entirely on God. I yearned much for others to feel the same baptism, and it seemed to me that many ministers, especially, were coming into this full liberty of the Gospel. The effect of this baptism on my soul I can never fully describe. Bunyan's Beulah was now mine. The sunlight seemed like molten gold, every flower and leaf, and song of birds yea, all objects around me, were full of the glory of God. Payson's river of pleasure, on which his despairing spirit seemed to float, was mine – that river of peace I still enjoy. My doubts and fears have fled away. Difficult spiritual problems are now solved. A glorious revolution has been wrought in my feeling in regard to life's great aims. I must not live only to declare Christ's power to save, to save now and save to the uttermost. All the Christian

graces have been anew tested in a fiery manner; still I have the victory. I am all the Lords, and only desire to be more and more filled with all the fullness of God. "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind." May this power, love and soundness, speedily be obtained by our whole Zion, a fit qualification for her world-wide mission in this gainsaying, skeptical age.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



SOCRATES TOWNSEND

(Methodist)

I first tasted that the Lord is gracious at a Camp-meeting, in my native county, Cape May, New Jersey, in 1834, being then in my nineteenth year. It was a most gracious change. I had indeed passed from death unto life. I cheerfully bore my cross, and desired to know all the will of God.

There was but little teaching at that time in regard to holiness, as a distinct work of grace. Yet, after the first seasons of joy had passed away, on comparing my attainments with the word of God, of which I had become a careful reader, I saw there was much land yet to be possessed. My experience as too fluctuating, and strong desires for worldly gain, and worldly pleasures, would arise. I was also much troubled with impatience, and tendency to sinful anger, to pride, and unholy ambition. About this time I read Mr. Wesley's sermons, which were made a great blessing to me. His sermons on "Sin in Believers," on "Perfection," and the "Scripture way of Salvation," were peculiarly suited to my case. I also read the memoirs of Bramwell, Carvosso, Storer, Smith, and Hester Ann Rogers.

I now saw clearly what I needed. My inmost soul cried out for purity; for perfect love, and I determined to seek it with all my heart. That was about two years after my conversion. Having, raised this standard, I grew rapidly in grace. I was indeed "going on to perfection," and had I enjoyed more outward helps, should soon have entered the Canaan of perfect love. But none of all my Christian friends instructed me in regard to this higher life. Still I pressed on. At one time it was suggested "if you obtain this blessing, it will be your duty to confess it, and there is not one in all the church where you worship, that professes it, and you will be considered forward, and besides you may lose it, and bring disgrace on the cause." But I resisted this by saying, "I will try to please God and leave the event with Him."

After a time I was enabled to believe, I shall obtain it, -- then, I shall obtain it soon. One evening, in secret prayer, I was pressing earnestly for God to cleanse me now. The Spirit said, "You are struggling all this time as if to persuade God to be willing -- He is willing now, and has been all the while. Are you ready to receive it, and to glorify God with it?" I said, "Yea, Lord, I am ready -- ready now." Then something whispered, "You are ready, and God is ready; what hinders?" *I said, nothing hinders, I have the things I ask for; God does this moment save, with full salvation bless.* "In that moment my heart was filled with love -- an indescribable comfort came into my soul, and an entire sinking into the will of God, with a clear assurance, "This is perfect love, this is purity of heart." Then I could say for the first time in my life, now I love God with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength.

I was soon after licensed to exhort, and in the Spring, of 1839, was called out by the Presiding Elder to preach the glorious gospel. I was admitted to the New Jersey Conference in 1840. As I entered the ministry, I was fully satisfied of three important points. 1st. That I was converted to God. 2nd. That my heart was purified by grace; and 3rd. That I was called to this great work. But I soon found that unexpected trials waited me. I had promised God on my knees not to hide the light which He had kindled in my soul, but to preach a free, full, and present salvation from all sin.

Some received this as glad tidings of great joy, but others doubted, and some really opposed the work. My brethren in the ministry, too, embarrassed me in many cases. True, some encouraged me, and all treated me kindly, yet many much older than myself doubted the propriety of making this theme so prominent, and thought it a great pity that I had espoused it so fully. I defended it as best I could from Scripture, from Mr. Wesley's works, and the Methodist writers generally, showing that it was the peculiar calling of the Methodists to spread scriptural holiness over these lands.

But, though greatly blessed in preaching, and witnessing frequent and powerful revivals of religion, yet in these first years, I was painfully beset by the great adversary. He did not fail to accuse me of presumption in holding up so high a standard, higher than anyone could live up to, -- that I was grieving my older brethren, that it would be a hindrance to me in the Conference all my days, and that I never would continue in this way. I arose often long before day to wrestle with God for strength to overcome the temptations, and in some instances, so severe were the temptations, that I arose at midnight, to pray for victory over the dark hosts of hell.

During the second year of my ministry, after being, beset for several days with these temptations, I retired far into the grove and poured out my soul before God. After about an hour's struggle, I obtained complete victory -- every cloud was withdrawn. I saw clearly that it was my duty to go on as at the beginning, and that God would with me, and give me great success. I arose, walked to and fro, and praised the Lord. Then, remembering that Satan would most likely return again, I determined to get up a mark as a witness against him. I took my knife and made a broad mark in the side of a small tree! From that time to the present, I have not been so beset with these peculiar temptation. Whenever they are presented, I refer the adversary to the mark on the tree, and he shrinks back.

Becoming established in this grace, I went on happily in my work, witnessing at times great outpourings of the Spirit, and seeing considerable numbers enter into this blessed experience; at other times too much effected by the discouragements in the way. But for the last few years, I have been wonderfully encouraged in the cause. Quite a large number of my brethren in the ministry have entered into this rest, and nearly all encourage it. Some of them go through the churches like flaming heralds and at the Camp-meetings they push the battle to the gates. Hundreds, and even thousands, he proved that Jesus saves to the uttermost. Indeed, the flame seem to be spreading everywhere. Though laid aside for a season from the active work, yet I rejoice that I have lived to see these days. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men.

“Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
‘Tis music in my ear,
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That Heaven and earth might hear.

I'd carve my passion on the bark,
And every fruitful tree
Should drop and bear some mystic mark,
That Jesus bled for me.”

Source: “Pioneer Experiences” by Phoebe Palmer



JOHN VALTON

1740 – 1???

(Methodist)

...I was born in the year 1740. My parents were natives of Franche Comte, near Switzerland, and members of the Church of Rome. They came to England a year or two before I was born...

[Concerning his spiritual needs, Valton, who as yet not born again, wrote to Wesley anonymously. Wesley responded on January 31, 1764]

Dear Brother, -- It is certainly right, with all possible care, to abstain from the outward occasions of evil: but this profits only a little: the inward change is the one thing needful for you. You must be born again, or you will never gain a uniform and lasting liberty. Your whole soul is diseased, or rather dead, dead to God, dead in sin. Awake then and arise from the dead; and Christ shall give thee light. To seek for a particular deliverance from one sin only, is mere lost labour. If it could be attained it would be of little worth; for another would arise in its place: but indeed it cannot before there is a general deliverance from the guilt and power of all sin. This is the thing which you want, and which you should be continually seeking for. You want to be justified freely from all things, through the redemption which is in Jesus. It might be of use if you were to read over the first volume of Sermons, seriously and with prayer. Indeed nothing will avail without prayer. Pray, whether you can or not; when you are cheerful, when you are heavy, pray: with many or few words, or none at all; you will surely find an answer of peace. And why not now? I am, &c., J. W.

This letter proved a blessing unto me indeed. I now gave myself to God, and resolved to seek the general deliverance that I wanted...

On the third of May [apparently 1764] ... I continued all the night, groaning to be delivered ... In the morning ... I got upon my knees again, and began crying to God for mercy. I had such a sense of the wrath of God due to my sins, that I expected the pit to open its mouth and swallow me up quick. -- While I was praying, suddenly I was wrapped up in the visions of the Almighty. I saw the holy God with vengeance in his countenance, and thunder in his hand ... At the same time I saw the great Priest of God standing in his seamless garment, interceding for me. For some time the Almighty seemed inexorable. At last he looked with a placid smile upon his Son, and then upon the malefactor, and it seemed as though he had said, --

My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare.

My burden was gone, and my soul became calm and serene, and I had laid me down in peace and took my rest...In March [1765] I received the abiding witness of the Spirit, [to his salvation] and was truly happy. In a deluge of delight I gratefully acknowledged the goodness of my God. But this only prepared me for deeper discoveries of my evil nature, and sore conflicts...

Jan. 1, 1766. This day I wrote down my state as follows:-- "I find an abiding sense of God's love to me for Christ's sake, and believe every moment that all my sins are blotted out. I still feel pride, a desire of creature love and esteem, and much wandering of heart: all which I earnestly desire to be saved from. My constant prayer and earnest expectation is to be perfected in love. I believe that the Lord will make me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. I believe that I shall soon love the Lord with all my soul. I expect the blessing every time I bow my knee to God...O God, do thou cleanse me from all my idols. Let there be no strange God in me. Save me from pride and a filthy, unbelieving heart...

About this time I fell into the hands of those croakers who say, "Believe God has done it, and it is done." My poor distempered soul drank in this poison, and directly, when I went upon my knees I told

God I believed he had done the work, and thanked him for it. But soon after, finding it otherwise...Providence threw my respected friend, Mr. Robert Windsor, into my way, who, by the grace of God, delivered me from this snare of the fowler...

[August 29, 1766] Glory be to God my Saviour, in whom I now truly believe and rejoice. This being my intercession day, at twelve o'clock I kneeled down before the Lord. No sooner was I upon my knees than I felt a strange change take place in my heart, as in a moment, and after a blissful pause, I cried out, for near five minutes, "Glory be to God! Glory be to God!"

Then I said, Lord thou has delivered me from all sin: thou hast not failed of all that thou hast promised. Glory be to thee, thou hast given me my desire over my enemies. I am sure thou hast destroyed sin; I am sure thou hast!

After praising my God, for some time, I requested a text of Scripture by way of confirmation. I opened the Bible, and fixed my finger upon these words: "That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord," Rom. 5:21...I then began to bless God for Mr. Wesley, who preached to us the whole gospel...

[It would appear from his subsequent testimony that while John Valton had little use for those who emphasized faith as a means of obtaining the second blessing, he may have failed to recognize that faith is of the utmost importance, not only in obtaining a pure heart, but also in retaining Christ's sanctifying grace. Note the following testimony, which begins shortly after his entire sanctification on about September 3, 1766.]

...But directly after I was attacked again, and God then directed me to these words, "If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established," Isa. 7:29. I stood reprov'd, and was enabled to hold fast my faith, in spite of many temptations...

January 1, 1767, I wrote as follows. I have no doubt but that the Lord did deliver me from all sin, but whether it is so now I cannot tell...

On the 1st of Jan., 1773, I wrote as follows:-- "As to my soul, I now enjoy a measure of the fruits of the Spirit. I love the Lord my God above all things here below; but still I have reason to complain as I do not now enjoy that love that casteth out fear...I remember some time ago, through very perplexing trials and temptations, I was led publicly to declare that I had lost the pure love of God. Scarcely had I yielded to this, but I became too late sensible that my unbelief, at this juncture, had effected what I before only supposed had been done. The Lord has chastened my yielding to unbelief: for I have never since had a clear testimony that I was saved from sin. However, I have enjoyed almost a continual calm, and daily feel a longing for home..."

Jesus is my daily theme: my all in all for ever and ever! With pleasure and confidence I still declare to all the world, –

Ye all may know that God is true,
Ye all may feel that God is love.

In this spirit I hope to remain till the mercy of God and the sole merits of my adorable Redeemer, shall introduce my blushing spirit into the society of angels and saints, to swell the sound of Jesus' fame, and praise my god for ever and ever. I am, Rev. sir, your most affectionate son in the Gospel.

J. V.

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



D. I. VANDERPOOL

(A Nazarene General Superintendent)

Dr. D. I. Vanderpool was a general superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene. He has pastored in Denver, Colorado; Pasadena, California; and Walla Walla, Washington. He has also served as district superintendent of the Northwest District of the Church of the Nazarene and was a member of the General Board of his denomination.

My father and mother were separated and our home was broken up when I was but six years of age. I remember Father taking us to live with him and my grandmother coming to keep house. Neither my father nor my grandmother was inclined toward religion. The family was without any religious training whatsoever.

A Methodist minister came through the country where we lived and stopped at our house for a short call. Before he left he prayed for our home, a prayer that made a lasting impression on my youthful mind. When he had left, Grandmother said, "I believe that was a good man." With the preacher's prayer still ringing in my ears, I prayed at nightfall and promised God that I would try to be a good boy. A strange peace came into my heart, but it was gone by noon the next day.

Soon after this my father bought a sawmill and moved the family near it, where my three brothers and I were surrounded by a group of very wicked men. This environment caused me to lose ground rapidly. Having a quick temper and a feeling that I was quite important, I kept in trouble most of the time.

My life of sin was brought to an end when I was converted at the age of seventeen. I never saw anyone converted at an altar until I went to one myself. I knew nothing about the Bible or Christian doctrine. However, my conversion was clear and definite. When I broke with the crowd with which I had been associated, stopped my bad habits, and became interested in the church and prayer meeting, gave my testimony and led in prayer, the crowd was convinced that my conversion was genuine. I was supremely happy in my newly found joy.

I had been converted only a few days when a fellow with whom I had had trouble insulted me. My first impulse was to fight, but something reminded me that I was now a Christian and must not fight. For a full minute the war was on in my heart. I shall never forget the warring in my members; but I took the insult, said nothing, and went on my way. I was filled with fear when I considered how near I came to doing something which I would have always regretted.

Knowing that I had that vicious something still in my heart alarmed me and put me on my guard. Two or three times within ten days I had upsets because of my quick temper, but after prayer and repentance I found forgiveness and the joy bells would ring again in my heart. I loathed the thing within my heart that constantly strove to upset me.

An elderly lady who heard of my conversion spoke to me one day and inquired how I was getting along spiritually.

I said, "Oh, fine! I only wish I could get victory over my quick temper."

Then she said, "Well, Son, you do not have all the Lord has for you."

I asked, "What do you mean?"

Her answer was, "You need to be sanctified."

My next question was, "Do you mean I can get rid of that inward uprising?"

She quickly replied, “Yes, and you ought not to put it off.”

I hastened to ask with all the earnestness of my soul, “How do you get sanctified?”

I still remember her answer; it was clear and simple: “Give God everything you have, pray earnestly, and trust Christ, and He will meet your need.”

From that moment I became an earnest seeker, desiring to be sanctified. I prayed when I worked. I prayed in my bedroom. A prayer was sent up from my heart almost night and day, crying out for this experience that would give deliverance. One afternoon, I had such a calm rest in my heart that I decided I must have the experience I had been seeking. I went to the water tank with my horses. While they were drinking, I was meditating on how pleasant it was to be sanctified. I was so engrossed in thought that I did not notice old Bill raise his head and look around. I was taken by complete surprise when he opened his mouth and released about a quart of water on my head and down my neck. (Certainly any horse should know better than that!) Like a flash, I jerked him and kicked him several times. Then I caught myself. I shall never forget the sorrow that came over my whole spirit as I realized that I had been mistaken in thinking that I was sanctified; and, too, now I must seek pardon and forgiveness for my unchristian feeling and actions. I found peace before I slept that night and renewed my seeking for deliverance from this quick temper or inner uprising.

A few days afterwards I sent word to a man who was having a cottage prayer meeting that I wanted him to make an altar call the next Tuesday night, for I wanted to be sanctified.

I did not know that he did not believe in people getting sanctified. Tuesday night I started for prayer meeting with my heart bubbling over with joy because I believed I was going to get sanctified that night.

The man gave a little talk at the prayer meeting and finally set out a chair and said, “I understand there is a fellow here that wants special prayer.” I quickly knelt at the chair and began to pray for God to sanctify me. A fellow who knew the way came and knelt by me and began to probe my consecration and uncovered several things of which I had not thought of. One was being a preacher; the other was going to Africa as a missionary Both were high hurdles; but after much earnest prayer for about an hour, I got over them. Everything else was easy.

He further instructed me that the same Christ that gave me pardon also purchased my cleansing. My faith reached up; I trusted Him to sanctify and cleanse the gift I had brought Him. A quiet assurance came into my heart that Christ was faithful and that the work of cleansing had been wrought in my heart. From that day to this I have never questioned or doubted that I was sanctified that Tuesday night.

Years have come and gone. I have thanked God a thousand times that I met the little old lady who said “You do not have all the Lord has for you.” I feel certain I would not have continued on the Christian way and have climbed the hills and journeyed through the tunnels thus far had I not found the way of holiness in my early Christian life.

Source: “Living Flames of Fire” By Bernie Smith



D. C. VAN SLYKE

As I ponder upon my few years in the ministry, how thankful I am that I dug deep and founded my spiritual house upon the rock. How thankful I am that when digging for the foundation I didn't stop with sand, hardpan or clay but I kept going until I struck solid rock, the fire flew and I knew at last I had arrived. I will never forget when I received the witness to my sanctification and heart cleansing. It was more than a dry faith process with me. When I had done all I could do, and had come to the end of

myself, put my all on the promise, sink, swim, live, or die, and arrived on believing ground, then the fire fell and it went through me from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet.

This which happened to me was that spoken of by the prophet Joel: “And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh.”

This was that spoken of by Jesus:

“But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.”

This was that which enabled Paul to say: “And I, brethren, when I came to you, come not with excellency of speech or of wisdom – but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.” Rom. 2:1, 4.

This was that which meant not only heart cleansing but power as well. How thankful am I that wife and I both received the blessing.

Source: “The Wail of a Drug Addict” by D. C. Van Slyke



ARTHUR L. VESS

God had dealt with me from my infancy, revealing unto me my sinful and guilty condition before God, and creating a mighty hunger and longing for God’s smile of approval. At the age of four, alone on a mountain hill in western North Carolina, it seemed like a cloud from heaven settled down all around me, and I was definitely called to preach the everlasting Gospel. God’s presence followed me in all my younger years.

At the age of thirteen, in my own home, I was mightily convicted for my sins. I prayed and pled for mercy and salvation, in and out of bed, and around my home, looking up into heaven, begging Jesus to spare me and save me from my life of sin before His coming.

After loathing, confessing and forsaking all my sins, I looked up to God in heaven by faith in Jesus Christ and He suddenly and gloriously came into my heart, forgave my sins and made me his child. Immediately my heart was so full of joy and peace that my chest heaved with joy while I praised Him for saving a poor wretch like me. I had met the same Christ that Paul met on the road to Damascus, and he had transformed my life. I lived a very careful Christian life, with peace and joy, mingled with doubts and fears. I soon tired of these fears and doubts.

About three months later, in an old-fashioned Quaker meeting, I arose and said, “I promised God when he saved me that I would go all the way; but I have gone as far as I can go without getting sanctified.” Mrs. A. G. Hadley, the Quaker minister in charge of the service, said, “Well, Arthur, Come on to the altar and get sanctified.”

Immediately I bowed at the altar, praying earnestly and fervently for God to sanctify me. The saints prayed for me an hour or more. After prayer, I arose and left the altar, not yet satisfied. On, my way walking home alone, the Spirit said, “Is your all on the altar a sacrifice made?” I replied, “Yes, Lord, the best I know how.” Then God said, “Why don’t you trust me to sanctify you?” That seemed a new revelation, that God would actually sanctify a poor unworthy soul like me. But immediately, as a trusting child, I looked up toward heaven and said, “I to trust thee now to sanctify me.” *That moment a great peace from heaven struck me and moved down through my whole being, purifying my heart by faith, and filling me with all the fullness of God. The work was complete, and there was no more room for fears and doubts, and they were all gone.*

At once I began a life of constant peace and rest, free from all doubts and fears. The blessed Holy Ghost, in Person, had come to dwell in my heart and life. I joined the other old-fashioned holiness

people in testifying that “Jesus so sweetly saves, and the Holy Ghost completely sanctifies.”

To all who read these pages, may we say, that the great two-fold salvation will satisfy every longing of your heart. It is not a mere theory or doctrine alone, but may become a glorious reality in your own heart, the moment you meet the conditions.

Source: “Were the Disciples Born Again Before Pentecost” by Arthur L. Vess



JOHN H. VINCENT

(Methodist Bishop)

The Misses Wilson and Comstock led the school in scholarship (at least among the girls), and were both highly prized. Miss Wilson was a fine mathematician. She was a girl of refined manners, and dignified life, but was not a Christian. The matron of the school was an earnest worker, and had interested herself especially in Miss Wilson’s salvation. She did not yield at once, but about the middle of the meeting she gave her heart to God and became a marked follower of the Lamb.

Miss Comstock was the daughter of Dr. Comstock of Joliet, Ills., also a Methodist preacher. She had grown up under the most careful training and was scrupulously moral. She was really a Pharisee of the strictest sort, although she had never become a church member, nor had she been converted. She was entrenched in self-righteousness. I had strongly desired the conversion of those two girls especially in view of their influence upon others. I found Miss Comstock a perfect lady, but a very difficult case to reach. When Miss Wilson was converted I thought through her Miss Comstock would come down, but she stood stiffer than ever before. She would look me right in the eye and say: “Mr. Haney, do you *really* think I could ever identify myself with the church?” Her views of her own moral standing were such that she really felt it would degrade her to come to the level of God’s people! But prayers unceasing went up for this poor, deluded soul.

One evening before sunset Prof. Martin came down, somewhat excited in his manners, and said: “Miss Comstock is very anxious to see you!” I answered, “What does that mean?” and he said, “I think she has changed her views.” On reaching her room I found her majesty prostrate on the carpet with an agony of soul she had never tasted before! Miss Wilson and the preceptress were in tears praying for her salvation. The Holy Spirit had lifted the veil from her deceived heart and given her a view of her real self. The abhorrence with which she now looked upon herself I probably have never seen equaled. The Lord wanted to save her, but He proposed that *she should first find out she was lost!* That she should see herself in contrast with His real people, and apprehend the subtle devilish power which had held her. O, what self-loathing, what confessions of her deceived condition, what inward horrors, as God showed her that she was a vile leper in His sight! But the point of utter despair, of self-extinction was reached, and it seemed to her like the darkness of the second death had begun, when Jesus came and the battle was ended!

Her conception of the exceeding sinfulness of sin was so clear, and fearful, that immediately after her conversion she was a candidate for complete inward holiness. Her conversion was so marked and wonderful that it could not be doubted, but it brought her such views of God’s holiness, that her glad soul hastened into the fountain of cleansing. Her experience of entire sanctification was equally clear and definite.

She was possessed of a wonderful power to bring others to the Christ, and rarely failed to rescue those she sought. There was a girl in the seminary who had resisted all entreaties, whose chums in the school and her sister had been converted; but she remained obdurate. Mary came one day to her boarding

place, and this girl was seated on the opposite side of the room. She walked with a quick step to where she sat and knelt right down before her and never got up till the other was converted! Nor did this die with the excitements of the meeting, as will be seen from the following incident:

In the third year of the war, I think it was, I came home at Conference time. One day a large number of ministers were extending friendly greetings, when a brother said to me: "Dr. Vincent was inquiring for you." I had known of the Doctor as a great man, but had not met him, and wondered why he should desire to see me. It then occurred to my mind, as I was just from the front of the Western army, that he was in pursuit of war news. So I said to the brother: "Where is he?" And he led me to the doctor and gave me an introduction. Doctor Vincent seemed as glad to meet me as if I were an old friend and said:

"I understand, Brother Haney, that you profess the blessing of holiness." I said: "Yes, I do ;" and he proceeded to give the steps which led him into that grace. He was stationed at Joliet, Ills., and the first Sabbath of his pastorate he had a general class meeting after preaching. Among others who spoke there was a girl who gave in her testimony to the experience of sanctification, and Vincent said: "I did not like it and resolved that I would prevent its being repeated. She seemed to be a modest girl, and so before the services closed I gave a hint that it was not best to set ourselves up above our brethren."

But the good Doctor was surprised in the next meeting to hear her repeat her former testimony, as though nothing had occurred! He then made statements more direct and extended against such testimony, and felt sure that would end it; but the dear man met with a still greater surprise in a third meeting to hear the renewal of her testimony, as though everybody believed it! She made no reference to what her pastor had said and gave no symptom of a resentful spirit. The Doctor made up his mind, then, to see her at her home and get this heresy out of her. So he made her a patient, but persistent visit, and insisted he was her pastor, and the Bible exacted obedience to ministers, etc., etc.

She insisted that she was loyal to her pastors and did nothing with design to affront or disobey them, but was, on the other hand, aiming to do all she could to help them. And when they met again she witnessed, as before, that God had sanctified her soul! The Doctor added: "She conquered me, and I got the blessing!" I asked the name of this girl, and he said it was Miss Comstock.

At this distance of time I may not have given the exact words of this interview, but the facts I have faithfully recorded, in view of meeting them in that day. This great man's soul, under the moulding influence of the indwelling Holy Ghost, was as simple as a child's and beautiful, as he walked with God in the light of new-born love made perfect. Mary is in heaven, and Dr. Vincent one of our Bishops!

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

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