



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

WAYNE E. CALDWELL

(Wesleyan)

[At the time this testimony was written, Wayne E. Caldwell was associate professor of religion at Marion College.]

She sang solos in the Sunday services frequently. We boys of 12 to 14 years of age grinned, winked, and nudged each other when the notes of her high soprano voice seemed to roll over the rafters of the sanctuary.

I am certain that the Mizpah Church, with bell tower and spire pointing heavenward from the highest hilltop of the surrounding countryside where it stood, never had higher and more brilliant notes of praise sung within her walls!

Sometimes when she sang, a tear would trickle down her cheek and her voice would tremble. She often requested prayer for her husband and her son and his family, all of whom were unsaved. At other times she testified of the grace of God, and always praised the Lord for His sanctifying power.

At such times we boys did not find our attention diverted or find amusement in her words. A solemn hush would fall over us. We were deeply impressed.

Four high school years, three years in the United States Air Force, and eight narrow escapes with my life in overseas duty during World War II, and I was back in that little white church on the hill.

It was Sunday evening, January 1946. I had been asked to lead the young people's service the very first Sunday after being honorably discharged. A few months prior, in August 1945, I had found quiet peace and forgiveness for a heavy, guilty heart. It happened at Clarke Field, Luzon, The Philippine Islands, after an especially close escape with my life, and all of the folks in the church back home had been praying for me for many months. Their prayers were answered. I was born again.

From that time, things were different in my life, even when the battle raged within and without. Now back home after Iwo Jima and Okinawa, I was to lead the lesson titled “How to Live a Victorious Christian Life.” The folks in the little country church all turned out that night, for they thought I should know something about victorious Christian living.

I did my best. Finally, the youth service was over. Many people shook my hand with gratitude. They seemed blessed by my testimony, and all were happy that the war was over and most of the men were coming home.

The lady with the sweet soprano voice waited until last, then reached her hand. “Wayne, that was wonderful! I just thank the Lord for what He has done for you. But you left out one very important point.”

With stammering words I said something like, “Well, if I missed only one point, I must have done well. But I am curious. What did I omit?”

Said she, “You said nothing about the Holy Spirit and His sanctifying power!”

I replied immediately, “I am sorry. The reason I said nothing about the Holy Spirit and this ‘sanctifying power’ is because I know nothing about it.” Then I added, “But I really would like to know.”

The sweet-singing sister, with utmost sincerity and concern, spoke words that were prophetic: “I shall

pray earnestly that you will be wholly sanctified and soon!”

Ten days later the work was done in my heart. During Youth Week at Miltonvale Wesleyan College where I had enrolled as a student, the evangelist spoke on the same theme the whole week. Nothing else! Every message was on holiness and the Spirit-filled life.

How providential! How amazing that the Lord would provide for me in such a wonderful way. Immediately doors of service began to open, which in turn vindicated His call on my life to the Christian ministry. He has never ceased to amaze me with His love and grace and mercy!

The dear lady who was God’s vessel in speaking to me and praying for me?

A very brief time after this she suffered a severe stroke. She lived for more than 15 years completely paralyzed, she never spoke one intelligible word or sang another note of music she loved so well. I have thanked the Lord dozen of times over for that lady’s witness. I visited her in her affliction and tried to remind her of how God had used her and how much I appreciated it.

I cannot be certain that she understood. Nor can I be certain what might have been if she had not been God’s clear, clean channel of communication to me. Maybe there would have been someone else. Maybe not!

I shall ever be grateful for God’s faithfulness through His handmaiden who has now been with her Lord and singing in the angel choir for more than 15 years.

Is it any surprise that through 20 years of pastoral service and ten years teaching in our Wesleyan colleges that I have often said to others, “I shall pray earnestly that you will be wholly sanctified and soon!”

Source: “And They Shall Prophesy”

Compiled by George E. Failing



WILLIAM EDWARD CARLTON

(Nazarene – BMC)

The preacher was a humble country farmer who possibly hadn’t finished grade school, but he preached with tears and a burden. Sometimes we missed him at meal time as he would be out somewhere in prayer. The meeting had been going only a few nights when the preacher invited us to the altar. I didn’t have to be begged for I had come to that meeting for a purpose. After a season of earnest prayer, I rose to my feet with both hands to heaven and tears flowing freely. The old load of guilt was gone, my backslidings pardoned and a peace akin to heaven flooding my soul. The Spirit bore witness to my heart that I was once more a child of God.

I was so happy in my new found love that I couldn’t see how I could contain any more. But the preacher was preaching there was more and that there was a second work. I had never heard of holiness but felt there should be an experience that would help folks live better than most were living. When I heard holiness, I felt persuaded that it must be the experience that would meet the need of the believers. I had heard my mother testify at church but had also seen her lose her temper at home and say things a Christian shouldn’t say, and I was disappointed.

As I listened to the message of holiness and saw the glory on the preacher’s face, my heart was hungry for what he was preaching. During the day I would slip away and get behind one of the big old oak trees and tell the Lord that I was a candidate for all he had for me. I didn’t know the terminology of holiness, nor the steps, nor routes that are sometimes prescribed, but my heart was filled with a hunger that would not be denied.

In two or three nights after I was saved while tarrying around the altar when most of the folks had gone

home, the deepest, sweetest, most wonderful peace I had ever known pervaded my soul. Not knowing the workings of the spirit nor the language of the Sanctified, I looked up and said, “I believe I’m sanctified.” My aunt said “Amen.” I knew something had happened, even though there was no outward demonstration. The Holy Ghost had come like a dove to my heart, and I had an inner witness.

I picked up our baby girl and with my wife started to my father’s home, about one-half mile. Just outside the little school-house (Oh hallowed spot) I turned to my wife to tell her that I believed I was sanctified. To my recollection I never got it told, for when I began to testify, the Blessed Holy Ghost flooded my soul with such infinite love that I was all but overwhelmed. Divine love passed over my soul in waves and billows it seemed. It is impossible to fully describe the coming of the Holy Ghost. I laughed as loud as I could and cried as hard as I could cry and whooped in between times when I had breath enough. Oh glorious day, Oh memorable hour, when the Holy Ghost came. I would like to go back to that little school-house and kneel down on the spot where He came.

Source: “Things That Are Not Hath God Chosen” by W. E. Carlton



VERGE CARNEY

The parents [of Nazarene minister Florence Walling] on her mother’s side were religious people of the intermittent variety. They believed in genuine conversions, but did not accept the doctrine of Holiness; therefore, lived up and down lives, religiously. Her mother’s father was a circuit rider, away from home much of the time. He was held in great respect among the people. His home was better than average; their farm, the type an industrious Dutch family would naturally have.

On the father’s side, the grandparents were good moral people. Never religious, but very proud of their good name; and were also held in respect in the community. This group, however, always felt themselves to be slightly superior to all others, and seldom found anyone whom they considered worthy to have married into their family. So, when their son Jonathan, married; even though the reputation was of good degree, the parents did not appreciate the daughter-in-law. All branches of the two families lived on hill-side farms in the same region, the farthest being not more than five miles away.

In a sense, then, the home was divided from the beginning. The mother prayed through in every revival; enjoyed salvation for a season each time; then would become inconsistent in daily living, until she would finally stop professing at all until the next revival.

The father was a man of good moral standing, but entirely uninterested in religion. Into this home came twelve children who lived. Of these, Florence was the second child and oldest girl.

Mr. Carney was of Irish extraction. He was an easy-going sort of man until aroused – then would fight his weight in wild cats. It was the code of that country to fight over problems, so at one time or another, Florence’s father had “whipped” practically every man in that country-side. Mrs. Carney, when low in her religious experience, had a fighting disposition, too. Florence remembers one outstanding fracas.

She was very small, and doesn’t know what the argument was over, but one day Grandfather Carney, two sons and two daughters came to the house. When the group arrived, the young people took the initiative. They said harsh things to Florence’s mother and father. Mrs. Carney wouldn’t take it. She flew into the group and “whipped” them all, one by one – except the father-in-law. Mrs. Carney mauled each one thoroughly, until each managed to get up and get out.

Some time passed by. Mrs. Carney prayed through again, and was living near the Lord once more, when two lady preachers came into the community, preaching holiness as a second definite work of grace. They held their meeting in the school house, and many of the Carneys attended. Mrs. Carney came to the conclusion, after a few services, if she could give up her snuff, she would be as good as the

lady preachers. For days she tried it, but the appetite was too strong. By and by, the burden for a clean heart, and for deliverance from that terrible temper became more than she could bear. She went to the revival meeting one night alone. Florence and her father were at home alone. Suddenly, Mr. Carney woke Florence up saying, "Florence, -- wake up! Just listen to your mammy comin' roun' that mountain!"

In stentorian tones they could hear her saying "GLORY TO GOD!"

For miles they could hear her. Nobody in the valley doubted that something had happened to Virge! She had been sanctified wholly; and it worked! It worked so well that Mr. Carney began to take notice.

A strong character at any time, Virge was now literally aflame. She went to church somewhere every night of the world. If there was no service in the school house, she would promote a cottage prayer-meeting. Having a family of twelve children, and absolutely no income except what they could dig out of that worn-out hill-side, there just weren't enough clothes for all to have what they needed. When winter came, Virge had only an old three-quarter length red sweater to wear. That was nothing to her. She merely wore more clothes, and in zero weather went to her prayermeetings just the same. Walking five miles was nothing either. She usually took Florence with her.

Her life bore fruit at home, too; and it wasn't long until her husband knew that this was the religion that he wanted. As long as she was up and down, he had not been interested. Now, she had something that was real. He wanted it. He obtained it.

Meantime, persecution was increasing in the community. People were taking sides for and against Holiness. Grandfather Carney, the same two sons and daughters who had come once before, came again. This time the grandfather took the lead. His poor old proud heart was torn to desperation. As he entered the house, he began cursing. He cursed his son, but more, he cursed his daughter-in-law. He had never liked her, but now he hated her. He held her responsible for this religious disgrace that had involved the Carney name.

"You've gone and joined this low-down, Holy Roller outfit, and disgraced us all for life! You've dragged my son into this outfit. You've disgraced the name of Carney, I tell you. I hate you!"

Florence's father, the one so ready to fight in days gone by, sat with tears streaming down his face, and said not a word. Virge, who, only a few months ago, had knocked down and whaled this same group, now only said, "God, have mercy on him; he knows not what he does."

This only added fuel to the fire. The poor old man cursed again and again. At last, picking up the poker, said, "you've disgraced my family, I tell you. I've a good mind to knock you in the head!"

He took a step toward Virge, waving the poker menacingly, his face livid with anger; and poor little Florence wondered what might happen next. Somewhere in the upheaval, Virge suddenly realized that Holiness was working; that her temper was gone. Such a sudden wave of glory swept her soul, that without thinking, she threw up her hand and shouted, "Glory to God!"

It was like a red flag in front of a bull. The enraged father-in-law was so possessed with wrath that in terrible mockery, he threw up his hand and shouted, "Glory to God!"

Florence paused to comment, "God does not reap over night. Thirty-five years have passed since that day. The branch of the older members of the Carney family that has brought honor to that proud name, is the family so terribly abused that day. The children of the family who chose Holiness are largely well educated. Three are high school teachers. One is head chemist in a large industry. One girl is wife of a leading dentist. All are highly respected citizens, and some are active Christians.

When the day of final reckoning came for the paternal grandfather, his family asked if he wanted some one to pray with him. He could scarcely speak, so they suggested names. This one? That one? -- He shook his head. He tried to form a word. They listened closely. "... Virge . . ." he whispered.

Source: "O Happy Day" by Florence Walling



JOHN H. CARROLL

I was saved at the age of fifteen and went into active work in the U. B. Church at Newton Stewart. I was made president of the Young People's Society and was an active worker in the church for ten years but had never heard a message on holiness. We got a new preacher by the name of Eskew and he was a sanctified man. When I met him it made me hungry for the blessing. I became a seeker and sought wherever I could find a place, on the farm, around the barn, in my room or any place where I could. I got a book on just plain, simple holiness and read it and my Bible and sought on. No altar calls were given at the church at that time. Holiness was new in our neighborhood. I was trying to pray through alone. As I kept praying I kept getting more hungry and God began to talk to me about preaching. I had no preparation to preach and I would excuse myself and tell the Lord that I could not preach. I was planning to be a farmer and felt I had no talent to preach. Being so bashful and backward it seemed impossible for me to make a preacher. However, I had felt from a child that I would have to be a preacher and when I was just a little lad they called me John Wesley, the preacher boy, but I was doing everything I could to get away from preaching. One day, after I had been seeking for about three months, my father and I went to Eckerty to attend the Quarterly Meeting. When the service was over Bro. Eskew invited us to go down to Anderson Chapel where they were in a revival meeting. When we got there they were having a testimony meeting. A woman got up to testify and she said, "I have been rubbing up my guns, getting ready for the battle". While she was testifying I could see she had what I was seeking for and it made me so hungry for the blessing. I said, "I must have it" and God said, "Will you preach?" I answered, "I will if you will go with me," and at that time the Holy Ghost went through me and filled me with Himself. When I returned home from the meeting I thought everyone would want it but when I began to tell them about it they looked at me so strangely. They thought I had gone too far and that I would hinder all the young converts if I kept testifying to it. I got to thinking about hindering them and the devil told me not to call it sanctification but to say I was saved and kept, or saved and had overcoming power. I tried it and lost the blessing and had to pray through again. I promised God I would never again quit testifying to the experience and I have kept my promise.

Source: "Forty-Seven Years With The Gospel Plow" by John H. Carroll



R. KELSO CARTER

(Methodist)

From the very hour of my birth, in 1819, I was surrounded by the best Christian influence. My father has stood for nearly half a century in the foremost rank of aggressive Christian workers in the city of Baltimore, and by his side, I had ever the example of one of those sweet, gentle, patient, loving mothers, whose presence seems always to reflect a little of heaven's light upon the darkness of this world.

I cannot remember when I was not subject to deep convictions of sin and sensible of my duty toward God; yet, as a schoolboy, I wandered far from the path of truth until the age of fifteen, when, under the blessed influences of the cadet prayer-meeting in the Pennsylvania Military Academy, I made a profession of faith in Jesus and united with the Presbyterian Church – My parents' denomination.

I was happy, but I made the common mistake of our day; I did not forsake my old companions and habits, and the inevitable result followed. For fourteen years I lived the up-and-down experience so bitterly familiar to the average church member. I attended church, went to the prayer-meeting, took part

in it quite frequently, spoke on religious subjects and on temperance, always from a gospel standpoint; and unquestionably I grew in grace to some extent. I never enjoyed myself so much as when I was working in Mr. Moody's inquiry-meetings in Baltimore, in 1878-9; and yet, even up to that time, I was continually slipping and falling before tempers or desires, in some form or other. Confession and prayer brought forgiveness, and I was very sure that I was God's child, so that when asked, "Are you a Christian?" I never thought of answering in any other way than, "Yes, thank the Lord."

But all this time there was a tremendous conviction of a great inward need, a cry from my soul that God would take away from my heart these internal desires toward evil. I had never read a line on the subject; had never heard a sermon on the Holy Ghost or upon the subject of sanctification; had never been to a camp-meeting nor entered a Methodist Church more than three times. But my soul cried out for complete deliverance, and God's unlimited promises stood out like stars above me. But I was not ready and willing to pay the price.

In the summer of 1879, my heart, which had been chronically diseased for seven years, resisting the remedies of the ablest physicians, and refusing to grow better even after three years spent in sheep ranching among the mountains of California, suddenly broke down so seriously as to bring me to the very verge of the grave. I had heard a little of the "prayer of faith" for healing, but I felt persuaded that it would border upon blasphemy to ask God for a strength which I did not propose to use wholly for Him; and hence, it was that this desire for health only increased the sense of the necessity for a great and entire consecration.

Kneeling alone in my mother's room in Baltimore, in the month of July, I made a consecration that covered everything. I have never been compelled to renew it, for it included all. To die at once a young man; to live and suffer; to live and recover; to be, to do, to suffer any thing for Jesus – This was my consecration. All doubtful things were swept aside and a large margin left on God's side. I knew in my soul that I meant every word; and so I have never had any doubts about it since. A certain sense of peace and quietness gradually came over me. I never had any sudden overpowering manifestation; and I found the whole Bible wonderfully open to my vision and marvelously satisfying to my soul, as it had never been before. I seemed to live in a constant prayer; and in fact I have lived this way nearly all the time that has elapsed since then.

Feeling now all the more impressed with God's healing promises I sought to find Jehovah Rophi; and, in order to obey the Word like a little child, I concluded to go to Boston and ask prayer and anointing at the hands of Dr. Cullis. I was terribly weak, but I went. All this experience has been written and published at length elsewhere, and I will only add that I returned in three days, walking by faith, and not by feeling, resumed my college work in September, and at once engaged in all kinds of religious work. I was healed by the power of God alone. Praise the Lord!

Within two months I united with the Methodist Church, owing to certain providential circumstances; and here I began to encounter the terminology which was exceedingly unpleasant to my ear, trained among the Presbyterians. But I promptly settled all these difficulties by declaring that I accepted all the terms found in Scripture, joined in all scriptural prayer, and aimed at every scriptural target with the expectation of hitting it by the infinite grace of God.

Perhaps the crucial point was passed in this way: Undervaluing the deep peace in my soul and the great hunger for the Word which continually possessed me, not seeing that these were evidences of the Spirit's presence, I yearned and cried after some great manifestation. But one night, after lying in an agony of supplication upon my floor for hours, I rose up, and, lifting my hand to heaven, said, "O, Lord, if I never feel any more than I do now to the day of judgment I will believe on Thy Word that Jesus saves me now. If the children of Israel could shout over Jericho when not one stone in its walls had fallen, I can do the same." And I began saying aloud, "Jesus saves me now! Jesus saves me now!"

God, the angels, and the devil heard it. But my audience all understood that I meant "sanctified

wholly”; so the Lord got the honor of a complete work even from ignorant lips, and gradually the conviction grew in my soul that it was really true. This inward conviction or persuasion I soon recognized as the longed-for “witness of the Spirit,” and then, for the first time, knew those thrills of heavenly joy which have been styled the “effusions of the Holy Ghost.”

From this point in my life a most distinct experience began. All sense of duty service vanished, and a glad love service took its place. All those desperate conflicts with the will of God, which we are pleased to call our “crushing trials,” “sore afflictions,” resolved themselves into the dear Lord’s wisely chosen methods for enlarging the vessel in order that He might pour into it more of His grace and love. Growth was marvelous and permanent a wonderful difference from the years when so much time was occupied in rebuilding. There was no desert life here; no despondency; no cloud of unbelief; no sense of condemnation. The most marked inward leanings toward sin which had bitterly cursed my Christian life were so conspicuous by their absence that in wonder and amazement I cried, “Is any thing too hard for the Lord?” and was greatly established by the thought that if God could take away one such besetting sin could He not remove two? And if two, why not all?

Here I wish to be very clear. Let not the reader suppose that during these years there has been no occasion for self-examination or of disappointment at my record. All along the line I was frequently surprised at new discoveries. Things which had seemed perfectly right and proper became objects of inward suspicion. Something suggested, “You ought not to do this or to speak so; it is not right.” But whenever this occurred a prompt willingness to turn on the most searching light was always felt; and if, after a thorough examination in the light of the Word, the thing appeared to smell of evil, it was always cheerfully relinquished, no inward desire to go counter to the will of God being experienced. In fact, this has always been the great test question: Is it the will of God? His will, when known, is mine always; not from duty, but from free, spontaneous choice, Praise the Lord!

I have had some trouble with my body at times, for the body is very imperious, The necessity of “keeping the body under” has been always felt, Let none misunderstand me here. I do not mean the “body of sin,” or the “carnal mind.” That was burned up, and its desires against God’s will eradicated, by the consuming fire of the Holy Ghost when God wholly sanctified my soul as related above. But this physical body, with its various appetites and nerves, must be kept under all the time. Not one of these appetites nor one of these nerves is in any degree sinful or impure in itself. It is only the wrong use of these which constitutes sin and brings condemnation. There is not a particle of sin in my feeling hunger, or thirst, or the sexual appetite, for God has made them all, and His work is good. But there is sin in indulging any of them in a wrong way or in entertaining or possess in the real desire to so indulge them. If my nerves are overtaxed I must and will feel nervous; there is no sin in that. But I must not experience irritation and anger in the heart as an accompaniment, for in this lies sin. I may be, and am, when such emergencies arise, tempted to think of such indulgences or tempers; but the temptation is not sin if the heart answers not again.

This lesson was rather difficult to learn; and while studying it I was at various times a little confused as to the exact power and shades of meaning in terminology of Bible holiness; but the blessed Spirit brought me through in safety; and now I see it as, perhaps, the most important lesson of my life thus far, and as the testing ground where so many sanctified Christians are led astray.

My experience is my own, and acknowledges no human master, and, therefore, I cannot stop in a certain rut, I must go farther. From the very first I conceived a deep, and even desperate, determination to “follow on to know the Lord.” No pen can emphasize these words as they were emphasized in my soul. Year by year passed away, and an almost infinite yearning for a deeper manifestation of my Lord filled my very being. Suffice it to say that at Mountain Lake Park Camp-meeting, in July, 1885, this prayer of years was answered. I can hardly tell how, except that my Saviour became so inexpressibly real to me that all language fails to describe it. It has seemed these two years as though my friends, my wife, even myself, are less real to me than my adorable Saviour, my living Father, my blessed

Comforter.

After about eight months some small degree of this marvelous nearness to Jesus seemed to me to pass away, I think through a slowness to follow the Spirit with reference to a certain point. But in July, 1887, while again at Mountain Lake Park, the blessed, Holy Ghost wonderfully and entirely healed me of a very serious attack of brain prostration resulting from various causes, largely unavoidable; and with this restoration all seems to be regained.

Today I am a sinner saved by grace, a repentant rebel fully pardoned by my God, a lawbreaker justified freely by the “Judge of all the earth,” the offspring of evil adopted into the family of the Lord, a trusting believer cleansed from inbred sin by the blood of Jesus Christ and sanctified wholly by the Holy Ghost, a child of the King healed of my diseases by the Great Physician. I am beset, yet full of hope; tempted and tried most sorely, yet strong in the Lord; tossed about by circumstances, yet on the Rock of Ages; enduring misrepresentation and slander and suspicion, yet praising God for the victory Jesus wins over all; daily realizing more and more my own nothingness and the wonderful ALLNESS of Jesus. Praise the Lord!

R. KELSO CARTER, YARDVILLE, N.J., August 11, 1887.

Source: “Forty Witnesses” S. Olin Garrison



MRS. BISHOP CASTLE

I have taken great comfort in reading the rich experience of the late Mrs. Bishop Castle. For years she was an earnest seeker of holiness but not until 1878, Nov. 22d, in the last year of her life, did the ever memorable day come. She was alone when “the lamp of the Lord descended.” When her daughter came in she found mother’s face “shining,” as she said, “like the face of an angel.” After a moment of silence she broke forth “I have found this full salvation.” She was soon afterward stricken down and for months was kept in her room to tell the story of how Jesus was “able to save to the uttermost.” Her expressions of gratitude were constantly coming from her pure heart. “The Lord has washed my heart so clean! Oh, this sweet peace, it flows as a river to my soul. This room is full of glory.” All her clothes must be perfectly free from any signs of dirt. She said, “Since Jesus has washed me so clean I want everything clean around me.” The white clothes on the stand and bed were regarded as “emblems of purity.”

One morning she exclaimed, “Oh, that I had found this years ago, how much good I might have done. Oh, how bright the cross, how beautiful the crown. Oh, it is nothing for a Christian to die. When I am gone, clothe me in white; have my coffin covered with white; have it plain, not expensive, and save the money for the missionary cause.”

In her last moments her spirit was quiet, and occasionally she would remark, “I am waiting, just waiting. The Saviour is still at my side and the angels are waiting to take me home.”

Oh, what a victory through Christ! It was holiness of heart that gave strength and courage, and the Cranmer, Hooper, Bradford, Noyes and Latimer and millions of others to covet a martyr’s death and crown. It was the sweet and precious experience of holiness that led George Shadford to cry out in his dying hour, “Victory! Victory! Through the blood of the Lamb!” and John Wesley to exclaim, “The best of all is, God is with us,” and Charles Wesley to calmly remark, with his last breath, I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness – satisfied, satisfied!”

Dr. Preston said, when about to step over, “I have walked with God while living, and now I go to rest with Him.”

Dr. Goodwin, when facing death, said, “How an enemy is turned to a smiling friend.”

Abbott, “Glory to God, I see heaven sweetly opening before me!” Oh, my friends, holiness will do to live by and bring the greatest victory in death. Remember, “Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.”

Source: “The Double Cure,
or Echoes From National Camp Meetings,” by C. S. Nusbaum



SAMUEL CHADWICK

It was Saturday night. His thoughts were on the morrow. He was going over his notes for the last time. God put His finger on the sermons, and the young preacher understood. He had believed his strength was in these sermons, and had forgotten that God alone is able to save. There was a struggle. It went on through the midnight hour. At three o’clock on the Sunday morning a fire was kindled in the kitchen grate, and the sermons were burned. The blessing had come.

The work of converting grace began that day. At the early morning prayer-meeting he witnessed to an experience of sanctification, and led his first convert to Jesus. Before the day closed seven people were converted. As he used to say, God gave him one for every barren year of his preaching. He called for a week of prayer in the church, suspending the ordinary meetings. The attendance grew night by night. The meetings went on into the second week, and the area of the chapel filled.

On the Thursday night something happened. Two leaders were present who were always at variance. Temperamentally they were uncongenial, socially they were rivals, and they were women. During the meeting one of them got up, and quietly came and knelt at the communion rail. Then the other came and knelt at her side. Hand in hand, first one prayed and then the other. Others came and knelt beside them. There was no rant, but a subdued sense of penitence and a sure confidence that Christ was there. That was the first time Samuel Chadwick had seen Pentecost come to a praying people. He was in a revival.

Source: “Samuel Chadwick” by Norman Grove Dunning



EVERETTE OTIS (E. O.) CHALFANT

(Nazarene – Thirty years District Supt., Chicago Central Dist.)

The saying goes, “When God made Bud Robinson, He threw away the mold.” This is undoubtedly true, for there has never been another man like this unique character. But God must have had another mold that He threw away after using it only once – the mold from which He made E. O. Chalfant. There has never been another like him, and those who knew him would predict without any hesitation that there will never be another person just like this unique, nonconformable, rugged individualist, completely uninhibited, perfectly lovable human dynamo – Everette Otis Chalfant.

Thirty years the superintendent of the Chicago Central District, he would have been elected for thirty more had his age and health permitted; but he retired from these duties to assume a full slate of things he loved most to do, promoting home missions and preaching holiness. Busy in the Lord’s Work until the Sunday before his death at the age of seventy-two, he left behind him a challenging ministry, a blameless life, a worthy example and some unorthodox but nevertheless very effective ideas.

Begun in the home of devout French Huguenot parents near Muncie, Indiana, in a log cabin, his life was rugged, vigorous, and deeply religious. Twice daily the family gathered together for the reading of the Bible and family prayer, and this habit was followed throughout his life. It was when Everette was

only four years old that he remembers his parents praying until they were sanctified wholly. This made an impression on his mind that he never forgot. Many times he referred to it in his preaching as he would declare, “They prayed through in the old-fashioned dying-out way!”

At seventeen he enrolled in Huntington College in Huntington, Indiana, and it was while attending this junior college that he was genuinely and definitely converted. He describes his experience in his book, “Forty Years on the Firing Line”: “I saw every wrong doing of childhood; I saw the watermelon patch I had helped to ruin; I saw the old buggy that I helped put on top of the blacksmith shop; I saw the difference I had with a childhood friend...while I was promising God to take care of all these things, He came into my heart, my burden rolled away, and I experienced the joy of sins forgiven...” He referred to this occasion many times in his preaching, and said he “went down praying and came up shouting.”

It wasn't long after his conversion that he began to seek the experience of entire sanctification. He read Wesley's sermons; he subscribed to every holiness periodical he could find and read them all – a practice he continued all his life. He sought the “second blessing” in a camp meeting in Cincinnati, and actually professed it, but soon realized he did not possess it. An incident on his father's farm illustrates his struggle and dramatizes his need for full salvation. He filled the water hole for the hogs and spread the corn, then called the hogs. But one large sow pushed against young Chalfant unexpectedly from behind and he fell into the mudhole. At this point, as one can well imagine, carnality manifested itself, and he picked up a fence rail and began to chastise the errant sow. “Suddenly I realized what I was doing,” he related in his autobiography, “and I dropped the fence rail and said to myself, ‘Now, isn't this becoming of me!’ “

Unable to stand it any longer without victory, he went to the country church near his home one Friday morning to stay until he received the baptism with the Holy Spirit and Fire. Still there when people gathered for services, he refused to leave until victory came. They thought he was crazy. But again his own words describe his experience: “On the third day about six o'clock in the evening, God opened all the windows of heaven and sent down glory and peace and joy and love; something hit me on the top of my head and went to the soles of my feet like an electric thrill. I knew the old man of sin was crucified, for I had the witness that I was sanctified wholly.”

Source: “Selected Sermons and Addresses of Dr. E. O. Chalfant” by Rev. Morris Chalfant



MARGARET CHALFANT

(Methodist)

Margaret Chalfant, wife of the Rev. Chadds Chalfant, died near Brownsville, Pennsylvania, December 19, 1837, in the eighty-second year of her age.

The deceased was born in Loudoun County, Va., December 31, 1755. Her maiden name was Mania. In her twenty-first year she was united in marriage with Mr. Chadds Chalfant. They were permitted to enjoy this happy union about fifty-four years, and were blessed with twelve children.

Mother Chalfant's death was preceded by that of her husband about seven years and a half. They were among the early settlers in the neighborhood of Brownsville, and the first-fruits of Methodism in that place. It seems that the Rev. Daniel Hitt, of precious memory, was the first Methodist preacher that found his way to the habitation of Father and Mother Chalfant, and delivered the first Methodist sermon in that neighborhood, at their house, on the 3d of May, 1794; and on the 14th of July following he embraced their house as a regular preaching-place; and four weeks after, on the 12th day of August, a class of four persons was formed, including Father and Mother Chalfant.

Mother Chalfant did not enjoy religion at this time, but still held on as an earnest seeker, until the last of December following, when it pleased the Lord to give her the knowledge of salvation, by the

remission of her sins, in a class-meeting. This was about the thirty-ninth year of her age. From this time she still held on her way, adorning her profession by an upright life, until the thirteenth year of her Christian pilgrimage, when on the 8d of May, 1807, while in a class-meeting, wrestling earnestly for “a clean heart,” the Lord was pleased to give her a clear evidence of “entire sanctification,” which great blessing she retained in all its power and glory to the end of life, including a period of a little over thirty years.

We have seen, from the outline just drawn, that Mother Chalfant professed to be “sanctified wholly,” as well as to be justified freely; that these were distinct blessings, some twelve or thirteen years intervening; that she fixed a definite time and place to each. Hence she professed to enjoy justification and sanctification as blessings revealed to the heart by the direct testimony of the Holy Ghost.

Her mental powers did not forsake her to the last. Though she had previously suffered much, she expired at last without a struggle or a groan, and thus sweetly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, the 19th of December, 1837. Her last testimony was that her work was done.

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



OSWALD CHAMBERS

...I claimed the gift of the Holy Spirit and Fire in dogged committal on Luke 11:13. I had no vision of heaven or of angels, I had nothing. I was as dry and empty as ever, no power or realization of God, no witness of the Holy Spirit. Then I was asked to speak at a meeting, and forty souls came out to the front. Did I praise God? No, I was terrified and left them to the workers, and went to Mr. MacGregor (a friend) and told him what had happened, and he said: ‘Don’t you remember claiming the Holy Spirit as a gift on the word of Jesus, and that He said: “Ye shall receive power...? his is the power from on high.” Then like a flash something happened inside me, and I saw that I had been wanting power in my own hand, so to speak, that I might say – look what I have by putting my all on the altar.

If the four previous years had been hell on earth, these five years have truly been heaven on earth. Glory be to God, the last aching abyss of the human heart is filled to overflowing with the love of God. Love is the beginning, love is the middle and love is the end. After He comes in, all you see is “Jesus only, Jesus ever.”

...It is no wonder that I talk so much about an altered disposition: God altered mine; I was there when He did it...

Source: “They Found The Secret”



G. W. CHAPMAN

“This experience brings a thrill and a halo of glory on my soul that no tongue can tell. I believe in a holiness that gives a man a clean heart. I was great sinner, but God took all jealousy and bitterness out of my heart. Many are praying, Lord, give us more power. When I got free, I got the power. God always fills a place that is clean. (“Amen!”) It is a great thing to be clean from the top of the head to the sole of the feet. You don’t have to keep priming your old pump. You have the power. All the powers of evil in hell and on earth cannot keep the power of God out of your soul, if you are clean.” (“Amen!”)

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



LOUISE ROBINSON CHAPMAN

(Nazarene)

Louise Robinson Chapman was an outstanding preacher and speaker. She spent twenty years as a missionary in Africa, and later served as General President of the Woman's General Foreign Missionary Council of the Church of the Nazarene.

The community where I grew up was as primitive as the one-room log cabin in which I was born. There were no preacher, no church, and no Sunday school in the neighborhood.

When I was about to finish high school, I went one day to visit a little country church. I entered the building a proud, happy girl, well satisfied with life. I went away sad and miserable, for God had shown me that I was sinful and lost. I did not want people to know I was a sinner, and I was too proud to make restitution for my sins. Terrible conviction seized my soul until I could not eat, sleep, or study. After several weeks of fierce battling I surrendered. I found peace and rest. I knew I had passed from death unto life!

The Spirit took charge of my life. My heart was filled with unspeakable joy. I made restitution for my sins. Out in the pasture I learned to commune with God. He told me to establish a family altar and to return thanks at the family table. God stood with me and helped me win my parents, some of my brothers and sisters, and several of my unsaved friends. Those were wonderful days of praying, working, fighting, and winning victories for my new Master.

I heard about a second blessing – the promise of the Father. Cleansing from inward pollution, power for a victorious life and service, seemed proper and good for me. I claimed the promise and tried to believe; but, since I was so happy in my new-found joy, I felt no inward need and obtained no definite experience.

After some time I began to feel a great soul hunger. I was not free. I knew I needed what Peter received at Pentecost. I longed for the fullness of the blessing. It seemed that my soul was literally starving to death.

I sought heart holiness, publicly and privately, for over two years. I prayed in the pasture by day and in my room at night. I spent hours on a nearby mountain alone with God. I asked for prayers from my pastor, my teachers, and my friends. They encouraged me to claim the promise and testify to the experience. Every time the Spirit of God manifested himself in special blessing upon God's people, my heart would again cry out for its own need. I began to wonder if there really was a definite experience of heart holiness. I was most miserable.

Three things troubled me: I still wanted to follow the plans I had made for my own life; I was afraid God wanted me to preach; and I was afraid that God was going to send me to Africa as a missionary. If I had been sure God was calling me, I would have cast aside my plans. I didn't like to see or hear women preach. I thought it was dangerous enough for a man to be a holiness preacher, to say nothing of a woman. I thought it would be certain starvation. But worst of all was Africa. I had but little conception of what it meant to be a missionary. I did not know how anyone should go about it to get to the foreign field. Once, when a child, I had seen in a farm paper a picture of cannibals preparing to cook the missionary in a big black pot. I thought one would be in constant danger of becoming food for a cannibal feast. But above all this I was not sure God was calling me; so I was confused, and thought I might be deceived.

One noon hour, after weeks of wrestling with God, I decided to find out, once for all, what God wanted me to do. I went into a classroom and locked the door. I told the Lord for what I had come and that I did not intend to leave until this question was forever settled. I began with my life's plans. I promised God that I would work no more on them unless I had direct orders from the Almighty to do so. Preach? I would try. I decided that it would be no more painful to starve to death as a despised woman preacher

than to perish of famine in my soul. I was so hungry after more of God that life meant little to me if I could not be satisfied.

Then Africa loomed up. It was not enough to preach in America -- I must preach in Africa. I remembered the cannibals' pot. I saw myself away out in the jungle. I was dressed in a hideous black dress that began at my ankles and reached to my fingers and ears. My hair was pulled straight back, and pinned in a little tight knob on the top of my head. All my teeth except two or three were gone. I sat on an old soapbox by the side of a grass hut while a few naked children played at my feet. I started up in fear, and then I heard myself saying, "Lord God Almighty, You have a little old woman on Your hands from this very moment, now, and throughout eternity."

I had scarcely finished the sentence when something like a great weight slipped off me, and went splashing down into space. I jumped to my feet, feeling as light as a feather. The room seemed to be on fire with the presence of God. Fear and hunger had gone, and I was free and satisfied. My heart was aflame with the love of God. I loved His will for me. I was ready to start immediately for Africa. I had not only settled my call but had been baptized with the Holy Ghost and Fire!

So wonderful was the work done in my heart that day that not once through the years has it ever been suggested that God did not really baptize me with His Spirit, and completely cleanse and sanctify my soul. Many, many times in Africa, when I looked at men sunken into the depths of sin and demon possession, I defeated discouragement and failure and encouraged myself in the Lord because I knew that God forgave my sins and sanctified me wholly; and what He had done for me I knew He would do for them, for it is nothing with God whether men be little or great sinners. As deep as sin has gone, so deep the cleansing! Thank God for the Gift of the Holy Ghost!

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



MARIAN A. CHILDS

It was the month of July. My companion, Miss Emily Dale, and I parked our car and made our way into the large "box factory" at Nampa, Idaho, where I was scheduled to speak in the afternoon service. We had heard much about the Bible Missionary Church and its brave founder, Rev. Glenn Griffith, and perhaps we were a bit curious if not apprehensive. Upon entering the big tin building, I stopped to brush some of the cobble stones from my shoes which I had collected from the parking lot, when suddenly I felt I should remove my shoes also, for this was holy ground.

The morning service was well under way, and SUCH SINGING as one seldom hears lifted our spirits until we wondered if we were in the presence of angels. They were HOLY SONGS and the people sang "with the understanding also." The box factory was well filled and many were the little children present, but with what perfect order and harmony the service proceeded! How those people testified! The "Dews of Hermon" descended and I found myself pondering the words of the Psalmist, "The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation."

Christ alone was exalted in every testimony; not a word of criticism or denunciation of denomination, church or persons was heard. At times there would be waves of glory and shouts of victory until one realized the glory of "forty years ago" had come to Nampa.

The women (old and young) in plain attire, clothed with the beauty of the Lord, "all glorious within," testified to complete deliverance from the world and all its make-believe. Uncapped springs broke loose in my soul. I did not realize I was so thirsty and I had to come to a metal box factory to drink. The minister of the hour was a rare combination of Apollos and Elisha. Now, he was eloquent, "mighty in the Scriptures," "fervent in spirit." Now, he was replenishing the widow's oil. Together we sat in "heavenly places," and ate to the full. I bowed my head and thanked the Lord that He "brought me to

His banqueting house.”

The glory of the morning shed its afterglow over the afternoon service. The founder of the Bible Missionary Church, Rev. Glenn Griffith. Was in charge. Suddenly my text seemed to take wings and I took a hurried retrospective view of the past. It was the year 1935, when I attended a revival where Brother Griffith was preaching. God marvelously delivered me from false doctrine and under the Holy Ghost ministry of this fearless contender for the faith, I was SANCTIFIED WHOLLY, and entered the holiness ministry. Through sunshine and shadows the Spirit of God led me, blest my humble ministry with fruit and kept me true to the old-fashioned gospel.

Somehow on the platform in that holy environment at Nampa, I felt unworthy to speak to this people. There was a warmth to their kindness that I shall never forget. “How amiable are thy tabernacles, oh Lord of Hosts.”

The evening service was the crowning service of the day, when once again the evangelist, Rev. Elmer Michael, preached under the anointing of the Holy Ghost and God rewarded his faithfulness with souls. Thus ended our day at Nampa, the birth-place of The Bible Missionary Church.

As Miss Dale and I turned our faces toward the desert on our journey back to California, I kept thinking – THESE ARE MY PEOPLE – THEIR GOD MY GOD, WHERE THEY GO I WILL GO. I knew I had settled it in a box factory in Nampa, Idaho.

Source: “The Missionary Revivalist, December 1956”



JOHN R. CHURCH

Dr. John R. Church is a member of the Western North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church. For the past twelve years he has served as an approved evangelist of the church. Dr. Church has traveled extensively; he has preached in many of the nation’s largest churches and in many colleges. He is an author, and over one hundred thousand copies of his books have been sold.

I consider it an honor to be asked to give my testimony in this book. While I have nothing yet of which to boast, I am glad to be a humble witness for the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. When Christ called Paul to preach, he told him that he had been called to be a minister and a witness to the Gentiles. The Lord wants us not only to preach, but also to witness to the truths we proclaim. This is in accordance with New Testament practice.

I would not have anyone think that I have anything of which to boast. I would, however, like to give Christ the glory for all he has done in my life. Naturally, in giving one’s own testimony one has to use the personal pronoun I many times, but in doing it I want it understood that it was Christ who did the work. Paul said: “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.” Here Paul uses the pronoun “I” and “me” a number of times, but no one would dare accuse him of boasting. I want to manifest the same spirit of humility in giving my testimony for Christ.

I had the good fortune of being born and brought up in a very devout Christian home. My mother was one of the godliest women that I have ever known. I cannot remember the first time I ever heard my mother pray. As far back in my recollection as I can go, I can remember kneeling at Mother’s knee and lisping that little prayer, “Now I lay me down to sleep.” Some of the fondest recollections of my childhood are those seasons at night when Mother had finished washing the dishes, sat down, and gathered us children around her knees to read to us from the Bible, or Aunt Charlotte’s Bible Stories, and talk to us about God. I am so thankful that God did not give me a card-playing, cigarette-smoking mother. My mother did not hunt a deck of cards or a pack of cigarettes. She was more interested in our

spiritual welfare than she was in the things of the world. I owe a great deal to Mother and her Christian influence on my life.

My parents were poor people. My grandfather was killed in the Civil War; my father was bound out (indentured – a state akin to child slavery) as a boy to work for his board and clothes. He never was privileged to go to school a single day in his life. My father worked all his life as a day laborer, and I can remember when he worked for a dollar a day. There were eight of us children; things were not always plentiful at our house, but we did have a Christian home. My father was a good man, who loved his family and always took an interest in our spiritual welfare. He helped Mother in her effort to give us the right kind of teaching and training. They took us to Sunday school, and kept us for the preaching service. They instilled into our hearts and minds some great truths and conceptions that have held us steady all down the pathway of life. I owe a great deal to my parents, and the training they gave will never be forgotten. I thank God for such a home, for such training and teaching.

I was definitely converted in an old-fashioned Methodist revival when I was about nine years of age. My conversion was very clear and unmistakable. I have never had any doubt about my conversion. Some people say that children do not know what they are doing at that age, but I want to testify that I knew what I was doing, and I feel certain that my sins were forgiven and that I became a child of God at that time.

I lived a very happy Christian life until I was about fifteen years of age. Then I began to feel the call to preach, which at that time I did not want to do. I wished to make money, to win a place for myself in the business world. I began to fight the call to preach, but the Lord was patient with me. Finally I told God that I would not preach, and I backslid. I lived in this condition until after I was married, when I was a little over eighteen years of age. I had the good fortune of marrying a fine Christian girl. Through her godly influence, and in answer to her prayers, I was reclaimed. It happened in a revival meeting that was being conducted by Rev. C. C. Totherow, one of the godliest men that I have ever known.

At the time, I was in the market business in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. When I went to the altar, I told God that I would give up my business and prepare for the ministry. I sold out my business and began to make plans to attend Rutherford College in order to prepare for the ministry.

Rutherford College was a Methodist school in North Carolina, the kind of school that a poor boy could attend without being humiliated about his clothing and lack of money. I did not have any money or anyone to help me in a financial way. At the time I went there, we had one child. We had a hard time financially, but we learned many things that have been of help to us in the years since that time.

The outstanding thing that happened to me while in college was the fact that I sought and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. When I went to school, I knew nothing about this. I was in the same condition as the people at Ephesus, whom Paul found and asked, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" They said they had never heard of such a thing. I, too, had never heard of the baptism of the Holy Spirit and Fire.

When some of the men at Rutherford College began to talk to me about this baptism, it was so new and strange to me that I did not know what to think of it. I knew I was a Christian, that I was called to preach, but I had heard nothing of this experience. At first I was a little shy of such teaching. I felt, however, that I wanted all God had for me. I made up my mind that I would find out what the Bible really taught on this subject. I read my New Testament through eleven times in one month. I carried a red pencil with me; when I would find a passage of Scripture that I thought taught this truth, I would mark it with red. I soon became convinced in my own heart and mind that the Bible taught the baptism of the Spirit and Fire.

I also began to read the testimony of other men, and I saw that many of the greatest saints of the past had testified to this same experience. I was convinced in my mind. Then, too, I felt in my heart that I needed something more than I had.

I prayed and sought for the baptism of the Holy Spirit and Fire for about five months; then one morning in an all-night prayer meeting we were having at the college I received the baptism. It came to me about 1:30 A.M., March 19, 1920. I was in the Platonic Literary Society hall at the time it came to me. I cannot describe the physical sensation that came over me, but the most notable thing about this experience was the fact that I had such a clean, pure feeling after the physical sensation subsided. I had never felt so clean and pure in my life. I felt that all sin was gone, that now I was actually fit to stand in the presence of God and man. I shall never forget that experience. It is the greatest thing that has ever happened to me. I feel very unworthy of what God did for me at that time, but I do thank him for doing it. I never could have gone on in this work and accomplished the things God had for me to do if it had not been for the baptism of Fire. I wish I could get all of God's people to see that this same promise is unto them. (See Acts 2:39.)

I feel that I am a very unworthy servant of Christ, but I am glad that I can testify that there is adequate grace to take care of all sin in the human heart. The minimum of atonement more than covers the maximum of the Fall. "But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. 5:20). "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Rom. 8:3-4).

To Him be all the glory, now and forever. Amen.

Source: "Contemporary Conversions" by Bernie Smith



ADAM CLARKE

(Methodist, Author of Clarke's Commentary)

Few men were more prominent or figured more actively in the great religious awakening of a century ago than Adam Clarke. Like most great men, he was "cradled in poverty." One of his earliest memories was the "weeping and wailing" in the household when their last acre of land was gone. His father, though poor, was a well educated school-master, and trained his children well. From eight years of age young Adam was self-supporting. But he was a dull student, until one day the phrase, "Oh! What a stupid dunce!" probably hurled at him in derision, aroused his sluggish brain, and "his long sorrow turned into instant joy;" study became a delight. In his research for knowledge, he waded through all learning, and mastered more than twenty languages. His biographer says: "With a bright half guinea which he found while digging in the school house garden at Kingswood, he bought a Hebrew grammar, in the use of which he made the beginning of his vast acquisitions and labors in Oriental learning. He rode, read and studied, mastering the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee and Syriac versions of the Scriptures, and most of the languages of western Europe. There was no branch of literature or physical science with which he did not become, in some degree, familiar. He was elected to membership in the London, Asiatic, Geological, and other learned societies. The government called him to high official position, where his scholarship could be employed for the honor of his country and the welfare of humanity."

His greatest work is his commentary on the scriptures. While there are some more practical, and while there are others more modern who have gone beyond him in some things, yet Clarke's Commentaries are still household words, and an invaluable treasury of Biblical knowledge. He was forty years in the preparation of this colossal work; and, take it all in all, it is one of the greatest commentaries published during the past 1,000 years.

Drawn by curiosity to hear John Brettel, a Methodist preacher, the sermon so impressed him that he went again, and a sermon from the text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," so convicted him that

he was in an agony of conviction, which, as is usually the case, was followed by a sky-blue conversion. He joined the Methodists, and soon became an exhorter on a circuit of his own creation.. One day Wesley met him and said, “Do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the work of God?” “Sir, I wish to be and to do whatever God pleases,” replied young Clarke. “I think you had better go out into the work at large,” said Wesley. Then laying his hands upon the young preacher’s head, he prayed a few minutes, and having thus ordained him sent him to Bradford circuit, which had twenty-three appointments. The next year he was sent to Norwich circuit, and one horse allowed for four preachers. He rode that circuit “mostly on foot, his saddle bags on his own back,” preaching in eleven months 450 sermons, besides delivering many exhortations. In Cornwall, he preached in the open air amid the sleet and rain to crowds which no house could hold. Like most of the early Methodists, he emphasized the doctrine and experience of sanctification, teaching that we obtain a pure heart through faith in the all sufficient blood of Jesus. He says: “We are to come to God for an instantaneous and complete purification from all sin as well as instantaneous pardon. In no part of the Scriptures are we directed to seek the remission of sins seriatim – one now, and another then, and so on. Neither in any part are we directed to seek holiness by gradation. Neither a gradation pardon nor a gradation purification exists in the Bible.”

As to how he reached this second crisis in his religious experience, he says: “I regarded nothing not even life itself, in comparison with having my heart cleansed from all sin; and began to seek it with full purpose of heart ... Soon after this, while earnestly wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and endeavoring desperately to believe, I found a change wrought in my soul, which I have endeavored through grace to maintain amid the grievous temptations and accusations of the subtle foe.”

Like all men and women who have been mighty for God, he laid great stress upon holiness of heart. O, if the leaders in the religious thought of these days “panted after God,” and rested not until they were “perfected in love!” What a quickening there would be in the “valley of dry bones,” and numberless deserts would be turned into gardens. Adam Clarke died of cholera August 26th, 1832, and the ripe scholar, renowned author and devout preacher was numbered among the white-robed throng above.

Source: “Chosen Vessels” by J. O. McClurkan (July, 1901)



MARY ELIZABETH CLARK

(Methodist)

Mary Elizabeth Clark, wife of Rev. Lucien Clark, of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Lebanon, Ohio, October 19, 1889. Her parents, Robert and Jane Morris, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From her infancy she was taught, by precept and example, the doctrines of the Christian religion. But it was not until she was fifteen years of age, that she was enabled to clearly see that a change of heart was absolutely necessary to bring her into fellowship with God, and to fit her soul for the inheritance of eternal life. At this period she was at Yellow Springs, Ohio, where she had gone to perfect her education. While pursuing her studies a gracious revival of religion occurred in the Methodist Episcopal Church. During this revival she was powerfully awakened and clearly converted. Her life, after conversion, was always consistent, her piety deep and uniform, and her labors abundant.

It was under the ministration of Rev. S. A. Brewster, while pastor of the church at Yellow Springs, that our sister became convinced that it was her privilege to enjoy, by a more perfect consecration of herself to God, a higher state of grace than simply regeneration. In accordance with this conviction she commenced immediately, intelligently, and earnestly to seek for the fullness of the blessing of God in Christ Jesus. And it was not long until she realized the truth of God’s words, “That if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

In the faith and enjoyment of this great blessing our sister lived and died, and her bereaved and faithful husband's testimony is, that she not only professed, but that she possessed and lived this blessing in every-day life. Quiet and unassuming in her manners, she was not forward to proclaim the enjoyment of this higher spiritual life; and yet she was not reluctant, or on suitable occasions, to glorify God in the acknowledgment of it.

On the 11th of October, 1864, she was joined in marriage to Rev. Lucien Clark, then stationed at Lebanon, Ohio. This holy union then bid fair to be of long duration, and fruitful in happiness and good works. Congenial spirits, they readily molded into one, and were helpmates indeed to each other. Smoothly and beautifully flowed the stream of their married life, as they with united effort sought to fill the holy mission to which God had called them. But, alas! How soon a shadow fell on their path! About two years previous to her death a severe hemorrhage of the lungs announced the presence of that insidious and fatal disease that bears annually so many Americans, young and old, male and female, to the grave.

Slow, but steady and sure were the steps, gaining more and more power over its victim, until for three months previous to her death she was confined to her room. During this time she was visited by many of the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to one and all the same testimony of uniform joy, peace, faith, and hope was clearly given. Not one who visited her would hesitate to pronounce her ready for death. To her husband, when lamenting her sufferings, she said, "You ought to be thankful when this poor body is at rest! Oh, when shall this poor, tired body be at rest?" Again she said, "What a sweet release I will have from all this suffering when I am called home!" On another occasion she said, "It is hard work for these poor bodies to wear out. It takes all the grace I have to bear it. Why should I be discouraged? I must suffer it out. I know, in all probability, this will end in death; but I have no fear." She expressed herself in the clearest terms as being fully prepared.

After she was convinced that she could not recover, she was very anxious that before her departure she might receive an extraordinary blessing on her soul. She longed and prayed for this. The day before her death she said to her husband, "I have had some doubts." He spoke words of comfort to her, and commenced repeating the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want... Thou anointest my head with oil." At this point she took up the language and exclaimed, "My cup runneth over." From this time there was no doubt, no shadow, nothing but peace and joy. Without losing her sight, or having any wandering of mind whatever, she called her husband, and saying, "Good-bye, good-bye, precious husband," departed to be with God. Thus died our sister, on the 18th day of February, 1869, aged twenty-nine years.

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



WILLIAM HENRY CLARK

(Free Methodist Bishop)

A revival meeting was in progress at the Free Methodist church in Alton, New York. Great conviction was upon the community and many were seeking God. One night the Holy Spirit settled upon the audience with the spell of eternity, as the altar call was being given. A tall young man nineteen years old is at the parting of the ways. As he stands weighing his soul in the balance, Rev. Moses Downing, a veritable son of thunder in early Free Methodism, pointing his finger at him cries out, "Young man, if you don't yield to God, you will go to hell." Recognizing the finger of destiny pointing at him, and the call of eternity summoning, he broke for the altar. That young man was William H. Clark. Later as he continued to pray in the sitting room at home by an old rocking chair, he received the witness that

Christ forgave his sins.

The conversion of W. H. Clark was similar to that of Charles Spurgeon. Spurgeon as a young man was under deep conviction. He says in his unique way, "But of a sudden, I met Moses carrying the law ... God's Ten Words ... and as I read them, they all seemed to join in condemning me in the sight of the thrice holy Jehovah ... If I opened my mouth, I spoke amiss. If I sat still, there was sin in my silence. I was in custody of the Law. I dared not plunge into grosser vices: I sinned enough without acting like that. My impression is that this is the history of all the people of God, more or less! . . . in this state, the Bible threatenings are all printed in capitals, and the promises in such small type we cannot make them out."

During this period of heavy conviction the young Puritan went to all the churches of Colchester seeking release from his burden. None of the preachers in the large churches helped him. Sunday morning on January 6, 1850, found England in the grip of a driving snowstorm. While making his way to a certain church recommended by his mother, the fury of the storm compelled him to turn down a side street. There he entered a little building with the sign "Artillery Street Primitive Methodist Church."

About a dozen people were present. The minister, snowbound, failed to appear. A thin-looking layman, a shoemaker or sailor, filled in the gap. The lay preacher was unlearned but he knew God. Taking the text from Isaiah 45:22, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," he hammered on one thought – Looking to Christ for salvation. In about fifteen minutes "he swiftly came to the end of his tether." He observed the distressed face of the boy as he sat alone and pointing his long bony finger at him, shouted in old-fashioned Methodist vigor, "Young man, you're in trouble! Look to Jesus Christ! Look! Look! Look!" And Spurgeon looked, his faith reached out and his burden rolled away.

Spurgeon's own account is a classic: "The cloud was gone, the darkness rolled away, and in that moment I saw the sun! Oh, I did 'Look'! I could almost have looked my eyes away! I felt like Pilgrim when the burden of guilt which he had borne so long was forever rolled from my shoulders. I could now understand what John Bunyan meant, when he declared he wanted to tell all the crows on the plowed land about his conversion!

"Precious is that wine which is pressed in the wine vat of conviction: pure is that gold which is dug from the mines of repentance; and bright are those pearls which are found in the caverns of deep distress. A spiritual experience that is thoroughly flavored with a deep and bitter sense of sin is of great value to him that hath it. He who has stood before God, convicted and condemned with the rope about his neck, is the man to weep with joy when he is pardoned, and to live to the honor of the Redeemer by whose blood he is cleansed.

"I could realize then the language of Rutherford when, being full of the love of Christ, in the dungeon of Aberdeen, he said, 'O my Lord, if there were a broad hell betwixt me and Thee, if I could not get at Thee except by wading through it, I would not think twice, but I would go through it all, if I might but embrace Thee, and call Thee mine!'"

Bishop Clark used to relate the severe mental struggle he had over the question of sanctification. When he heard people testify to it, he thought such an experience was impossible, for he had been raised a Calvinist. Yet his heart cried out for it but his head opposed it. Finally, he rolled on his bedroom floor crying out for what he thought was impossible. At last his heart and his head got together and he was gloriously sanctified. Charles Wesley's great hymn, "Wrestling Jacob" fits the case of wrestling Clark.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Source: "Master Workmen" by Richard R. Blews



WILLIAM WARNER CLARK

(Methodist)

I was born in the township of London, Canada West (aka Upper Canada -now Ontario) , on the sixteenth day of March, 1838. I was born again of the Holy Ghost in the same township, on the twenty-third of September, 1854. Oh, the rapture of that moment! I praised God aloud. I feared not the charge of enthusiasm, for I knew that I was a child of God and an heir of Heaven. Not a doubt obscured my vision. My evidence of sonship was clear as a sunbeam. O, the bliss, the joy, the RAPTURE I then felt in communion with the people of God. Can I ever forget that moment? No; the recollection of it is as fresh and vivid today as ever. My heart warms within me when I look back to the time and place in which I was born for immortal bliss.

For several years prior to my conversion, even in the indecision and perplexities of irreligion, my thoughts were dedicated to the pulpit as the arena in which my life should be spent. My highest ambition was to make an efficient Methodist preacher. And now that the Holy Spirit had changed my heart, giving me a new name and a new nature, the path of duty was clearly revealed. The preaching of the Gospel was the undertaking to which every holy influence called me. Conscious of this, I placed myself in the way to obtain an education that might, to some extent, qualify me for the work; after which I offered myself for the itineracy, and received my first appointment in August 1856. I now felt myself fully committed to the work of saving souls. I was pledged, not only to God, but to my fellow-men to preach "The unsearchable riches of Christ." But O, my youth! My inexperience! My weakness! How deeply I felt the need of something which I did not possess. About this time Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" fell into my hand, the perusal of which led me to cry out--

Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone

I felt that I could not consistently exhort sinners to love God, while a part of my own affections were withheld from Him; that it was as really my duty of my neighbor to love Him at all. O, how I longed for "the richer baptism."

My longing heart was all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

Sometimes I fancied I could almost claim the blessing; then again darkness obscured my vision. In this fluctuating state of mind I continued for three years, coming sometimes up to the very borders of the land.

"Where fear and sin, and guilt expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

In this perplexed state of mind I attended three Camp Meetings in the month of September, 1859. At the last of the three, held in London township, (the place of my nativity) my soul was in such agony that I could neither preach nor pray with liberty. There hung over me a dark and leaden blackness which seemed as if it would crush me into the earth. I longed to go with the penitents to the altar of prayer, and seek the blessing of "perfect love;" but the thought that I was a minister, and might, but

such an act, bring reproach on the cause of Christ, deterred me. I expressed my desires and fears to Sister R -- , whose prompt and wise answer decided my course: "Brother," said she, "you will never hurt God's cause by getting right yourself!" I also expressed to her the fear that I could not keep the blessing. In this instance her answer was equally wise and heaven-directed: "You have no right to expect grace to keep what you have not got. Seek the blessing, and along with it God will give the grace to keep it. YOU NEED THIS BLESSING TO KEEP YOU."

Precious word of encouragement! I went to the altar of prayer, and "with strong crying and tears," besought God to cleanse my heart from all sin, and fill it with love divine. O, what a struggle! My heart was as hard as a rock, but my determination was strong. Around me gathered a number of my ministerial brethren, who longed to see me enter into rest. Their prayers were ardent, earnest; their faith as strong, bold. The consecration was made. All the powers of mind and body were deliberately and voluntarily handed over to God. Then came the promise, "We that believe do enter into rest." My struggling soul grasped it. I stood then on "promised ground;" and as Sister R-- was repeating in prayer the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," I cried out, IT DOES CLEANSE! And in a moment my soul was happy.

I had not the shadow of a doubt of my entire sanctification. O, how I realized the presence of the Triune God of Holiness. Blessed, hallowed hour! Victory was mine through the blood of the Lamb. This was on the evening of Saturday, September 17th, 1859. The next morning I was asked to preach, and I took for my text, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be presented blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." O, how sweet was duty then. How light the cross. The words leaped as fire from my lips into the hearts of the congregation; one, and another, and another caught the flame, and soon the whole encampment was on fire for God. O, what a scene! Never can I forget it.

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

I returned to my circuit, and established a select meeting for seekers of holiness. God gave me in the eyes of the people. One after another sought and found "the gift of power." Soon the circuit was in a revival flame. Many were the living witness which God raised up to testify that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." I felt myself possessed of the necessary "pioneer experience" to lead the followers of Christ out into a large place. Every difficulty which arose in the minds of anxious inquirers after full salvation, God seemed to give wisdom and power to solve. For months I continued in the happy frame of mind. My soul seemed to float in an ocean of infinite purity and love. All my ransomed powers flowed sweetly in the channel of the Divine requirements. My own will was lost in God's will. I seemed borne onward in the discharge of duty like a sparless ship before the sweeping storm. The light fell around me with wondrous splendor. God was glorified by a pure flame of love, which is the essential element of His character and felicity.

But alas! The darkness came again. I had not learned the secret of living by faith: and as soon as the first outburst of joy, which accompanied the witness of full salvation was over, I doubted. O, THAT AWFUL DOUBT! It brought with it its gloom and sadness. Still I did not entirely lose my evidence, nor relapse into my former state of fear and despondency. No, God was with me in the valley, and occasionally I enjoyed glimpses of "the full assurance of faith." In this state I continued to live, until God, in his inscrutable providence, put me into the furnace of affliction. As I drew near the gates of death, and heard my case pronounced very critical, my thoughts turned inward. I examined carefully my state of my heart. The evidence of my acceptance with God was clear; I knew that I was His child, but the evidence of "heart-purity" was not clear. I lifted my heart to God in earnest supplication. I doubted not His ability and willingness to cleanse that moment. Then came the promise, "The Lord is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." Blessed assurance! Thrice blessed portion! My soul cried out, "It is enough; 'this is all my salvation and all my desire.'"

The next day my disease had increased so rapidly that I felt I could not bear up much longer. I looked to God for grace to sustain me in the final struggle. Then came the promise clear as light; distinct as if uttered by some unseen visitant, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." From that moment my disease took a turn for the better; I slowly recovered; and now I am able to go forth "And declare the works of the Lord."

My sojourn in the "Border Land" greatly enriched and invigorated my religious experience. I now possess an unwavering confidence in the divinity of our holy religion. I have tested its power to sustain before the solemn prospect of death. And I now believe that He who hath called me with this holy calling, will preserve me blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherever I go I am determined, by God's help, to preach a free and full salvation – A SALVATION FOR EVERY SINNER, AND A SALVATION FROM EVERY SIN.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

The works of Clement of Alexandria abound in calls to holiness, in instructions to seekers after purity, exhortations to holiness, on holiness as a second work of grace, cleansing from inherent sin, holiness as an actual experience, communion with God, mystic union with God, pure living, perfect love, mystic contemplation, etc.

We will venture just one short quotation: "And the man who turns from among the Gentiles will ask for faith while he that ascends to knowledge will ask for the perfection of love. And the Gnostic (meaning the man who has gained knowledge of God) who has reached the summit, will pray that contemplation may grow and abide, as the common man will for continual good health."

Source: "Objections to Holiness Considered"

by H. A. Baldwin



MOTHER COBB

(Methodist)

Soon after Mrs. Cobb united with the Methodist church, she was convicted for the experience of entire holiness. The apostle's injunction: "Go on to perfection," sounded through her soul, and an intense hungering and thirsting for this grace possessed her. She cried unto God day and night for a clean heart, and as the Holy Spirit enlightened her understanding and revealed to her the "roots of bitterness" within, and she saw how she had followed the carnal promptings of a proud heart, and lived such a vain and foolish life before her conversion, and been trammelled and hindered in her religious life, she groaned for deliverance. Her convictions for heart-purity were strong and pungent. She would cry out, "I cannot live without holiness."

While thus wrought upon and pleading for a clean heart, the cross was presented to her that would crucify her to the flesh, and make complete the separation between herself and the world. Her cross was to appear more as her Saviour, "who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor." She must not only give up her ornaments and vain display of attire which she had laid aside, but she must also lay aside her costly robes, and give up her carriage and, plainly dressed, go on foot whenever practicable.

Oh! the deep searchings and the struggle of soul! For herself she could make all sacrifice – but her friends! Must she grieve them by being so peculiar? Could she not dress richly, though she must dress

plainly? “No,” the Spirit said, “you must dress plainly and cheaply.” Her cross, definitely portrayed, was to dress in plain blue calico as long as her earthly life should last.

We will not take it upon ourselves to explain why such a peculiar cross was laid upon her; but we are sure that the One who formed it perfectly understood the case, and it was the plan of infinite love and mercy. She saw it as her own cross, and not as a pattern for others to follow, and said it was, “God’s way of keeping her dead.”

She was a number of weeks seeking the experience. During this time, she attended three quarterly-meetings, and her presiding elder, Rev. G. Fillmore, preached definitely each time on the experience of perfect love. Her convictions deepened; her soul agonized for deliverance. On the other hand, she was greatly tempted by the enemy. The way seemed a hard one, and the carnal nature shrunk from the cross. Finally, she determined to have the matter settled. We are thankful we can give the reader an account of the last struggle and victory in her own words. She said: “The struggle I now felt was a fearful one. I felt that I could not longer live without this blessing. I retired to a grove, and got on my knees before the Lord, being determined I would never leave the place until delivered.

“Oh! What a struggle I had with the powers of darkness! I was a long time agonizing in prayer; then I said; ‘I have done everything that is in my power to do, and will never rise from this spot till God does the work.’ Now I was willing to become anything, or nothing, for Christ’s sake. In that moment my prayer was answered; my struggle ceased, my unutterable longing was gratified. Instantly a power from above touched me. Jesus took entire possession. I melted as wax before the fire; praise took the place of prayer, and my full soul was dissolved in love. Then was the new name written upon my heart, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it.

“In a moment I saw that this was sanctification. Oh! What a calm – what a settling down of sweet peace--perfect peace! No ecstasy, only that of astonishment at what I had just realized. It is not in the power of language to describe it. My peace flowed like a river.

“Now the enemy suggested: ‘Don’t say that you are sanctified, for you have been blessed a great many times.’ I was enabled to say, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan, for I belong to God, and all shall be done in Him, and for Him, for He worketh in me to will and to do of His own good pleasure.’ “

This was in the year 1824, when Mrs. Cobb was about thirty years of age. She began immediately to pay her vows to the Lord by taking steps that would widen the breach between herself and an ungodly world. Her rich robes were changed for a simple, plain blue calico dress. Her wavy locks, that had proved a snare to her in the past, and had always been an incentive to pride, were shorn; and, as she afterwards stated, clothed in a servant’s dress she set about her Master’s work.

She resolved at this time to make it the one business of her life to serve God, and run with patience the race set before her, and every weight and hindrance were thrown aside.

“Her pilgrim robes, divinely fair,
Were fashioned all for speed.”

Source: “Mother Cobb--Sixty Years’ Walk With God” by Mary Meems Chapman



GEORGE WHITEFIELD COLEMAN

(Free Methodist Bishop)

George W. Coleman was born in Perry Center, New York, October 10, 1830. His parents, John and Julia Coleman, were thrifty farmers such as formed the backbone of the nation in the past century. Far removed from the temptations and evil influences of the city, they reared their children in the fear of the Lord. In their religious beliefs, they represented old-time Methodism.

In speaking of the home in which Bishop Coleman was reared, L. B. Kent who lived with the family as hired help says, "Church-going was as regular as was the daily worship. Sunday visitations and recreations were not thought of, much less planned for, as they are nowadays by families professing to be Christians ... The evening 'sweet hour of prayer' in which the venerated father read to us from the family Bible which lay on the stand, praying also earnestly for each and all of us, each of us in turn reverently and gladly following in personal prayer and praise, can not be forgotten, nor its life-long influence be doubted.

'Father Coleman' as an intelligent Methodist was a seeker of sanctification. The boys and young men converted in the recent glorious revival in which George and myself had been converted, had organized a band as provided in the church Discipline, and were seeking to be sanctified, and, of course, were praying for the blessing. But none of us doubted that 'Mother Coleman' was holy and ready for heaven, and yet she was quietly seeking to be sanctified, the Lord being her leader and teacher. And as she prayed one evening in our family 'band' the Lord gloriously sanctified her. She fell prostrate upon the floor, shouted and praised the Lord for some minutes and declared that the Lord had fully sanctified her. The only doubt any of the company could have was respecting her not having already been sanctified for years. But we were all greatly blest, and rejoiced greatly with the happy, holy mother. That we were all growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ constantly I have not a doubt. Serious, conscientious, prayerful, self-denying, teachable and humble, there was little danger of immediate backsliding. Would that all young Christians of today were as well protected and warned against backsliding and as carefully guarded against the spirit and associations of the world as were young Christians generally forty to sixty years ago."

The secret of Spurgeon's spiritual vision and power can be traced to the Puritan home in which he was reared and to the prayers and teachings of his godly mother. In after years he bore this eloquent testimony: "I have not the powers of speech to set forth my valuation of the choice blessing which the Lord bestowed on me in making me the son of one who prayed for me and prayed with me. How can I ever forget when she bowed her knee, and with her arms about my neck, prayed, 'O that my son might live before Thee!' "

It is not surprising that young Coleman reared in such an atmosphere was converted in early years and it was fitting that, when as a penitent he prayed through to forgiveness, his mother was at his side singing,

"Oh, how happy are they
Who their Savior obey
And have laid up their treasures above.
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

In later years he used to say, "The plane on which we started out at conversion was described in the hymn,

'My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire
And the moon it was under my feet.' "

At a subsequent date he received an equally clear assurance that the very God of peace had sanctified him wholly. From that time "Holiness unto the Lord" was his all-absorbing theme, and he remained "steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Source: "Master Workmen" by Richard R. Blews



SAMUEL COLEY

Some of my readers will remember how the late Samuel Coley describes the memorable service in which he accepted Christ as a Saviour from all indwelling sin. The Rev. Thomas Collins was the preacher. His text was, "Wilt thou be made clean? When shall it once be?" "Unction sweeter than was wont came down as he urged the query, 'When shall it once be?' Then he said, "The loving Father says, "Now;" what do you say?" 'Now,' breathed audibly from pew to pew. 'The Son, who gave His cleansing blood, says, "Now;" what do you say?' At this reiteration of appeal, 'Now' louder and more earnest circled me in answer. The waiting Sanctifier, the Spirit of Holiness, says, "Now;" what do you say? "When?" 'Twice the response, though it moved my inmost heart, had passed, leaving me silent; but with the third questioning came a gush of influence irresistible. I could keep my lips no longer, but, like the rest, cried, 'Now!' What is more, and better far, my soul that blessed moment as certainly said, 'Now,' as did my tongue. It was no flash of enthusiasm; it was a work of the Holy Ghost. That 'Now' stirs me yet. Nor ever since that memorable time has my faith dared to procrastinate, or say anything but 'Now' to all the sanctifying offers of the promise-keeping God."

Source: "New Testament Holiness" by Thomas Cook



J. H. COLLINS

I owe it to my brethren to testify to salvation from all sin. When nineteen years of age I was deeply convicted of my sins. I mourned over them at home, in the great congregations, and in the lonely forests. I hid myself from men, and supplicated help from God. I resolved that I never would give over the struggle until I found peace from on high. During the progress of a protracted meeting I presented myself again and again at the altar for prayer. Many friends came forward to instruct me in the way. Among others, the minister came; my mother came. They told me "to believe;" but their words seemed as idle tales. I found no comfort until at last I determined to throw myself upon the mercy of God despite any feeling of doubt or feeling of darkness or lack of feeling. It was the last resolve of a broken and subjugated heart. I was like a bird that had beaten its head against the netting of its cage until it was glad to find the open door. I swung off into the darkness saying, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Here the light broke upon me. O what a peace! What a sweet, blessed rest came to my soul! The congregation was singing, "How happy are they who their Saviour obey." There was a glory upon everything. The faces of the people shone as with a heavenly light. I could see now as I had never seen before the fields, the trees, the stars praising him. "The whole earth was full of his glory."

After a few weeks these delightful feelings of my salvation had subsided; but still there remained a sense of peace and the blessed conviction that God was my Father. It would require great space to relate all the religious scenes through which I passed. Sometimes in a measure backslidden in heart, and again brought into the triumphs of love; but in the main I was carried along with a good degree of fervency and zeal. I hungered after a higher state, but had no one professing perfect love to instruct me. I had commenced preaching about one year after my conversion. In the course of study prescribed for the ministry I came in contact with the doctrine of entire sanctification. I fully believed it – believed that the blood of Jesus could cleanse from all sin; but was inclined to the opinion that the cleansing was made perfect in the hour of regeneration, and after conversion there could follow only a growth in grace. However, there were seasons when I would alternate, and for awhile believe that there was a second blessing or degree which I had never entered. I went so far in that direction that one day I bowed down in the woods behind a tree and prayed for entire sanctification. I there remembered the scriptural rule for prayer: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." I claimed to receive it; rose from my knees, but feeling no change, Satan

began to tell me that this procedure of mine was fanatical. So I was induced to throw away my confidence.

Years went by. I read and thought much upon the subject; but finally settled down in the opinion that every true believer, if not backslidden, is free from sin. The argument in my mind shaped itself in this manner: First, when God forgives a person's sins, he forgives them all, and as yet the person has committed no more sin; hence he is free from sin. Second, perfect love must follow perfect faith. But God will pardon no sinner until there is a perfect surrender and perfect faith. Hence, wherever there is pardon at all, there must be perfect faith, and consequently perfect love. With these views I strengthened myself until I went to California in 1882. There I came in contact with some who professed entire sanctification. At first I felt that their testimony was repulsive, and was needlessly thrust before the people. I had been a slave to tobacco – smoked and chewed from the age of ten. This vile habit had often troubled my conscience, and I had often resolved to quit its use. But the tobacco was stronger than my resolution, and I was brought back again and again into bondage. At last I made a desperate attempt, and broke away from my old master. I felt it was a great triumph. Still I was not entirely sanctified; but felt hungry for more grace. At last one evening I listened to a sermon upon the subject of sanctification. Under the living testimony the Holy Spirit flashed the truth upon my mind. I saw there was a second and distinct state which I had never entered. It was the crisis. I rose from my seat, regardless of the opinion of others, and made my confession of the need of entire sanctification, and humbly claimed to embrace it with all its consequences. I claimed the promise of God in relation to my own soul, and avowed, as he had declared that “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,” as God had said it, so I would say it, and I there planted myself upon the promise for full salvation, and affirmed it to be a fact. I expected to feel much better; but when I came to examine myself I felt worse. Rather there was a dearth or emptiness of feeling. It was a trying time. Still I avowed my sanctification as wrought according to the word of God. This trial of faith continued about three days, when, while one evening engaged in public prayer, the power of the Highest overshadowed me. There was the sweetest and most satisfying sense of the Divine presence. Glory to God! He had given the witness. My soul bathed in the delightful rest of the Holy Ghost. Every chamber of my being was filled with the cloud of glory. My soul was satisfied as never before. I now realized that whereas I had been walking along the road to heaven, often begrimed with sweat and dust, now the King's chariot had halted near me, and I had stepped in so that I could career along the highway of holiness. As I looked upon my robes of white I felt satisfied with what God had done for me. I praised him for all. In short, I rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks. But I cannot tell it all. Since that time my peace has flowed as a river. I have felt the presence of the adorable Saviour as an everlasting reality.

O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime!

I've Jesus with me all the time.

I have felt a nearness of God in prayer, an absence of anxiety, and a conviction that he is guiding all things, a sense of security in his power. Communion with him whom my soul loveth is made easy and more delightful. The divine word is illuminated and made sweeter, and hence plainer, to my soul. I now have such a sense of the abiding presence and personality of the Holy Ghost as I never had before. I have been kept in this gracious and satisfying state now for more than two years, assured each day that my God doeth all things well. In the pastor's study or in the pulpit, traveling through the lonely mountains or amidst the clouds of dust in the Sacramento Valley, I have tasted the sweetness of the Holy Ghost and breathed the smoke from the golden censer. My testimony today is that I throw my helpless soul upon the promise of my God, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son now cleanses me from all sin. All glory to God! Dear reader, may you and I walk together the plains of light in this world, and sing forever redemption's song: “Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion and

power forever and ever.”

Source: “Sanctification – What, When, How It is



MARY COMSTOCK

(Methodist)

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 Christian worker, and had interested herself specially 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 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 when the point of utter despair, of self-extinction was reached, and it seemed to her like the darkness of the second death 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 like flint. 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 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 expected 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. I wonder if his great soul is still flooded with this glorious light?

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



C. O. COOK

(Methodist)

When twelve years of age God for Christ’s sake spoke peace to my soul. I need not say I had much with which to contend, for I was surrounded by a class of young men who ridiculed religion and spiritual things--whose hearts had never felt or experienced the healing and heavenly influence imparted by grace divine, and in whose souls the “Son of Righteousness” had never risen.

My experience was wavering I had never heard a sermon preached on “Christian Holiness,” consequently, was almost entirely ignorant as regards this blessing, but I endeavored to serve God according to the light I had.

Thus time passed on. I had always been impressed with the idea that I was called to the ministry, but waiving my convictions, I plunged into the business-cares of the world; but there was no rest for me, until in my nineteenth year I received license to exhort. In this capacity I served the church some time; finally, was licensed to preach, and then recommended to the East Baltimore Conference, which proved a great blessing to my soul.

I was received into the traveling connection and was appointed to the Hancock Circuit. This, the first year of my ministry, was marked with great success. God was with me: yet up to this time I had never

spoken on the theme of "Perfect Love." The following spring I was appointed to Frostburg, Ct., and while traveling this circuit, having been thrown into the company of some who enjoyed this "blessing," I became very much exercised on the subject. I greatly felt my need of it. I knew there were heights and breadths, and lengths and depths in the love of Jesus to which I had not attained.

It so happened that, while in this state of mind, I was called to Baltimore. There I heard of Dr. Roberts' meetings, which I determined to attend the following Sabbath. I did so, and while there I heard the young and old tell how they had received this blessing; but the experience of one young man arrested me very forcibly--the substance of which was this: "Before he had received this grace, his experience was wavering. At one time, he said, he was on Pisgah's top, and then again down in the valley." This had been my experience exactly; but he went on to say, "As soon as he felt the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus his experience became even, and that

"Jesus, all the day long,
Was his joy and his song."

This is what I needed. An invitation was then given to those persons who desired the blessing, to present themselves at the altar. I went forward, and while in that attitude, a good brother came to me and told me what was necessary in order to receive the blessing. (That I felt my need of it was clearly evinced by presenting myself at the altar.) 1st. A full consecration of all and every thing. 2nd. Faith to believe my sacrifice was accepted.

I then asked myself, "Are you willing to give up every thing?" I said, "Yes, Lord every thing-- all is thine," "then cannot you believe He accepts"-- "Yes, Lord," I said, "I do believe." Oh, what a flood of peace flowed into my soul. O, glory be to God! It was truly joy unspeakable and full of glory. The blood of Jesus I felt did cleanse me from all sin. From that time I commenced preaching on the subject, and every time I preached it, I gained more strength. I enjoyed uninterrupted communion with Jesus for some time; but, after a while the sin of unbelief took possession of my heart, and I fell back into my previous state of despondency.

The following spring I was sent to Westminster, Ct. While traveling that circuit I met with many who enjoyed this blessing. I again became deeply convicted on the subject (though I had never entirely lost sight of it). After leading class on Sabbath morning, at one of the appointments on the circuit, a brother said to me, "Bro. Cook, meet me at a throne of grace, every evening between sunset and dark, from this time until you come around again, and make the attainment of this blessing the subject of prayer." It was Wednesday preceding my next appointment that I was riding to church, to attend my protracted meeting. I lifted up my heart to God in prayer, and accompanying the prayer was an earnest living faith, the sacrifice having previously been made, and Jesus was mine. I felt Him mine; the trees, the stars, everything seemed to shout forth the praise of the Redeemer, and I shouted, Glory to God. Jesus was to me, all, and in all -- and since that time, "Jesus, all the day long, has been my joy and my song." Precious Saviour, blessed Jesus: His blood cleanses from all sin, and gives me victory.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



SARAH A. COOKE

(Instrumental in Moody's Sanctification)

In my own country I had read and been wonderfully helped by the lives of Carvosso, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, and would often wonder if there were any such Christians now on earth, thinking how I would like to meet with them. He that fulfilleth the desires of them that fear Him had led me to America; and I was invited to go a camp-meeting at St. Charles, Ill. I went, full of curiosity and expectation. On reaching the camp-ground (I shall never forget the first impressions), it

seemed to me as the very vestibule of heaven. The very atmosphere seemed purer than that of earth.

As I looked over the large congregation, I wondered why they were all so plainly dressed. I thought, surely they must all be very poor people to dress so, and was very much puzzled about it. At the next morning service I sat where I could see many of their faces. Such a look of heavenly purity beamed from them. As I looked and looked, I was more and more impressed that there was a connection between their simple dress and the looks of purity and peace that sat on their countenances, while the Spirit of the Lord whispered: "They have taken the world from the outside, and I have taken it from within."

Two loved sisters, now in glory, Mrs. Mary Tuck and Mrs. Phoebe Rosencrantz, had welcomed me, with many others, to their tent. I can see them now, as they waited on God's children. How I would gaze on their heaven-touched faces, beaming with the glory of God, and my soul would cry out to the living God for such an experience. Then the Lord would ask me: "Are you willing to pay the price?" and would draw my eyes from their radiant faces to the plain dresses. I can see them now. What an unutterable shrinking! Common calico, a little linen collar, bonnets the plainest that could be made; no bow, no feather, no lace, no flower! Could I give up all the world and take that line?

The devil said: "You would look just like an old washer-woman;" and then the thought of my husband, unsaved and very proud, would come; could I bear his displeasure and disapproval? The Spirit would talk to me. If I loved any earthly relation more than Jesus my Lord, I was not worthy of Him; giving me the foreshadowing of the hundred-fold in this life, and also of the persecution that would follow.

One evening there stood near our tent a little company singing that old but (to me then) new song, one verse of which particularly struck me; it was this:

If Christ would live and reign in me
I must die!
Like Him I crucified must be I must die!
Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans;
The flesh may writhe and make its moans,
But this 's the way, and this alone –
I must die!"

If there and then I had seen the nails, and the hammer ready to drive them through my trembling flesh, I could scarcely have shrunk more; and evermore the searching Word of God would come, urging on to obedience; as "after this manner in the old times the holy women, also, who trusted in God adorned themselves;" and "whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on apparel."

Oh, how patient, how good, my Lord was with me! And then what preaching, "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," and "in demonstration of the Spirit!" I could understand the power the first apostles had, as I listened to those holy men of God – Brothers Roberts, Travis and Terrill. One sermon of Brother Travis' was glorious beyond description. His text was 2 Cor. 3:18: "We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image," etc. Before the sermon closed, rays of glory beamed from his face as from the face of Moses as he came down from the mount; and we gazed, adored and wondered.

The time of yielding came, when I was to be crucified to the world. It was a struggle. All had been laid on the altar – husband, dress, reputation, all yielded; everything, with self, a living sacrifice. It seemed as though the very powers of darkness were let loose on my soul in that time of sore agony.

In the darkness of the night, it became almost unbearable, and I thought I would awaken a dear sister, and we would go out alone together, when the words were spoken to my inmost soul, "He trode His Gethsemane alone, and so must you." I held on. I had no idea of time in that fearful Gethsemane of

suffering, but tired nature, after it, sank in sleep. When the morning dawned, and I awoke to consciousness, then came the blessed assurance that God had sanctified me wholly. As I looked out of the tent, the world had never looked so beautiful, and the thought came, this is the very earth Moses and Paul and all the holy ones of the past lived on, and the blessed consciousness that I was as near God as they were.

“PURIFIED, MADE WHITE AND TRIED”

The blessing of sanctification was received about June, 1871, in Chicago and all was kept on the altar of sacrifice for about two weeks before our great Chicago fire. With so much power the words of the prophet would come to me: “Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.” I would ponder: What did it mean? -for I knew the Lord did not send such strong impressions for nothing.

It was Sabbath-night. Mr. Moody had preached in Farwell Hall, and the second meeting was being held. The alarm of fire had been sounded two or three times. The Spirit prompted me to speak to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Some that were in that meeting that night perished within twenty-four hours in the flames. How often I have looked back and regretted that lost opportunity.

The meeting dispersed. The fire alarm again and again sounded. My husband said: “There must be a very large fire on the West Side,” and went out to see it. It had been a day filled with work. In a little time I was aroused from a deep slumber by my husband’s voice saying, “You must get up directly; the fire has crossed the river and will soon be here.”

Hurriedly gathering a few things together and placing them in the entry of Farwell Hall we hastened out. None who saw that scene can ever forget the roaring of the flames, the crashing of buildings. Often these words would come to me: “We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze,” while such a consciousness of the presence of God as a stronghold in the day of trouble brought the deepest peace. Standing by the side of a lady in deep mourning, I asked if her home was burned. No,” she said; “is yours?” Pointing to the flames that had already caught the building, telling her there we lived, I added: “I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; no fire would ever consume that home.” How the tears rolled down her cheeks. I don’t know that I have seen her since that day. It seemed as though the Lord had such a perfect right to do as He would with His own. He gave, and He had taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!

Every dray, every express wagon, was engaged. Husband, with the help of a colored man, carried two trunks to the vacant lot at the foot of Madison street by Lake Michigan. The next Sabbath morning came and as I prepared for the service, the thought came for the first time in my life, “I have no home” then followed the words of Jesus: “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head.” Oh, the tender feelings! It seemed as though I was a step nearer my Savior than I had ever been before.

Reaching the church early, there came a fuller blessing; such a manifestation of God, my God! -- the gifts gone; the Giver mine--my everlasting portion. Down on the floor, between those seats, I poured out the deep thanksgiving of my soul in adoring gratitude and love. At first we did not know but what all was gone – banks, insurance, all. But in a little time the bank in which husband had most of his means deposited made all good, and the insurance company, also, paid almost all. It was just the trial of faith – a proof of God’s all-sufficiency in every time of need! Such a wonderful consciousness that amidst all that awful confusion, His eye was on everyone.

A family were living in the same building – Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord and children. Mrs. Gaylord was in quite delicate health. They all walked as far as they could, then stopped on a door-step. Feeling they could go no farther. A woman in that house, upstairs, was greatly impressed that some one at her door

needed help. Going down, she took this family in, and for weeks sheltered and cared for them. O how the world's great heart was moved! What pouring in of everything to help in that time of great distress and need!

My two brothers-in-law and their families spent the next night on the open prairie. It was days before we found each other. Churches, all available places, were turned into homes and places of shelter for the 80,000 homeless ones, and not one forgotten before God.

A colored woman in my class in the Rock Island Mission, in trying to save all she could from the flames, as she turned to escape found the fire was all around her: so, to quote her own words: "I just set myself up against the building; I shut my eyes and said: 'Lord, if my time has come, take me,' and when I opened my eyes I just see one way out." Many had such narrow escapes from death.

MR. MOODY'S PENTECOST

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

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

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

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

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

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



MRS. GEORGE G. COOKMAN

(Mother of Alfred Cookman)

[The despondency mentioned in the first paragraph below, was that which followed the tragic loss of Mrs. Cookman's husband, George, Alfred Cookman's Father, when the ship on which he was a passenger bound for England was lost at sea, no doubt sunk, and never seen again.]

After a struggle of two years, Mrs. Cookman received the blessing of the perfect love of God, which removed her despondency and restored her former cheerfulness. While communing at Eutaw Street Church, the Holy Spirit applied Christ's words, "His blood was shed for thee," with such force and sweetness as to fill her soul with peace, and to give her complete victory over all her fears. Henceforth she walked in the light of the Lord. This occurrence was very important, not only for herself, but also

for the active work she was doing in the churches, and most of all for the duties which she owed to her family.

In 1844 the new and beautiful Charles Street Methodist Episcopal Church was dedicated. The trustees cordially offered Mrs. Cookman a pew, and the family found a warm welcome in the bosom of this young Church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Edwin Dorsey, M.D. To be more convenient to the church, they removed to a house on Lexington Street. In the associations here Alfred's activity rapidly developed. His talents and piety were soon recognized, and he found every encouragement to their exercise.

Source: "The Life of Alfred Cookman" by Henry B. Ridgeway



JANE COOPER

(Methodist)

by John Wesley

In the latter end of this year, God called to himself that burning and shining light, Jane Cooper. As she was both a living and a dying witness of Christian perfection, it will not be at all foreign to the subject to add a short account of her death; with one of her own letters, containing a plain and simple relation of the manner wherein it pleased God to work that great change in her soul:

May 2, 1761

I believe while memory remains in me, gratitude will continue. From the time you [John Wesley] preached on Gal. 5:5, I saw clearly the true state of my soul. That sermon described my heart, and what it wanted to be; namely, truly happy. You read Mr. M-'s letter, and it described the religion which I desired.

From that time the prize appeared in view, and I was enabled to follow hard after it. I was kept watching unto prayer, sometimes in much distress, at other times in patient expectation of the blessing. For some days before you left London, my soul was stayed on a promise I had applied to me in prayer: "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple." I believed he would, and that he would sit there as a refiner's fire.

The Tuesday after you went, I thought I could not sleep, unless he fulfilled his word that night. I never knew as I did then the force of these words: "Be still, and know that I am God." I became nothing before Him, and enjoyed perfect calmness in my soul. I knew not whether he had destroyed my sin; but I desired to know, that I might praise Him. Yet I soon found the return of unbelief, and groaned, being burdened.

On Wednesday I went to London, and sought the Lord without ceasing. I promised, if he would save me from sin, I would praise him. I could part with all things, so I might win Christ. But I found all these pleas to be nothing worth; and that if He saved me, it must be freely, for his own name's sake.

On Thursday I was so much tempted, that I thought of destroying myself, or never conversing more with the people of God. And yet I had no doubt of his pardoning love; but,

'Twas worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

On Friday my distress was deepened. I endeavored to pray, and could not. I went to Mrs. D., who prayed for me, and told me it was the death of nature. I opened the Bible, on, "The fearful and unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." I could not bear it.

I opened again, on Mark 16:6-7: "Be not affrighted; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth. Go your way; tell his disciples he goeth before you into Galilee; there ye shall see him." I was encouraged, and enabled to

pray, believing I should see Jesus at home. I returned that night, and found Mrs. G. She prayed for me; and the Predestinarian had no plea but, "Lord, thou art no respecter of persons." He proved he was not, by blessing me.

I was in a moment enabled to lay hold on Jesus Christ, and found salvation by simple faith. He assured me, the Lord, the King, was in the midst of me, and that I should see evil no more. I now blessed Him who had visited and redeemed me, and was become my "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." I saw Jesus altogether lovely; and knew he was mine in all his offices. And, glory be to Him, He now reigns in my heart without a rival. I find no will but his. I feel no pride; nor an affection but what is placed on Him. I know it is by faith I stand; and that watching unto prayer must be the guard of faith. I am happy in God this moment, and I believe for the next. I have often read the chapter you mention, (I Cor. 13) and compared my heart and life with it. In so doing, I feel my shortcomings, and the need I have of the atoning blood.

Yet I dare not say, I do not feel a measure of the love there described, though I am not all I shall be. I desire to be lost in that "love which passeth knowledge." I see "the just shall live by faith"; and unto me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given. If I were an archangel, I should veil my face before him, and let silence speak his praise!" -- Jane Cooper

"The Works of John Wesley," Vol. XI, pp. 409-411

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



ERNEST CORYELL

(Nazarene)

One evening about three months after the Lord had so generously pardoned my sins, I went to the pump to get a drink. (I always call this my "Pump Handle Experience," for it was here that I first realized that there was still an old root of bitterness left in the heart I had thought so perfectly cleansed.) As I lifted the handle of the pump it slipped, pinching my hand quite severely. I did not swear, or curse, as I once would have done. In fact, I do not remember that I said anything. But there rose in my heart a bitterness, and anger that seemed almost to smother me. I went to the house with my heart broken and my eyes streaming with tears; for I had lost that sweet peace that had characterized my life the past three months.

"Wife," I cried, as I entered the kitchen where she was at work, "I guess I've backslidden." And I poured out the whole miserable experience.

She looked up with alarm in her face; and as I proceeded to unfold the story of my break with God, she answered: "I guess those times come to all of us, dear. Just keep holding on, and try to suppress that feeling when you feel it coming." You see, we had never any of us heard that there is an experience blessed of God, that will remove that old root of bitterness and give us constant victory over Satan.

Her reply eased the hurt somewhat for I thought: "If Wife is troubled that way, and she has been a Christian for so long, surely there is yet hope for me." But I found that every time I tried to pray that incident would flash between me and the Throne; and I could not seem to get victory in my prayers. For three weeks I struggled along. I had sought out the young preacher at once, but he was unable to help me for he had never heard of heart purity either. I could not be satisfied; for I kept remembering that three month's walk of unbroken fellowship with the Master. Surely if the Lord could forgive my sins and give me such peace as I had known the past few months: he could also take out the thing that caused me to feel anger, passion. Jealousy, envy, and similar emotions. I was satisfied that He was not pleased with such things.

One day a good man stopped in to talk to me. He asked me if I had been having any trouble in my walk with God. I told him my experience. He gave me a gentle smile, such as I think the Saviour must have given His disciples when he explained something that seemed beyond their grasp: and began to explain the meaning of “Inbred sin”, or the thing that had caused me all my trouble. He made it so plain to me, telling me that regeneration, or “Generating again”. The new birth, had only forgiven the sins I had actually committed in my lifetime. He explained that when Adam and Eve had been created they were in the image of the Father, pure, holy, without sin. But when they were tempted and fell, sin entered their hearts and they were banished from the presence of God. Then he said that in order to again enter the presence of the Holy One we must be without sin, holy, pure, as had been this first pair. Not, he explained, holy in mind, not entirely perfect in judgment, but pure in heart. In heart like unto God. He showed me in the scriptures where God required holiness of heart to enter into the New Jerusalem. Since my heart had been so hungry for something that would foster an unbroken communion with Him, I eagerly accepted the truth, and sought the Lord in His cleansing power. I placed myself upon the altar, that is, I placed my life, my possessions, my loved ones, my past, my future, everything I knew of, and everything that I would know in the future, in the hands of God to do with as He pleased. The altar sanctified the gift, and I felt again the peace and joy that I felt when the Lord forgave all my past. The joy that flooded my soul! I have never been the same man since. This Canaan experience is truly wonderful!

Oh dear Christian if you are having trouble with that inner enemy and you find that your peaceful walk with God is interrupted frequently by a feeling of anger, jealousy, hatred, or any of the various ways in which the enemy tries to sanctify Christians, I beg of you, let the Lord come in and cleanse your heart. Just take Him by faith, as you did for your salvation, and you will find such joy, such peace from these things which make you unhappy that you will regret that you did not long ago have this “Satisfying Portion”.

This “desperado” in the human breast is turning thousands from the faith; for Paul says in Romans 8:7: “It is not subject to the law of God; neither indeed can be.”

Sooner, or later. If you refuse to walk in the light which God has shed in your pathway, you will find that you have lost connection with Him; for again Paul says: “The carnal mind is enmity against God.”

Source: Ernest Coryell’s Autobiography



H. M. COUCHENOUR

(Methodist)

H.M. Couchenour was a holiness evangelist, writer, and served as president of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness.

It was my high honor to be born in a Christian home, second in a family of eight. My parents were genuine born-again Christians. They were faithful in their devotional life, both private and public. They had a family altar and said grace before each meal. They were also faithful in their church attendance. We had one family pew and attended every service, including the prayer meetings. Our little Methodist church believed in heart-felt religion and had old-time revivals. The preachers preached the Word, and God would bless the hearts of the listeners. Many of the things I heard and saw and felt in the early days of my boyhood mean so much to me today! If being born in a Christian home and living in this environment is all that is needed to make one a Christian, I certainly should have been one. While all of these spiritual influences made their contribution to my life, yet I did not know the joys of salvation until I was twenty-one years of age.

There were many things I did not understand, and my interest was not in the things of the Spirit. The

world made its appeal, and I found my pleasure and satisfaction from what it offered. My father and mother would talk to me about the way I was living; but I would tell them I might as well be dead if I could not indulge in the pleasures of the world, for all my satisfaction came from that source. They would tell me of the satisfaction they enjoyed by serving the Lord. I could not understand this. How could one have a good time reading his Bible, praying, going to church, testifying, and always thinking about getting sinners converted? There would be times of refreshing and victory that they enjoyed so much! But what they enjoyed made me angry, and I would say many unkind things about them.

The day came, however, and in answer to their prayers, when deep Holy Ghost conviction took hold of me. I lived for two days and two nights under this terrible load of guilt. I thought I would die under this burden. I yielded to the pleadings of the precious Holy Ghost, and one February night in 1921, when I was twenty-one-years of age, God forgave all my sins for Jesus' sake. That was a blessed hour. The burden of guilt was taken away, and the Spirit witnessed very clearly. The joy of my heart was expressed in the words of Charles Wesley:

My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear.
He owns me for His child;
I need no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Romans 5:1 and I Peter 1:18, 19 became very precious to me. I, by God's grace, lived in constant victory for two weeks. Then one day I met with a trial and, for the first time since I was converted, became aware of an inward disposition so unlike Jesus! I did not say or do a thing, but I felt so mean and unclean inside. When this happened, my joy and assurance left me. The devil was on hand and tried to convince me that there was nothing in religion. I knew he was lying, for I had enjoyed it for two weeks. But what had happened and this inward defilement troubled me. I did not wait. I went immediately to the place of prayer. I talked to Jesus about His love and told Him how He had saved me and how I enjoyed His love and peace. But that since this had happened, the joy and peace were gone. I asked Him to forgive me for this inward disposition. He did, and the joy and peace returned. It was so sweet! I was aware, however, from that hour until the day it pleased Him to cleanse my heart, of an inward defilement unlike Jesus that I did not get delivered from when I was converted. I was grieved by this inner defilement, and I prayed much about it, for I wanted to be like Jesus in my heart. My good wife and I would often talk about this, and again and again we would say, "If this is all there is for us, there is something wrong." It was hard to believe that it was God's will for us to suffer this inward defilement all of our lives.

We prayed and searched the Word for light and help. I don't know why God never permitted a preacher or someone to cross my path who could help me in this spiritual need. I don't recall that I had ever heard a sermon, read a book, or heard anyone testify to a second work of grace. Being aware of my need, however, I prayed and earnestly sought the Lord for help.

Then one morning during our family devotions, the Lord opened Acts 15:8, 9 to me. He showed me I could have a pure heart, and that it was by faith through the baptism with the Holy Ghost and Fire. My heart was hungry, and I rejoiced in this new light. After my wife and I talked about it, I retired to my study, giving her instructions not to disturb me until I returned. This was six years after I was converted, and I had been preaching four years.

Oh, what a day that was! It was about 8:30 in the morning when I went to my study. I was overwhelmed with the joy and anticipation of having a pure heart. For two hours I could not control myself. I must have shared in the joy the disciples knew when they, in obedience to Jesus' command and in anticipation of the fulfillment of the promise, made their way to the Upper Room to wait for the baptism with the Holy Ghost and Fire (Luke 24:50-53).

Then came the time of searching. God kept revealing many things to me. The devil was there, too. He kept fighting, suggesting ruin and utter failure in everything if I dared obey God. I was hungry, however, and nothing he could do could divert my purpose. I wanted a clean heart. As the Spirit searched my heart and pointed out the way, I walked in it; I entered what was truly a second epoch in my life. I was not a sinner under condemnation, seeking pardon and crying for mercy. I was a Christian with the witness of the Spirit in my heart and with no other desire than to please God in everything, especially in my heart life. The moment of a complete consecration came. I was entirely the Lord's. I felt so sure with everything in His hands! The witness of the cleansing did not come at this moment, however. Let me assure you, my dear reader, that there is a great difference between consecration and cleansing. Consecration is what we do. Cleansing is what God does. It was about 12:00 o'clock when my consecration was completed. I did not leave. I waited. How precious were those three and a half hours of waiting! What would He do when He came? How would I act? Then at 3:30 the Holy Ghost came in His sanctifying power. How sweet was this experience! It was like a warm liquid that entered my entire being and filled every part. There was no overwhelming joy, but there was a sweet witness of cleanness. He had cleansed the temple, and Acts 15:8, 9 became real to my own heart. Hallelujah!

I want to testify, with no embarrassment and with no apology, but for God's glory, to two definite works of grace: the one, where God for Jesus' sake pardoned my sins, in February, 1921; the other when He purged my inbred sin by the precious Holy Ghost, in September, 1927.

This experience has not put me beyond the possibility of sinning or made me immune to temptation. It has not destroyed my human nature nor made me perfect in judgment. It has, however, cleansed my heart from inbred sin and given me a rest and quietness in God. It has shed the love of God abroad in my heart and made His will the chief desire and delight of my life. For the past twenty years this grace has been sufficient, and there has been power to do His will and grow in grace and the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

If I have meant anything to God and His kingdom, it is because I have received the precious Holy Ghost in His sanctifying power. Dear reader, there is complete deliverance from this inward defilement in this life. It is by faith through the baptism with the Holy Spirit and Fire. Don't be frightened away from this experience by the teaching of a second work of grace. Confess your need, make your consecration, and trust God to do it now. Claim these promises--I John 1:7, Matthew 5:6, Luke 11:13, Acts 5:32, and Acts 15:8, 9.

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



CHARLES E. COWMAN

(Methodist)

We now come to an important experience in Charles Cowman's life. He had lived as a Christian for a year, and among the members of Grace Methodist church none were more zealous for souls than he ... and as he never had lost the thrill of his first love ... he saw no need of being sanctified. But something happened in his office one night and the calm, quiet, self-possessed man became impatient and spoke harshly to one of his men. Quickly he asked the man's forgiveness, but peace left his heart and he continued in this state of mind for almost a week.

He sent for George Simister who came and said, "Brother Cowman, you need to have your heart cleansed from all sin." In the simplest manner he explained to him that after conversion, "the old man" of sin still remains and the only remedy is cleansing through the precious Blood.

...Charles Cowman seized the opportunity. He regarded nothing as important as having his heart cleansed from all sin, and he began to seek it with a full purpose of soul....

[He wrote] “I was profoundly impressed and powerfully sustained, almost absorbed by the Word, ‘This is the will of God, even your sanctification.’...In Charles Cowman’s notes were these brief lines:

“I have committed myself and my all into God’s hands, and He has accepted the offering. Life henceforth can never be the same.”

The fact that it made his ministry what it was, is equally certain, and those who knew him before and after this experience could not question that he had found a new secret of power for his own life and work.

He came into a fresh experience, a second definite work of grace, -- a crisis as radical and revolutionary as the crisis of regeneration. A new union began with his Saviour, new victories enriched his life, and a new power marked his service from that day...Multitudes will praise God, in that sweet Morning-land, that Charles Cowman sought and obtained the blessing of “Full Salvation,” but not one fraction of the result will be known until that glorious morning.

Source: “Charles E. Cowman – Missionary Warrior” by Lettie B. Cowman



MARY GRANT CRAMER

(Sister of President U. S. Grant)

(Mrs. Cramer was for several years my assistant in the Mothers’ Meetings, held at Ocean Grove, N. J. The meetings were public, and largely attended, and her Bible readings, and other exercises were highly appreciated and helpful. We copy the first stanza of her favorite song.)

“Lead, kindly light, amid th’ encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step’s enough for me.”

Dear Mrs. Wheeler:

Your kind note, asking that I send you some of my experience for your new book, has just reached me. I confess that I shrink a little in sending such a reply as you desire, because I think it is an unmerited honor for some of my experience to have a place in the book that you are engaged in writing. I would gladly pen something for it, if by so doing I could magnify the name of Him who redeemed me.

“The fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom,” with me; reading Sunday School books made a wholesome but transient impression upon my youthful mind. My thoughts wandered so during preaching, even after I was grown to maturity, that I was often consciously smitten when reflecting upon the sad fact that I profited but little by the sermons I heard.

My reticence upon religious topics was one of many objections I had to becoming a Christian; fearing that if I did God would require me to urge the unconverted to seek their souls’ salvation. In the summer of 1862, I deliberately resolved to seek this blessing, and to gain the witness, if possible, that my sins were forgiven, and my God reconciled, fearing it would be forever too late if postponed any longer. Soon after this I came under deep conviction at a camp meeting near Cincinnati, Ohio; and for eight months I daily sought the forgiveness of my sins, in the meantime confining my reading almost entirely to religious literature.

My Bible and Methodist hymn book were my chief companions. I united with the Methodist Church at the age of fourteen years; this had a restraining influence on me. Having often to assist in entertaining visitors at my father’s house who were silent upon religious subjects was a hindrance to my conversion;

but through the mercy of God this blessed event occurred the following spring.

On the morning of April 27th I awoke to the joyful consciousness that I was indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus. That was the happiest day I had ever known. I was amazed at the change in myself, and went on my way rejoicing for three months, trying daily to do something for the glory of God. This made me appear peculiar in the eyes of some of my friends, and hearing that a lady was afraid to visit us lest I should speak to her in regard to her spiritual welfare, I felt grieved, and concluded to act more as professing Christians usually did. Fatal resolution! It cost me my happiness and communion with God, but months later both were restored.

A season of sunshine and shadows followed, but the shadows predominated. Far too much of the old self remained for me to be a consistent Christian. This character was still harder for me to maintain in Germany, where my husband resided for three years in an official capacity. But one night while visiting in Bremen, God spoke a prophetic sentence to my soul that deeply impressed and comforted me. I remained under the quickening influence of this impression till after my return to America; but a few years later I needed another quickening and received it while visiting my parents. The same year I returned to my husband in Denmark, where we resided for many years, surrounded by deadening influences, for the world hemmed us in closely on all sides.

Deprived of the privileges of the sanctuary, and rarely meeting among the titled aristocracy, with whom our lot was cast, any person with whom I felt at liberty to hold religious conversation. I became discouraged, and tempted to believe that vain must be my efforts to lead a religious life in the Danish Capitol. During the latter part of our sojourn there we met a few persons in high life (and more not belonging to it) who evidently enjoyed speaking about heavenly things. This was especially the case with a lady of high rank, whose conversation with me never took a worldly turn after discovering that we were in religious sympathy with each other.

This was a most agreeable surprise to me, because of the universal impression in Danish society that religious conversations must be avoided. One excuse made to me for this was that religion is too sacred to be talked about; to do so made one appear eccentric. But regardless of this risk two young ladies (sisters) were converted in our house a short time before our departure, and their mother has since found peace in believing in Christ as her Redeemer.

Not finding a gay life at all congenial to my quiet tastes, I became much absorbed in my favorite occupation, painting, and for a few years it was as Lord Radstock told me, my idol. This devoted evangelist preached several times in our house during his lordship's sojourn in Copenhagen, and his Christian counsel had a blessed influence upon me, for I again sought and obtained the Divine favor, enjoying communion with God under peculiar difficulties during the remaining years of our residence abroad.

For nineteen years my Christian life had been on too low a plane; it had been marked with conflicts, and I regret to confess that defeats had been more numerous than victories, though I still held fast my confidence in God and daily sought His guidance. Believing that He never intended we should alternately advance and recede along the "straight and narrow way," and knowing that many press steadily forward, I resolved by Divine help to do the same. With this heaven-inspired purpose in my soul, I spent the following summer at Ocean Grove, N. J., availing myself of its abundant means of grace. My soul hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and very earnest were my efforts in that sacred locality to get built up in the most holy faith.

The counsel and prayers of advanced Christians were eagerly sought, and often did I bow in humility of soul at the altar of prayer, seeking a clean heart. To have all inbred sin removed. To comprehend with all saints the length and breadth, the height and depth, and to know the love of God which passeth knowledge that I might be filled with all the fullness of God. I longed for the fullness – all that God was willing to impart. He heard my prayer. I knew it was useless and presumptuous to have a

controversy with God, and I fully consecrated soul, body and spirit to Him, and my heart was brought into complete subjection to His power. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," and what a change this power had wrought in my heart.

Instead of shrinking from presenting Christ I longed for opportunities to do or say something for Him, and when you came to me and asked me to assist you in the Mothers' Meetings, I felt, though unworthy, that God had directed you and the meeting was a great help to me. In regard to the Bible readings given at Ocean Grove, it is certainly kind in you and others to think that good came from that; but then it was because the Lord had compassion on me and helped me on that occasion. Praise His holy name!

How quickly the dear Lord opens doors of labor before us when we are prepared to enter them. While spending a week in Auburndale, I met Miss Frances E. Willard. After a little conversation we separated, and very soon I was informed that I had been elected Superintendent of Evangelistic Work in that State for the W.C.T.U. About two hours before I was aware of my appointment I opened the Bible to Joel 3:13: "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe; come, get you down, for the press is full, the fats overflow; for the wickedness is great." I was much impressed with the command in the verse. It seemed like a divine seal upon the work given me to do. Its importance, and my own sense of unfitness for it, would overwhelm and discourage me, but for my faith in God, and I dare not shrink from it after crying to God so long in a foreign land to fit me for service and use me. Perhaps this is his way of answering my prayer.

Your charitable disposition leads you to overrate me. I have no gifts to rely upon, but must look simply to Jesus in this emergency, strengthened by the thought that He often uses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. The blessed word of God is increasingly precious to me, and I covet a sphere of life that will help me to live for His glory, and to win souls that will shine forever in the Savior's crown.

But should it again be my lot to cross the sea and dwell among strangers, I shall take Jesus with me, and trusting in Him who is mighty to save, I shall expect to be kept faithful, though it be among the faithless, and hope to return again to my native land endued with power from on high, and ready to occupy any place, or perhaps any duty that the Lord in His infinite wisdom may assign me.

Yours in Christ,

Mary G. Cramer

Since writing the above Mrs. Cramer has gone to her heavenly home, and now her fondest hopes and grandest conceptions of Eternal Life, as expressed in song, find realization.

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

Source: "Consecration And Purity" by Mary Sparkes Wheeler



R. H. CRANE

(Methodist)

My early religious training was in the Baptist Church. The doctrine of Christian perfection was first presented to my notice, clothed in derision. After my conversion, and reception in the M. E. Church, for

four years my progress was, after the fashion of the Israelites, going round and round the mountain, rather than going up to possess the good land, -- sinning and repenting alternately. At the close of a series of meetings held on Augusta charge, Detroit Conference, by that veteran of the cross, Rev. K. Klumph, in his admonitions he exhorted them to "resolve, by the grace of God, that they had committed the last sin they ever would commit." There was a novelty in the expression that arrested my attention.

I retired to meditate. Is sin necessary to our earthly existence? I surveyed Calvary, and dared not limit the Holy One of Israel. Hitherto I had looked out upon the beauty of my King; now by the same light I explored the caverns of my own soul. I saw the alarming discrepancy between my experience, and God's demands. I locked my closet-door to fast and pray, determined to make thorough work of exterminating inbred foes. I did not pause to ask, "Have others preceded me? And can they guide me?" I seized prayer as my sword, declared war, and rushed into the contest. My strokes but aroused my legion of foes: they darkened the air; they wounded me on every side.

For weary hours I struggled on, sometimes almost ready to admit that my sins were stronger than mercy. I thought of the derided terms, "Christian perfection," "entire sanctification," "holiness," &c.; and now began to pray for these blessings, entirely ignorant of what they implied; consequently, not knowing what to expect, should the Lord answer my prayers. At last I sank down in despair, conscious that my weapon, prayer, in which I had trusted, but rebounded and wounded me at every thrust. I reasoned, "The way is dark; I cannot see through: my foes are powerful; I cannot overcome them. Jesus is the sinner's friend: I'll cease my vain struggling; I'll tell Him that I would slay all my foes, but cannot; I'll rest the case in His hands."

A few moments elapsed; when Jesus, at whose feet I was sitting, rose, and came into my soul. It seemed as though heaven was compressed, and thrust into my expanding, bursting heart. Then my entire being seemed to be filled with, and surrounded by, not merely the love of Jesus, of which I had previously tasted, but His very presence.

Some time was passed before I connected this visitation with my struggles. I reasoned, "Yes, this is entire sanctification; or, if it not, I do not care for it. I have a complete Saviour: there can be nothing more in the universe. Yes, this is holiness; for I am wholly lost in Jesus."

There is no sin in me now; for Jesus is in every part. I am wholly His. A few hours ago, had one asked me, "What is Christian perfection?" I could not have given an intelligent reply. Now I know it is Jesus; more of Jesus; Jesus filling us with His Spirit, possessing us wholly.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



ALBERT LUTHER CRANE

(Nazarene – BMC)

Though Albert had attended church all of his life, he had never been taught about salvation. He soon was saved, forgiven of all his sins, for the first time in his life. He was a happy young man, well liked by every one and became a real blessing to others. He had a good experience with the Lord and was quite enthusiastic about it. The Nazarenes preached and taught, from the word of God, that there was another work of grace, wrought by the Holy Spirit, subsequent to regeneration, whereby the believer's heart is cleansed from inbred sin and his life is empowered for Christian service. Albert was convinced by the Spirit of the truth of this wonderful teaching. By faith, he presented himself to God as a candidate for Holiness and was sanctified. He spent the remainder of his life telling in word and song of this wonderful and full salvation and of victory for the soul through the blessed atonement purchased for sinful man by Jesus Christ on Calvary.

Source: "To Shine In Use" by Hal. B. Joiner



B. F. CRARY

(Methodist)

I was born in Jennings County, Indiana, December 12, 1821, and was converted to God in January, 1839, while at school at Pleasant Hill, Ohio. The revival was under a most devoted Presbyterian minister. My conversion was clear, and my peace with God constant and wonderful for months. I was admitted to the Indiana Conference in the fall of 1845, and had been for three years before that under a strong impression that I ought to preach. I had most of the time a consciousness of pardoned sin and fellowship with God, but felt at times great depression of spirits and doubt about my duty.

I did not readily yield to my conviction that I ought to preach, but instead pursued my own chosen path and studied law, and was admitted to practice. I had always felt a degree of happiness in talking to others about religious matters, and was active in Christian work. In the summer of 1845 I yielded so far to the voice of the Spirit as to submit my case to the will of the Church, intending to take the decision of the Conference as a final providential direction. I was admitted, and sent to a large circuit.

My conversion had been instantaneous, and about midnight, and the joy of it kept me up all night. So I never doubted that, but had times of dense darkness through which I fought with desperation, holding to the fact of my regeneration and to God's promise. In preaching I had times of great triumph, and then again was overwhelmed with confusion bordering on despair. It seemed as though I was left to myself, and my weakness was unaccountable and my doubts very distressing.

In 1847 I read with great care "The Life of John Fletcher", and also his treatise on Christian Perfection. I read them on horseback, studying, praying and often weeping over them and over my own want of such experiences. In 1849, at a revival meeting, in the month of July, while many souls were seeking Christ and I was profoundly interested and affected in talking with them, and was very happy in my own soul, I was led into a faith and an experience I never had before.

While kneeling at the "mourner's bench" and directing a poor sinner how to trust God, a devoted sister, who knew my own convictions and experience, and who enjoyed perfect love herself, said to me very quietly, "Brother Crary, you had better try that yourself, and trust God for full salvation." I said then and there, "I will; I do; bless the Lord!"

This meeting was near Bedford, Lawrence County, Indiana. I had after that a constant experience of the Love of God in my soul, and never afterward went back so far that I fell into the doubts and depressions which before that gave me so much trouble. It was a quiet, subdued, constant peace and joy. I had afterward a time of long and fearful trials, sickness, sorrow and death in my family, stroke after stroke, until a shivering dread of disease and death came over me. I did not fear for myself, but for my remaining children and friends.

I then learned the meaning of "Thy will be done," and finally could say it and feel it. Before that I thought I could and would do any thing for Christ; now I learned to suffer and bear it patiently. That was another great victory, and I rejoiced and was glad, and sang and triumphed. My faith became fixed and I took to myself God's promises. Then I entered into another state of temptation from most unfortunate financial troubles. They were small, but no less grievous. I never lost faith in God nor gave up my trust in any way, but was helpless, not, as I believed, from my own fault, and I had to bear a most cruel weight of suspicion and sometimes harsh accusations. I paid, month by month, debts that oppressed me, and grieved in silence and alone. This I had to bear through weary years. On a small salary I contrived to save some and pay what I could. I dared not go in debt any more nor borrow any thing. During this time I could not explain, and I grew naturally cautious about saying much concerning

my Christian experience; but I never denied God nor lost my faith.

Intimate friends blamed me sometimes for being so troubled over this matter. I found myself helpless and broken over this most unfortunate affair. I believe I had friends who could and would have helped me, but I did not ask them nor tell them. But now, having done what I could alone, and having left all with God, still hoping, working, and trusting, I find that my faith has grown into full assurance, and my peace flows like a river. Goodness and mercy fill up the days and nights, and my soul often cries out, "God is good!" I never mistook regeneration for Christian perfection. Both experiences were clear and definite epochs in my life. I have always preached that the Christian may, and indeed must, be sanctified wholly. At this time, March 4, 1887, I find my faith simple and my peace perfect. I put myself and my family in God's hands with such a sweet and precious trust that my burden seems all cast upon the Lord. I find myself in the most joyful fellowship with God's people. My whole soul overflows with gratitude and praise. So I have enjoyed this gift and grace, thirty-eight years, during which I have never lost this sense of rest and peace with God, though at times in the midst of manifold troubles.

I had lived, after my conversion, ten years in a state too fluctuating and uncertain, and had sought perfect love most earnestly at intervals, but did not find it until I fully believed and obtained the baptism of power through the Holy Ghost. I have never in the least degree lost faith in my brethren in the Church nor joined with those who indulged in faultfinding and denunciations, but have lived in peace, and done what I could to save souls, having the sweetest fellowship with all Christians.

B. F. CRARY SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 5, 1887.

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



ADAM CROOKS

1824 – 1???

(An Early Leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Church)

Adam Crooks born in Leesville Carroll County, Ohio, on the 3rd of May, A. D., 1824. He was the son of William and Elizabeth Crooks, and the fourth child of a family of thirteen. His father was a man of the world, but taught his family the strictest honesty and truthfulness. But that blessed gift of Heaven, a godly mother, by her uniform piety and the agency of the Holy Spirit, often awakened in him the most pungent convictions of sin, and led to secret prayer and solemn promises of reformation, but nothing further.

When some fourteen years of age, a singular incident occurred, which was destined, under Divine Providence, to shape his future course. His brother William, some four years his senior was somewhat skeptical as to the divine origin of Christianity, remarked, in a careless manner, "I do not believe in religion. I believe those who profess it are hypocrites; but if I should ever go to the altar for prayers, I should never leave it until I knew for certain." Although not a Christian himself, yet Adam secretly prayed with all the fervor of his heart that, William might be constrained to go to the altar. For he thought his brother's conversion a thing very desirable. It was not an hour until William was most deeply convicted, and at the altar the next evening he found salvation. He became an exemplary Christian, and a devoted minister of the Gospel; and on February 14th, 1847, went up to glory.

From the hour of his brother's conversion, Adam became a secret seeker of personal salvation, frequently praying twenty times a day, but seemingly to no effect; for he thus wandered in darkness for months. But the blessed hour of deliverance came. It as one Spring morning, he was returning from his place of secret prayer, across his father's farm. Just as the sun spread his golden mantle over field and forest, and saluted his eyes, his faith took hold on God, and the Sun of righteousness poured in His rays

upon the new-born soul. Nor was this light fleeting. It was the incessant dawn of an eternal day ... The genuineness of early piety and the conversion of children is illustrated in his conversion, which occurred at the age of fourteen years, and might have been earlier; if his convictions and knowledge had been equal to it...

He united with the Methodist Protestant Church, of which his parents were members, while his brother William joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was much the youngest of any in the Church, yet willing thus early to walk alone, so long as it appeared to be the path of duty. Always generous toward other denominations, and willing to point sinners to the cross at any altar where Christ appeared; he attended religious meetings, far and near, irrespective of denominations. He deeply deplored the want of spirituality among his own people.

When about sixteen years of age, he deeply felt the need of a more thorough Christian experience. He was greatly profited by reading the "Life of William Carvosso," and sought, with ceaseless anxiety, the blessing of entire sanctification. He sought it as distinctly as justification. He trusted fully in Jesus as Savior from all taint of, and tendency to sin, and realized the speechless joy of complete salvation. This, like conversion, was effected when alone, and free from the pressure of external excitement.

Convinced of the complicity of the Methodist Protestant Church with chattel slavery, it ceased to be a congenial home to one who had nothing in view but God and his glory, and man's well-being. The heart longed for an opportunity to free itself by change of church-relationship. This opportunity was presented when the venerated Edward Smith organized a Wesleyan Methodist Church in his native village, July 25th, 1843. That day Brother Crooks was elected class-leader. This change of church-home, and open antagonism to slavery, no perils nor privations ever caused him to regret...

The 4th of May, 1844, being just twenty years of age, he accepted license to exhort...August, 1845, he joined the Allegheny Conference, and went as junior preacher to the Erie circuit.

Source: "Life of Rev. A. Crooks, A.M."

by Elizabeth (Willits), Crooks



CHARLES CULLIS

(Episcopal)

I was brought up in a very respectable church, and knew nothing about conversion. At about the age of seventeen I felt that I ought to be a Christian. How, I did not know. Nobody told me. I supposed the only way would be to read the Bible and pray, and I went at it. When I was converted I do not know, but I am very sure I was. I don't know the date, for there was no particular sensation or emotion to mark it.

Some four or five years after that I met with a great sorrow, and I consecrated myself wholly to God. Soon after I thought about being something for the Master, and it came about, in answer to prayer, in the establishment of a Consumptives' Home and other institutions. My thought then was how to conduct this work--whether or not I should beg. The promises of God were brought very forcibly to my mind as to whether they were true or not. I puzzled over them for a few days, and the more I puzzled and thought the more doubt began to come in, until one day I took my Bible between my two hands, and, holding it up, in my room alone, I said, "I will believe every word inside of these two covers whether I understand it or not."

From that moment to this I have never had the least shadow of doubt of the truth of God's Word, and have acted upon the promises and lived according to them for nearly twenty-five years.

This was my justified state, in which I found a good deal of comfort; but how should I get rid of the

natural temperament, and the failing, which was a great one with me, of getting irritated over very little things, and then getting a vexed with myself because I did get irritated! I had spent hours and hours upon my knees, with tears running down my cheeks, praying that the Lord would help me to overcome this; but He did not.

One day, in prayer, the Lord's Prayer came home to me very blessedly by the Spirit, in its closing sentences, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory." It flashed through my soul in a moment, "Thine is the power, and, Lord, I have been asking Thee to help me to overcome this; thine is the power to do it all"; and with joy unspeakable in my soul I got up from my knees praising God for victory. Whether this was my reception of sanctification or not I do not know. It is the only very marked experience of deliverance that I ever had. I believe that years ago He gave me a clean heart and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and Fire. There have been occasional slight lapses through weakness of faith, but the light has been burning steadily from that day to this. My Saviour has become more and more precious to me, and I am conscious that the blood cleanseth, and the Holy Ghost abides.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 24, 1888.

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



LUCRETIA A. CULLIS

(Episcopal)

I had a lighthearted child life, and never thought of being religious. In my eleventh year, in the Congregational Church, where my father and mother worshipped, I listened to the earnest presentation of gospel truths by Dr. E. N. Kirk. The sense of sin was awakened. One night I had gone to bed, but the weight of my sin I could not bear. I jumped up, sought my mother's bedside, and with sobs and tears besought her to pray for me. Kneeling there together the answer came. I arose "in the light." In the sweet relief of sins forgiven I quietly slept. Sad to say, those were the days when little or no help was given the child-convert. I know the matter was discussed of joining the Church, but put aside as not suitable for one so young. Thus my early ardor soon burned itself out after a few little prayer meetings which I called among my childish friends.

I soon began to see inconsistencies in those about me who called themselves Christians and were accepted by the Church. This realization increased as I soon after entered the family of a loved aunt and uncle who were childless, and held me as their own. These were the years of antislavery conflict. My relatives had been excommunicated from the orthodox Congregational Church on account of their outspoken sympathy with the slaves. So ardent was their adherence to their great champion, William Lloyd Garrison, that with him their hearts revolted from the teachings of the Church, and from the Bible that was made the bulwark of slavery. My mind worked something in this way, "How is it that I see in these who regard not the Church or the Bible, such strong and active sympathy for the suffering and oppressed, just as Jesus preached and lived while others, who are so staunch for the Church and its requirements, seem dead to these Christ-like demands?" Thus I puzzled and quietly asked myself, "What is truth?" declaring at the same time, "If ever I am a Christian I will be a real one."

Overlying these depths was a love of gay society, and dawning womanhood found me still unsettled and questioning. I must not omit here that during all these passing years I attended Sabbath-School at the Congregational Church, as it was my mother's wish. I am sure it was due to the teaching of two faithful devoted women, that the early call to Christ was not swallowed up in a maze of worldliness and unreality, from which the religion of antislavery was not powerful enough to keep. I very briefly pass over the years that introduced me to a life of intense joy and satisfaction in all that the senses can crave, of the sudden and bitter grief that plunged me into utter darkness, and tell only of the supreme moment

when God's infinite love pierced that darkness, and a heart utterly broken and helpless, alone in a foreign land, heard the long-neglected call of the patient, loving Christ, and responded without a thought of self, "Now, Lord, I will live for Thee!" Then followed a long and lonely voyage, a freed soul chained to a weary, helpless body, but "bearing all things, hoping all things," for the love of Christ.

With the return to home and friends came blessed work for Jesus, and, without knowing the gospel of healing for the body, life was a continual testimony to the "quickenings of the mortal body" by the "Holy Ghost that dwelleth in you."

To read that "In the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy..." became to my soul an immediate possession, my entire being responded to its power, for "out of the depths" had I cried, "My God, I will live for thee!"

"The victory that overcometh" seemed easy, it became a testimony that could not be withheld, and, woman that I was, with the Church traditions my birthright, there was a fire within that all the cold water without could not quench; and, diffident as any real woman must be, I yet sought a church where free vent could be given to the pent-up Holy Ghost, or I must cry, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned!" Little by little, God in His goodness led me to know little companies where His "Spirit had free course," and finally into that large place where my husband and I have walked these twenty years in the "work of faith," knowing God's faithfulness to answer prayer, to deliver from temptation, to keep from evil, to preserve unto His heavenly kingdom, to make His service a rest, a joy; where we are not continually digging up our hearts to see what roots are there, but sure that He who has "planted us in the likeness of his resurrection" is attending to the "growing up into Him," "unto the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ."

It has become the normal condition to "be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let our requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God doth keep..."

In the years before my faith became really active, in all time of need my Bible was not an unused book; its words were food to my soul, many of which were stored in my memory, and I am positive that God was watering that which was of His own planting, so that in the harvest-time of my sorrow, like goodly fruit the promises fell from the bough of the Tree of Life at the lightest real touch of faith. There was no digging necessary then; the subsoil was laid bare, and quickly the Word became "spirit and life," the seal of the divine union. Thus is explained the easy natural reception of "The Promise of the Father."

As I afterward came to know, my union with Christ was only kept unbroken as, by a momentary faith, I reckoned myself "dead unto sin and alive unto God." Not a passive, but an active faith, that heeds the injunction, to "watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation," so abiding in Him that the life of Christ is renewed day by day. This is no life of constraint, or anxious care, but a rest in His love. The bridegroom of my soul hath brought me to His banqueting house, and His banner over me is love. My heart is His kingdom, and my eyes are unto Him.

"Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me his prisoner: but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God; who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." 2 Tim. 1:8,9.

LUCRETIA A. CULLIS -BEACON HILL PLACE,
BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 16, 1887.

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison



J. W. CULLOM

He wrote to a friend as follows: “You know I have long been seeking the blessing of perfect love. On Tuesday, August 29, 1893, I went to Church fasting, and with heart-cries to God. As Soon as the morning services were over, while the people were partaking of the basket dinner, I went to the woods. Down a little dry path among the trees I walked for perhaps a quarter of a mile. I lay down on the ground and talked with God. I had long sought the blessing of sanctification by leaving off one thing and another that I thought might be a hindrance. Then it occurred to me that I was trying to kill the tree by cutting off a branch here and there. Why not ask the Lord to take up the tree, root and branch? And why not now? ‘Lord, I believe it is done!’ But at once the thought came, ‘Yes, it is done, but where is the evidence?’ Then I said: ‘Evidence or no evidence, I will never recede from this act; everything is on the altar, and there it shall stay.’

“Instantly a sweet peace possessed my whole being. I had no concern about a text or sermon, but selected St. John’s words: ‘What we have seen and heard we declare unto you.’ I could do nothing for a while but laugh and cry, and had to get a brother to lead in the opening exercises.

“Since that hour I have never had a moment that I could not say, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul!’ The Bible is a transformed book, and our hymns have a new meaning. The air is pure and sweet. My soul is as a bird on the wing. I am happy every moment.”

Source: “The Better Way” by Beverly Carradine

from the Enter His Rest website