



*"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16*

## A. B. EARLE

I have learned that a minister may be very anxious for souls, and even weep over lost men, and yet not be fully equipped for his work. He may earnestly believe he is fully in the work, and prepare to lead his flock, and yet not have any real soul-travail himself.

Some years ago I was holding united missions, alternately between the Baptist Church and the Congregational. I visited from house to house, and prayed with the different families, and felt very anxious for a revival; I worked hard, and looked pale from hard work. It seemed to me I would have been willing to die for souls, and yet I found my heart was not thoroughly melted.

I preached quite a number of times to the churches in all earnestness of my heart and tried more earnestly to get them near enough to Christ to have a revival. I wondered why they did not melt down; I was half discouraged. After prayer and fasting and much labor, I went alone before God and inquired what the matter was, and what more we could do.

Then God seemed to speak to me by the Spirit and say, "You are just as cold as the churches to whom you are preaching."

It startled me.

"Am I cold?!" I said.

"Your heart has not really been broken up for years."

I said, "Did I not weep while preaching this afternoon?"

"You did, but it was water running from ice when the sun is on it."

Then I saw it all; I saw the difference between anxiety and soul-travail. I then saw why souls were not saved and God's work revived. The fault was largely with the minister, and in this case I was the minister.

I went to the Congregational pastor and told him what I discovered. After a little, as he looked into his own heart, he said, "I am in the same state." No wonder there was no more done. Ministers had not had the upper-room power; they had but little power with God.

We prayed with and for each other for some days, but my heart did not melt. I knew there was power enough in Christ to break up the fountain of my heart, and there was efficacy in prayer. So I resolved to spend the night alone with God.

What a night it was! I think, twenty seasons of prayer that night, but my heart seemed to rebel and grow harder. After four hours I had used all my arguments with God, and my heart had not melted...I did not detect any immorality in my life, but I lacked the anointing; I needed the baptism of pain, the real birth-pain that brings souls into the kingdom.

Toward morning the fountains broke up; my heart melted as it had not done for years. Christ seemed to breathe on me and say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." And oh, what a fulness of love! My heart was full. I said, all alone, "I've got it! The long-sought blessing is mine."

In the morning I went out and said the very words I had used the day before. Now the wicked broke down. I preached a little sermon to the churches, and they broke down, and the work broke out with power.

I found the fault had been with the preacher, and I myself was in the way when I was so anxious and working so hard. I could not say the deacons and members of the churches were right; but how soon they melted when the ministers melted!

For more than sixty years since then I have noticed that, as soon as the pastors have melted down and led the way, the churches have usually followed, *and I have worked with about ten thousand ministers in twenty-three denominations over the country.* If the pastors with whom I have worked have not melted down and received the baptism of real soul-travail, the work has usually been light and unsatisfactory; but if they have received the baptism of pain, so that they really travailed in birth for lost men, I have never known a failure.

Source: Contributed By L. S. Boardman, Author Unknown



## L. M. EDMONDS

(Methodist)

I feel that it is my duty to add my mite to the testimony of that great and growing army who are walking in the “King’s highway of holiness.”

I was powerfully converted to God in February of 1863, at a protracted meeting held on the “Page-Brook” Circuit, Wyoming Conference, conducted by Brother Enes Puffer. After a very brief, but severe struggle, while alone in the secret place with God, I dedicated myself as never before to Him, and inwardly resolved that I would never rise from my knees until I knew that God had, for Christ’s sake, forgiven my sins. I believed, when I made the first effort to go to the altar of prayer, that God would save me.

After I had arrived at this decision, God’s Spirit came, and broke my heart all in pieces, showed me my life-work, forgave my sin, and filled my soul with love and peace. I commenced at once to testify in reference to what God had done for me, and to bear my cross always and everywhere; and, as a result, I grew up into Christ from the hour of my conversion.

I do not know that, at that time, a single member of that (church group) professed to be “saved from all sin ;” and, up to that time, I knew but little in reference to Methodism, and less in reference to this specific blessing. But God very soon, by His Spirit, convicted my heart that I needed to be entirely sanctified; and I straightway began to pray for it in a general way, not expecting to attain it for a long time, say ten or twenty years hence; and then I expected to grow into it. Up to this time I had never heard a sermon preached on the subject, and had never heard any relate experience, or make a profession of it. Thus I continued to live for about five months, when I was persuaded (much against my wishes or preferences) to attend a camp-meeting held within the bounds of the Wyoming Conference. I there heard, for the first time, this doctrine set forth explicitly from the pulpit. At the close of one of the sermons, Rev.. B. W. Gorham urged upon believers the duty of entering into this “more perfect way;” and invited all who should seek it then, as a distinct blessing, to present themselves at the altar for prayers. Among others I went to the altar, feeling my need, but not expecting to receive it then.

I continued to seek it in a general way until Friday, when my agony became more intolerable than when I was seeking pardon. This state of things continued until evening, when I went into a small tent, where

one or two other, in about the same condition, were seeking the same blessing. There I was taught “the way of faith” by those who were “walking in the light ;” and, while on my knees before God, there, in that little tent, “wrestling “ with God for a clean heart, He showed me again my life-work, and blasted all my pre-conceived earthly plans. I then and there made an entire surrender of all my plans and idols, and by faith took Christ to be my full Saviour and my fortress forever; then the blessing came, not in the way I had imagined, but with that “silent awe that dares not move;” and Jesus was so near, so precious, and so mighty to save! The evidence to my heart was so definite, so tangible, and so conclusive, that Satan has never attacked me on that point.

It is about twelve and a half years since, and I have been enabled by divine grace to walk in the light most of the time since, with the exception of a few weeks, when I was debating the question of duty in reference to entering the “regular work” of the ministry. But I praise God that the clear light now shines, and my evidence is brighter, and my “salvation is nearer than when I believed.”

Ye ransomed ones of God,  
Who bear the blood-stained banners,  
And lead the hosts of God’s elect  
With song and glad hosannas.  
Ye who are panoplied  
And girt with mighty power:  
Who valiant have fought and stood  
Till this decisive hour.

Sing for the word goes forth,  
“advance, victorious legions!  
The marshalled might of God’s elect  
Shall conquer sin’s dark regions  
Till ever land shall shine  
till God’s own peace and beauty,  
And ever soul become a shrine  
Of holy love and duty.”

O, all ye blood bought throng  
Who bear God’s shining banners,  
O, all who sing redemption’s song,  
And follow with hosannas!  
Exultant lift our voice,  
Sing loud the wonderous story,  
Till earth subdued shall learn the strain,  
And hail the King of Glory!

Source: “Pioneer Experiences”



## MRS. JONATHAN EDWARDS

We next give the testimony of Mrs. President Edwards, which was put on record by her distinguished husband. It seems, from what he says, that after Mrs. Edwards’ conversion she had been “subject to great unsteadiness in grace and frequent melancholy.” It is said that while in this frame of mind she “desired God above all other things,” and that “this desire expressed itself in the most searching self-surrender; and the delight which followed was this desire finding rest in its supreme object.” Of what followed this “extraordinary self-dedication and renunciation of the world” President Edwards says:

“Since that resignation spoken of before, made near three years ago, everything of that nature [unsteadiness in grace and melancholy] seems to be overcome and crushed by the power of faith and trust in God and resignation to him. She has remained in a constant, uninterrupted rest and humble joy in God, and assurance of his favor, without one hour’s melancholy or darkness from that day to this ... These things have been attended with a constant sweet peace and calm and serenity of soul without any cloud to interrupt it; a continual rejoicing in all the works of God’s hand – the works of nature and God’s daily works, all appearing with a sweet smile upon them ... a daily sensible doing and suffering everything for God, for a long time past; eating for God and sleeping for God, and bearing pain and trouble for God, and doing all as the service of love, and so doing it with a continual, uninterrupted cheerfulness, peace, and joy.”

How fully do this experience and testimony harmonize with John Wesley’s teaching and the experience of his followers of President Edwards’ day, as well as that of so many in the present day (1) There is conversion, followed by more or less of “unsteadiness” of experience and life, and seasons of “melancholy” or spiritual sorrow. (2) “Extraordinary self-dedication and renunciation of the world” -- “fuller separation and consecration as our knowledge of and desire for full salvation have increased. (3) Having this unsteadiness and sorrow instantaneously “overcome or crushed by the power of faith and trust in God.” (4) “Constant, uninterrupted rest and humble joy in God, and assurance of his favor, without one hour’s melancholy or darkness from that day.” (5) “A daily sensible doing and suffering everything for God,” rendering him a “service of love, “with a continual, uninterrupted cheerfulness, peace, and joy.” As another has said, “the experience of Mrs. Edwards seems to have been a continuous one, and to have constituted when attained *an habitual state* rather than exceptional transport.” In other words, her fullness of the Spirit was ethical and permanent. Her subsequent life seems to have been most sober and orderly, “balanced with the most exalted communion and practical service.”

The labors and saintliness of the great Calvinistic divine and his seraphic wife were to American Presbyterianism very much what those of the incomparable Fletcher and his equally saintly helpmeet were to British Methodism. And although, because trained in different schools of theology, they did not give the same name to their “high experience,” it was very much the same thing, they calling it “consecration” or the “full assurance of faith,” while the Methodists called it “sanctification or “perfect love.”

Source: “Scriptural Sanctification” by John R. Brooks



## JONATHAN EDWARDS

“Holiness – as I then wrote down some contemplations on it – appeared to me to be of a sweet, calm, pleasant, charming, serene nature, which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, ravishment to the soul; in other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant fruits and flowers, all delightful and undisturbed, enjoying a sweet calm and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun.” -- Jonathan Edwards.

Source: A Holiness Manifesto By C. W. Butler



## HARRY J. ELLIOTT

MY CONVERSION

My brother Jim, who was a preacher of the gospel, was in Colorado at this time for the purpose of helping to care for his wife's father in his illness, but on Sunday afternoon, about three-quarters of a mile from home, he preached at a schoolhouse. He said to me, "Harry, would you like to hear your brother preach a gospel sermon?" I said, "Yes, Jim, I would be pleased to hear you."

Sunday afternoon I went with my brother to the little schoolhouse and they sang and prayed. I thought everything was so strange. Then brother took the good Book and read some more good news out of it, then began to tell how God had power to save men from sin and what a change takes place in a man's life when he has Christ in his heart. He told how God had saved him from drink and from gambling and from many other things, and I sat there and said in my heart, "I will have this thing that Jim has." While he preached and wept and other folks in the congregation wept, I began to feel I was the meanest man on earth.

After Jim got through preaching he said, "Is there any one here who will raise your hand, signifying that you desire the prayers of God's people that you may be a Christian?" and before I knew what I was doing I raised my hand right up as high as I could raise it. Jim fell on his knees and prayed and cried, then got up and dismissed the congregation and we went home.

After arriving at the house brother walked up to Isa and said something about Harry having a hook in his heart, and Isa began to weep and laugh and look happy and I wondered what a hook in the heart was. That was a day of rejoicing in brother's home. Isa's father seemed to rejoice in it as much as others that Harry had raised his hand for prayers. That evening at family worship I noticed that brother and his wife said nothing to the Lord other than praising Him for the way He was looking after Harry and the way He was leading him. Afterward, Jim instructed me more thoroughly as to how to find Christ and about two evenings after raising my hand in the schoolhouse, I dropped on my knees in my own room after family prayer, and wept before the Lord, telling Him I wanted what Jim had; but it seemed as though all the sins I had ever committed in all my life rolled on top of me and for a few minutes I seemed sorry I had ever started to find what Jim had, for here now I was face to face with God. I had to confess to Him everything. I could not leave out a sin; but I had no more than said, "Lord, I will quit the whole thing; I want what Jim has; I want Christ in my heart," when the whole burden of sin rolled away and I became a new creature. I began to rejoice in my room for the peace God gave me in my heart, knowing at last beyond the shadow of a doubt that all desire for the old life had gone. Isa and Jim out in the other room knew what took place immediately. There was a great campmeeting going on in that cabin. Not only did angels rejoice, but dear grandpa, who was lying close to death's door, joined in with the rest and rejoiced.

I said to Jim the next day after my conversion, "Why didn't somebody tell me this long ago?"

As I would walk out in the fields and in the woods, it seemed as if the very trees would clap their hands, and everybody seemed to rejoice that Harry had found the Christ. Then brother was kept busy writing to friends who had been praying for eight years with him for my conversion.

Now as I am a Christian I felt that I must find some work that a Christian man could do, so corresponded with a man in Chicago to go on the road for them as a drummer.

While waiting for the answer from this firm God began to lay a burden on my heart for other men and women who were down in sin; to testify before them and tell them that the God who had saved me could save them; and the burden got so heavy on my heart that I couldn't rest till I had said to Him, "Though this position is given to me, if you want me to give the rest of my life telling of the great things you have done for me in saving me I will start out this spring with my brother in his evangelistic work."

A few days later the letter came offering me the place with a hundred dollars and expenses. I said, "Jim,

what would you do?" He said, "Take it to God in prayer," and as I took it to God in prayer all I could see was a lost world, and thousands of men in the same life I had been, till I settled it there, once and for all, that it was not money or wealth I wanted, but God's smile and souls.

### THE "OLD MAN" SHOWS HIMSELF

My brother's next meeting was to be in a tent at Perry Park, beginning June 7th. This was now four months since my conversion. We went early enough to put up the tent ourselves, as it was his own tent; so on the night of the sixth the tent was up, seats in, platform built, and everything in readiness for the meeting which should begin the next evening.

If you ever saw a happy young man it was this boy. After the tent was up I walked around it, for I had never been under a gospel tent before. I had been under a circus tent many a time previous to my conversion; but this seemed to be the finest tent I had ever seen.

Before retiring that night we all got together and prayed that God would convict men and women, save souls, and sanctify believers, and give us a great meeting. I went to bed and dreamed all night about our first tent meeting and got up in the morning, and wondered who would be our first seeker; but it wasn't long before we found out who it was.

At the breakfast table a little boy about nine years old said something to me, and before I knew it something rose up in my heart that made me fly off the handle. I left the table and went out in the yard. When Jim came out he found me weeping. I said, "Jim, I'm the meanest man on earth. I thought I was converted. What made me act that way at the table?" He said, "Harry, that was the 'old man,' the carnal mind that we have been preaching about." I said, "Jim, tell me how to get rid of it." He said, "Come on down to the tent." I went down, and after instruction from Jim I fell in the straw and cried unto God if He could possibly deliver me to do so, and not very long afterward I had the sweet peace in my heart again. Then I said, "Now I want that thing taken out of my heart," and Jim prayed and I prayed, and I asked God to take the damnable thing out of my heart. It was not long after that prayer the thing was gone, and it seemed to me that all heaven was rejoicing when God sanctified me.

Source: "From Sinking Sands" by Harry J. Elliott



### PAUL FREDERICK ELLIOTT

(Not to be confused with Paul F. Elliott of a later day)

I want to say to every dear reader and brother preacher who may read these lines that he will never be what God wants him to be until he receives his Pentecost. There will be times that he will feel the lack of power as long as carnality is suppressed in his life. There is nothing that can take the place of the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost. God has said that He would make His preachers flames of fire and sons of thunder, and He will do it with every honest soul who will let Him have His way.

I had settled it for time and eternity that God should have His way with me, so I began to cry for the power that delivered from all sin. Saints prayed for me and exhorted me to believe God. Three nights in succession found me at the altar seeking for a clean heart, but some way I was not able to get the witness to my sanctification; but on the fourth night, as I was going up town, the sun was just setting, and as I looked upon its golden rays my soul was crying out for God to give me the Holy Ghost.

The voice of God said to me, "Do you think that a God who can paint that picture, and make the sun rise and set, and make a world like this, and plant the heavens full of stars, could sanctify a soul like yours?" The truth dawned upon me in a moment that this was a work of faith. I grasped the truth and

stood on the promise. Quicker than a flash the witness came to me, and the “old man” died, and I walked into the mission one of the happiest men out of Heaven. Can I tell it? No; and I never have met anyone who could. People have talked about and described the blessing of sanctification, and no doubt have done their best; but the only way you will ever know about it is to get it yourself.

From the moment God sanctified me He began to speak to me as He never had before. His voice seemed more real and clear, and the Bible began to be revealed to me in a way that it never had before. He began to reveal His future plan for me, and burden my soul for a lost world, and unctionize my prayers and preaching in a way that surprised myself. I had thought it was wonderful to be saved from all sin, and truly, it is. We talk about miracles of healing, but the greatest miracle, to my mind, is God taking a man from the depths of sin to the peaks of holiness.

He does not only save him from his sins, but He takes the sin principle out of his life. The Holy Ghost comes in to abide forever. Instead of a Jewish altar, where the fire burns constantly, our souls become *the altar where the fire constantly burns*. He has promised to lead us into all truth and bring all things to our remembrance.

I have learned since that night that the Holy Ghost has a personality, as much as do the Father and Son. If the cold-hearted professors of today would get saved, and quit fighting and insulting the precious Holy Ghost, they would have something that would beat all the pipe organs and all the paid choirs that ever sang. Bless God! I am glad that I left the oyster stews and church frolics and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Source: “The Voice of God” by Paul Frederick Elliott



## S. T. ENTORF

(Of Naperville, Illinois)

“I am very glad to be here this morning. I love your fellowship. I feel very much at home in this place. I trust God will still more wonderfully pour His Spirit out upon us all. (“Amen!”) I was converted in 1877, and soon after I felt called of God to go into the ministry. I want to say that soon after my conversion, I was led to think upon the personality, office, work and indwelling of the Holy Spirit. I felt that there was much more in store for me. I had heard no holiness sermons. I am sorry to say I sought seven years before finding what my heart was longing for, as I might have had it at once, had I known the way. Let us keep humble. May the Lord bless and fill you all.” (“Amen!”)

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



## H. A. ERDMANN

(Bible Missionary Church)

In spite of my timidity I managed to grow up, and in my teen years, under the ministry of John T. Hatfield, I found the Lord and was saved, and about two years and four months later I consecrated all to the Lord and was sanctified. In my consecration, I figuratively took a large piece of white parchment, signed my name to the bottom of that and gave it to the Lord and told Him write on that anything that He wished, my name was already signed to the bottom and approved of whatever He might write thereon. I made as complete a consecration as I knew how. Here let me say that if your

consecration can be improved on, you are not yet consecrated.

It was not long after this that I saw written on that parchment a call to preach. That almost floored me. I told the Lord, "I can't preach, and thou knowest it, and I know that you know that I know that you know that I can't preach. " But He said, "What about your consecration? Didn't you tell me that I could write anything that I wanted to on that sheet of parchment?" I said, "Yes, and my name is still signed to it."

God still occasionally writes something on that piece of parchment that I never had dreamed of, but, thank God, my name still endorses it. Satan has many times tried to make me think that God demands too much, but as I look back today, I thank Him for every demand He has ever made, for with each demand He also furnished the possibility, and added blessings that I would never have been privileged to experience without it.

Yes, I have had tests, some unpleasant things, so far as the human is concerned. Many times I had to stand alone, and walk alone, other young people not going my way, and even now, not many crowds going the way of Holiness unto the Lord, but His blessings have been rich and extravagant, and if I could live my life over and leave out some things and were given my choice as to what should be left out, I would not want a solitary one of those trials and tests and unpleasant things left out. They have all contributed to the enrichment of my life, and as I look back at some of them I thank God that He ever saw fit to trust me with them.

I have also had many glorious experiences which I would not trade off for anything that I can think of. The following I have not related very often, because many would only scoff at it and say it was only an imagination. But I know that it was real. I was passing through the most severe trial of my life, being persecuted almost beyond endurance by people who were *supposed to be* sanctified. It seemed that I could not endure it longer. One night I was lying on my bed, crushed and weeping. In the night, at about one o'clock in the morning, Jesus walked into that room and the room was made light enough for me to see Him through my tears and recognize Him. He came to the side of the bed and looked at me with a profound look of sympathy and tenderness, an expression that said, "Do not be afraid, I will stand by you, and will never fail you." Then He held out His hand over me as in an expression of benediction and vanished. My soul was comforted and I soon went to sleep. Who would not gladly endure persecution, trials and tests for such a visitation as that? I was a young preacher then, and that has enabled me to hold steady in every test since.

Source: "Some Interesting Experiences In My Life As A Minister"

by H. A. Erdmann



## KENNETH H. FAY

(Bible Missionary Church)

I have learned the wondrous secret  
Of abiding in the Lord:  
I have found the strength and sweetness  
Of confiding in His Word.  
I have tasted life's pure fountain,  
I am trusting in His blood;  
I have lost myself in Jesus,  
I am sinking into God.



I am crucified with Jesus,  
And He lives and dwells with me;  
I have ceased from all my struggling,  
'Tis no longer I but He.  
All my will is yielded to Him,  
And His Spirit reigns within;  
And His precious blood each moment,  
Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.

For my words, I take His wisdom  
For my works, His Spirit's power,  
For my ways, His ceaseless Presence  
Guides and guards me every hour.  
Of my heart, He is the Portion,  
Of my joy, the boundless Spring;  
Savior, Sanctifier, Healer,  
Glorious Lord, and coming King!

-- A. B. Simpson --

“Though you have much peace and comfort,  
Greater things you yet may find,  
Freedom from unholy tempers,  
Freedom from the carnal-mind.”

In the winter of 1960 we were in a revival meeting doing all we knew to assist the evangelist and help souls find God. I scarcely ever enjoyed a greater burden of prayer than I did for the success of that meeting. Things were continuing, however, in much the normal way.

The writer remembers so well the evening while washing dishes at the kitchen sink, that a peculiar Presence brooded about him, shutting other voices out, and causing him not a little discomfort. A strange, sickening, sensation immediately settled upon my heart, and in those moments an indelible impression fastened itself upon my mind that God the Holy Ghost was bringing me to a crisis in my religious career. To my consciousness the words were very plain--“Ye are called unto holiness.” I became so weak I thought I would fall, so dumb I could not speak, and in those moments of death-like stillness *all my former professions* to entire sanctification were broken and thrown to the ground never to raise their voices again.

That night as the call for seekers was given, I fell in at the altar like a ringed bull being led to the slaughter house, my coat coming off with a twist and a heave, and seekers on the right and left giving a wide berth on the rail for the death charge. In a minute the die was cast, carnality was cornered, my pride humbled, and both opportunity and hope for recovery fully gone. I was a seeker for holiness!

I was an earnest seeker, aware of what I lacked and fully persuaded of what I could and must have. I would have it as soon as possible. Yea, that very night! But, to my great surprise, instead of finding my soul at that time walking the grand highway of holiness, it was found crawling down that dark and lonesome trail we have since learned to know as “the death-route” – a term well-fitting and so correct for the seeker of heart purity.

We held a protracted effort to rout the Old Man some call “taking it by the job,” and to aid our seeking we commenced to number on paper the various traits and manifestations of carnality. And how this monster of self did writhe, and squirm, twist, shuffle, and turn. Darting here and there for a hiding place and now and then rearing back its ugly head to strike, and now feigning death. But, the Spirit would have none of it, and as I began to tell on it, calling it what it was, the tide began to turn in our favor, and self began to give ground under the encounter. Things never dreamed of, and others only

faintly suspected were turned up under the all piercing eye of the Holy Spirit. It was a sight well adapted to frighten any man, and it frightened me.

With some of the traits the Holy Spirit would cause our minds to travel back memory's pathway until we could once more see those horrible creatures flouting their horrid deeds. Instances were refreshed even back into early childhood as the Spirit gave an amazing brightness to our memory. It would break us up and the tears would freely flow as we lingered at the scenes again and watched self display its ancient wares.

A deep and well-founded revenge sprung up within us to be rid forever of this 'life of self' and though it would cost much humiliation, yet the fact that we could be free and clean was thrilling and encouraged us on! Life will spring up out of death, and for the joy of the resurrection we would endure the cross!

Down, down, down, ever deeper. Deeper than I deemed necessary, but the Holy Spirit knew well His work and we were determined to have it done. At times our soul would fall into much despair, but holding steady the Lord would bring it out. At times we seemed to be seeking in the dark, but again the Lord would come and reveal just where to seek. He knows the way and is a competent Guide. At times we were weeping over our condition and at other times shouting over our promise of the coming Comforter! The confessions continued to mount up until some fifty-one were arraigned on paper, the work of three and a half days.

Somehow now we knew that we were on the bottom and very near the long sought for blessing. Coming up out of the dark Death-route, though still not sanctified wholly, we were made to feel like David, "He hath brought me into a large place." It seemed as though we were standing on even ground never known before, and over yonder we recognized the fair table land of Canaan. Unbelief gave way to faith and we cried, "Lord, I believe, I believe – NOW!"

The Holy Spirit Himself gives witness to the operation of sanctification. He chooses, therefore, for reasons best known to Himself, to manifest His presence within believers in different ways. No two cases may be exactly alike. To one He may come as a burning-fire; to another with melting mellowing love. To another with a deep hallowed brooding of wonderful peace and calm; to still another with a sunburst of rapturous joy, etc., Reader, He is Sovereign! Let God be God!

As I recall, I was kneeling at the altar in a motionless position, alone, when the unmistakable "witness" came upon me. I experienced the Spirit, Word and Blood wash out of my mind, purge my lips, and pass as a refining fire throughout my heart. It filled me with purity, peace, and power. I knew now why Jesus referred to this experience as the "Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire."

I became so quiet and peaceful. After a while I started running and jumping about the church, shouting and laughing, and Oh! Such joy welling up within me like a river. The witness was clear – the Comforter had come to abide. I have lived to see to my own amazement and satisfaction that the work was genuine. Glory to Jesus and the precious blood for the great work of entire sanctification.

As the happy days roll on, we are want to re-echo the words the poverty-pinched Appalachian uttered when he, for the first time, gazed upon the mighty Atlantic. "Thank God," said he, "for something there is enough of!"

And let each reader thank God for "something there is enough of" -- that "grace that reaches deeper than the stain has gone" -- our plenteous redemption – both free and full – that saves, sanctifies, and keeps. "Living here with my Lord In a holy Union, Day by day all the way, Holding sweet communion.

Oh, what change grace hath wrought,  
In my lowly station,  
Since my soul has received,

Full and free salvation.”

Source: “The Salvation of God” by Kenneth H. Fay



## RALPH GOODRICH FINCH

### An Account of His Getting Sanctified

In the fall of 1907, by the time God’s Bible School was to open, I had my crops sold, debts paid and was ready to go. There are two outstanding things that happened while we attended Bible School which have been of inestimable value in my work all through life. First, I discovered I was not sanctified; and in the second place, I learned to prevail in prayer and to keep my face set like a flint to go through, regardless of my feelings.

The first night, in the school tabernacle, as I saw those boys and girls sing, testify and pray with such liberty and power, I looked on with amazement. By the third night, which was Sunday night, I went over an hour early, and as I walked toward the front I heard a boy say to another that he had to get sanctified or leave the school. He declared it was too hot for him. I spoke up and told them I was in the same condition, only I had to get through, as I had but a dollar left and couldn’t leave. Off we went to find a place to pray where we would not be disturbed.

Boys were in every room on the floor above so we went to the third floor, but it was the same way. Every room contained boys and men praying for the night service, but the bathroom was empty. In it we three knelt to pray. The white boy knelt at the foot of the tub and I at the head while the black boy knelt just behind me. No one had to pound us on the back and urge us to pray. We both were desperate to be made holy. We believed in the baptism with the Holy Ghost, heart purity and power. For thirty minutes I poured out my soul to God. I prayed at the top of my voice, not that I thought that God was deaf, but my desperate feelings, and determination caused me to fairly scream.

In the midst of my praying the enemy seemed to perch himself in the little window above us and laugh and sneer. He suggested the yard below was full of folks who were listening to us screaming up there, and were laughing at us. He overstepped himself right there. Once before he defeated me in prayer by such talk, so I plunged into prevailing all the harder. When seeking to be converted in the old Methodist Church, or just before making a public start, the enemy bluffed me one morning by his talk. Coming from a town three miles away, I promised myself to go into the church and pray if the door was open. I was sure the door would not be open as it was below zero and a northwest wind was blowing. But, to my surprise, as I came in sight of the old church, one door was wide open. I hitched old Prince, threw a blanket over him, went in and right to the altar, kneeled down and was just beginning when the devil suggested that folks were looking in the windows and laughing at me. Without ever looking to see, I jumped up and went home. Now he was trying to work the same bluff again. How plain and real he can seem; but I knew that trick of his, so kept right on praying. My voice got so weak and my throat so hoarse that I prayed only in a whisper; then I threw up my hands and told God I would be made pure or stay there until I died. At once my voice began getting stronger and in a few moments cleared up while all the time I was climbing in desperation and in faith. The black boy had stopped praying. I wished he would keep on but feared to stop myself long enough to urge him for fear I might lose the ground I found myself gaining. Suddenly with a rushing, mighty flame of invisible fire I was consumed. It struck me in the tips of my fingers, then rushed through my whole body. I was melted to a helpless condition and fell back on the black boy, able to move but one hand and my head and to shout, “This is that! This is that!”

As soon as I could struggle to my feet, I staggered down and into the tabernacle. As I started downstairs, the black boy caught me and straightened out my hair and clothes as best he could. I staggered for the first time in my life. But what did I care; I was drunk on God's love. I was filled with the Holy Ghost. I was so thrilled it seemed I would have died in another minute if God had not withdrawn the emotion. As I walked into the tabernacle, Sister Peabody, the speaker, gave me the floor and at once I witnessed to what had happened – how I had thought I was pure within, but how I found out different, and how now the work was done.

I felt I must witness to everyone I met. In fact, I was impressed I would lose the Spirit if I once failed. The next day I met a man on the street and stopped to tell him. He listened quietly, then grinned and told me I had come in contact with an electric wire, and he walked off. Next night at prayer meeting I jumped up to testify and to do just as I had done on Sunday night; but, lo and behold, it was not the same. We all kneeled in prayer, whereupon I was impressed that what the man, I met that day, had told me might be true. I was also impressed I had made a fool of myself, and that all saw it. Home I went to let the enemy drive me farther into gloom. I got on my knees at last and begged God to witness to my purity again, and to my great joy, He did so. But with it came such a shame for doubting and letting the enemy whip me so badly that I promised God to never doubt Him again.

Source: "Heart Searching Truth" by Ralph Goodrich (R.G.) Finch



## SPENCER S. FINNEY

(Presbyterian)

"Hallelujah! I believe!  
Now no longer on my soul  
All the debt of sin is lying –  
One great Friend has paid the whole!  
Ice-bound fields of legal labor  
I have left with all their toil;  
While the fruits of love are growing  
From a new and genial soul."

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord and he heard me and delivered me from all my fears. "This poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

I am called upon for my personal testimony and experience respecting "Perfect love which casteth out fear." Gladly do I confess, as a witness of Christ's grace and faithfulness and power, that He has, by His Word and Spirit, given me to know in my happy experience, the blessed truth of "perfect love" and freedom from all fear that hath torment, as the present privilege of every soul that trusts Him fully. I had some glimpses of this fullness of salvation, under the aspect of "full assurance of faith," soon after my conversion, which gracious favor God gave me through the personal experimental testimony of a dear saint, and through the perusal of that evangelical old work, Marshall's Gospel Mystery of Sanctification.

But it was about thirteen years afterwards, when my soul was weary, very weary, in long and vain attempts to keep and sanctify myself by watchfulness and the means of grace, and when God's service seemed to become hopeless, because I knew not how to "wait on the Lord, and mount up with wings as eagles, and run and not be weary, and walk and not faint," that He revealed His fullness to me. In the valley of affliction and humiliation the Lord visited my soul. Blessed be His name for ever! "I will bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her; and I will give her her vineyards from

thence; and the valley of Achor (trouble) for a door of hope.”

The reading of Boardman’s “Higher Christian Life” gave me, by the blessing of God’s Spirit, the first glimpse of “full assurance of faith,” as an abiding blessing, in its proper connection with the experience and state of entire sanctification to the Lord, in soul, spirit and body, in all things, and at all times, by full consecration and full faith. This is the “adoption of sons” in its full and constant realization. This happy experience the Lord gave me a few days afterward, by the aid of dear saints, in the meeting for holiness held at Dr. Palmer’s, New York; the Holy Spirit using their testimony to make His word plain, and to encourage and guide me in giving myself at once, wholly, without reserve, and forever to Christ, and to God through Christ, a living sacrifice, and to believe on the ground of His own word that He received me in Christ “without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.” No tongue can tell the rest and sweetness and peace of the soul which truly and fully, and, every moment, embraces Christ and abides in Him, “as of God made unto us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.”

It was but a few days until the Lord gave me a few among my own dear people, as a shares of my joy. When in public and private my soul made her boast in the Lord, and I told what He had done for me. And while for years the fellowship of the saints, in the meeting where first the Lord taught me the way of holiness by simple faith in Christ, was as a foretaste of heaven, the little band, whose hearts God opened to receive the truth of full salvation, in my own church, were my crown and my joy, amidst coldness, misrepresentation and opposition.

In my present field God has helped me; and some of my flock, some theological students, and one or more ministers, have acknowledged the truth of entire sanctification by faith, in a living, present Saviour. Eternity alone will suffice to tell the whole story. Thanks for this and every opportunity to witness for Jesus, as a Saviour from all sin, for it is not only an important duty, but a delightful privilege to “boast in the Lord;” a boasting which exposes, and forever abandons self, as utterly bankrupt and vile, and receives and enjoys and rejoices in Christ as “all in all,” not merely in theory and doctrine but in actual, personal experience. O for this baptism of power upon all God’s people. “Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen!”

Source: “Pioneer Experiences”



## WILBUR FISK

(Methodist)

“Dr. Wilbur Fisk, the charming, inspiring, and subduing preacher, the founder of institutional education in American Methodism, a man combining the distinctive charms that endear to us the beautiful characters of Fenelon and Channing, Jonathan Edwards and John Fletcher, lived more than a score of years in the faith and exemplification of the sublime doctrine of Christian perfection as taught by Jesus Christ, St. Paul, and St. John. He prized that great tenet as one of the most important distinctions of Christianity.

“His experience, which left its radiant impress on his daily life, was signalized by an overwhelming effusion of the Holy Spirit, depriving him of physical strength for several hours. It occurred at a camp meeting at Wellfleet, on August 10, 1819. As he was passing one of the Boston tents, a lady invited him to stay in that tent. She then told him that on the way down an assurance had been given her that Mr. Fisk would receive the blessing of a holy heart at that meeting. Dr. Fisk says: ‘Her words thrilled through me in an indescribable manner. I wept, I trembled, I fell. But Satan drew a veil of unbelief over my mind. They prayed for me, but all was dark; my heart [seemed] harder than ever. (A clearer

revelation of his depravity which preceded this baptism.) Thursday morning we had a familiar conversation concerning heart holiness. About the setting of the sun, word came that souls were begging for prayers in Brother Taylor's tent (the celebrated "Father Taylor," of the Seaman's Bethel). I went immediately in, and behold! God was there. We united in prayer, when one after another, to the number of four or five, were converted. We rose to sing. I looked up to God, and thanked him for answering prayer, and cried, "Lord, why not hear prayer for my soul?" My strength began to fail while I looked in faith. "Come, Lord, and come now. Thou wilt come. Heaven opens, my Saviour smiles. Glory! Glory! Oh, glory to God! Help me, my brethren, to praise the Lord." The scene that was now opened to my view I can never describe. I could say: "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee! I love thee above everything ... Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name."

The following from his biographer gives us further insight into Dr. Fisk's pre-Pentecostal experience, as well as some of the results of this baptism:

"From this period Dr. Fisk dated his experience of perfect love. Before that he had passed through seasons when he doubted the fact of his acceptance with God, his personal interest in Christ, and even the truth of Christianity itself. When in later years a young minister consulted him concerning just such doubts, Dr. Fisk told him that he had been delivered from such things forever at the Wellfleet meeting. They could no more dwell in the presence of the full development of the life of perfect purity, perfect humility, and perfect assurance than darkness can dwell in the presence of noonday."

In a letter to his sister, while describing his experience, Dr. Fisk says:

"In the work of sanctification upon the heart there appear to be two distinct stages: one is to empty the soul of sin and everything offensive; and the other is to fill it with love. 1. The strong man armed is bound and cast out. 2. The stronger takes possession. God was pleased, however, in my case, to empty and fill in the same moment."

The recorded experience of this eminent scholar and divine fully harmonizes with the Wesleyan theory and teaching. It was subsequent to regeneration, was instantaneous in its development – marking a distinct crisis in his life, was certified to and through consciousness, and was abiding in its results – was enjoyed for more than twenty years.

Source: "Scriptural Sanctification" by John R. Brooks



## SUSAN N. FITKIN

I was in the midst of my first evangelistic meeting; about thirty had been definitely converted and many others were under conviction, and God was blessing and answering prayer.

A Holiness Convention was in progress a few miles away, and I planned to go to the day meetings, for although I had sought the blessing at different times, and claimed it by faith, my heart was not fully satisfied. At the very first service I attended, the message seemed meant for me. How well I remember the text, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven and whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile" (Psa. 32:1, 2). It was a real old-fashioned first and second blessing sermon. I knew I had the first, but when in a holiness meeting, there was a question in my mind about the second. As the preacher continued, I decided first that I did not have it, and second, determined to have it, and could scarcely wait for him to finish. But I was having a real battle with the enemy, who did not hesitate to remind me that I was a preacher, and that I was myself holding a revival meeting and having souls converted, and so of course I was all right. But the Holy Spirit was faithful, and I knew that I did not have all He had for me. Then the

enemy told me that people would misunderstand and think I was backslidden if I went to the altar. He also reminded me that I was a Friends Minister, and that the convention was being held in a Methodist Church, which was not as spiritual as the Friends Church; that the Pastor was a worldly man and not in sympathy with holiness; that I was supposed to have it anyway, -- and what would my own church people think? But I kept saying, "I am going to the altar. I must have a real experience!" and oh, it seemed that the sermon would never end.

At last it was over, and I was one of the first to respond to the invitation to come forward and seek God for a definite second work of Grace. After pouring out my heart in definite asking, using all the Bible terms I could think of, telling God I wanted to be sanctified wholly, cleansed from inherited sin, the old man cast out, the carnal nature destroyed, and to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, I waited expectantly. Some one suggested it was time to believe, but I hesitated, for had I not sought before and taken it by faith, but had not been fully satisfied?

I was reminded that we were sanctified by faith, that there was no other route, and I remembered that I instructed seekers for pardon to believe after they had repented and confessed their sins. Yet I did want some feeling, some evidence, although God had declared that real faith is the evidence, and I well knew that God's order was, first, fact; second, faith; and then feeling would surely follow.

Deciding to go God's way at any cost, I arose and testified that I believed the blood of Jesus cleansed me just then from all sin, and that I was sanctified wholly. What a battle followed! The enemy protested, ridiculed, declared I was no different and would soon find it out as before, but I had only one reply to all his arguments, "I believe the blood cleanses me now from all sin."

When the gong sounded for supper, I begged to be excused, and left a little later to return to my own revival service, feeling so exhausted that I invited one of the evangelists attending the convention to accompany me and preach that evening. I had not anticipated the unusual service we were to have. We arrived a little late and found the chapel crowded and the people singing. All the way over I had been fighting the "good fight of faith," and just before reaching the chapel I had grown desperate, and declared in the very face of the foe, "If I never get a bit of feeling from now till I die, I shall keep believing that the Blood cleanseth me now from all sin"! After that definite decision the enemy withdrew, and I entered the chapel with a sweet peace and holy calm pervading my soul.

As the service went on, I seemed almost unconscious of my surroundings. I was so lost in wonder, love and praise. I remember the evangelist read his text from Romans, fifth chapter, the first and second verses, and that he seemed to be repeating it over and over, to get the attention of the people. Then suddenly the chapel roof seemed to be cleft asunder; the heavens were rent; and shafts of heavenly light like sunbeams shot down directly into my heart, filling and thrilling my soul. I shouted and laughed, trying to control the avalanche so as not to disconcert the Preacher, for I was conscious that he was floundering around and still repeating his text, but it was little use. I glanced about me and saw that two sanctified laymen sitting near the platform were shouting and laughing until they nearly fell off their seats, and the congregation was gazing at me in wonder and astonishment. No wonder, for had I not always prided myself on being a demure little Quaker maiden, and had I not almost lost my religion at a camp meeting when a Minister got blessed and actually laughed and shouted during an altar service? What did it all mean? Oh, I knew so well, and it was so wonderful; the Holy Spirit had come to abide! I could not but praise Him.

The Preacher finally stopped and looked around at me inquiringly and I arose and told the people how I had been seeking for entire sanctification in the afternoon over at the Holiness Convention, and had believed and believed and determined to go on believing, and now God had sent the witness. The blessed Holy Spirit had come.

Then I explained to the new converts about this wonderful second work of Grace, telling them it was

for them too, and the altar was soon filled with earnest seekers, and a wonderful revival followed. Arrangements were made for me to continue in revival work over the entire district, and a very gifted young evangelist, who enjoyed the blessing of holiness and preached it very clearly and definitely, was also engaged to labor with me.

I was so thankful for this, for the blessing was all so new and wonderful to me. He lent me helpful books explaining about the experience; and these I eagerly devoured.

The dear Lord gave us many blessed revivals during the next six months and I grew in Grace and in His knowledge as never before in all my Christian life.

*Note: This is the "Palmerite" approach of Phoebe Palmer and her husband Dr. Palmer. It is all fine and good, but sadly many get stranded in presumption with this approach. They diligently consecrate and trust Him to do His part, "now", assuming He will listen to partially formed heart-cry. If he does not listen, and they have already testified, they are stuck with either being humiliated or to "just keep trusting" Often they end up doggedly trusting and boasting for the rest of their days, and never do quite qualify. They become traps for new seekers, since they claim the blessing, but do not have it. They advise seekers while they need help themselves. This really aided the demise of the Holiness Movement.*

Source: "Grace Much More Abounding" by Susan N. Fitkin



## JOHN & BONA FLEMING

John and Bona Fleming lived in Willard, Kentucky. Their mother was born in Ireland and had been brought up in the Catholic church. Their father belonged to a Protestant church, but John said, "I never heard him pray or testify." One night when John and his mother were in the services, his mother was saved and then invited him to the altar. After a protracted struggle he was soundly converted and saved from the sins of his life, including the use of both liquor and tobacco. God set John Fleming on fire! He was immediately instrumental in getting others saved. It wasn't long before Bona too was soundly saved.

Soon, the Fleming brothers fiery zeal offended some. When they were told that they would have to stop having "such a fuss" they said they couldn't stop. John said, "You cannot put lightning in a goose quill and stop it from shining. We were having the time of our lives shouting and praising God." When some in their church were offended, John was told, "We will have to take your name off the church book, if you don't quit shouting and stomping the carpet." The inevitable result was that his name was erased off of the church book--an act which evidently caused the frown of God to rest upon that church, for eventually their house was left desolate, their building which had seen large crowds stood an empty shell, with no services being held in it any longer.

John Fleming gave the following account of how he and Bona were sanctified wholly:

We did not know anything about the experience of holiness; the preacher preached mostly on hell, as no one was ready for holiness in our town when they struck it. I was standing on my mother's porch one night and a traveling salesman came up and talked to me about the coming of Jesus and about getting sanctified. I knew nothing about it. Up until I was saved I had not read one verse in the Bible. This traveling salesman had good common sense. He said, "Well, do you see that stump where that tree has been removed? If that stump is not taken out, next spring there will be sprouts coming up all around it."

"What does that have to do with me?" I asked.

He said, "John, you have a stump in your heart."

It scared me. He said, "The stump is there. You have had your sins all taken away, but there is a stump."



You must have it taken out, or sprouts will come up around your life and pull you back into sin.”

We went in Mother’s parlor and prayed, “O God, take the stump out, take the stump out, take the stump out!”

Do you know what I believe? If people did not know as much they would get through quicker. They know too much. That was a good prayer, asking God to take the stump out. The man walked in and put his arms around me and said, “John, God will take the stump out.”

I rose to my feet and like a flash the Holy Ghost came and blew that stump out. My father sat back, reading his paper and chewing tobacco. I said, “Father, I have the stump out!”

He moved his glasses down on his nose, looked over them and said, “Stump out, what are you talking about?”

“I don’t know,” I told him, “but I have it out.”

I went to the kitchen and said to Mother, “I’ve got it. I have the stump taken out.”

She said, “I believe you have.”...

[John then left the house, in a blaze of glory, to tell others of how God had taken the stump out. He tells of how “the fat man,” the traveling salesman, took off after him, and they had a hallelujah time as John went from place to place telling folks that God had taken the stump out and them helping them pray through. Bona, who had been gone when John got sanctified, returned to the Fleming house.]

Bona came home and asked, “Where is John?”

Father said, “I don’t know. He has the stump taken out and has gone.”

Bona said, “I must see John.”

He walked to the kitchen and asked Mother. She said, “He has the stump taken out and is gone.”

Bona went upstairs, got down on his knees, laid off a few things and then said, “Amen,” and “Praise the Lord,” and got up.

He walked out into the room and said, “Father, I’ve got it.”

He was doing his best to believe he had it. Father just moved his glasses down on his nose and said, “No you haven’t; go see John.”

My father did not believe in holiness, but he knew that Bona did not have what I had. Bona went into the kitchen and said, “I have the stump taken out.”

Mother said, “I would not discourage you for the world, but you had better hunt John.”

The poor fellow went down the road. He said the hardest job he ever had in this world was to make himself believe he had something he did not have. He went to the livery stable and said, “Boys, I have it.”

They laughed and said, “You had better hunt John up.”

He tried to make himself believe he had it just like some of you. He went to the preacher’s home and was going to tell him that he had it but when he opened the door and saw Brother Hankes, he said, “Pray for me!” He lost it when he saw somebody who had it.

He said, “I want to see John.”

We saw him coming. He looked like a hound that had run all night and been out in the rain all day. This traveling man and I were just shouting and praising God and the people were looking at us. It was

pouring down rain, but we did not care. The fire was falling in that home. When Bona came in, I said, "I've got it! I've got it!"

He said, "John, pray for me!"

He got on his knees and the wisdom I used with Bona was just to pound him on the back and say, "Pray, old fellow!"

He would get pretty faint sometimes, then I would say, "Get it, Bona; hold on until the fire falls!"

Directly he got on his feet with one hand up, and the traveling man shouting him on, but that girl who had put the bread in the oven was striking him over the head and telling him not to stop until the stump was out. I have never seen such a time from that day to this, as we had there in that room when the fire fell on Bona.

Soon, John and Bona Fleming answered the call to preach and went out into the field of evangelism and they were widely used of God around the nation – two more Kentuckians who were transformed by the redeeming grace of God and baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire.

Source: "Truth on Fire" by John and Bona Fleming



## C. J. FOWLER

President, National Holiness Assoc.

I was brought out from darkness into light as clear as day. I can say that I was never tempted from that minute to this to doubt that I was converted, that night in the old Methodist Church in the White Hills of New England. I got conversion in that little old church. I need not tell you; I could not tell you those heavenly sensations that accompanied it, and God has used me as an instrument to bring thousands of precious souls to Christ. On the occasion of my sanctification, I went into a service and they were praying for somebody. I didn't know who. I knew it fitted me. I was pastor of a large church at the time. I went forward and Deacon Morse came and knelt by my side and began to pray. He said: "O, God, we are unworthy to pray for this preacher. He has been a successful preacher." I hate to say this, but this what he said: "He has been a successful preacher, a useful preacher. He is pastor of a commanding church. We are unworthy, etc." I knew that man wasn't working along God's line. That prayer enhanced my suffering. He seemed to be conscious of this; He stopped to take breath and said: "God take the devil out of this fellow." Here I was, pastor of a large church, and here I was down on the floor, but I said: "If the devil is in me, I want that prayer answered. If he is not he must not come in now," and I stuck to it and God brought me in and I am in now.

My soul is on the stretch for victory here. Give us such a victory as shall be felt all over the world, that the angels in heaven may rejoice, and you and I have cause to shout hallelujahs for thousands of years without taking breath! O, that somebody might get deliverance!

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



## GEORGE FOX

1624 – 1690 (Quaker)

Not long after his spiritual awakening, Fox had a second experience in 1648, when he was 24 years old.

He stated:

Now I was come in spirit through the Flaming Sword, into the Paradise of God. All things were new, and all creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness, and innocency, and righteousness, being renewed in the image of God by Jesus Christ...

Source: "From the Apostles to Wesley"

by William Greathouse, quoting from the Journal of George Fox

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I knew Jesus and he was precious to my soul; but I found something within that would not be sweet and patient and kind; I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there; I besought the Lord to do something for me, and when I gave Him my will He came in, and took out all that would not be sweet and patient and kind, and then He shut the door.

Source: "Entire Sanctification" by C. W. Ruth



## GERALDINE SUSAN (MRS. ROBB) FRENCH

Robb had taken Tuscaloosa, and we spent Sunday there. I had the time of my life singing with my guitar, "Get a Transfer" and "Telephone to Glory." In those days the crowds came, sitting in the windows and in every available spot.

I went on to Meridian and came back and spent Christmas vacation with the Frenches. In two years' time Robb and his sister, Frances, came to Eskridge where the marriage ceremony was performed, June 23, 1919.

We boarded the train to spend our' honeymoon at the Wesleyan Methodist General Conference in Fairmount, Indiana. Then we went on to Alabama to take up our work in evangelism. Robb had an uncle, with three sons and a sister, who kept writing for us to come to Birmingham, telling of the great need. The second year we went with no financial backing.

Father French gave us a tent in which to hold services. We felt we should start in the heart of the city, but it was against the city ordinance to pitch a tent within the district for fire-protection reasons. We prayed and waited on the Lord for two weeks. The Lord marvelously answered prayer. We worshipped in the tent three years, winter and summer while we were buying a building which we later remodeled for our church.

The blessing of the Lord seemed to be on the work, but our hearts were hungry to have a mighty revival. It was about the fifth year when an evangelist from New York state came to hold a meeting. He put the gospel plow in deep.

One night we were kneeling around the altar, and the atmosphere was so heavy no one could pray. The evangelist spoke up and said, "You don't want a revival. I'm going to pack my suitcases and leave."

I told the Lord that I wanted a revival more than anything else in the world. He then began to show me that I had had criticism in my heart against an official in the Conference and that we should write him a letter asking forgiveness. I also asked the church to forgive me. With that a few drops of blessing fell.

Then He showed me that we must visit some homes where people felt we had mistreated them and ask forgiveness. After we had gone to the last home, my burden was lifting. We went back to the church and I went into a Sunday School room to pray.

I looked up and said, "Lord, take carnality out of my heart." I felt like the old stump puller was pulling the roots out! Then it was time for the service to begin.

I led the singing. We sang, "He abides; hallelujah, He abides with me!" The Spirit said, "Come over this way." There was nothing on that end of the platform; on the other end were the piano and chairs.

I said, "I'm leading the singing, I must stay here."

The third time the voice spoke I started for the corner. When I got my back to the crowd, the blessed Holy Fire fell from my head to my feet. What a wonderful experience!

It seemed that that was the beginning of the revival. It wasn't long until the church was swarming like bees, asking forgiveness and clearing the channel.

Source: "My Life Story" by Geraldine Susan French



## C. B. FUGETT

(Holiness Evangelist)

*[The following are selections that I have taken from C. B. Fugett's book, "Joseph's Little Coat." They are not to be taken in a chronological order, and they tell little about exactly HOW he was sanctified, but MUCH about the fact that he was sanctified, and was a strong advocate of the Second Work of Grace. -- DVM]*

I am about to have a spell. I will never forget the time that God delivered me from the people. They used to look like trees – the preachers, right here in this School. My, he sure is a big tree! But right over there, by a footlog, I got sanctified. The next day Brother Standley called up and wanted to know if I would speak before the teachers, all these preachers, and before Dr. M. G. Standley and Sister Standley. I said, "Sure, I will be glad to." Brother, I had touched a live wire the night before, and I didn't care any more.

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I was over in Richmond, Indiana, some time ago in a meeting. The pastor came and said, "Brother Fugett, I want you to come with me and see a doctor." "What for?" "I want you to talk to him about Holiness." I said to our dear brother, "Now that man wants to argue, and I have been caught in so many traps I am afraid to get in one." I have had women come over during camp meeting and ask me to go talk with unsaved husband, and say, "Pour it on." I would go there and talk to the young man and not mention religion one time. I got him out to hear me preach a few times. He said, "I figured the doctor wanted to argue. The pastor said, "This man has a hungry heart," and before I had been in that office one minute I discovered the doctor was a sincere man. He said, "Brother Fugett, I just prayed through and have been out making restitutions." And before I knew what I was doing, I was giving my experience, how I got sanctified. and he said, "I would give a million dollars for that." I said, "I imagine it would cost you more than that," and his eyes kind a bulged. "What do you mean, cost me more than that?" "You are a prominent surgeon in this city. You have lived in the best house, you go to the biggest church of this city, and you have gone out with the same crowd. Why, they might drop you like a hot potato if you got sanctified, if you come around the Holiness crowd." That night he was on the third seat from the front, and that night he hit the mourners' bench and got sanctified. Already the good people were shouting. I said, "Doctor, how do you like it?" "The best hour I have ever lived."

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The devil told me that if I gave up my job to preach Holiness I would starve to death; and I told the devil that if I preached anything it would be sky-blue Holiness. We began our work in this little mission

home and one day a revival broke out and a fine bunch of people prayed through. In the number was a bartender's wife by the name of Williams. He tended bar on Front Street at Catlettsburg. When his wife got converted, she cleaned house and broke up his card table and beer bottles. The bartender sent me word that if I ever put my foot in his house, it would be pitiful for me. But you know, my friends, God allows every preacher to have some severe trial in his life; and I believe if he makes it through over that test, he will make good. One day everything we had to eat all ran out at once. We didn't have anything for breakfast, and had nothing for lunch. This was the darkest day that I had ever lived since I had been converted! Along in the afternoon, I prayed that we starve to death and never tell it and keep the reproach off the Lord. They tell me before you die of starvation, you feel like you are full of good things. However, I hadn't gotten that far along and my stomach was growling like a dog.

I said, "Nellie, we are going up to see Mrs. Williams, the bartender's wife." You remember he had sent word never to put my foot in his house. We didn't any more than enter his home until the telephone rang, and I could tell from their conversation that he was coming home. My heart, that is supposed to be under my fifth rib, got to beating up in my neck. I prayed a little prayer about an inch long. I said, "O God. If he kicks me out of the house, help me to demonstrate the Spirit of Jesus!" About that time, he hit the door. His wife said, "This is Rev. Fugett and his wife." At once he began to curse me and bemean me, calling me vile names; but thank God, I was sanctified. There wasn't a ripple in my soul, and when he was through with his abuse, I said, "God bless you, Mr. Williams. Jesus loves you!" He went into the kitchen, sat down, and began to cry. His wife came in and said, "Brother Fugett, he is weeping – the first tears I have seen him shed in twenty years." She went back to the kitchen and he said, "Wife, I have to tell those good people good-bye!" He came in and asked my forgiveness, told me he was ashamed of himself, and that he believed in my kind of religion. As he shook my hand, he left \$5.00 in it, and also \$5.00 in my wife's hand. Friends, you can never know just how I felt! We hadn't had a bite to eat all day, and here God was using an old saloon keeper and had him a-bawling and giving us money! It seemed to me, when I saw that \$5.00 bill, someone pushed a button in my back. An electric current went from head to heel! I knew I was going to have a spell and I thought the best place to have it would be at home. I don't know how we got out of there.

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With this experience, we are saved from a man-fearing and a man-pleasing spirit. A shrinking from reproach, reasoning around the Cross. A studied effort to be nice, and avoid those terms and expressions which are likely to produce scorn and opposition. A readiness to excuse oneself from doing his whole duty to those of wealth or position.

Another result in the heart of a Holiness preacher is that he is saved from the love of human praise. A secret fondness to be noticed and a hurt feeling if unnoticed. Love of supremacy. Love of many friends and much conversation. Brethren, if we are not careful, we will become so taken up with the presence of a few certain special friends, until in our conversations the name of an absent one will be mentioned, and then his faults will be aired, and criticisms will be given, and we will become lean in our soul and will be powerless because of this very thing. And that leads me to another thought. If we have the Holy Ghost, we will not be envious against our brother...

Then again, may I say that Holiness will unite us. Brethren cannot kneel together before God without coming closer to each other. This experience makes jealousies and bickerings and strife and hatred impossibilities. If we remember the saying of our founder, Dr. Bresee, when he said, "We must keep the glory down," we will be a united ministry.

Source: "Joseph's Little Coat" by C. B. Fugett



## BLANCHE PERRY FUHRMAN

Sanctification is a cleansing from inbred sin. When we are converted God forgives every sin we ever committed and removes them as far as the East is from the West but there is still something in the heart which causes trouble. If the reader has been born again he will know what I mean. I think I can best illustrate that by my own testimony. Back on the farm after the Lord saved me that evening on the hillside my whole life was changed. I knew God and often had great times of fellowship in communion with Him. I did love Him and wanted very much to please Him. There was only one thing wrong – my temper.

About the time of my conversion my sister, Mae, who is just older than I, was saved, too. We took our stand for Christ in the home. We started returning thanks at the table for our food, which was something our family never did before. Then we felt we should establish family altar. We did so in the face of much opposition.

Soon two other sisters were saved and we helped each other stand for our convictions.

Usually where there is a large family there is likely to be a clashing of wills. Such was the case with Mae and me. Both of us had wills of iron. My sister always had her way – except when I had mine! Even though we were both genuinely converted and were a help to each other, sometimes our clashes were quite vehement. I shall relate one such incident.

One evening Mae and I were milking as usual, when something came up (I do not remember what). Anyway both of us lost our temper and she said, “You simply didn’t tell the truth!”

“I did so!” I said emphatically.

“You did not!” she said more emphatically.

“If anybody lied, you did!” I retorted.

One word followed another as anger heightened until we called each other ugly names. We suddenly came to ourselves and became very quiet. Then she said, “This is a pretty way for Christians to act.”

“I know it,” I answered meekly.

Ashamed, we finished the milking in silence and then asked another sister to take the milk into the house. She went one direction into the woods and I went another. Away from everyone else, I knelt by a stump and told God how sorry I was. I said, “Lord, if you’ll forgive me, I’ll never do it again.” And I meant it. Soon peace came back to my heart, and I emerged from the woods to find Mae with red eyes and a humble heart. Evidently she had prayed through, too.

All went well for a couple of weeks. One day Mae had just scrubbed the kitchen when I returned from hauling wood. It was raining and plenty of Kentucky clay was sticking to my feet. I removed my rubbers and set them inside the kitchen door.

“Get those things out of here!” Mae called in no uncertain tones.

“But they’ll get wet outside,” I protested.

“You heard what I said!” she cried with determination.

“I will not,” I simply stated, refusing to move. Whereupon she grabbed my rubbers and threw them outside in the mud.

“Now go get them,” she said triumphantly.

“I’ll not do it,” I said emphatically, then, changing my mind, I walked outside, picked up the rubbers and threw them into the kitchen. When I looked at Mae next she looked like I felt – rather chagrined.

We were ashamed. Finally Mae said, "Isn't there anything better in religion for us than this?"

Under an old apple tree that night I was ashamed to pray. I said, "Lord, I'm ashamed to ask forgiveness again. I've broken my promise. I just keep on acting ugly. Can't you give me something till I won't do this?" Again the dear Lord forgave me but as time went on, to my utter dismay I found myself having to repent bitterly for flares of unholy temper. Truly I found that "when I would do good evil was present with me," Rom. 7:21.

During my sophomore year in high school my sister was sanctified. I wondered if it would work, so tried to provoke her to anger (she doesn't know this), but there was such a change in her and she remained so sweet that I became convinced and hungry. However, the devil came along and said, "Now you live better than most of these folks and there is no need to humiliate yourself by going to a public altar. Just ask God for power to suppress the 'old man'." I had already tried that and it hadn't worked. I'd like to see anyone who preaches suppression of inbred sin live up to it! It can't be done!

Finally throwing away my pride I went to an altar at a camp meeting August 27, 1938, and told the dear Lord about my condition. I told Him I loved Him and wanted His will, but I couldn't love Him with all my spirit, soul, and mind unless I had something more. I asked Him to cleanse me of that thing which had betrayed Him so often. I became willing to do or be anything He asked. Then I dared take Him at His word. I believed Him to cleanse me and He did! I can testify to His glory that since that time there have been no outbreaks of unholy temper. I'm sure I deserve no credit but "For this purpose was the Son of man manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." I John 3:8. If He cannot cleanse us from evil temper then He died in vain. God did not take my temper out, but He did take the evil out of my temper. My sister will bear out my testimony that we have lived together without the former trouble since both of us have been sanctified. "Thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ!" (II Cor. 2:4.) We still do not always agree on everything, but we do not fuss.

Again, sanctification is a cleansing by the Holy Spirit. It is Divine love. No human being can live up to the first and second commandments without this experience of Divine love. Note: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind... and thy neighbor as thyself," (Matt. 22:37-39). That is a high standard. Many have said it is too high. I'm asking you, could God be consistent and command us poor frail human beings to live up to something impossible? No. It is true we can't do it in our own strength, but He can fix us up till we can do it. Friends, God can so fill you with divine love that you hold no grudges toward your neighbor. In your own family when one member does something unbecoming, the family doesn't broadcast it. For instance, imagine some mother at Ladies Aid saying, "Oh, have you heard about my Junior? Now I don't want my name in it but you know he was found drunk on the streets last week and he's been in jail ever since. I always thought his parents were nice people; surely it couldn't have been a fault of his training. If you tell it, please don't have my name in it.?" No, she would be so ashamed she would never mention it. Just so this second experience gives us a love for our neighbor that keeps us from delighting in his mistakes and gossiping about them. You need this experience to help you live up to I Cor. 13. In this glorious experience self dies and Jesus becomes our all. He rules our lives and enables us to fulfill His commandments.

In conclusion I might say this second experience of cleansing from sin and infilling of love is only the beginning. There are heights and depths unknown yet to be explored. Some have said, "Well, since you have been cleansed from all sin how could you sin again?" I ask you how Satan sinned in the beginning. He was created a perfect being. Also Adam had a perfect heart and he sinned. Just so can we if we yield our wills.

This gracious experience does not make us mature – it only makes us pure. Then by gradually keeping a check on ourselves, (or keeping our bodies under) reading God's Word, praying, and witnessing we

grow to be more and more like Him.

Source: “Deliverance From A Flash Flood” by Blanche Perry Fuhrman



## JOHN FURZ

(1717 – 1800)

(Methodist)

“Many years ago, when I was at Hornby, in Yorkshire, I had a violent illness. None about me expected I should ever recover. When to all appearance I was near death, Mr. Olivers sent Mr. Minethorpe to Hornby with a letter, to inform me he would come and preach my funeral sermon, and rejoice over me. The good women that sat round my bed said, ‘We never had a preacher die here before. We shall have a great company of people to hear the funeral sermon.’ I heard one of them say, ‘Now he is going.’ Meantime the cry of my heart was, ‘Lord, sanctify me now or never.’ In that instant I felt the mighty power of His sanctifying Spirit. It came down into my soul as a refining fire, purifying and cleansing from all unrighteousness. And from that instant I began to recover. But oh how slow of heart have I been to believe, and how hard to understand the deep things of God! Before my conversion, I thought, if I repented all my days, and was pardoned at last, it would be a great blessing. But when it pleased God to pardon me, I knew, ‘now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.’ But I had the same conceptions of sanctification that I had before of justification. I preached it as a slow gradual work. And while I did so, I gained no ground: I was easily provoked, which made me fear lest after I had preached to others I myself should be a castaway. But now, glory be to God, I feel no anger, no pride, no self-will: old things are passed away. All things are become new. Now I know, he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him!”

John Furz’ obituary was read in the Minutes of 1800: ‘JOHN FURZ, an aged servant of the Lord. He travelled many years in our Connexion, and was a zealous defender of our purest doctrines. His mental powers were so decayed that, for several years, he seemed sunk in second childhood: but he retained his piety, and closed his life in holy triumph, having fought the good fight of faith.’

Source: Originally from “Lives of Early Methodist Preachers” by Thomas Jackson



## MARY FRAZIER GADDIS

(Methodist)

Mary Frazier Gaddis, my beloved mother, departed this life October 10, 1889, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. She was of pious ancestry – the only daughter of Mr. Andrew Frazier, of Ireland. From childhood she was recognized as a member of the Seceders, and placed under the pastoral care of Mr. Knox. (John Knox?) At the age of ten she was convicted of sin, through the dying admonition of a devoted mother. But notwithstanding her connection with the church, she lived in its bosom a stranger to the “joy unspeakable,” -- resting in a regular attendance upon outward ordinances, until long after her marriage and emigration to America. While listening to the prayer of her son John, in secret in her behalf, she was aroused to a sense of her danger. About twelve o’clock, the same night, she was powerfully converted; and notwithstanding her former deep-rooted prejudices against the Methodists, in a short period after her conversion she obtained a certificate from the Seceders, and united herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Mr. Samuel Fitch’s, in Ohio. After her conversion she



manifested a tender sensibility for the mental improvement, and a deep, pious solicitude for the spiritual welfare of all her children. The writer of this article attributes the first religious impression, which finally resulted in his conversion to God, to her fervent prayers in secret and at the family altar.

In family affliction and distressing bereavement she was singularly resigned, ever reminding us of the language of the psalmist, "I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." Seven or eight years previous to her death, in the absence of all the members of her family, on New Year's day, she was found alone, like Jacob, wrestling with the angel of the covenant, for the blessing of perfect love, or what she then was pleased to call it, "A New Year's gift from heaven." Like Jacob, she prevailed, and was filled "unutterably full of glory and of God." Such was her burning love and zeal that, "in age and feebleness extreme," she was always glad when it was said, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." She lived to witness the triumphant death of her husband, and the conversion of all her children. She lived to witness the answer of her prayers in regard to her youngest child, who, like Samuel, was given by her to the Lord, and his entrance to the itinerant ministry. She lived to hear her grandchildren arise up and call her blessed.

At the close of the last conference I returned with haste, again to meet a mother's smile and receive a mother's blessing. We met on Wednesday morning, but it was for the last time. She conversed cheerfully with me until a late hour of the night. After retiring she was taken very ill with fever. The next morning, although very feeble, she arose and joined us in family devotion. In answer to the inquiry I made before my departure, -- for I still fondly hoped "her sickness was not unto death," -- "Mother, is Jesus precious unto you now?" -- she replied, with a smile, "Oh, yes, my child, he is all my trust." Although I was deprived of the melancholy pleasure of witnessing the closing scene, yet I have assurances from a beloved sister, who watched over her dying pillow, that in all her lucid moments she could give -- while her strength lasted -- cheering testimony that death was only about to release her happy spirit, to mingle with the redeemed in the purer joys of immortality forever--

"To the house of our Father above.  
The palace of angels and God."

A few days before I returned to this city, at twilight hour, I stood alone beside my mother's grave, and lowly kneeling, I renewed the solemn vow of my earlier youth, "that her people shall be my people, her God my God."

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



## M. P. GADDIS

(Methodist)

I was deeply impressed and clearly convinced; 1. Of the absolute necessity of holiness of heart, "without which none shall see the Lord." 2. The certainty of the attainment of a higher state of religious enjoyment; it being the "will of God, even my sanctification." 3. The simple manner of obtaining it -- by faith in the blood of Jesus Christ. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins." Without a moment's delay I resolved then and there, fully to trust the Lord; unwavering faith apprehended the effectiveness of the blood of Christ to "cleanse from all sin." My anxious and burdened soul cried out with vehemence, impatient to be free,

"Oh kill in this rebel sin,  
And reign in triumph o'er my willing heart."

In a moment I felt my heart melt like wax before the fire, and my eyes suffused in tears of joy. I then rose from my seat and walked about the room, exclaiming in an audible voice, "I am the Lord's! I am

the Lord's!" I then fell upon my knees, and made an offering of soul and body to God, in the following simple manner: "Here Lord, I bring to thee my poor, weakly body, and sin-polluted soul; take me, Jesus, just as I am."

At that moment the Holy Ghost pressed home, with power, the following interrogation: "Do you give up all?" Bringing to my recollection a "form of surrender," mentioned in Livy, where Egeus had inquired, "Are you the ambassadors sent by the people of Callatia, that you may yield up yourselves and the Callatine people?" It was answered "We are." And was again asked, "Are the Callatine people in their own power?" It was further inquired, "Do you deliver up yourselves, the people of Callatia, your city, your fields, your waters, your bounds, your temples, your utensils – all things that are yours, both divine and human, into mine and the people of Rome's power?" They say, "We deliver up all." And he answered, "So I receive you."

After repeating these words several times, I said, "Now, O my God, I would in like manner deliver up all, my soul and body; all, all – no longer mine, but thine, to all eternity. Wilt Thou now receive me?" The Holy Spirit then immediately whispered in my heart, in sweetest accents, "Yes, I now receive you." I instantly rose up from my prostrate position on the floor, and exclaimed with emphasis, "I am the Lord's forever! I am the Lord's forever! I am the Lord's forever!"

I then concluded I would go up stairs and make a record of this most solemn transaction between God and my soul, in my journal, calling to my recollection the striking words of the prophet, "One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

On entering my bedroom, I found that brother C. had retired to rest, wondering in his own mind, as he afterward informed me, what should have detained me so long. My only reply was, that, "my poor soul was inexpressibly happy." He then remarked, "I think, brother Gaddis, you had better come to bed soon, as the room is cold, and you will injure your health by sitting up so late, when so much indisposed." I then very deliberately unlocked the book-case, and took out my journal, determined, by the help of God, not to give sleep to my eyes, nor slumber to my eyelids till I should make the long-promised dedication of myself to God, in writing.

The tempter now assaulted me in a powerful manner, for the first time during the whole transaction, and suggested that I had better defer it till the morning, and, as I could not recollect the day of the month, the covenant would not be binding. I listened but for a moment, and then replied, "Get behind me, Satan, for thou art an offense unto me." Blessed be God, Satan was bruised under my feet, and I was left in quiet possession of the victory, so unexpectedly obtained. I then, with much deliberation, inquired of brother C. for the correct time, and after having been assured that I was right, I made the following record, without a single moment's premeditation:

"Half-past ten o'clock on this, the evening of the fifth day of December, year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty nine -- I dedicated my soul and body anew, a living sacrifice unto God: and reckon myself indeed dead to sin and alive to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, from this time henceforth and forever, living or dying to be the Lord's.

"My life and blood I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent." "Amen!"  
MAXWELL P. GADDIS

After the signing of the solemn covenant, I hastened to bed. I felt that I had accomplished at last what I had so long most ardently desired. I also felt an inward satisfaction which I never experienced before. I could not sleep. My mind was impressed in a way and manner unknown before. After some time had elapsed, I remarked to brother C. that I was dying, but that I was not alarmed. He then remarked, that from the moment I entered the room and told him I was so happy, his own emotions had been very

peculiar. I recollect that he wept as he talked of the state of his feelings.

For a little season my frail body seemed to sink, and I was as cold apparently as if the vital spark had fled; but, on a sudden, the power of the Most High overshadowed me; my whole frame shook as if I had been seized with a severe fit of the ague. This feeling was of but short continuance; the Holy Ghost resuscitated my feeble frame, and filled my soul unutterably full of glory and of God. My physical powers were strengthened in a most wonderful manner, and I shouted aloud for joy upon my bed. For a short time I was perfectly overwhelmed with a sense to me as if the frail casket would break, and my disinthralled spirit

“Return on swiftest wing,”

to mingle with the “blood-washed,” before the throne. I cried out in the fullness of my soul, “O, yes, it is done! I am my Lord’s and he is mine – for ever, for ever, for nevermore! Brother C. the ‘record’ is at last made – the great transaction is finished -- I am now the Lord’s, and he is mine! Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time henceforth and for ever. Amen and amen.”

I then thought of a dream which the Rev. Bishop Hamline had concerning me, a few nights previous, that seemed to have made a deep impression on his own heart. He stated that in his dream “he saw me die suddenly while standing in the altar at Wesley Chapel.” Referring to his dream in my ecstasy, I exclaimed, “O yes, brother H., I am indeed dying – yea, I am now dead – but I am dying unto sin. Glory, hallelujah! Amen. I now reckon myself dead unto sin, but alive unto God. The dead praise Him not, but the living shall praise Him as I do this day.

I’ll praise my maker while I’ve breath,  
And when my voice is loss in death,  
Praise shall my nobler powers employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

Source: “Pioneer Experiences”



## J. RUSSELL GARDNER

(Nazarene)

J Russell Gardner was a gifted preacher and served as Dean of the School of Religion at Olivet Nazarene College.

Reared in a Christian home, I was early led to the church of my parents’ choice, namely the United Evangelical ... some years later, while reading a sermon by Charles H. Spurgeon ... the true method of salvation by faith only dawned upon me ... The secret of justification by faith alone, at long last, was now my own.

But a still deeper lesson in the school of faith was yet awaiting me. Up until that time, I had heard nothing of the doctrine of entire sanctification. Nor did I, until some years later, when in the autumn of 1910 a holiness evangelist by the name of Joseph B. Diehl began a revival meeting at our home Evangelical church. Upon my first hearing of this strange, new teaching, there was not only no resentment, but there was a positive, spontaneous conviction that here was something that I needed and wanted...

But I found that it took more than a tear-stained altar to meet my need. It took understanding; it took truth; it took grace; it took a new revelation of Christ to my heart. And this, for me, required time. I needed re-education in Scripture as well as reconstruction in theology. My difficulties seemed to be more intellectual than moral. It was not my unwillingness to let go that which was sinful so much as

my inability to grasp that which was tangible. It was not so much a problem of detachment as one of attachment. I needed a reasonable foundation for my faith, a coherent account of the redemptive plan which would include my personal sanctification.

Assisting toward this new enlightenment was a volume I prize most highly to this present day, Wood's Perfect Love ... Just how and when was this divine baptism to be appropriated? And here Dr. S. A. Keen, with his lucid expositions in his Faith Papers and Pentecostal Paper, came to my relief. He showed me how to receive. Employing an analogy between natural and spiritual baptism, he said, "Now just as when you are baptized in water, you commit the whole undertaking to the minister baptizing you, so now commit your soul into the hands of Jesus as your baptizer with the Holy Ghost and Fire, and you will see what will happen very soon." Having been immersed in water, I caught the point of the analogy at once, and looking up by faith once more I said, "Lord Jesus, I do receive You now as my Baptizer with the Holy Ghost."

No sooner had the faith latent in this confession ascended than the Spirit of God in sanctifying and illuminating power descended. Quietly, yet pungently, He went through my heart like a refiner's fire. And although there was neither "mighty rushing wind," earthquake, nor storm, I knew from a still, sweet voice within that the Comforter had come. And I may humbly add to the glory of His name that the lowly habitation which the Divine Occupant assumed that night has not been abandoned by Him for these thirty and six years. And it is my confident faith that He will remain with me, even "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Source: "Living Flames of Fire" by Bernie Smith



## JOHN GARRICK

In a little journal which came to my attention sometime ago from London, England, I found the testimony of one, brother John Garrick, under the caption of "A Complete Deliverance." I greatly enjoyed this testimony and am passing it on to others. In connection with it I wish to call attention to one very important statement. Brother Garrick witnesses with reference to his experience in regeneration, "Sin did not reign in my life, but it existed." This statement of the truth is really classical.

Brother Garrick's testimony follows:

The sainted Fletcher of Madeley says, "When you are solemnly called upon to bear testimony to the truth and to say what great things God has done for you, it would be cowardice or false prudence not to do it with humility." I was born again when eighteen years of age, and a great change was wrought in my life by the Spirit of God. Such a fountain of joy was opened in my heart that it utterly extinguished the desire for all I had formerly found pleasure in. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Old things had passed away, all things had become new. I had passed from death unto life. My entry into the Christian experience was so satisfactory to me that I imagined the work of God in my soul was complete; that sin had not only been forgiven, but destroyed. However, I was soon to find my mistake. I was an out-and-out Christian and very earnest and sincere in my service. I wished to be a useful member in the church, but soon I became conscious of the presence of a "mixed multitude" in my inner being.

There were hankerings for the things of Egypt, murmurings against God because of a dissatisfied experience, and passionate longing for the promised land. *Sin did not reign in my life, but it existed.* It had been subdued but not removed. The old man had been bound but not cast out and spoiled of his goods. I continued like this for eighteen months, when Mr. T. Lamb Scott came to address some meetings in connection with the Pentecostal League of Prayer which were being held in the Mission I was attending. He preached complete deliverance from sin and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire

to meet the entire need of man. In response to his appeal I claimed the blessing and, to the glory of God, I humbly testify that God has sanctified me wholly. He has baptized me with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Hallelujah!

To all the world I dare avow

That Jesus sanctifies me now.

For me to describe what I then realized is utterly impossible. Jesus became a mighty reality. He became all-in-all, the altogether lovely One, the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley. Hallelujah! Glory! I have cause to shout over the work of that eventful day. During the seventeen years that have since passed, God has stood by and helped me. I have had varying circumstances to test the genuineness of my submission and the saving power of God, and I can truthfully say I know “the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth from all sin.”

Source: A Holiness Manifesto by C. W. Butler



## DAVID GAY

(Methodist)

In the year 1855 I was led to the Saviour, and received the forgiveness of sins. The instruments in my conversion were my Sabbath-school and my devoted father.

The year following I was led to discover that I needed a greater blessing than I had as yet obtained. I longed to be made perfect in love. I was brought more forcibly to see my need of a deeper work of grace from the hearing of a sermon preached by Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, D. D., the former editor of “Zion’s Herald.” I shall always believe that I did, at that time, experience the blessing of sanctification; but it was soon lost, and nearly forgotten.

Since then my life had been very wavering. I have never entirely backslidden, nor have I ever felt a disposition to give up the struggle against “the world, the flesh, and the devil;” but there been “fightings without, and fears within;” temptations strong, which have often overcome; and my life to me, at least, was a standing proof that the roots of sin remained within me. Oh, how many, many times have I painted for the “living streams,” -- for something which I had not!

When I was first converted, I felt it a duty to proclaim Christ in capacity of a minister of the Gospel. Having emigrated to Illinois, I promised God, among strangers, to serve Him more faithfully. At the age of seventeen, I began to exhort; about six months afterward I was licensed to preach; and, in six months more, became a member of the Illinois Conference, in the bounds of which I still labor. Sometimes during my ministry I have had such success, and witnessed many conversion to Christ; but I have always felt, even in the midst of revival, that I needed greatly to have inscribed on my banner, “Holiness to the Lord.” During the past two years, my mind has been more exercised on this subject than ever before; and I resolved never to rest satisfied short of its attainment.

I then sent for “The Guide,” and read works on holiness more than ever before. At one time last year, I established weekly meetings especially for the consideration of this subject. They were very interested for awhile, but failed, for the want of a leader, -- one who could teach from their own personal experience.. Having obtained Mrs. Palmer’s little work on “Entire Devotion,” I sat down to peruse its pages, praying that God might make it a blessing to my soul. When I came to the “Covenant,” I paused, resolved not to cease pleading, until the blessing was obtained.

Thank God, he heard my prayer. It was proposed immediately to my mind, “Why not now believe?”

Have you not doubted long enough?" I said, "Lord, I will believe." Then it was suggested, "Do you now believe God has accepted the sacrifice?" was again suggested. I said, "Lord, Thou hast promised to accept: how can I disbelieve Thy word? For Thou never didst deceive me." Again the Spirit prompted, "Will you believe without the sensible emotions being given?" "Yea, Lord," I cried; "I take Thee at Thy word: Thou hast said Thou wilt accept. I do believe I am accepted, and leave it to Thy own good pleasure when to give the evidence."

Oh, then, what a sweet peace came over my soul! I realized that God had accepted me, and that all was well, whether any other evidence was given or not. God was not long in giving me the full assurance that I was entirely His. I sat down to copy the "Covenant" in my diary; resolved to make it my own as far as it conformed to my circumstances. When I was writing these to me ever-memorable words, -- "My body I lay upon Thy altar, O Lord! That it may be a temple of the Holy Spirit to dwell in; from henceforth I rely upon Thy promise, that Thou wilt live and walk in me; believing as I now surrender myself," -- God broke in, like a flood, upon my soul, and heavenly joy rested down upon me. Glory be to God!

"Oh, happy bond that sealed my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!"

God blesses me daily. It is now over seven weeks since I was made the recipient of this great blessing. I can truly say, not a cloud doth arise between me and my God. The devil tempts me sorely; but I have no disposition to yield; his darts lie harmless at my feet. May God keep me in such perfect peace! And He will so long as my mind is stayed on Him. Oh, that my dear people here in this fold might receive the like precious gift!

Source: "Pioneer Experiences"



## KRIKOR GAYJIKIAN

(While a Student at God's Bible School)

While in my country and my travels through the different towns, I used to hear a great many sermons, but we never had an altar call, as we have in this country. More than that, I was taught and sincerely believed that when one was saved, he had the Holy Spirit. After a time when the people here in this country asked me whether I was sanctified, I answered them that I was. My trouble was, I was looking to the people and saw their lives, and that they were up and down, in and out, in their experiences and I was sure that they were bound, but I was free to testify and do anything for the Lord that He asked me to do. But one day I began to pray like David, "O Lord, search my heart." I was excused from classes and from my work, and spent the time in my room alone praying. During this time the Lord gave me these promises:

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." Matt. 5:6.

"If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Luke 11:13.

"He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his inmost being (R.V.) shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of his spirit, which they who had believed on him should receive, for the Holy Spirit was not yet given." John 7:38-39.

"Sanctify them in thy truth; thy word is truth." (R.V.) John 17:17.

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body

be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.” I Thess. 5:23

“Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.” I Thess 5:24.

“Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.” Mark 11:24.

“But 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.” I John 1:7.

After praying from in the morning and fasting, all these promises were given me, and about three o’clock I started in to pray and claim the promises, and at 3:05 p. m. the Lord sanctified me in room No. 12, in the boys’ dormitory. Previous to this time there was a question came up before me; I was not so sure about the work being done; but then and there the question was taken away. Then I could say with Paul, “Knowing this, that our old man is crucified, that the body of sin might be destroyed.” Romans 6:6. Then I received perfect love, perfect peace, perfect joy, perfect satisfaction. This was real; no more doubts and fears.

Source: “Martyred Armenia and The Story of My Life” by Kirkor Gayjikian



## CHARLES A. GIBSON

(Nazarene)

In the year 1925 the Ohio Nazarenes needed a superintendent. At that time the district consisted of 52 struggling churches with a membership of 2,222 spread over the western two-thirds of the state. General Superintendent J. W. Goodwin, having jurisdiction, selected Rev. C. A. Gibson, a hustling minister from Fresno, California.

The Gibsons, with their two sons and two daughters, located in Columbus, Ohio’s capital city. Here in 1924 a district tent meeting with Bud Robinson as evangelist had been held with success. Action had been taken to purchase a camp meeting grounds on the north side of the city, and upon Brother Gibson’s arrival it was completed. Today this is one of the leading holiness camp meetings in America.

For eighteen years and four months Rev. C. A. Gibson invested some of the most successful years of his life in the work of establishing the Church of the Nazarene in the Buckeye State. When he closed his work among the Ohioans in November, 1943, he had organized 165 new churches and the district membership totaled over 14,000. One year the district reported a net gain of 1,028 members,. Another year 18 new churches had been organized. And mark you, this was, achieved mostly in the depression years, when money was hard to obtain.

The question comes to the reader. How did this, Indiana-born man called Gibson do it? Ah, therein lies the genius of pioneering. Economic reactions of the first world war had settled in one of America’s most highly industrialized states. Empty store buildings were available everywhere. Many of the Ohio churches began in this type of building. On one occasion Gibson sent a young minister to a certain town to establish a church. Some time later he saw the youth and asked him, “How are you getting on over there?” He answered, “O Brother Gibson, there is nothing open in that town except a store building, and who can start a church in such a place?” With this remark the superintendent went over the list of churches and found he had organized some 140 of them in store buildings. Today these congregations are well housed in sanctuaries.

Charles A. Gibson -- “Man of Challenge” -- was, born at Greensburg, Indiana, February 23, 1888. Coming from a pioneer family with a Baptist background, young Mr. Gibson felt his place in life was

to be a schoolteacher, and he was preparing in this field when the Lord interrupted the plans. As a youth of twenty summers, he and a neighbor lad were out cutting stovewood. The conversation drifted to water baptism and the lad took issue with Gibson. To prove his, point the woodcutter went into the house and began to leaf through the Bible. As he did so the Lord opened scriptural truths to young Gibson until he got down on his, knees by the kitchen chair there and alone in earnest prayer he found Christ as his Redeemer. Later under the ministry of Rev. K. Hawley Jackson in the Holiness, Christian church at Hartsville, Indiana, C. A. Gibson was sanctified.

So upon the call of the Lord the schoolteacher turned holiness evangelist, working with such worthies as N. B. Herrell and K. Hawley Jackson. About that time “Uncle Bud” Robinson came to the First Church of the Nazarene, Indianapolis, for a revival. Gibson went to hear him and was puzzled to note that a man with so much wit and humor could fill an altar with seekers, but he did. The Spirit of the Lord was on the famous Texas evangelist and this had a persuading influence in Charles Gibson’s becoming a Nazarene.

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



## JOHN WESLEY GOODWIN

1869 – 1945

(Nazarene General Superintendent 1916-1945)

Visualize a pioneer New England home in Maine, in a farming community of the early settlers. Note a small frame building sixteen by thirty feet on one acre of land, on a country road with the usual pine forest surrounding. Down the lane, one and a quarter miles, the small, country schoolhouse accommodated ten or a dozen pupils. A few miles in another direction stood the country village of Berwick. Here in this humble spot, typically early American, John Wesley Goodwin first saw the light of day on March 13, 1869...

While John W. Goodwin was at Dover attending business college, the Baptist Church began their January revival. His professor was a good Christian man and a member of that church. Through his invitation, John attended the opening service. The weather was rather stormy and it was snowing quite a little. Only a few people were out for the first service. The evangelist came to him and asked if he were a Christian. The reply was in the negative. Whereupon the evangelist said, “You want to be, I am sure.” To which John replied, “Of course, and I expect to be some day.”

This gave the evangelist courage, who pressed the question for a decision that night, but his stubborn will flatly refused and becoming provoked at his insistency, John walked out of the church. The professor tried in vain to get him to attend the revival but John refused. The pastor, whom John esteemed very highly, came to see him and by every kind word, endeavored to persuade him to attend the meetings which were now drawing large crowds, and many were being converted. But there was no turning John’s mind. The last Sunday came John decided to attend this last service. It was a service which he could never forget. At the close of the short message, the evangelist asked all who had been converted in the meetings to stand. He counted over two hundred who stood to their feet. As John sat there looking at that company of young men and women, in his heart he wished he also were among them. The evangelist, as he walked down the aisle, looked at John and with a nod of recognition, passed on. John walked home to his room at Laura’s house under awful conviction. He tried in vain to sleep, but his thoughts were much too serious for sleep. He rolled and tumbled, for his bed was like sticks and stones beneath him. At last John made a pledge with God, that, as soon as he got home he would give his heart to Christ. Strange as it may seem, he soon fell asleep. He had no more trouble the



rest of the last term. He was happy and finished school in peace. He reached home on Friday night and passed the day Saturday, meeting and greeting old friends. Sunday morning found John at church, but he had no sooner entered the church than he was confronted with his pledge, and deep conviction gripped him with iron teeth.

At the evening service, he was in great trouble of mind and heart. Elder Briggs, the pastor, who was a very kind and thoughtful man, saw clearly the boy's trouble; and while John did not respond to the kind invitation to seek the Lord, after the closing of the service the pastor came to him and said, "Johnny, you are under conviction. You must seek the Lord."

John replied, "You're right. I am under conviction and I really want to be a Christian."

The pastor said, so tenderly, "Let us go to the front now."

"No," said John, "when I make the start, I want to have courage enough to do so when the crowd of young people shall know my decision."

"Then," said the pastor, "we are to have a meeting in the schoolhouse Wednesday evening and the place will be filled. That will be a good time for you."

John agreed to the proposition and kept his promise. He did not remember the text or the words of the pastor's discourse, but was determined to go through with this proposition. When the call was made John was the first to stand to his feet. He was near the front and it did not take him long to reach the front and kneel at the bench. It was so dark within he seemed to be paralyzed with fear. He could not pray or make one step in advance. Elder Briggs dealt with him very kindly, but could not prevail in securing a word of prayer.

After some time he said, "The crowd will become impatient. I must close but wife is away. You come home with me and we will pray it out if it takes all night."

"That suits me," John replied, "but I want to know. I must have an experience that I know about. I want to know my sins are forgiven and when I am really converted."

On reaching his home and entering the front room, the pastor placed two chairs in the center and said, "Now, my boy, we are going to know." John could never forget his prayer and falling tears as the pastor placed one hand on John's back and the other on the chair, as they knelt together. It was so dark within that it seemed it must be dark in the room. The pastor talked and reasoned with John. Finally he said, "My boy, open your mouth, cry mightily for pardon." But John insisted that he did not know how to pray or what to say. "Pray the publican's prayer," he said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." As John opened his mouth and began to pray those words, the heavy burden rolled away. He felt at peace with God, but the light, the clear witness, did not seem sufficient. This man of God knew the way. He insisted that John must now believe and hold steady in faith, for the promise could not fail. "His Spirit witnesseth with our spirit," but our spirit must be true to the promise in faith. John finally concluded to rest the witness with God, walk by faith, true to the promise. It was now in the early morning hours. The pastor then kindly took John home with his horse and buggy and as they reached the clearing, the Goodwin home was well in view. The pastor left him to finish the rest of the way home. Holding steadfast to the promise, as he stepped from the buggy to the ground, the light broke into his soul, the witness was clear. He was indeed a child of God. This was in June, 1887...

In the fall of 1892, he received a call from the Church at Acushnet. This was a small country church, paying only four or five dollars a week ... One day an unhappy experience came to his home when Mr. Goodwin spoke unkindly to his wife, for which, in great humility, he begged pardon. Mrs. Goodwin forgave and with a parting kiss said, "Just forget it." But he could not forget it. He went to his study and kneeling before an old chair, poured out his heart in sorrow. He had found something in his heart that

was not sweet. After much prayer the smile of God came back, but the most serious question in his thought was, “Must I always live in danger of that thing breaking loose in my soul? Is there no way of deliverance?” He soon learned that this Rev. Mr. Burch of Providence, a few miles from Acushnet, was to speak on “Holiness Versus Fanaticism” in the great Boston Convention. He had been to a holiness camp meeting and professed the second blessing. Some had called it fanaticism and he was now to clear himself. He took for his text I Thessalonians 5:23. He said nothing about fanaticism but he did preach to prove and explain holiness and gave great emphasis on being filled with the Holy Spirit and Fire. Mr. Goodwin’s heart was hungry and he opened it to receive every word. There he made a covenant with God that if God could find him worthy and would give him that blessing, he would face the storm and preach it, if need be in poverty with patches on his clothes. God instantly took him at his word and dropped into his soul in blessed sweetness.

At the close of that service, several preachers give Mr. Goodwin serious caution not to get mixed up with such doctrine, but they were too late. John Goodwin had the blessing ... later ... Mr. Goodwin united with the Church of the Nazarene...

Source: “John W. Goodwin – A Biography” by Asa Everette Sanner



## ADONIRAM JUDSON GORDON

(Baptist)

Adoniram Judson’s worthy and well-known namesake, the late Rev. Adoniram Judson Gordon, who, a prominent Baptist minister of this state once said to us, is regarded as the soundest divine of that Church in the North, has left his testimony on record. It is true that he may not have said in so many words that this was his experience, but he gave it as his opinion that one could thus be saved by the baptism of the Spirit and Fire, and supported his position and illustrated his view with the experience of others. A good part of his “Twofold Life” is devoted to work of this kind. In commenting on the experience of Madame Guyon, he says:

“The fruit of this divine baptism is what it will specially interest us to seek. And this was immediate and blessed. Will the Spirit that cleanseth us from sinfulness also keep us from sinning? Is a question which is asked with the most painful solicitude by the tempted, oft defeated, and well-nigh despairing believer. The Scriptures certainly give some very strong and explicit promises on this point ‘Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh,’ says the apostle ... ‘In him is no sin; whosoever abideth in him sinneth not,’ writes the apostle John. If we were in such unbroken communion with him that there were an unceasing flow of the divine life through our souls, sin would be overborne, quenched, and destroyed. The experience of perpetual walking with God and perpetual abiding in Christ is the one into which the Holy Ghost is seeking to bring the believer. And it is certainly reasonable to expect that a marked endowment of the Holy Ghost would issue in definite experience of overcoming.”

Dr. Gordon then quotes the following from Madame Guyon's experience to prove that such may be realized by us: “I found no more those troublesome faults or that reluctance to duty which formerly characterized me. They all disappeared like chaff in a great fire.” And if, after that, as Dr. Gordon says, she “in her life shone like a seraph and obeyed like an angel,” her quoted statement of experience must have been true. For the same purpose he then quotes from the experience of St. Theresa, of Spain: “From the time that the Lord granted me this grace, I was saved from all in faults and my miseries [those that are spiritual]. I had power given me to become indeed free.”

Source: “Scriptural Sanctification” by John R. Brooks



## B. W. GORHAM

(Methodist)

In the summer of 1844, a Camp Meeting was held near the village where I was pastor, in Oneida County, New York. The presiding elder was absent, and a great amount of responsibility fell on me as the consequence.

As the meeting progressed, from day to day, very little good seemed to be achieved; but my own hands were so tied, and my attention so absorbed with the cares incident to it, that I experienced a growing depression of spirit.

The Sabbath was a day of special perplexity and mental distress. There were many rude and disorderly persons on the ground, and there seemed an utter want of spiritual power in the ministry and the church, to control the boisterous elements. A determined and almost desperate effort of the committee for order, resulted, however, in driving the evil-minded ones from the place, and restoring complete quiet.

When this was accomplished, and I found myself relieved of the anxiety and care that had weighted so heavily upon me, I began to feel great pain of heart at the reflection that, much as I had toiled to make the meeting a success, my own soul had scarce received a crumb of grace, through all its services, and this was the last night. I longed then to be alone with God, and pour out all my sorrows before Him.

In a remote part of the ground was a small tent, in which were a number of persons, engaged in prayer meeting. I stole quietly in and bowed myself down in prayer. It was my aim to be unnoticed, for I felt that no one of the company could apprehend my feelings of inward desolation, or at all appreciate my depth of self-loathing and yearning after God.

I remained kneeling, I suppose, two or three hours, and my exercises were throughout much as if there were a dialogue being held between my soul and Jesus. As I began to utter myself to God, in prayer, I found a sad delight in telling him my weakness, and failures, and sins, and in recognizing the utterness of my native pollution, wretchedness, and helplessness. But in the process of self-loathing and contrition, I had been almost unconsciously drawing nigh to God, and I soon came to be aware of the drawings of God's Spirit, in a marked degree.

Then began a process of distinct and heart-felt surrender, by which I gave up in detail the objects I held dear. They seemed to present themselves to me one by one, or in classes, and I saw that God required me to hand them forth to Him, and divest myself of all feelings of right or ownership in them, acknowledging, from the depth of my spirit, God sole proprietor of all. Meantime, all my habits of life, all my modes of thought, and all my motives, passed in review, under the blazing light that was in my soul; and there was felt, and in the course of the evening expressed the utmost readiness and depth of desire to shape my whole future life upon the pattern of self-denial and cross-bearing fidelity which the Holy Spirit seemed to present before me.

Thus one point after another was settled; and, at every "Yes," my soul drew consciously nearer and nearer to God; till presently, I found I had nothing more to surrender. I felt a degree of regret that I could give no more, and searched all about in quest of another offering, but in vain, and I exclaimed, with some disappointment, "Is this all?" I had seen the time when I thought I could ill afford to surrender all my great interests into the hands of God; but now that the offering had been laid on the altar, I was astonished at the smallness of the gift. "Will God regard it?" thought I, "that God before whom Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beast thereof sufficient for a burnt offering?"

But, now, what more was to be done? I was fully conscious that all my being was rendered up to God, a living sacrifice; but where were the striking emotional experiences that, in the case of so many of my elder brethren, had constituted, as I had always inferred from their manner of relating it, the one essential fact of their experience of full salvation? Nothing of all that – absolutely nothing appeared in my own case. After a little I said “What next?” and I waited, looking steadfastly to Jesus, that I might receive divine light in the manner God should appoint.

While thus waiting, this scripture came to my thought and I repeated it: “I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.” “Do I not thus present myself a sacrifice to God?” I asked, and at once replied, “I know I do.” “If then,” said I, further soliloquizing, “it is acceptable, will it not be accepted?” I was consciously strengthened by the word of God, thus applied, to hold on in my waiting and inquiring attitude.

Next came this, “Then shall ye seek me, and ye shall find me when ye search for me with all your heart.” I asked, “Do I not search for God with all my heart?” and answered, “I know I do. No part of my heart is laggard in this search, and no truant affection wanders toward a counter object.” “Ye shall find me,” seemed now to bring me additional strength to trust and wait before God.

Finally came this, “Wherefore come out from among them, and ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.” I asked myself again the test question, “Do I thus come out from the world, and from whatever there is of the world in the Church, to stand alone with Christ and in Christ?” “Yes, I know I do.” But God says in the text, “I will receive you.” “Does He receive me or does He not?” I saw I must answer in my heart one way or the other. I said, “I am, indeed, unworthy that God should do this great thing for me, but then, He cannot be inconsistent with Himself; He commanded me thus to give myself to Him; He gave me the desire to do it, the light to do it, and the power to do it. So He has wrought in me to will and to do of His own good pleasure in this whole matter. Will He then refuse to receive me? No, He cannot deny Himself.”

Then I began to say very quietly and solemnly, “Thou dost receive me!” I repeated the words many times, simply to honor God’s faithfulness, and not at all with the view to note what result, if any, might come to my emotional nature. As I thus continued to say, “Thou dost receive me,” I became conscious of an increase of strength to assert the gracious truth; but beyond that there was no emotional change. I arose at length, and went to my rest, still repeating, “Thou dost receive me.”

Just there, so far as emotion was concerned, *I remained for several weeks*. I had no ecstatic joy; none of the raptures of which I had heard so much. I found that I had the fact of salvation--not yet the joy. A sense of weakness, not wholly depressing, continually abode with me; but from the hour – the moment, when I dared to say, “Thou dost receive me,” I was completely saved.

After about two weeks, during which the Lord taught me many valuable lessons touching the exceeding worth of purity above joy, so that I came to prize and covet only that; then He was pleased, and has been pleased, from time to time, ever since, to bestow on His unworthy servant most blissful and enrapturing tokens of His love.

From the date of the experience here briefly told, to the present hour, my interest has been deep and constant in the spread of the doctrine and experience of holiness in the earth. The flame that was then kindled, burns now in my soul, and I know that, whatever there has been in my life or ministry of power to honor God and save souls, is to be attributed to the work wrought that night in my soul, and to the repeated baptisms of love and power with which God has been pleased to crown my life in the years that have followed.

See yon rock amidst the ocean,  
How the billows storm and rage!  
Fearless of their mad commotion,  
Firm it stands from age to age.

Tempest after tempest rages,  
All their fury is in vain:  
Still it stands -- "The Rock of Ages,"  
Rock of Ages, to remain.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences"



## HENRY DORSEY GOUGH

(Early American Methodist)

*How The Unhappy Rich Man Found The Methodists' God*

In the month of April, 1775, Mr. Asbury first preached to Mr. Henry Dorsey Gough, of Maryland, on which occasion he was convinced by the truth. A gentleman of Bristol, England, had left Mr. Gough, by will, an estate in land, houses, and money, valued at sixty or seventy thousand pounds. He had married a sister of General Ridgely (afterwards Governor Ridgely). His mansion, called Perry Hall, was on the Bel Air Road, twelve miles from Baltimore, and was one of the most spacious and elegant in America at that time. In the midst of all this wealth and worldly grandeur he was unhappy.

It has been stated that Mrs. Gough had been brought to serious reflection by hearing the Methodists preach, and had been forbidden by her husband to hear them any more. One evening he and his companions were drinking and trying to bless themselves with the pleasures of sin, when one of them said, "Come, let us go and hear the Methodist preacher." This was to be an opportunity for new diversion to them. They went, and Mr. Asbury was the preacher. On leaving the place of worship one of the company said, "What a heap of nonsense we have heard to night." But Mr. Gough, who had been convicted under the sermon, replied, "No, what we have heard is the truth as; it is in Jesus." His prejudice against the Methodists was now removed, and he could say to his companion, "My dear, I shall never hinder you again from hearing the Methodists." This was an agreeable declaration to her.

So deep was his distress on account of sin, that he was near destroying himself; but God mercifully preserved him. It is related of him that he rode over to one of his plantations, one day while under sore distress of soul, where he heard the voice of prayer and thanksgiving, to which he listened, and found that it was a colored man, a poor slave that had come from a near plantation, and was praying with his slaves; and thanking God most fervently for his goodness to his soul and body. The prayer took a deep hold on Mr. Gough's feelings, and he exclaimed, "Alas! O Lord, I have my thousands and tens of thousands, and yet, ungrateful wretch that I am, I never thanked thee as this poor slave does, who has scarcely clothes to put on or food to satisfy his hunger."

In the height of his distress, one day, when a number of friends were at his house, he left his company and retired to his closet to pour out his full soul in prayer. While on his knees, imploring the mercy of God, he received the answer from his Lord, of conscious pardon and peace. In a transport of joy, he went to his company exclaiming, "I have found the Methodists blessing! I have found the Methodists God!"

From: Stevens' M. E. History

Asbury's usefulness in the Baltimore Circuit at this time had permanently important results. He gathered into the young Societies not a few of those influential families whose opulence and social position gave material strength to Methodism through much of its early history in that city, while their exemplary devotion helped to maintain its primitive purity and power. Henry Dorsey Gough and his family were distinguished examples.

#### Selections From Bishop Asbury's Journal

APRIL 13, 1803 – We parted with the elders at Perry Hall. I had preached to on 2 Cor. 12:9-10. We rode on to Deer Creek, and halted for the night with Harry Watters. My mind is in a great calm after the tumult of a Baltimore Conference, and the continual concourse of visitors and people to which my duty subjected me. I have felt deeply engaged, and much self-possession; indeed, age, grace, and the weight and responsibility of one of the greatest charges upon earth ought to make me serious. In addition to this charge of the superintendent, to preach, to feel, and to live perfect love! The promise of the year is great, in the fruits of the earth, and in the church of God. Glory and honor be unto the Lord...

The zealous conversation and prayers of Mr. Gough seem to move and melt the hearts of the people more than my preaching does. Lord, send by whom thou wilt: only end to the conviction and salvation of immortal souls. At this time Christ is all in all to me. My heart is sweetly occupied by his gracious Spirit.”

MAY 3, 1808 – We arrived at Perry Hall. Truly we came to the house of mourning; the master is dying. I saw and touched his dying body. Later Mr. Gough died. When the corpse was moved, to be taken into the country for interment, many of the members of the General Conference walked in procession after it to the end of the town. Henry Dorsey Gough professed more than thirty years ago to be converted and sanctified; that he did depart from God is well known, but it is equally certain that he was visibly restored. As I was the means of his first turning to God, so was I also of his return and restoration... Mr. Gough had inherited a large estate from a relation in England, and having the means, he indulged his taste for gardening, and the expensive embellishment of his country seat, Perry Hall, which was always hospitably open to visitors, particularly those who feared God. Although a man of plain understanding, Mr. Gough was a man much respected and beloved. As a husband, a father, and a master, he was well worthy of imitation. His charities were as numerous as proper objects to a Christian were likely to make them; and the souls and bodies of the poor were administered to in the manner of a Christian who remembered the precepts and followed the example of his divine Master.

JUNE 5, 1808 – Henry Dorsey Gough's funeral sermon was preached; there might be two thousand people to hear. George Roberts spoke first on, "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself." My subject was Acts 14:22. I spoke long, and was obliged to speak loud that all might hear. My subject was very much a portraiture of Mr. Gough's religious experience and character.

Source: "The Gough's of Perry Hall" Compiled by Duane V. Maxey



## S. L. GRACEY

(Methodist)

On the first day of May, 1853, I connected myself with the Union M. E. Church of Philadelphia, and in a few months was assigned to the charge of the class which I at first entered. Sought Divine assistance and guidance, walked in the clear light of justification, felt the regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost; never had any doubts as to my conversion. The Lord blessed me in my efforts as a class-leader, and in a year or two I was urged to prepare myself for position of greater usefulness in the Church, and

in 1857 entered the Philadelphia Conference. My labors were owned of God, and during my first year of ministerial work, we rejoiced in an addition of over one hundred to the Church.--Greatly loved the work and labored with diligence and zeal, though my mind, at time, was greatly agitated on the subject of a deeper work, as described by the fathers of Methodism and professed by living witnesses. I felt that either these persons were mistaken in regard to the Spirit's operations, and the extent of the Gospel salvation in justification, or that there was a work of the Spirit, and an experience of the heart, that I had not realized in my religious life.

I became deeply interested in everything relating to this subject – read, studied, listened, and argued much on the doctrine; prayed for direction, but all this with mind so prejudiced that I would only receive light that seemed to confirm the views I had already embraced. I had come to regard the work of regeneration as completed work of sanctification, and that the soul was then entirely holy and filled with the Holy Ghost. The arguments so commonly urged, “in regard to God doing an imperfect work,” and many others, were constantly before my mind, and every effort was made to meet the claim constantly pressed by friends, and as I now believe, by the Holy Spirit, and by the remembrance of the solemn vows made at my ordination, that I expected to be made perfect in love in this life, and was groaning after that experience. My life was unsatisfactory; I could not confidently assert, “The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin.” I had seasons of great joy and love, followed by days of doubt and fear. My religious life was largely emotional, hence I had nothing settled – yesterday, I was on the mountains of transfiguration; to-day, deep in the valley, with clouds and darkness surrounding.

Although I had supposed my mind fully settled on what I thought to be scriptural basis for a completed work in regeneration, yet I was not at rest. It was often suggested that I should plead with God for the blessing of heart purity and the fullness of the Spirit. The Father would persuade His rebellious child.

There were many texts from which I dared not preach, for although I could form very plausible arguments to substantiate my theory, yet my heart protested; my experience could not confirm the doctrine as I argued it.

I felt within the moving of a spirit, which, though subdued and held under restraint to a great degree, was not in conformity to the Spirit of the blessed Master. I could control anger, so that it should not break forth in violent storm – pride swelled the heart in an unconquerable, rest-disturbing ambition; self fought against the Christ spirit of humility.

For years I felt an intense longing of heart for a higher life – a settled experience; would seek “more religion,” and God would bless me with renewed evidences of mercy and favor, and yet I was not satisfied; rest I had not. There was a point clearly defined in the experience of others that I had not attained – was not fully satisfied that I was right in my views, and certain that I was not in my experience. I was compelled to admit a higher style of religious life, in the example set by those who professed to enjoy entire sanctification as a distinct blessing from regeneration, that I beheld in those who with me maintained opposite views. Could I have that experience? The conviction came in response to the inquiry, “*It is for all who are willing to receive it.*”

Instead of unhesitating and promptly following the leading of the Holy Spirit, and making a full surrender to Jesus, I conferred with flesh and blood. What will be the effect? Very humiliating to human nature. What will my friends think before whom I have so earnestly and publicly espoused the opposite views? Then it was suggested that this doctrine was unpopular. Now my very hesitancy, for these and other reasons no more worthy, convinced me more fully that I was not free, as I longed to be; I was in bondage to public opinion.

Then there stood in my way a needless indulgence, which I clung to tenaciously, because of its social character. I now look back with disgust to the enslavement of appetite in which I lived for years. It was more despicable than the apple of Eden, yet it came to occupy in my heart the same relation that the

innocent fruit did to our first parents – a test of obedience.

I often struggled for complete freedom. When urging sinners to give all to Jesus, and the cold and backslidden in the church to present themselves a “living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God,” I would myself endeavor to get my offering completely on the altar of consecration, that I might be entirely the Lord’s. In social and private prayer, when almost on the point of claiming the fulfillment of the promises, my innocent gratification would thrust itself in, and insist on being seen and heard. I flattered myself that I could relinquish the habit at any moment, but that it was such a little thing, that I was foolishly sensitive; besides, why should I be so punctilious, where so many better and more useful men had allowed themselves the same pleasure?

Thus I always presented a “lame” imperfect sacrifice. The Holy Spirit said yield that pleasure! “Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord,” “from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you,” &c. With this ray of light falling upon mind and heart, my prayers after holiness became like the cold patter of the winter’s rain. I lived thus for years with a ghost in my closet that I was afraid to meet.

Yet in all these years the yearnings of my heart were for rest, liberty, a death to sin and a life hid with Christ in God, but my proud stubborn will would not yield. My mountain peak and dark valley experience did not suit me; I believe there was a better way; I often sang:

“I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.”

I continued in this unsettled condition until attending, with my charge, the camp-meeting at Camden, Delaware, when God led me into clearer light, and give me deep convictions of the necessity of a greater work of the Holy Spirit in my own heart. By His assisting grace I was enabled to make a full surrender to Jesus; a consecration more specific, complete and thorough than I had ever previously known. My time, talent, reputation, friends, pleasures, appetites – all, all! Were placed on the altar of sacrifice. I desire to state most emphatically that I had at this time a sense of God’s love, a consciousness of acceptance with God and frequent seasons of religious enjoyment. I brought “living powers” to Jesus, a soul alive unto God, loving and fearing him; I came to consecrate renewed powers fully to God.

Presenting myself thus to Him, I had expected the Lord would do some great thing in bestowing a baptism of unutterable joy; that was the proposed plan, on which I expected the Lord to appear. I held the offering consecrated to God – reckoned that it was all His – believed that He accepted, on the authority of His Word, and yet could not be satisfied that my soul was fully cleansed, until I had the distinct, clear witness of the blessed Spirit, that it was done.

I had an abiding conviction that the offering was made to God, and that He would give me unmistakable evidence of the work being performed. He gave me quiet, rest, peace, but not at that time a baptism of joy as I wanted. My faith enjoyed Christ in His power, love and willingness, and I was enabled soon, to rejoice that the Holy Ghost was shed abroad in my heart, performing its great sanctifying work. My convictions were clear and satisfactory that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. Since then I have enjoyed uninterrupted rest and quiet, with many seasons of rapture and glorious displays of God’s love and favor.

My Christian life now seems so settled, so full of love; my communion with God so blessed; my triumphs over temptation so easy: my work so interesting, and the salvation that I am permitted to preach so full and “to the uttermost,” that I seem to have entered upon a new platform of belief and labor. Every day I repeat the offering, living by faith in Jesus. Here my weary heart has at last found rest.

Source: “Pioneer Experiences”





## ARVID GRADIN

(One of the Moravian Brethren)

In 1738 John Wesley visited the Moravian colony in Germany. While there at Hernhutt he recorded the following testimony of Arvid Gradin, A Swede, who had entered into the the experience of full assurance of faith:

“I had from our Lord what I asked of him, the “plerophoria pistoos” (written in Greek), the fullness of faith, which is repose in the blood of Christ: a firm confidence in God and persuasion of His favour, with a deliverance from every fleshly desire, and a cessation of all, even inward sins. In a word, my heart, which before was agitated like a troubled sea, was in perfect quietness like the sea when it is serene and calm.”

“This,” said Wesley, “was the first account I ever heard from any living man, of what I had before learned myself from the oracles of God, and had been praying for, with the little company of my friends, and expecting for several years.”

Source: “The Life of Wesley and the Rise and Progress of Methodism” by Robert Southey



## JOSEPH GRAY

Here is another book of sermons without an apology. For it is not only a book of sermons; it is my song of faith and saga of adventure. On January 29, 1914, as a boy in my teens, I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. On March 28 of that same year I was sanctified wholly. Just a month later, on April 25, God called me to preach. I floundered around a little the first year or two getting my feet down, especially in relation to my special calling. But on January 1, 1916, I made my consecration afresh and anew. A month before, I had prayed back to God under the platform of a hay-baler as I poked the tying wires back through the hay-press.

Now over thirty-five years later I can record that it has been a time of practically unbroken fellowship with the constant, indwelling presence of the blessed Holy Spirit in my heart. I have preached the blessed gospel message about six thousand times as a pastor and an evangelist, and now in my mature manhood I look forward with eager anticipation to many more years of proclaiming the spoken word, while I seek to multiply my message by way of the printed page.

These messages have been used again and again by the Holy Spirit to convict men and women of their need of holiness and lead them into the glorious experience of entire sanctification. If they lead even one more soul into the light of full salvation in their present form, I shall feel well repaid for the work involved in presenting them in this manner.

In His glad service,

Joseph Gray

Source: “The Double Cure, And Other Holiness Sermons” by Joseph Gray



## T. W. GREENE

(Baptist)

Blessed be God for a free and full salvation. It is a little over a year since God granted me such a view of my heart, that I was brought to cry out, "Give me a baptism of the Holy Ghost, or I can preach the Gospel no longer."

Then came the fiercest struggle of my whole life. A terrible encounter with the unseen powers of darkness followed. But, thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, I as enabled to lay my soul and body, time, education, and hopes, my will, my all, upon that Altar that sanctifieth the gift; and believe that the offering was accepted.

O! how – those past fifteen years of religious profession, and three years of ministerial life seemed to be almost in vain. The blessed Jesus became mine in a fuller sense than I ever supposed possible in this life. From that hour simple faith took hold of Him as a Saviour mighty to save, even unto the uttermost. O, this is salvation, indeed! What a glorious growth in Christ I might have had, if I had received this great salvation before. I shall never cease to praise God for this blessed deliverance.

After I was enabled to trust Jesus as my complete Saviour, I was strongly tempted to think that I had nothing more than I had enjoyed before, and that I ought not to speak of it as anything special. So I prayed to God to give me an experience that I could not doubt, and that the enemy even might not gainsay.

On the 8th of January, 1866, while I was conversing with the Presbyterian minister of our place on simple faith, the Holy Ghost came upon me in mighty power. I could only utter His name, by way of adoration, for a quarter of an hour (as my friend told me afterwards), though it did not seem half so long; then I fell upon the floor powerless, though not entirely unconscious; and for more than an hour I was so filled with an awful sense of the presence of the Holy Ghost, that I had to pray almost continually that I might not shrink, but to be willing to receive all that God had in store for me, though it should kill me. I could hardly bear to hear any thing, spoken but the name or praises of the Third Person of the adorable Trinity.

Then came the precious Saviour and supped with me. I had never seen Him before as He appeared then. His love melted me till I wept aloud. During His visitation, also, I was lost to everything else. Father and Holy Spirit were not thought of. Finally, came a consciousness of the Father's love. Never before did He seem so near, so full of infinite love. He became my heavenly Parent. While adoring and viewing Him every other object vanished. We communed together.

So it was; first, the Spirit, whom I had so nearly ignored all my life, whose presence nearly consumed me; then the Son, my all-sufficient Saviour; and, lastly, the Father manifested Himself unto me, as He does not unto the world. My greatest wonder is, that God should have granted so much to me. How can I praise Him sufficiently! Persecution has waxed hot, and does yet; but I do not care for that, so long as I find a sure retreat beneath the wing of the Almighty.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences"



## H. GRENTZENBERG

(Of Ohio)

"I want to let you know that we have some German holiness people. In 1867, in the spring, during a series of meetings held by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, in Union Church, St. Louis, I touched the blood that

cleansed me from all sin. ("Amen!") I felt, from that moment that the Lord wanted me to spread that knowledge of full salvation. I was then a member of an English church. A year afterwards, the Lord sent me out into the German M. E. Church, a preacher, and I preached full salvation, entire sanctification, perfect love, and I cannot preach without bringing holiness into my sermon. I suffered a great deal of persecution at first. I was brought up before a committee of investigation on the charge of unscriptural teaching, but the Lord stood by me and I came out clear. I hope to go back from this Assembly like a flame of fire." ("Amen!")

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



## GEORGE WILLIAM GRIFFITH

(Free Methodist Bishop)

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform.  
He plants His footsteps in the sea;  
He rides upon the storm.

In the providence of God a Dr. and Mrs. Stephens, who enjoyed the experience of holiness, moved into Shenandoah, Iowa, and organized an interdenominational holiness group. Cottage prayer meetings were held in the community, the Holy Spirit was outpoured and hungry souls were being saved and sanctified. A young high-school student, while attending these meetings with his parents, fell under deep conviction and sought the Lord several nights. On the way home one evening with his head covered over with blankets in the back of the bobsled which his father was driving, his faith reached through to God and he received the assurance that his sins were forgiven. On that wintry night the stars in the heavens beheld the casting of the die in the life of George William Griffith. From that night henceforth to the end of the long journey he was God's peculiar possession.

He was born January 6, 1869, in a modest country home near Oneida, Illinois. His father, William Griffith, came from sturdy Welsh stock, while his mother, Lillias McSkimming, had the tang of Scotland's mountains in her veins, and the ruggedness of the theology of John Knox in her spiritual fiber. He not only had a goodly heritage but he had a godly heritage as well.

When George was two years old his parents moved to a farm in Iowa near Shenandoah. The country was new, and many covered wagons used to pass by en route to the West. A lasting impression was made. On the boy as he accompanied his devout mother to the immigrant's camp near by to tell them the story of Jesus. Here the shy, bashful lad finished the grades in the country school. Later he graduated as valedictorian at the high school in Shenandoah, walking back and forth three and a half miles each day in order to save his father the expense of board in town.

One week after his conversion he was sanctified and joined the Methodist Church as a probationer. In his early Christian life he was tempted to doubt his experience because he was not born amid great demonstration as many others were. But the Holy Spirit taught him not to seek the experience of others and led him into the place of rest and peace.

Source: "Master Workmen" by Richard R. Blews



## GLENN GRIFFITH

(Nazarene & Founder of the BMC)

Rev. Glenn Griffith, known by some as a modern John the Baptist, was born in the state of Kansas. He was also born again in the great old Jayhawk state. Later he was sanctified and called to preach. He married Miss Josephine Clark who has stood faithfully by him and kept the home fires burning through all the years of his ministry. Brother and Sister Griffith have five living children. They are: Mrs. Corrine Lacrone of Denver, Colorado. Darrel Griffith of Denver, Colorado, Marshall Griffith of Pasadena, California, Mrs. Delores Christianson of Pasadena, California, and Daniel Griffith of the U. S. Navy stationed in the Kwajalien Islands.

Brother Griffith has pastored churches in Brownstown, Kansas, Augusta, Kansas, LaJunta, Colorado. [In the Church of the Nazarene] He served as District Superintendent of the Idaho-Oregon District for eight years and as District Superintendent in Colorado for four years. He has held camp meetings and revivals from coast to coast in the United States and in much of Canada and Latin America. He is considered one of the greatest camp meeting preachers in this generation. In September 1955 he stepped out under the stars and began a tent meeting in Idaho which ran for several weeks and culminated in the organization in November of what is now the Bible Missionary Church. Under the spirit-filled guidance of brother Griffith the Bible Missionary Church has spread into more than twenty states and to some foreign countries.

The General Conference expressed their confidence in the godly founder of The Bible Missionary Church by electing him General Moderator on the first ballot. He lacked only one vote being elected unanimously. The Bible Missionary Church is not yet a year old but it is indeed grateful to God for such wonderful leadership.

Source: "The October, 1956 Missionary Revivalist"



## GLENN GROSE

(Nazarene)

On December 3, 1941, the entire Church of the Nazarene in the homeland was shocked and saddened by the cable from Africa, "Glenn Grose drowned in river near leper colony." That was all; no further details were given; and at once, all over the country Nazarenes began to recall all they could about the one who had been promoted so unexpectedly from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant. Since Brother Grose had been on the field only a comparatively short period at the time of his death, very naturally he was not so well-known as our older missionaries. Many knew that he was from Olivet, married and the father of a baby girl and the only white man on our Portuguese East Africa mission field after Brother Jenkins' return to America on furlough, and that was all. To augment this scanty knowledge of Brother Grose and his wife is the purpose of this chapter.

Glenn Grose was born on October 1, 1903, in Virginia, Illinois, a small city a few miles west of Springfield, Illinois. His mother was a member of the Church of Christ. When he was six years old she died, and Glenn was sent to live with his grandparents. Their godly lives made a lasting impression on their little grandson. His heart grew so hungry for a vital, living experience of salvation like theirs that the first time he ever attended a Nazarene service and heard "the way of God expounded more perfectly," (which did not occur until he was eighteen years old), he was converted and shortly thereafter was sanctified wholly and joined the Church of the Nazarene. It was some time during this period that he received his call to Africa and met a young girl, Bessie Lenore Preston, who was also a

wholehearted Christian and called to Africa. The fact that they both had been clearly called to the same field before they ever met each other made a deep impression on them; in fact, instead of calling all this an interesting coincidence they called it a divine providence and the next year, 1923, they were married.

Source: "Hazarded Lives" by Edith P. Goodnow



## D. B. GUNN

My early impressions, received under the instruction of pious parent, were most favorable to a belief of the truth, and a saving knowledge of Christ in my youth. The death of my mother, when [I was] between four and five years of age, also went far to teach me my need of salvation, and frequently affected me for years after. While thus young, I was confident of being a Christian man if spared, and in some way, I know not how, was satisfied that I should be a minister of the Gospel.

When ten or eleven years of age, I became deeply interested in spiritual things, and some sermons which I have never forgotten were blessed to my thoughtful attention. One night at a prayer-meeting, I was greatly concerned, and after its close was directed and specially prayed for, when a change took place in my feelings – my tears were dried, and peace possessed my soul. For a long time following, I was both prayerful and watchful, but a few years found me careless and wayward.

But Jesus again sought me, the Holy Spirit carried conviction to my conscience, and at the age of sixteen I had fully yielded my heart to Christ, and openly espoused His cause, and a few months later, professed my faith in Him by baptism, and have retained a membership in His Church until the present, and expect to remain such forever. I lived perhaps about as exemplary a life as young professors in general, and at times enjoyed precious seasons; but as years passed, I gave way to many doubts and fears, which brought me sad and dark hours.

I at last promised the Lord that if He would make me the instrument in the salvation of one soul, I never would doubt more, and He took me at my Word in such a manner that I could not question it. Just at that time I commenced my ministerial work, and for awhile enjoyed a nearness to my Saviour and tolerable evidence of justification.

But I soon began to feel that I had not attained what was my privilege in a holy life, although neither my convictions nor hungerings were very marked, until I read Boardman's "Higher Christian Life," the first work upon the subject I had ever perused. I thought then I comprehended the whole work, and that I must and should in very short time obtain it. But I knew not my own ignorance and unbelief. Alas, it took me several years to learn and do what ought to have been done in an hour.

Jesus was very kind to me; souls were converted under my labor, and revivals enjoyed, but doubts multiplied as time fled. I murmured and was almost wretched, suffering cruel self-condemnation. How often would I have left my calling and given up my hope until alone with God I could secure a full salvation!

At last I went to spend a week with my own dear brother who enjoyed the blessing which I sought, promising myself that it should be obtained while there. I was the subject of special supplication, and earnestly prayed for "perfect love." But the week was nearly passed, and not a perceptible step had been gained. We called at Bishop Hamline's, who resided a short distance from my brother's, and there I bowed to seek, while others sought for me, Jesus as my sanctification, feeling "now this must be the time and place," and then Satan tempted me to say: "It is not for me, I must go without it."

But one more struggle: "Lord, I will believe, forgive me if I do not. I do believe," and Jesus began to

reveal himself near, nearer, and He filled me with His fulness. Then oh! The peace, the glory in my soul. I involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh! How precious. I never loved Jesus so before."

The change was even greater than at the time of my conversion, in the realizations of joy and love. I went on in my work, conscious that I had gained new power over sin and Satan, and with the Holy Spirit, and I dared not but acknowledge my precious Saviour in the reality of a distinct Christian experience in the perfect love of Jesus Christ.

Source: "Guide to Holiness, April, 1872"

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*[The Enter His Rest website.](#)*