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HOW THEY ENTERED CANAAN
(A Collection of Holiness Experience Accounts)
Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

BROTHER YOUNG
(Methodist -- First name not given in the account)

I am thinking of the man that was holding the meeting when I got sanctified. He was a farmer in southern Kansas making lots of money feeding hogs and cattle. And he was a big man in the Methodist Church. I guess he had about every office in the church. They wanted a meeting, and by mistake they got a holiness preacher -- Brother Rollins, and he was preaching full salvation. And it made this young man mad. And he jumped up one night in a mad fit and said, "Mr. Rollins, we called you here to preach Methodist doctrine and not to preach holiness."

Rollins replied: "Brother Young, holiness is the fundamental doctrine of the Methodist Church. John Wesley said the Methodist Church is a sect raised up of God to spread Scriptural Holiness."

"I can't help it, we are not going to have holiness preached here," Young retorted. Then he called for a vote of the congregation and they all voted in his favor except his wife. She voted against him.

He said, "I went home and went to bed, but not to sleep. I rolled and tumbled and pulled quilts. I got up about 4 o'clock in the morning, and said: 'Wife I am in an awful fix. What do you think I'd better do?'"

" 'Well,' she said, 'I don't know what you ought to do, but I know one thing -- you didn't treat that preacher right.'"

So he went to the barn and saddled the pony, and climbed in the saddle, and started across the country, four miles, to where preacher Rollins was staying. He said, "I bawled like a calf all the way. The devil hopped up on the saddle behind me, and said, 'Take a chew of tobacco. It will keep down the excitement.' I said, 'Good-bye Mr. Devil, I'm on the hunt for God this time.' "

He knocked at the door and the lady of the house came to the door. "Is Mr. Rollins here?"

"Yes."

"Tell him I want to see him."

Mr. Rollins came and Young said, "I fell full length on the floor, and said to Mr. Rollins, 'I am a lost man, pray for me.' "

Bro. Rollins and the man and woman of the house prayed and God saved him. He said a peace came into his heart. The burden rolled away.

He said, "I got on my pony and went home. Got the milk buckets and started out to milk the cows," and God witnessed to his conversion. He said he thought he would tramp all the grass out of the yard shouting the victory. Finally, he quieted down enough to get the chores finished. Then he got on the same pony and went through the country announcing the meeting was started again at the church that night

A big crowd was there, and Bro. Rollins preached. A number of people sought God for regeneration and some for sanctification. He said: "The meeting went on and my wife got sanctified, and my neighbors got sanctified, and some of the church officials got sanctified, but I couldn't get the blessing. The meeting closed and I still didn't have the blessing of full salvation."

He said, "I went to every revival meeting in the country seeking holiness." And he said, "I had been seeking holiness for five months." Brother, it pays to hold on if it takes five years. It hadn't ought to take that long. It doesn't take God that long to apply the blood. Doesn't take long for the Holy Ghost to come. Praise God He's waiting.

Young said, "I was riding on the mowing machine one day. It was a beautiful day and the sky was blue and the sun was shining. I just looked up and said, 'Lord, why can't I get sanctified? My neighbors got sanctified. My wife got sanctified.' I hardly got the words out of my mouth when the fire fell." He rolled off the seat onto the ground.

The hired man saw him fall and ran to the house and said, "Oh, Mrs. Young, come quick, your husband is having an epileptic fit of some kind!" She ran out of the house shouting. She said, "Glory to God! Husband got sanctified!"

... I will never forget the wonderful Sunday morning when I died out to self and the world, and the Holy Ghost came. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Source: A Tape-Recorded Message by Rob French

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THE END